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THE
LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, Art, and Society.

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JULY—DECEMBER, 1860.

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LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

Of Politics, Literature, Art, & Society.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No. 1.]

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

OUR PRINCIPLES AND POLITICS.

WHEN a new Journal is offered to the patronage of the public, it is customary for its conductors to explain its objects and define its policy. Yielding to this fashion or necessity, the projectors and proprietors of the "LONDON REVIEW" desire to indicate in the outset of their undertaking why they have ventured into an arena that seems to be overcrowded, and why they are of opinion that they shall be enabled to present to the intelligent readers of this much-read age a weekly periodical unlike any other, and which shall supply a want which is very generally admitted. By the operation of the Act abolishing the newspaper stamp, a widely-extended daily press has put the great mass of the community into daily, almost hourly, possession of the news from every part of the world. Whatever is done or said in London or Paris on Monday, is known all over the kingdom on Tuesday. In an age of railways and of electric telegrams, people live faster than they did, and cannot afford to wait seven days to learn from an old-fashioned periodical the events and the opinions that may be made known to them in one, by a journal of lighter calibre and smaller price. But, formerly, even so lately as six or seven years ago, many hundreds of thousands of families were contented to wait until Saturday to acquaint themselves with what had been done in the world since the Saturday previous. Hence arose a large class of excellent weekly journals, many of which attained great popularity and extensive circulation. These have for the most part outlived their time. The greater portion of their broad-sheets is filled with reports and descriptions which have been read and discussed in the cheap daily press for days before they are issued. The sub-editorial scissors and paste are more active in the manufacture than the pens of the editor and his contributors. The result of the combined operation of their high price and the obsolescence of their news is, that they are no longer suited to the public taste or the necessities of the time. One by one they have died off; and the few that remain are shorn of their ancient glories, and exist, like octogenarians—hale enough, perhaps, but not likely, in the course of nature, to survive for many years. The electric telegraph is too fast for them, and they gradually give place to some newer result of the intellectual activities of the age.

The want of a thoroughly original Weekly Journal, appealing to an educated public already acquainted with the week's news, has been partially supplied. But the few existing papers of this class take a range too limited; they are too purely critical; they deal too much with party and class politics; and they are published at too high a price to suit the taste, the temper, or the pocket of a public to whom a cheap press—conducted with as much tact, spirit, and ability as are displayed in the columns of its more costly contemporaries, has become a necessity of social life. It is to supply this gap that this Journal has been started. It will not aim, like some of its contemporaries, to become the journal of a class, a party, or a clique, either in Politics or in Literature. It will not be like others among them, the mere critic of the spoken performances of politicians, or the written performances of authors. It will not always be sitting in judgment upon men and books, paintings and statues, operas and opera-singers; but will endeavour to provide for the Homes of the Empire a welcome weekly visitant, which shall originate as well as criticize, and which shall afford to young and rising genius an arena in which its first distinctions may be achieved. The unknown writer shall be as cordially received as the man who has made himself famous, provided that he have anything good to

say, and knows how to say it. The intellectual agencies of our time are so manifold, and so active, that a journal which is wholly political, wholly scientific, or wholly critical, cannot adequately represent our civilization. The men of our hard-working age require to be amused as well as instructed; and the women, who not only outnumber them, but who have more leisure for reading, are not so much interested in party polemics, or in ponderous essays upon public affairs, as to look with favour upon newspapers which have nothing else to offer them.

In the columns of our REVIEW the politician shall find honest opinions upon all public events, by the most competent writers of the time; but politics shall not occupy its space to such an extent as to make the Journal a mere string of leading articles. Men in Parliament and in public life, and who loiter about in clubs or taverns, may feed upon politics alone, and desire no other mental aliment; but in the homes of the educated classes the social and scientific essay, the narrative of real or ideal life, the poem, and the appreciative critique of Literature, Art, Music, and the Drama, are equally useful, and far more welcome.

In one respect this Journal will differ from its political and most of its literary contemporaries. It will be published under the sanction of one name; and to this extent it will entrench upon the principle of the anonymous, which some hold to be the essence of the liberty of our modern journalism. But as in point of fact, the responsible conductor of every respectable newspaper in London and the provinces, is as well known by name to the great mass of people who care to know it, as St. Paul's Cathedral or Charing-cross; and as in most instances the name of the writer of any more than usually important or brilliant contribution is certain to be divulged, for the gratification of a far from unnatural curiosity, the anonymous in existing journalism is more of a theory than a fact. And the Editor in openly avowing under his own name his control over its management, offers to some extent a guarantee that no personality shall characterize its pages; and that he will not suffer the gentlemen who shall anonymously contribute to its columns to import into the consideration of the political and literary questions which may be discussed therein, any personal or private feeling whatever. It is not necessary for the refutation of a political opponent, to declare, as a great parliamentary orator once did of him, that "he had two left legs;" or of another, "that he was descended from the impenitent thief who died upon the cross;" or of a great captain that he was "a stunted corporal." All the amenities of social life may find their place in the discussion of public affairs in the Press as well as in the Parliament; and this great principle shall be strictly adhered to in every department of the Journal, so long as its present Editor shall have any control over its management. To be honest in politics, and generous and appreciative in criticism, shall be the rule to which all the contributors to this Journal will endeavour to adhere. We have no party to serve, no cretches or "isms" to promulgate, no cliques to write up, and no enemies to write down. Though the price of our sheet was fixed in the belief that the proposed repeal of the excise duty upon paper would meet with no obstruction in either house of Parliament, we have resolved, upon mature consideration, to make no change in our plans in consequence of the temporary failure of that measure. We start on a broad basis, and know that there is a public sufficiently large and sufficiently intelligent to afford us that ample patronage which we hope to deserve, and which is necessary to the stability of so large an undertaking.

ITALIAN VIRTUE AND ITALIAN CRAFT.

IT is unfortunately incidental to the highest and loftiest principle by which men have ever been animated, that it should be the rallying point for the base and unworthy, as well as for the pure and noble. The sacred cause of liberty, whether religious or political, has always been contaminated by the touch of those who have clustered round its spotless standard, not to guard and protect it, but to avail themselves of the prestige with which its triumphs and successes might invest it for their own selfish purposes. We have seen it the ladder by which despots have clambered to the pinnacle of their greatness, and the altar to which they have clung for safety in their extremity. It is the specious pretext under cover of which unscrupulous men perpetrate unscrupulous acts, the glorious end which is made to justify the most dishonourable means; denied altogether to some countries, enjoyed under various phases in others. We at all events flatter ourselves in England that we are able to discriminate between the sublime reality and the miserable imposture. In the present state of European politics, it is of the utmost importance that this power of discrimination should be exercised. The liberal principle on the Continent at this juncture, is represented by three men, so widely distinguished, that it is impossible that they can all be its true exponents,—a conclusion in which we are confirmed by the profound aversion they entertain towards each other. It is needless to say that these men are, the Emperor Napoleon III., Count Cavour, and General Garibaldi. If in the course of our remarks it becomes necessary to draw an invidious distinction between the latter and those who are his rivals in the cause of Italian independence, it is only because without adhering to the contrast which exists between the principles by which they are actuated, it would be impossible to do justice to the greatness of the true patriot. It is, moreover, of great moment, in a political point of view, that we should weigh accurately the motives which animate those who now control the destinies of Italy. Even now her fate is trembling in the balance, and it is only right that our sympathies should be accorded to him who has most sincerely at heart her best and highest interests.

A wide political difference exists between the present head of the Sardinian Government and the heroic leader of the Sicilian insurrection. The success of the latter, while it increases his power and influence in Italy, must widen that breach, until at last the question will come to be a personal one, resolving itself into the rival names—Cavour and Garibaldi. The first of these will represent French policy and French influence, with "French liberty," dominant in Italy—Cavour himself governing in obedience to France, dictating, and carrying out the views of the Emperor, without whose assistance and support he has repeatedly declared the maintenance of the new Italian Kingdom impossible. The name of Garibaldi will stand for God and the right,—Italy for the Italians,—a strong arm and a just cause, and defiance to all the despots of Europe, whether French or Austrian. If Italy, in this hour of her extremity, takes refuge in Cavour, she will purchase peace at the price of becoming a French province. If she rally round Garibaldi, she will win her freedom—if she win it at all, as freedom must be always won,—in many a hard fought field. Ever since the day that Garibaldi returned from his dearly-bought triumphs on the southern slopes of the Italian Alps, to find himself converted into a Frenchman by the secret transfer of his native town to the Emperor, he has estimated at its proper value that support which the world at the outset deemed indisinterested, and has steadily opposed a Government which, upon the plea of a political necessity, has committed an act of flagrant injustice.

It is a remarkable and significant fact that General La Marmora was no less opposed to the policy of Cavour than Garibaldi; both these distinguished men supporting the Rattazzi party, who contended that the cession of Savoy and Nice was not essential to the acquisition of Tuscany and the Romagna, and that, even if it were, no céd, however desirable, could justify so gross a violation of honour and morality. Unfortunately, it remains still to be seen whether that cession has secured the recognition on the part of the Emperor of France to the annexation of the central Italian provinces. Count Cavour admitted not long ago to the Sardinian Chamber that he had failed to extract a pledge to this effect from his august ally, and the diplomatic answer which was returned not long since by his Majesty to the Neapolitan envoy was calculated to remind the Sardinian minister that this consent might still be withheld if the policy of the Piedmontese Government with reference to Sicily failed to meet with the imperial approval. The designs of the Emperor with reference to Southern Italy are not unknown at the court of Turin, and Count Cavour hopes, by a secret opposition to the projects of Garibaldi, which Italian public opinion will not permit him to express, to embarrass a dangerous rival, and retain for his ulterior ends the support and cooperation of his powerful protector. To do this he must be a party to the imperial policy in Southern Italy, which consists in the inauguration under French auspices of a new constitution, either under the present king or one still more acceptable to the court of France. The Neapolitan Government will thus be reduced to that position of dependence upon imperial protection which is the present condition of Victor Emmanuel and the Roman Pontiff.

In return for the acquiescence of Sardinia in this project of a rival "liberal" kingdom in Italy, she is to be confirmed by imperial sanction in her possession of Tuscany and the Romagna. In a word, Cavour may be considered, though he cannot avow it, the representative of Italian dualty.—Garibaldi, of Italian unity. Under Cavour Italy must be French; under Garibaldi she may be free. Cavour fears Austria and trusts in France; Garibaldi fears nothing, and trusts in God: both are patriots, but we cannot hesitate in our choice of him who must claim our sympathy; nor can there be any doubt politically in whose success this country is most deeply interested.

Italy, as a first-class power, united and free, will be a worthy and glorious ally; Italy divided and French, will be a standing menace to our power and possessions in the Mediterranean. The more ungratifying the one more disinterested was in behalf of the oppressed Christian population of Turkey, is all that will then be necessary to enable the third Napoleon to carry out the project of the first, and convert that inland sea into a French lake.

Meantime we must earnestly hope that the simplicity of mind and unsuspecting nature, which form the highest charm of Garibaldi's character, will not be the means of rendering him the unconscious tool of intriguing and designing men. It must not be forgotten that subscriptions to a large amount have been sent from Paris with the Emperor's sanction, and received by him as a timely contribution to the great cause; while the recent mission of La Farina, a devoted Cavourian, to Sicily, was pregnant with significance. The speedy return of this viceroi, *re infidel*, and the appointment by Garibaldi, in his capacity of dictator, of Comandante Tiro to the court of Turin, augurs well for the determination of the Liberator to preserve his independence; the more especially as Amari has put himself at the head of the National Association,—a position forfeited by La Farina through his subservience to Cavour's policy. The time is, however, nearly approaching when Garibaldi will be subjected to a political pressure such as he has never before been called on to resist. The highest and best interests of Italy will be invoked by the Sardinian cabinet to urge him to accede to that compromise which the Emperor and the King of Naples seem already to have agreed upon. The most plausible arguments will doubtless be resorted to, to persuade him that he can best serve his country by accepting French mediation, and by trusting the new Neapolitan constitution to French protection. It will be for him at this crisis to prove that he is great in the council as in the field, and if, as events would seem to indicate, the fate of Italy is linked to the fortunes of Garibaldi, the day may not be far distant when he will find himself no longer the general fighting the battles of the freedom of his country, but the great administrator guiding and controlling its destinies.

AUSTRIA—POLITICAL AND COMMERCIAL.

IT is the pride and the glory of England that she stands prominently forth amid the Powers of Europe as the representative of the liberal and enlightened sentiment of the age. She occupies the advanced post of civilization, and is in possession of a system of government which, whatever may be its defects, undoubtedly secures to the nation a larger degree of political and social freedom than is accorded to any other people in the world. We cannot wonder if, conscious of the inestimable value of the blessings they themselves enjoy, the public of this country sometimes permit their sympathies with oppressed nationalities to overstep the limits of international courtesy towards "the powers that be," and thus even to imperil their most important political interests. Thus, although during the late war in the north of Italy it was evident that Italian freedom was only to be purchased at the price of French preponderance in the Peninsula, the British public hailed with acclamation the intelligence of each new victory gained by the allied troops; and though no one can doubt that the annihilation of the French legions by the Austrian army would have proved an income-tax of temperance in the point, a large increase to our navy, an extended system of national defenses, and the establishment of an army of volunteers, we do not grudge this serious charge upon our pockets and our time, because we believe that in the new political phase into which Italy has entered, with the aid of France, we perceive the dawn of a brighter and more hopeful future.

But while there are occasions upon which we feel constrained to accord our warmest sympathies to those who are engaged in making war against their own sovereigns, and in effecting an entire revolution in the institutions of their country by violent means, it fortunately falls to our lot sometimes to find our sentiments enlisted in favour of the governing powers themselves, when advancing by constitutional methods in the path of a liberal and enlightened reform. It would be in the highest degree culpable if we allowed our prejudices to respect to get the better of our intellects, or if we failed to recognize in any government an honest desire to improve its administration, because it had heretofore adhered to a political system opposed to our own, and which has become worn out and discredited. At the same time it is important to discriminate between liberal reforms initiated by the Government itself, and carried out in pursuance of a policy founded on a clear perception of the advantages of free institutions,

and those concessions which have been wrung from an ignorant and obstinate sovereign at the point of the bayonet, only to be withdrawn when the bayonet is removed. We have merely to contrast the internal policy of the Austrian Government at the present juncture with that of the King of Naples to illustrate our meaning. We value the constitution which has just been granted by the latter at what it is worth, and feel a corresponding contempt for its author. But the Government of Austria, exposed to no such pressure, and possessing in Count Rechberg a leader whose capacity and foresight have enabled him to appreciate the exigencies of the age, behaves sympathetically and deserves some encouragement at our hands.

Thoroughly apprehending the difficulties which a heterogeneous population and conflicting traditions present to the task in which he is now engaged, Count Rechberg has entered upon the path of constitutional reform in a spirit of judicious and enlightened liberalism scarcely to have been looked for in an Austrian statesman. We shall follow, with the greatest interest, the development of that policy which, if successfully carried out, bids fair to place Austria in the novel position of an advanced liberal power of Germany. Nor does she contain within herself those elements which, in France, render a government founded on constitutional principles an impossibility.

It will suffice to draw a brief parallel between the internal condition of the two countries to illustrate this, and show that Austria possesses, still untended, all the capacities of constitutionalism. She has a rich, powerful, and by no means unenlightened aristocracy, while the mass of the population, more especially among the agricultural classes, are sensible, practical, and well-affected. Her Emperor is no usurper. No one is desirous to see him ejected from his high position, while all are desirous of receiving distinction at his hands. Therefore, as with us, the Crown still retains its proper function as the prime source of reward. The cheerful acceptance by all classes of this power of concentration in the Crown—the readiness of the aristocracy to deservit, that is to compete for honours—the absence of any theoretical desire for impossible equality in the lower orders,—these are the bases of Constitutional Government, but which are not to be found in France. Austria possesses what France can never boast: those natural inherent forces which are too equally disseminated throughout the empire to submit to centralization, and which are now finding legitimate expression in provincial representation. This must inevitably lead, and is indeed already leading, to General Representation, the form of which will be Parliamentary.

In France, on the other hand, these natural inherent forces having been destroyed, there is, in reality nothing to represent save the two antagonistic principles of democracy and authority. When, therefore, she resorted to Parliamentary Government, her House of Commons became simply an arena for angry discussion, and her House of Lords a sham. The best interests of the country were neglected for the sake of that revolutionary struggle which occupied the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's monarchy, during which both parties must lose, but neither could gain, a single fruitful advantage. Austria begins public life with a far better promise, and has already so far proved her superior capacity for free institutions, that, before the tenth sitting of the Reichsrath, or New Imperial Council, that body has secured to itself the power of examining into the whole financial system of the empire, has successfully resisted any attempts made on the part of the Government to deny publicity to the result of the investigations of the committee which it has nominated for this purpose, and enjoys, in all its deliberations, perfect freedom of debate.

When we consider that this great end has been achieved not by any revolutionary action, but by the mere outward pressure of the national will upon the Government power, legitimately and constitutionally exercised, we cannot but admit that the Austrian nation has already gained an important advantage in this its first struggle for free institutions. At the same time it is only fair to the Government that we should give it all the credit it deserves for judiciously yielding to the influences this brought to bear upon it.

The effect of this combined action, upon both the rulers and the ruled, has been, that Austria, though the last to start in the race for self-government, and hampered by a variety of obstacles incidental to its heterogeneous composition, has, owing to its latent and constitutional capacities, made rapid and decided progress. Besides the inspection of the state balance-sheet, and the propositions of the national debt commission, the Reichsrath is empowered to examine the dranghts of new laws, and the statutes for the representation of the provinces, together with sundry projects of law reform. New privileges have been granted to the Lombardo-Venetian Central Congress, and its powers have been largely extended; while to the Tyrol, a provincial constitution has been granted, by which the Diet is, 1st, to have the superintendence of all matters connected with the internal administration of the province; 2nd, to assist in the legislation of the province; 3rd, to have the sole management of the property belonging to the province or its establishments; 4th, to have the right to elect the captain of the province; 5th, to have an unlimited right to petition the Crown in all matters, whether of provincial or national importance; 6th, complete publicity, as far as

the proceedings of the Diet are concerned. In a word, we have every hope for the establishment of responsible government in Austria, because there is nothing in the internal necessities of the country which renders either despotism, or silence on the part of the governed, necessary. We can indulge no such hope for France, as both have been proved indispensable to the existence of military government.

But if the contrast between the political capacities of France and Austria is thus strongly marked, the difference which exists in the extent of the internal resources of the two countries is not less striking. The productive capacity of France is already taxed to the utmost, while that of Austria remains all its elasticity. By a redistribution of the land-tax—not by any increase in its amount,—that impost, which previous to the year 1847 produced about thirty-seven millions of florins per annum, has since the reform of 1848 yielded from sixty-two to sixty-three millions yearly to the treasury,—a result gained without any diminution having been produced upon the taxable capacity of the country. At this moment, Austria, tried, worn, "moribunda," as she has been called, can, after such a year as the last, export corn to a large amount; France, on the other hand, as we read in a recent letter of the *Times* correspondent, "is so ill managed agriculturally, that she now imports, whereas she ought reasonably to export, large quantities of corn."

The enormous productive power of Austria, and her richness in material resources, suggest to us one most important commercial reform, in which it must be the interest, as it is the duty, of our country to assist, and which we would fain hope has already been proposed by our Government. There can surely be no reason why our commercial negotiations should be confined to the one country in Europe which has the least to give us in return for our produce. Every reason which has been urged by the Government in favour of a commercial treaty with France applies with tenfold force to a commercial treaty with Austria. She can give us in abundance those goods which are denied us by the French Treaty, but the free importation of which has been rendered doubly necessary by that treaty. She can supply us with unlimited quantities of timber for the hulls, and of hemp for the sails of our ships; and furnish us with linseed, linseed oil, and tallow to any amount.

The reduction of the now existing export dues on these articles by Austria would import an immense stimulus to her own commerce, and enable us to make good not only the most important defect in the French Treaty, but reduce the cost of material for our "naval defences." We, on the other hand, as our China trade develops, could supply Austria with those silks and poplins which she formerly obtained from Lombardy, but for which she is most unwilling to depend now either upon Sardinia or France. The reduction in our favour of the present import duty of 15 per cent. upon our silks, and a similar reduction of the duties on our Irish linens, which pay an *ad valorem* duty of 10, 7, or 6 per cent., would enable us successfully to compete with the silks of Sardinia and France, and with the linen of Saxony, in a country which contains upwards of 60,000,000 of inhabitants—a market of a magnitude not to be despised. There can be no doubt, viewing the present liberal temper and progressive policy of the Austrian Government, that even a less skillful negotiator than Mr. Golden might succeed in inducing it to consent to the concessions which we have indicated above; and we most earnestly hope that no unworthy considerations of foreign policy will prevent the Government from taking advantage of the present opportunity to retrieve, by honest free-trade principles, the ground they have lost, and thus prove to the world that commercial treaties are not mere diplomatic expedients, to be made use of as an elegant of political intrigue, but that they are indeed, what a recent parliamentary orator eloquently described them to be, "processes which, like the silent and careless processes of Nature herself, would bring into play a thousand beneficial influences on the side of peace throughout the world."

CANADA—PRESENT AND FUTURE.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES is to embark at Plymouth on Tuesday to visit Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Canada. He will thus become acquainted with a country where his grandfathers passed a portion of his youth, and where he is still remembered as an accomplished gentleman and officer, ever zealous in the performance of his duties. The Duke of Kent was the only son of George III. who took any interest in the colonies. He was in Canada from 1791 to 1793, and after serving in the West Indies was sent to Nova Scotia in 1794, where he remained till 1798. In 1799 he returned again to Nova Scotia, as commander-in-chief of the forces in North America, but finally left the continent in 1800. The loyal and devoted colonists felt his presence to be an honour, and the policy is at once graceful and wise which connects the commencement of the public life of the Prince of Wales with the career of his grandfather, and makes it the means of confirming and strengthening the attachment of the colonies to the mother country. In all things, however, except their undying attachment, the colonies, especially the great one to which His Royal Highness will devote most attention, are greatly changed since the year 1800.

Sixty years ago the Act which separated the two provinces of Canada had hardly come into operation. Upper Canada, which in 1811 had only 77,000 people, had in 1860 scarcely the half of that number, and Lower Canada might then contain 200,000. Now the population of the upper province is upwards of 1,300,000, actually 1,260,000 in 1853, and Lower Canada possesses more than 1,100,000 people. Together the two provinces contain about 2,500,000. Since 1811 the population has increased in per-centage proportion faster than the population of the United States. In Lower Canada the people are chiefly of French origin, and the descendants of this race now form nearly one-third of the total population of both provinces. Another third consists of persons born in Canada of other origin than French, and the remaining third consists of persons born in Ireland, Scotland, England, Germany, France, the United States, and many other countries, immigrants having generally flowed in from all quarters. Deriving, however, common benefit from the general freedom and a well-ordered government, the population is not the less loyal nor less devotedly attached to the connection with Great Britain because it consists of different races.

Canada, from the coast to the upper end of Lake Superior, being three times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, possessing a fertile soil and a serene and healthy though cold climate—communication between all its parts being facilitated by great inland seas and a noble river,—only requires time to become a great empire. All the cereals by which the life of man, with that of his dependent animals is nourished, flourish there luxuriantly. Already Canada exports annually produce to the value of 25,000,000, which, as the rule, is every year increasing. It consists chiefly of timber and food; but Canada has also mineral wealth, and a capacity for manufacturing, which will be developed as people increase, and the yet unutilized land becomes cultivated. In ample space and exuberant fertility she has the means of greatness; her past great progress is an index to her future; and her rulers foresee her destiny, and are assiduous in forwarding it by wise and just institutions.

Since 1819 Canada has been entirely self-governed, and, though firmly united with the mother country, is now rather an independent state than a dependent colony. By a liberal constitution power is fairly diffused amongst all classes. A franchise of £6 in the towns, and of £4 in the rural districts, gives a vote to almost every household. A system of municipal administration, so necessary where component small communities are widely separated and differ in origin and habits, enables every county, city, or township, to elect its own officers and regulate its own affairs. A reform and codification of the law has accompanied the reform of the constitution, and justice is now administered almost at every man's door. Education, by land-grants, endowments, and local taxes, is provided for all. For superior teaching, colleges and universities which may take rank with similar institutions in Europe have come into existence mostly within the last ten years. In 1858, 4,259 educational establishments in Upper Canada, costing £1,512,386 per annum, were attended by 306,386 pupils; and 2,958 such institutions in Lower Canada, costing £981,425 per annum, were attended by 156,872 pupils; together, therefore, 463,258 pupils, or nearly one-fifth of the population, was at school. The *publicans* in Lower Canada have already conquered the repugnance they felt at first to education, and their acceptance of this improvement is the first step in the future progress of these interesting but hitherto almost stationary people. Ample means, too, are provided for religious worship; and, much to the credit of the people, they are said to be at once extremely earnest and perfectly tolerant. Pauperism is almost unknown, and distress rare, being confined to newly-arrived immigrants of the poorer class.

Land is sold at 3s. per acre (4s. on credit), and in masses, to facilitate the establishment of communities, at 2s. per acre. The feudal tenures in Lower Canada, derived from France, which stopped progress, and gave rise to many inconveniences, were completely extinguished in 1854, and now land can be cheaply acquired in every part of Canada, subject to no other charges than those the proprietors impose on themselves municipally for their own purposes. Under the influence of self-government, or the application of common sense to solve political problems, the bulk of the social and political institutions of Canada have become what science recommends and freedom demands.

Since 1819, too, the alterations made in our customs and navigation laws, have placed the trade of our colonies under their own control, and Canada derives three-fifths of her revenue from her own customs duties. Levied merely for revenue, such duties, though they may incidentally have a protective effect, are not arbitrary, more than other taxes, to free trade. Of late, however, her Government has been blamed for increasing them, but it has been unanswerably shown by Mr. Galt, that the increase was indispensable, and the best available means of enabling the Government to fulfil its engagements, and keep faith with its creditors. Canada, like other countries, has a considerable debt, £9,677,672, but it has been chiefly incurred for improving communication, making canals, bridges, railroads, &c. The revenue, in 1813, £445,578; in 1853, £1,714,350; rose in 1859 to £7,421,432—may £1,484,286. In 1857 the colony,

in common with the United States and England, suffered from the financial convulsion; in 1858 the harvest was very deficient, so that in 1859 the country was barely restored to its normal prosperity. In the year, however, the revenue exceeded the revenue of 1858 by \$1,616,458, equivalent to two-sevenths. Considering how rapidly the country has been peopled, and how little each of the immigrants carried with him—its prosperity being described "as the offspring of European hopeslessness,"—this increase of the resources of the state is another testimony to the productiveness of industry in a condition of freedom. The same population which, in England, Ireland, and Germany, could scarcely obtain a penurious existence, in Canada revels in abundance; and each individual possesses, on the average of the whole, property equal to £40,—the nucleus of great wealth in future years.

From such beginnings and such progress what may we expect hereafter? From Liverpool to Quebec—the two nearest seaports of England and America,—the distance is 2,583 miles. From Quebec up the St. Lawrence, by the lakes and by railways—some of which are constructed and others projected,—is one of the shortest, safest, and easiest means of reaching the Pacific, by crossing the continent. As the population of Canada spreads, and fills the vast territory stretching southward to the 42nd degree of latitude, including that possessed by the Hudson's Bay Company, Great Britain will acquire an unbroken connection with the Pacific Ocean and its multitudinous islands. It is doubted whether the United States can find within their own territory so convenient an access to the Great Southern ocean. For their own advantage they will probably be disposed to further rather than to check the progress of the works beyond Lake Superior which will be required to complete the route, while the growth and extension of the population of Canada over the vast region will for ever bar out the slave power, and extend the domain of free labour. Only by its energy can the difficulties of obtaining subsistence in the severe climate of the north be overcome; but now that they are overcome, the free population will expand, and force slavery to seek refuge in more northern regions, where a milder climate and an easier command of the means of subsistence may remove it out of the path of civilization, and diminish its horrors. For the sake of humanity it is very desirable that the power of Great Britain, through her union with Canada, should dominate firmly across the continent, from Quebec to Vancouver's island.

The Canadian Government has long been sensible that Canada forms the best route to the great lakes and the St. Lawrence, and from the most fertile of the western provinces of the United States; and it has kept steadily in view the improvement of its inland navigation, in order to share with New York the trade between Europe and the western states. The Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, the Rideau Canal and a canal to avoid the rapids of the St. Lawrence, between Lake Ontario and Montreal, have all been constructed for this purpose. In 1846, the system was completed, and it enabled vessels of 800 tons to pass from the ocean to Lake Ontario, and vessels of 400 tons to pass thence to Lakes Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Then, however, railways came into use, and ensuring a speedy connection, at all times, between the western states and New York, while the lake navigation and the St. Lawrence were closed in winter, it became necessary that Canada, too, should have a system of railways. One has been formed, under the guarantee of the State, and, by the help of its advances, connecting the American railways west of the great lakes with the ocean through Canada in summer and by Portland in winter. In conjunction with the lakes, this route cannot fail, whatever may be done further south, to attract to it a continually increasing traffic from the West. More than twenty vessels passed last year through the Canadian Canals from that quarter, bound for English ports. The Welland Canal, however, though it has been already once widened, requires, apparently, like the Erie Canal, to be still further enlarged. Last year the traffic on it declined very much, and the tolls were lower than in any year since 1848. To enlarge it, or to supplement it by railways, or to do both, are problems which now occupy the attention of the statesmen of Canada. They cannot reasonably hope to divert traffic from New York, but they may create a traffic exceeding that now carried on by this renowned commercial city. It will be only one part of that continuous stream of traffic which at some time hereafter will run between Japan and Europe.

In Canada the Prince of Wales will see the beginning of a great work which he may live to know is one of the wonders of commerce. Years hence he may reflect with pleasure on a journey which made one of the great events of all time impressively familiar to him at its commencement. His visit promises otherwise to be instructive. He may contrast the conveniences and comforts of civilised life with the first germs of society. He will pass from St. James to a patch of clearing on the fringe of a forest, where a solitary family or a solitary man is felling trees to have space for a hut and a garden. Between these extremes he will see every phase of social life. No prince of the House of Hanover has begun his public career under equally favourable auspices; and till now it was not possible to find within the compass of time which His Royal Highness can devote to a journey, the means of beholding, almost in juxtaposition, the first

germs and the farthest development of society. The empire that embraces them both is itself a marvel, and the journey of His Royal Highness may be expected to strengthen the determination to unite more firmly than ever all its parts, by upholding justice and diffusing freedom.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

WE have it upon the authority of the great Whig statesman, Sheridan, that in the year 1796, "strong wishes were expressed at certain meetings in the City of London for the landing of 300,000 or 400,000 Frenchmen, to give the City heroes 'an opportunity of exercising their prowess in slaughtering them.'" But so great and beneficent a change has taken place in opinion as to the practicability of such a performance, that only a few years ago some of our chief City notabilities sent a kind of remonstrance to Louis Napoleon, deprecating the trial of any such wicked experiment. Since then, owing to well-founded suspicion, more than actual provocation, we have been alternately scratching and soothing the French Emperor, and the French nation, in a style calculated to convince the rest of Europe that we do not distinctly know what to be about. The hand has been extended for a shake, or clenched for a blow, with as much rapidity as that of an Italian peasant playing at *morra*, or *micans digitis*, as the old Romans called it. But at last we have done what it would have spared a good deal of panic to have done three or four years ago. We have settled down strongly on the defensive, depending on ourselves rather more than on our Government, and have exhibited to the whole world—America as well as Europe—a spectacle of calm and conscious power, and of indelible resolution, which will add to our prestige, give vigour to our diplomacy, and increase the respectful deference which all men and all nations cannot but feel for moral dignity combined with physical strength. The old motto of the Scotch, "*Nemo me impune lacessit*," might become the motto of the Volunteers—as it is already the inviolable determination of every man among them, and of the nation from which they spring.

We are too late in the field for a description of the recent review in Hyde Park; but not too late to give what Massillon would have called our "*benediction des drapaux*." It required such a noble display as that long series of sombre and steady file in motion—to satisfy us that all was right with England, after the last grand military display of which we were spectators: the weather-worn and war-worn army of sixty thousand Frenchmen, pouring in a continuous stream for six mortal hours along the Boulevard of Paris, marching at rapid time, and with as much eager energy in their faces as if they were going to an attack, and not returning from a conquest. No one who is not still under the old *braguetto*, though not altogether useless conviction, that one Englishman is equal to an indefinite number of Frenchmen, could have seen that sight without feeling that France was worthy of England's best preparations, by land and by sea. Those who had seen the one sight were best qualified to appreciate the other. From our own display, every true-hearted Englishman received the greatest satisfaction, and greeted it with the warmest applause. We hope that we are returning to the spirit of those days, only with a different weapon, when Philip de Comines was obliged to confess that we were "*la fleur des archers du monde*,"—and when, without denying, as some modern statesmen have done, the use of a standing army, England may trust mainly to her yeomen and citizens for her safety, as she did when children of six practised with the bow, and when the maintenance of an adequate national defence was a responsibility which rested on the old feudal tenure—a burthen from which, if it was a burthen, the landed proprietors and aristocracy of England were relieved at a most unlikely time, during the Long Parliament, through the agency of Cromwell—a fact which those who abuse Cromwell, or complain of their own share of it, are beyond measure, would do well to reconsider. That act, relieving the crown, was a blow in the reign of Charles II., in spite of the arguments of Prynne, one of the best lawyers of the day; or, in the words of Mr. Adair, in the House of Commons, in 1794, "In Charles II.'s time, the greater part of the feudal tenures were abolished, and the system of national defence founded on them fell to the ground."

From that time England has, next to her navy, mainly depended on her standing army, and a noble standing army it has been, though a small one.

For every reason, we are of opinion that the Volunteer movement is calculated to do infinite good, not only to the spirit of the nation, but to that of the volunteers themselves: we do not mean to their courage, but to their mutual respect and good feeling, making the chill of contempt and required comparison pass away beneath the warmth of visible union and a common cause. We have heard of some amongst them, who seem to imagine that the use of a yard wand ought to paralyze the arm for the use of a rifle. Let those who entertain any such fancy, before they shoot anything else, in the words of the poet, "shoot their [own] folly as it flies." Just at this moment it would be the best object for their mental aim. If we are a nation of shopkeepers, let our enemies see that, in the unmetaphorical sense of the word, shopkeepers can do. How London apothecaries, after a two months' drill, fought tolerably

well at the battle of Naseby, unfortunately against Englishmen: possibly they might fight even rather better against foreigners. At all events, let the yard wand scorners know that a real gentleman is the least touchy person in the world, and, in defence of his country, would stand shoulder to shoulder with a navvy. Once Lord Moira undertook to say publicly, for the Prince Regent, that the latter would gladly be a private in a volunteer corps. Perhaps vagaries about "dignity" did not exist in former days, when ranks were more clearly defined. Excessive tenderness shows extreme proximity to the man who you fancy is treading on your heel. No social distinction ought to make a man's willing services to his country painful to his feelings. In the French National Guard, individuals of widely different social pretensions stand side by side without shuddering. Association at drill need not imply close connection afterwards; indeed it is perhaps all the better that it should not, as too great intimacy between the different members of a corps might make their rendezvous centres of dissipation, or of temptations to expense—a danger which has no doubt occurred to parents and masters.

Grave Englishmen will always have their jest; but we have got almost past ridicule point, which was so much dreaded at the time of the last volunteer movement, that Sheridan was obliged to say in one of his speeches, "Till a certain progress is made in discipline, it is in every point of view desirable to be separated from the observation of a promiscuous multitude. There are many individuals to whom, under such circumstances, the stare of a vulgar multitude must produce the most unpleasant sensations. There are men who would much more cheerfully expose themselves to the shot of the enemy than encounter the derision of motley spectators."

It appears that idle men and boys had been penetrating into the privacy of Lord's Cricket-ground, then, as now, one of the places of exercise, with what purpose it is not difficult to divine. If any volunteer of our day has been annoyed by street remarks, let him know that his own and his grandfather's sorrows are the same in this particular.

To other evils of which Sheridan complains we are not now liable. One was expensive uniform, which he remarks deterred many "from flocking to the standard of loyalty." This danger has been foreseen and avoided; and on this point we would remark, that we think there might be more variety of uniform without additional expense. The black, if it is black, is absurdly prominent; and invisible green is anything but invisible. Why not light greens, olives, and light shades of brown? The French might

"Smile at your lack of taste, though find your valour
Worthy their frowning air."

Political jealousies have also been avoided; they were not formerly. Lord Peter's son then raised a corps of Essex Rangers, but his and their services were declined by Government, because Lord Peter was a member of the Whig club. The Duke of Bedford offered to raise, clothe, and pay, a body of four hundred and fifty men, but, for political reasons, the offer was not accepted. We have not yet had to contend with this species of folly, nor is it likely that it will be repeated.

Talleyrand was heard to say that it was the volunteers who saved England from invasion in 1803-4. Such was the effect of the last great effort; as for this, let it be sustained! *Eato perpetua!*

JUSTICE GRAMER was the most polite judge that ever adorned the bench, and many amusing anecdotes are related of his courteous expressions. On one occasion it was said he had lately condemned a man, who had been originally convicted, to transportation, when the clerk of the court, in a whisper, said to him, "Oh," he exclaimed, "criminal, I beg your pardon; come back!" and putting on the black cap, courteously apologized for his mistake, and conveyed him to the gallows, to be hanged by the neck until he was dead. To one found guilty of burglary, or a similar offence, he would say, "My honest friend, you are found guilty of felony, for which it is my painful duty," &c. &c. Among other peculiarities he had a custom of repeating the answers made to him, as illustrated in the following dialogue:—"My good friend, you are charged with murder: what have you to allege on the subject?" "Oh, my lord!" "Oh, how did it happen?" "Why, my lord, I am aggravated me, and never as how he'd knock the breath out of my body." "Good! he'd knock the breath out of your body—and what did you reply?" "Nothing! I flogged him." "Good; and then—" "Why, then, my lord, they took him up and found that his head was cut open." "His head was cut open—good; and what followed?" "After that, my lord, they gathered him up to take him to the hospital, but he died on the road." "He died on the road; very good." This will match the best of Lord Cockburn's stories of Scottish Justices of the Court of Session, in his entertaining work recently published.—J.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—The truth—the whole truth—and nothing but the truth, can only be attained with the utmost difficulty. The approximation is all that can be sought to be expected in human affairs. The influence of the press is perhaps greater for what it conceals than for what it reveals. Its versions of events, and accounts of men and their motives, must often be imperfect, and sometimes they are coloured for a purpose, and sometimes they are untrue. To avoid these errors is an onerous task, but yet must be undertaken by every honest chronicler,—most useful and happy when he can fill the place of misinformation or misrepresentation with exact and simple truths.—J.

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In consequence of the extraordinary demands made upon our space by our advertising friends, we have been reluctantly compelled to omit many articles of general interest which had been prepared for our first number, as well as a large quantity of advertisements. As there is likely to be the same pressure upon our columns in the future, we must request advertisers who imperatively require their advertisements to appear in the current week, to give their orders as early as possible, as preference must be given to the earliest orders. No advertisements can be received after 8 p.m. on Thursdays.

THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1860.

In the early days of the newspaper press of England, certain men about town in London headed in coffee-houses, to pick up the information procurable in society, or to be gathered from foreign Gazettes, which they afterwards transmitted, under the title of "News Letters," to their correspondents throughout the country. With more facts at our command in a week than the old News-Letter writers could obtain in a month, we propose in this part of our journal to lay before our readers every week a succinct and impartial News Letter of all domestic and foreign events of sufficient importance to be fairly deemed historical.

Since the days of "the great revolution," when the debates in Parliament were occupied with the discussion and determination of those great principles which have given to England the best, because the freest and most workable, constitution in the world, there has not been mooted in the Lower House a series of propositions more important than those presented to it on Thursday last by the Prime Minister. By his resolution, Lord Palmerston, as the leader of the Commons of England, declares that the right of granting supplies in the Commons alone; and that "only in them" is the limitation of all such grants, as to matter, manner, measure, and time; that to guard for the future against the Lords exercising the power of negating the grants of the Commons, the latter should, to secure their rightful control over taxation, so frame bills of supply, as that their right may be maintained inviolate. By these resolutions, the Prime Minister repudiates the interference of the Lords with the privileges of the Commons. He treats their conduct with respect to the Paper Duties as an act of aggression, and calls upon the country to support him and the Commons in its denunciation. The subject, however, is too important to be disposed of in a paragraph. We must defer until next week, and to another part of the paper, the observations we desire to make upon it.

The revenue return for the half-year ending the 1st of July shows a net increase for the quarter of 380,000*l.*, and for the year ending 30th June, of 5,275,000*l.* There has been an increase in the excise, stamps, property tax, post office, crown lands, and miscellaneous taxes. The decrease on the quarter in the customs is attributable to the various modifications of the tariff, which we owe to Mr. Gladstone's Budget. The amount of the customs decrease is 375,641*l.*, and it is nearly balanced by the increase in the property tax of 306,710*l.*, and more than compensated for by an additional increase of 109,000*l.* in the excise, and 107,000*l.* in stamps. The balance-sheet proves that the resources of the country are elastic, its trade satisfactory, and its capabilities to encounter every emergency unimpaired.

What other empire but England could bear without dismay of that frightful addition to its annual burden which is proposed in the Supplemental Estimate placed on the table of the House of Commons on Tuesday last? Three million eight hundred thousand pounds are required to defray the expenses of the naval and military operations in China during the current year! This sum includes 475,000*l.* to be repaid to the Government of India for advances on account of the Chinese expedition. This is a heavy load to be placed, in the first instance, on the shoulders of Englishmen; but it increases the amount of our demands against China, and for which full compensation must be made at the close of the war.

The value of the rifle as an arm of defence has been already proved in the Tyrol, the United States, and Switzerland. By it the veterans of Napoleon were decimated. Even our own troops in Austria—the conquerors of the best soldiers, led by the ablest marshals of France—were not able to resist the freshly-dressed riflemen at New Orleans. In Switzerland it holds in check ambitious neighbours. And, if an invasion of England be possible, though we are glad to think it an improbable occurrence, why should not every young man who has health, strength, and good spirit procure a rifle, devote his leisure hours to an invigorating and inspiring exercise, make himself master of his weapon, and so become the defender of his own life, and the protector of the honour of his family in case of emergency? Should an invader attack our shores, the riflemen can be that which their ancestors, the archers of England, were in their day: the terror of their foes—the honour, the pride, and the strength defence of their country. The great review of the Volunteers in Hyde-park on Saturday, the 3rd of June, inaugurated it with all befitting pomp and circumstance; and on Monday last, when Her Majesty, accompanied by the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the members of the royal family, proceeded to Wimbledon Common for the purpose of opening the great rifle match, the good cause received a fresher and fuller development. Henceforth the rifle will be popularized as a weapon of national defence, a new impulse will be given to the public feeling, and the power and influence of Great Britain will be strengthened and extended in every part of the world.

The unprecedently high price of meat has been severely felt, during this untoward summer, amongst all classes of mechanics, labourers, and tradesmen. Public meetings have been held in London, Birmingham, Stockport, and other populous towns, for the purpose of devising a remedy. At these meetings some sensible resolutions have been proposed, a few foolish speeches made, and more than one absurd suggestion patiently listened to. Amongst the sensible resolutions may be mentioned "the determination to abstain from butchers' meat so long as the present high prices continue." Amongst the foolish speeches are those which declare that "the present high prices of provisions do not arise from any scarcity of food in the markets, but from a monopoly on the part of the provision dealers."

To make such assertions in the face of such notorious facts, as the rough winter and harsh spring of the present year, by which crops, cattle, and vegetation have been injured—is either stupidity or dishonesty. Prices are high because food is scarce, and the misfortune cannot be mitigated by the use of harsh and vindictive language against grocers and butchers. It is lamentable, at this time of day, and with a country possessing the advantages of open markets, to find any class of the people seeking for a revival of the law against regiments, and urging those in power to pass statutes for fixing the prices of provisions. What can be more absurd than to call upon Government, as some of these speakers do, to "place the working classes beyond the pale of starvation" or for free Englishmen to be found expressing a hope "that the time is not far distant when buying and selling cattle will be regulated by Government!" Why not at once call for a restoration of the Manufagets, and for a revival of the times when Parliament not only regulated the price of meat, but also forbade, under heavy penalties, any labourer of craft from demanding higher wages than the law-makers chose to allow him? Lord Shaftesbury has lately procured over two amendments that are entitled to the attention and sympathy of the public. The first was a *concession* in Langham-place, where several papers were read suggesting beneficial employment for women, and showing with what advantage to themselves and the community their time and abilities might be devoted to such occupations as printing, book-keeping, and law-engraving. Specimens of their "work" in these several branches of industry were exhibited—demonstrating their perfect competency to perform such tasks. The second was a meeting of the "Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes," which devotes itself to the erection of model lodging-houses. According to the report laid before the annual meeting, this society is in a flourishing condition. An instance of what has been effected by its efforts is demonstrated in the condition of Tyndall-buildings, that "was wont to be a nest of disease and crime;" but in which "there had been no case of fever during the year." It was declared by the chairman that "these model dwellings had, whilst preventing disease amongst the population, been the means of keeping down the parochial rates by 17 per cent." Similar societies have been, during the past year, formed throughout the country; and at 1100 an eligible site has been procured for lodging-houses, with a donation of 5000*l.* given by a lady for that purpose. An additional donation was given by another lady for wash-houses, a laundry, and playground in connection with the proposed lodging-houses.

On Saturday six members of Parliament presented to the Prime Minister a memorial signed by one hundred and sixty-seven members of the House of

Commons who generally vote with the Government, requesting his lordship to withdraw from the English Census Bill the clause which requires every household to state his "religious profession." The grounds for making this request are that the inquiry would produce "no information deserving of reliance," and also that the clause, if persisted in, would "seriously injure the Liberal party and the Government." Lord Palmerston admitted that a memorial so signed was a document that "demanded serious consideration." This memorial was signed by English, Scotch, and Irish members.

The eighty-fourth anniversary of American Independence was celebrated on Wednesday last by the American Association of London. The fitting sympathy for that national festival—the triumph of the great Republic—was demonstrated by the attendance of a great many Englishmen.

A SHREW observer and practised courtier, Lord Hervey, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second," makes this remark with respect to the conduct of certain kings of the house of Brunswick:—"For my own part, I have the conduct of princes in so little veneration, that I believe they are yet sadder than people, and are immensely drawn into both good and bad situations without knowing how they came there." Perhaps the same charitable view of the incapacity of princes should be taken by the world when it regards the conduct lately pursued by the Carlist pretenders to the crown of Spain. At a time when their country was engaged in a foreign war, they sought to add to its embarrassments by stirring up the flames of civil strife for their own personal aggrandizement. They sacrificed their adherents, and then, to save their own lives, renounced, under their hands and seals, their pretensions to the throne. Upon this condition they were set at liberty. So long as their personal safety was in peril they adhered to the conditions of the Treaty of Tortosa; but once out of danger, they immediately repudiated their solemn renunciation. They who are averse to themselves expect others to be true to them! The most conclusive proof that a king can give of his unfitness to rule is when he shows that he has no regard for his own deliberately-made promises. The crime beyond all others that condemned Charles I. to the block was his perjury. No party could rely upon him. He tried to delude and cajole each in turn, and all united in getting rid of him. Commiseration might be felt for the Carlist princes as exiles—pity might have dropped a tear upon their graves had they fallen as heroes in the battle-field, fighting for the maintenance of what they believed to be just principles of government, identified with their own claims as princes; but now, convicted, by their own acts, of rashness, incapacity, and perfidy, what other fate can await them than the scorn of Spaniards, and the contemptuous pity of mankind? There cannot possibly be the smallest chance for these Spanish Bourbons, after this suicidal act, to reign over that brave people whose love of integrity is well symbolized in their ancient proverb—"Eat sand sooner than do a base action,"—*Comer arena antes que hacer vilicio*.

The King of Naples, as "a mark of benevolence," has notified to his subjects, in a public proclamation, issued on the 26th of June, that he is "determined to grant constitutional and representative institutions" to the people of Naples, as well as of Sicily. If His Majesty was at all times influenced by feelings of "benevolence" towards those over whom he rules, how happens it that what he gives in June he would not concede in February? If he refused a constitution formerly because he thought it to be "bad," how come it now to be considered as "good?" His "benevolence" must have been rightly or wrongly directed at one time or the other; and in whatever right we consider his proceedings, we are forced to the conviction that his sincerity is not to be relied upon. Unimpaired in strength, with an army devoted to him, and a people disposed to be loyal, he refused that which he now concedes. What are the motives to his conduct? They are well explained and tersely expressed in the words of one of his victims—Poetry—who, in the Parliament of Turin, on the 26th of June, thus described the Bourbon policy in Naples:—"The traditions of the Neapolitan Government are hereditary perjury. The new king, almost to prove the legitimacy of his descent, is preparing to perjure himself; and in order to qualify himself for the task of forswearing himself, he must first swear. It is with that view that he dedicates himself ready to swear constitutions and alliances."

Garibaldi is carrying everything before him in Sicily, forming an army, organizing a fleet, and opening the ports of the island. How well and honourably he is conducting himself, one fact will suffice to demonstrate: he has resigned the public debt of Sicily, and keeps the funds ready for paying the half-yearly interests due on the 1st July. The soldiers, who a few weeks ago were arrayed against him, are joining his standard. Men rely upon the word of a Garibaldi, whilst they regard the most solemn oaths and declarations of a Bourbon king as unworthy of credence. A characteristic act of this illustrious man has been the destruction of the ancient fortress of Castel-Mare. For a long time the fortress had been used for a double purpose—as a fortification to overawe Palermo, and as "a bastille," or state prison, for the incarceration of all suspected of plots, or even of aspiring for liberty. Garibaldi desired Castel-Mare to be destroyed, not by the soldiers, but by the people, to whom it had long been an object of execration. The wish of Garibaldi was at once acted upon: men, women, children—even clergymen—united together for its demolition; and the last accounts from Sicily declare that, in a few days every vestige of this stronghold of despotism will have disappeared. It is upon the site of Castel-Mare that a statue should be erected to "Joseph Garibaldi, Liberator of Sicily."

Garibaldi, in a letter dated 24th June, has applied to his friends in London,

asking the English people to aid the cause of Italy by "a couple of steamers armed with Armstrong guns." We hope they will be forthcoming.

The enemies of Italian liberty are actively engaged. Proposals have been circulated by diplomats for a confederation of Italian states, upon the basis of the Austrian and French compacts; and arrangements are made for a "popular" vote on the annexation of Sicily to Piedmont. The occurrences in Savoy show how such annexations are managed. The materials for getting up a popular vote are to be had in Paris, with tricolor flags, gas-lamps, illuminations, and other "demonstrations for the Emperor," in his visits to the various towns in France.

On Tuesday last was celebrated in Paris with all the grandeur and solemnity of imperial dignity, the funeral of Prince Jerome—the uncle of the reigning Emperor—the brother of Napoleon the First. The circumstance is not only remarkable in itself—but acquires additional interest in the fact that but few years have passed away since it was deemed to be an impossibility the Bonapartes could be restored to France. Their existence as a dynasty was regarded as a portion of history almost as difficult to believe as the realization of an ancient fable. One of the shrewdest of French writers—a person who ought to have known the sentiments of his fellow-countrymen—the celebrated Balzac, writing at a time when the throne of Louis Philippe appeared to be firmly established, thus referred to the great Emperor:—

"*Tout de Napoléon est tout que des poèmes.*"

The poem is converted into a stern reality. Jerome, with no great qualities to recommend him, is honoured with a public funeral, attended by the representatives of all the crowned heads of Europe; whilst Louis Philippe is buried in an obscure grave in England, and his sons wander as exiles away from the land over which the man whom they scorned as too contemptible a rival, now reigns—the most absolute of monarchs.

Syria was restored to the sovereignty of the Porte by means of the two Christian powers, England and Austria. Previous to the usurpation of Mehmet Ali, the Maronite Christians had often been exposed to the cruel incursions of the Druses. Whilst Mehmet Ali reigned over Syria, such maltreatment of the Christians was prevented; but Mehmet Ali having been driven out of Syria, and the administration of affairs restored to the Porte, the misdeeds of former times were renewed; and by the last advice from Beyrout (on the 21st June) we learn that the Druses, aided by Kurds and Bedouins, have attacked the town of Zahli, the last refuge of the Christians, sacked it, burned it to the ground, and put to death 1,000 Christians—men, women, and children! Assuredly, England, which restored power to the feeble hands of the Porte, ought to use its influence to put an end to these barbarities.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. I.

I beg to inform my readers (who will, I hope, include all the sensible and educated men and women of Great Britain and Ireland, Canada and the United States, India and Australia), that this column of "THE LONDON REVIEW" belongs to me, John Wagsdale, of Wilby Grange, gentleman, justice of the peace, and ex-M.P. for Great Stumpington. I am not an author by profession, and shall not be paid for my contributions; for I feel too much indebted to the editor for the use of this column whenever I need it for the expression of my honest opinions on men and things to take his money. And, to tell the truth, I do not want money. I have six thousand a year—a house in Belgrave, another in Marlborough—and a fair wife, who loves me, and who never so much as heard of Sir Crosswell Crosswell, or, having heard, never cared to know the gentleman's business. I have, in addition to these blessings, eight handsome children, several very strong opinions and sturdy British prejudices, a good cellar of wine, a somewhat irritable temper, and the court. I belong to four clubs in Pall-mall and St James's-street. I took the degree of M.A. at Oxford, and have travelled over most parts of Europe and North America, and seen more than a little of life and the world. All my wild oats have long been sown, even to the wild oats of my theological and political opinions. In my hot youth I fancied that I was a Radical in politics; but it was a mere fancy, born of my ignorance,—for I found ere I was thirty years of age, and after I had contended with—won Great Stumpington, at a sore expence, that I was too prudent to be a Radical, too conservative to be a Whig, and too liberal to be a Tory. I am not now a seat in Parliament, and do not wish to have. It is too full of juvenile "swells," provincial attorneys, and ignorant men who have made money, without being able to speak correct English, or do justice to the letter H, to suit my tastes in my advancing years. In fact, I neither like the company nor the hours they keep, nor the dirty thoroughfare of a contested election, which it is necessary to pass in order to get among them. So I keep out of Parliament, and save my money and my character, and look after my gout and my own affairs. I do not think it necessary that the reader should know any more about me for the due appreciation of the papers that I shall from time to time write in this column, unless it be the small and unimportant fact that he need not look in the "Court Guide," the "Post-office Directory," or the Club Lists, to find me under the name of Wagsdale. The income and property-tax collector knows no such person, neither are my club associates acquainted with me under that cognomen. I do not choose that either the swells or the noddies, or the respectable gentlemen of the pleasant establishments to which I belong, should know my secret, and either love me with their impertinent curiosity, or cut me in the lobby because I have become a

public writer, and may have to show up needlessly if my pen and my fancy happen to run in that direction.

In this column the editorial "we" shall be discarded; and I shall speak in the first person singular—heedless of the egotism,—which I think may be made quite as good as the "we-egotism" of the editor and his other contributors. In this column I shall be perfectly independent, and shall not inquire whether I agree or disagree with the sentiments expressed and the policy supported in other portions of the journal. The column is mine, and I shall do what I like with it—saying my say upon all topics whatsoever, and calling the editor himself to account, if it so please me. I warn the reader, in order that he may understand me from the first, that I am one of the class of men of whom Dr. Samuel Johnson so much approved. I am, I hope, a good, hearty, honest hater. I detest bad men, bad ministers, bad measures, bad manners, bad wives, bad cookery, and bad looks. Whenever the humour seizes me, or the occasion calls, I shall speak my mind in the plainest English I can command, on these or any other subjects.

One of my idiosyncrasies, with which I trust to make the reader more familiar in due time, is my detestation of the present race of political and literary critics in Parliament and in the press. I hate their arrogance, injustice, carelessness, and conceit, and intend in this place to open for outraged public men, and for authors and artists, a Court of Appeal, where the judges shall be judged, the critics criticized, the reviewers reviewed. And as my motives may be misconstrued, I beg to state, at the outset and once for all, that no personal pique, or wounded vanity, is at the bottom of my determination. I have not published a book or made a speech which the newspapers have reviled; but my British sense of fair-play is so continually outraged by the injustice done by the little whipper-snappers of the daily, weekly, and quarterly press, and by the wide-mouthed lawyers in Parliament, climbing by dint of tongue up the greasy pole of preferment, that I can hold silence no longer. They annoy me by their efforts to impress upon the vulgar that there is no other generalship in the army, piety in the pulpit, patriotism in the senate, learning in Westminster Hall, nor common sense or honesty anywhere, unless it be marked with their mark, and "endorsed" (to use their own slang) by their approval. When Lord Raglan, in the Crimea, was proving even to our jealous French rivals that he was a true, good man, and a hero of a *braveur antique*, the small gaddies of Parliament and the press were buzzing their detraction in his dying ears. When Admiral Hope was fighting against fearful odds and enormous treachery on the muddy shores of the Peiho, there was scarcely a critic in England who had not a reproach to cast at him, and a self-satisfied smirk on his face, born of the conceit, that he (the critic) could have done the thing better. As for the literary critics, some of whom sell the books that they abuse, to help pay the small bills of their washerwomen, there is not an ignoramus amongst them who does not seek to convey the impression to his readers that he can write a better history than Macaulay or Hallam, and a better novel than Sir Walter Scott or Sir Bulwer Lytton. Over all the doings of these fellows, I, John Wagstaffe, shall keep a sharp look-out. They have had so much of their own way of late, that their presumption has become unbearable. In me—especially when my pen is in motion—they shall find a judge ready to execute justice, and not to be turned from his purpose by fear or favour. Generals, admirals, ministers, public functionaries, poets, historians, novelists, painters, sculptors, musicians—behold, in Mr. Wagstaffe's column of "THE LONDON REVIEW" the High Court of Equity, to which appeal shall never be made in vain, against the false verdicts pronounced by ignorant, envious, careless, or incompetent criticism, printed or spoken, sung or layned, whispered or shouted. Not that I mean to confine myself to this function, for the men who can do nothing but criticize the performance of others, and perform nothing themselves, I hold in small estimation. In this column, while it is mine, there shall be complete liberty of subject, of treatment, and of opinion. I shall not only consider the topics started by others, but start subjects of my own; currying my pen into corners of our social system and observances, where the pens of newspaper writers and reviewers have not hitherto thought it worth while to penetrate. But the reader need not expect to hear my voice every week. If I have nothing to say, I hope I shall be wise enough to say—*nothing*.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

THE talk of the week in literary circles is decidedly about *The London Review*. To start for the Derby is something; but to start in the newspaper race is a horse of another colour. An annual triumph is, no doubt, very gratifying; but a foremost personal place in the front rank of the press is an object of nobler ambition, extremely difficult of attainment, and requiring blood, speed, skill, judgment, and other high qualities, to win. Quite sensible of all this (and we, in this column, speak in our own behalf, and not in that of the editor), *The London Review* seems to start with confidence, and ask no odds.

But, *pendente curricula*, it may be asked—What is a Newspaper? and then, if one looks around, it requires nerve and jockeyship to fancy there is a fair chance amongst them; for, in fact, though they have entered the course under that name, many of them are not newspapers at all. It would not do to be invidious, and therefore rather to generalize than particularize is due to the clerk of the course; but the blind may see that

Some are so pre-eminently political, that, pursuing their grand purpose, in a great measure as pamphlets, they care little or nothing for that sort of intelligence

in which the vast majority of readers take a greedy interest. The chief end of such papers is to reprehend, commend, advise, or, it may be, dictate, to governments, at home or abroad. Their peculiar vocation is to set domestic affairs right, and foreign affairs in the strong light—of their own vision. In finance, if ways and means fail, they will put the Chancellor of the Exchequer up to a new dog—say a tax upon gray hairs; and if Europe is in a turmoil, they will arrange the vacillations within lakes, rivers, natural frontiers, &c., in the most fitting manner and become transmitters—of more or less of the ordinary circumstances and lessons of life they have neither taste nor room.

Others add to these propensities the admitted distinction of being utterly devoted to party, party designs, and party manoeuvres, so that, if the former omit news, the latter improve upon the vacancy by perverting them to subserve their more direct and limited aims. They give intelligence all on one side, or, if on the other, so disguised that neither origin nor shape can be traced. Conjurors, who can make truth lie, are not wanting to this ingenious land.

Others, again, pretend to nothing more than omniscience, and, with modest presumption, busily venture to condemn everything and censure everybody. News from them would be a curiosity; for if they

—delight to snarl and bite,
—'Tis but their nature;

and acrimony lends harmony in attracting—at least for a season, the long ears of the listeners to crackle from these metamorphosed Bull-Buttons.

A pretty numerous class are famed for eulgar demonstrations—pictorial as mummy-cases, science shows, and portrait galleries. What may be represented or misrepresented it is not easy to decide; but, speculatively, taking the ideal with the real, upon the whole, and considering the true amount of knowledge that can be conveyed by this method, an opinion may be hazarded that the elegant means of typography is capable of doing more (not transposing the importance of principal and accessory), and that—

When lost to sight to memory dead

is rather a drawback than an advantage in the supply of mature and rational instruction. To illustrate matters otherwise difficult to be clearly understood may often be desirable, but it is not consistent nor useful to be always illustrating or playing text to picture, instead of picture to text.

As was an Archer, and shot at a frog,

is excellent for children; but men, though of a larger growth, are not big babies; and when they have any sense can do better with less "artistic" nonsense than too frequently occupies the place of sterling information.

On the argument for and against publishing an Editor's name there is something to be said on both sides; but the *pro* appears to beat the *con* quite before the distance-post. The anonymous, when worth while, is readily penetrated; and though loud thunder may issue from the cloud, and amaze the outer world, the aggrieved thereby will find means to discover and reach

More in the air,
Of the sky Lord Mayor;

and make him answerable for the lightning bolt. The "staff" and contributors are generally well-known, and traceable; for the former cannot conceal their connection and particular province, and the latter are wonderfully apt to blazon their doings, if they make a noise; if they do not, why, the least and is soonest pardoned, and ignorance to him. But when an individual openly promulgates his name, he is, after all, only immediately responsible for what cannot be avoided in the pseudo-secret case. The Great Unknown is as liable for consequences as he, and yet the mere fact that he has sought no disguise or cover, must operate beneficially on his conduct. He is free to face with the public, and cannot equivocate. There is no hedging in his race, and the result must be advantageous. To say the least, some modesty must attach to the delivery of his opinions, some honesty be infused into his judgments, some authority be found in his statements, and some gentleness and candid feelings be displayed towards every one, and on every subject and occasion. Only a single virtue is indispensable to his righteous performance of his onerous task: he must, be indefatigable, guided entirely by a sense of the duty he has undertaken—even stern when it is demanded; and guarded against being misled too far from the straight path by the kindly sympathies which deserve moderate yielding, but not sacrifice. It is very desirable, then, to prove that a Newspaper may be a Newspaper, furnishing news of every kind worthy of well-informed and intelligent beings, without being at all dictatorial, self-sufficient, inefficient; add to fiction, superficially fast, profoundly slow, or grievously jocular;—in short, that the wide field of literature, arts, sciences, history, instruction, and social progress (marked by extraordinary ordinary and extraordinary incidents), may be explored diligently, faithfully, and cheaply, so as to produce a sheet containing a new construction of the N.—north, E.—east, W.—west, and S.—south—an obsolete notion?—and combine News, Entertainment, Wisdom, and Success?

The whole town has witnessed in a happy humour the advent of the *Orpheus*—these interesting foreigners (not the less so because our Betty calls them the Orpheuses). Regarding them and their movements with extreme complacency, we have jotted down a few observations concerning them. A letter, signed "Felix Aldin" (All din?), barrister and honorary director of the Choral Society of Paris, *L'Orpheus*, in the *Times*, is devoted to rectify public opinion as to the true motives of the writer's compatriots in coming in such a mass, from so far to the "noble shores of England." It reminds us rather of the recipe for taking the curls out of a wig—Dip it into a tub would not do; immerse it in the ocean would! The gist of M. Aldin's letter is that the expenditure of the *Orpheus* in London is not defrayed by the Crystal Palace, and that there is no pecuniary reward for their performances, the bare idea of which is revolting to the feelings of men belonging to every rank of French society. The expense

* Our correspondent had only seen our announcement, and not our prospectus, when he wrote this letter; and the coincidence in opinion of a veteran of some authority in the periodical press is so far satisfactory that we overlook somewhat of repetition. Ed. L. H.

of travel to and fro between Paris and London is all that has been contributed from other sources to this disinterested artistic visit. A second letter in the same journal, and in a yet more French or grandiose style, is subscribed by Andorger, *réducteur*, and twenty other *Opéra*ons, (53, Lower Thames-street), including another *réducteur*, a pharmacist, and sundry notaries, also repudiates pay, and states that they did not come to see and sing for such vile, selfish ends (*mais un bel, sans vénielle intérêt*), the bare supposition of which is an error which their *honour* and their *dignité* demand to be edited. No! their object was to promote a grand emulation, calculated to comprehend "the secret of two peoples." Never were such reunite likely to be realized by trombone and trumpet accompaniments before; never was singing so prospectively effectual in cementing the Anglo-French alliance. The *catene cordale* was nothing to it. It was a "patriotic and quite national demonstration"—a *doit*, in fact, introduced by a solo, "Napoleon III.," and concluded by a glebe of the British empire and a dinner at the Crystal Palace. They were friends and brothers, not salaried instruments—which would be altogether incompatible with *la dignité Française*. It was not an *adieu*, *espérance*, yet there were 2,500 vocalists from remote parts of France, most of them artists, who had saved money for six months, in order to pay their way, and the other 500 of higher rank, who had meant to assist their associates in gratifying their common love for harmony and having a peep at John Bull's smoky city.

Among the things said about the *Opéra*ons, not exactly in a similar spirit, we may refer to the *Charivari*, or *Paris Punch*, whose quips and jests on the occasion are the more amusing as they include not a little piquant irony upon the *Ride Review* in Hyde Park. Our facetious friend *Cham* of the *Charivari*, not baring the fear of an advertisement before his eyes, is funny upon the subject, and says it is certain the English are a little offended (*quelque peu blessés*), while the grand review of Saturday (not our esteemed contemporary the *Saturday Review*) has turned their heads. And it was a wonderful spectacle. Some of the journals compute the army at 18,000, others at 20,000, to estimate it at no less than 20,000 riflemen! Their order and discipline was prodigious; and the acrobatics of all Cockayne loud enough to be heard. Heaven knows how far beyond the Rhine and the Po. But the Volunteers were forbidden to shout till "half-past six o'clock," and were so steady that they didn't. But when the hour did come, they reveled themselves *follement*, for the long restraint, by one "*en sort de toutes les poitrines*," the highest their bosom-bellows could supply the wind to "ventilate." Till then (continues our quizzing informant) they kept looking at their watches for the appointed time, and trembled with impatience, when a voice exclaimed, "*gentlemen*, it is half-past six!"—and in an instant there breaks forth a *hurra* the most unanimous and formidable that ever was uttered. The ridicule of the entire exhibition is sportively enhanced, after the fashion of Sterne's single captive, with an individual portrait of supreme mockery. One fellow, *M. Charivari* describes, whose watch ranged slow, was so admirably drilled, that he kept back five minutes after the general shout, and had a *hurra* by himself! He was threatened with the police, but nothing came of it: and after the parade was over he went and boxed the watchmaker who had thus mis-looked him. Our humorous critic adds that a grand naval demonstration next week, at Spithead, was to be grandly celebrated, and that he remarks that such is the way at the moment in which the people, the most serious on the face of the earth, amuse themselves! *Voilà à quel amusement ce moment le peuple se livre après de la terre!* Still continuing our glorious manifestation of British feeling with the fear of orphonic invasion, the publication of next day, June 30, his way at its butt, in the arrowy shape of letters from one of the company of invaders. The correspondence is whimsical enough—we doubt if "Our Own Correspondent" could be more entertaining,—and assuredly, for the truth and relishfulness of his account they are much on a par with others we have occasionally read in various papers. A *M. Chiffard*, and the immortal *Three Thousand*, started from Paris, as is stated, the railway whistle having variations on *Le Carnaval de Venise*. He was beset by an Englishman, who tried to make him drunk with grog, and other strong drinks, in order, as he perceived, to pump out of him what he knew about the descent upon England, to the first corps of which he evidently belonged, while the others were to follow in due succession. He mentions the *Opérite* that it was of no use endeavoring to humbug him. "*Il est dit évident* (as he expressed himself in pure French), *de tromper moi, je ne suis tout*!"—he knew all about it. They arrive at *Boslogne*, where the spy in terrible agitation, and the Englishman, who was looking off the train into a *fiacre*, the last that is heard of him is "*de télégraph*." Chiffard concludes that he is an emissary of Lord Palmerston's. The first letter from London is of the 27th June, about two leagues from which capital the vessel in which the awful sea-sicknessing channel had been crossed was hostilely boarded, and the passengers told of ladies armed with grenades prepared to afford them a warm reception, and of the brave Riflemen of London, who were warned of their designs, and had taken proper measures to thwart them,—calling upon them therefore, there and then, to surrender at discretion. He gathered that all this was owing to a dispatch from London. The *Riflemen* accordingly remark their *sans* without finding fault with the till now the end, where a *piquet* of *balloons* of the value of fifteen mus, belonging to Tote, creates an enormous sensation, and is held to be evidence of their covert progress. On representations to head quarters, however, they are set at liberty, and the first things they notice are announcements that "English is spoken here," and placards on the walls announcing splendid fireworks in honour of the victory of the noble corps of volunteers over their invaders. Explanations ensue. Tranquillity is restored. They are cordially welcomed, right and left. At the table (*à table*) a notable company treat them courteously, and after feed, request them (*le pseudo letter-writer and his comrade*) to sing, but they refuse, on the excuse that they had come to chant in an entire body, and exceptional cases would not suit. In fine, Chiffard avers that he would not lift his voice if 200,000 of the Riflemen of London were to press the last upon him. "A noble lady," however, throws

herself at his feet, and begs him to oblige her; and as "no Frenchman can say no to a *jolie femme*," he pours out the popular air—
 Ah! si à des bottes,
 Il m'a des bottes, bottes, bottes, . . .
 and his splendid harpison is tumultuously applauded. And lastly we have the thorough French *déconcent*. The noble lady rises, slips a billet into the enchanter's hand, and retires. Five minutes after Chiffard follows, and the writer, "Philippe Comand" by signature, goes to the opera to spend his solitary night.

THE MUSICAL SEASON IN LONDON.

Denno what is called "the London Season," the beginning and the end of which are marked by the opening and closing of the great places of fashionable resort, the two Italian Opera Houses,—a period which generally includes the months of April, May, June, and July,—a greater quantity of music, of every variety of kind and quality, is heard in our metropolis than in any other city (our rival, Paris, not excepted) during the course of the whole year. During these four months London is the resort of all the musical talent and celebrity in the world. Legions of public performers, of every sort,—singers, pianists, violinists, harpists,—flock to the capital whose streets are paved with gold. A professional expedition to London is a journey to the *gipsies*. The one is not so abundant as the adventures have been led to believe; but, such as it is, the foreigners contrive to get the largest share of it, leaving in the race of industry, enterprise, and (we must add) impudence, our quieter and more shame-faced countryfolk far behind. Without any superiority of merit, and often without any merit at all, numbers of these punk theorists have lost their way to the aristocracy, and the fashionable classes, and penetrate into circles from which Englishmen and Englishwomen are excluded. The complaint that native talent is neglected in England is sometimes represented as unfounded or exaggerated. In some things it may be so, but not in music. It has been made ever since the time of the great old English musician, Henry Lawes, whose remarkable words uttered in the seventeenth century, might be repeated with perfect truth by his countrymen of the present day:—"Wise men have observed our generation so giddy, that whatsoever is native, be it ever so excellent, must lose its taste because themselves have lost their taste. For my part, I desire to reader every man his daughter stranger or native. I acknowledge the Italian, the greatest masters of music, but yet not all; and, without depressing the honour of other countries, I may say our own nation hath had, and yet hath, as able musicians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the voice and instruments. I never loved to set or sing words, I do not understand it. But this present generation is content with what is native that nothing takes their care but what is sung in a language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the music." It is true that the claims of English talent are sometimes so great that no class of society can overlook them; but these cases are rare, and the exception only proves the rule. Generally speaking, English music and English musicians do not find acceptance in the regions of rank and fashion, and we know what a large portion of the English public consists of fashionable or would-be fashionable society.

Fortunately, however, there is a still larger portion of the public—and it is daily increasing—who are not guided by the dictates of fashion in their musical tastes and judgments. These people may love fashionable music and musicians, but they do so, not because the music and the musicians are fashionable, but because they are excellent. The Queen, in her royal box at the opera, and the humble occupant of a seat in the gallery, may do so, and some enjoyment from the strains of Mozart or Meyerbeer, coming from the lips of Mario or Grisi; but the humbler classes derive a much higher enjoyment from another kind of music,—the sublime oratorios of Exeter Hall,—to which fashion pays little attention. Queen Victoria, exemplary in everything, has set the example of listening to the music of Handel and Mendelssohn; but the example has been but little followed, and among the middle-class multitudes who crowd to suffocation the vast edifice in the Strand, the fashionable visitors are few and far between. The same thing is the case with the concerts of the Philharmonic Society—a body for half a century renowned for these efforts for the classic grandeur of its orchestral music, and for which the most illustrious masters—Bach, Beethoven, Cherubini, Spohr, and Mendelssohn—have expressly written some of their greatest works,—which has, during its whole existence, been supported by the middle classes of London. Its refined and intelligent audience is drawn from the ranks of trade and commerce, literature, professions, and the arts. In the last of its programmes, the name of a titled personage has seldom appeared; and this continues to be the case, notwithstanding the constant attention paid to these concerts by the Queen and the Prince Consort.

Such, we apprehend, is the division with respect to music which still exists in different classes of the English public. But this is an age of progress. The tendency of the time is the approach and union of the various ranks and degrees of society. The hard lines of denaturation, drawn by mutual ignorance and prejudice, which have set class against class and rank against rank, are disappearing under the influence of liberal and enlightened views; and it may be expected that the judgments and feelings of the nation will become more catholic in music, as in graver things.

We have been diverted by these reflections from our immediate object of giving a few particulars respecting the musical entertainments of the present London Season.

Everybody knows that the Italian Opera, the oldest and most magnificent of these entertainments, is now split in twain. Ever since the great schism of 1847 and the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera in Covent Garden, in opposition to Her Majesty's Theatre, we have had two opera-houses, each as great as the single one was before. There was a similar schism a hundred years before, which in a short time had the effect of ruining Handel, as well as the party which opposed him. Our modern schism has been equally disastrous, for the losses of both houses have been ruined more than once, while Covent Garden Theatre was destroyed by fire. The theatre has been rebuilt, and the establishment is carried on with great energy by the present lessee, Mr. Gye; while the old house, in the hands of Mr. Stanger, is maintained with no less vigour. Their present competition seems a combat à l'instinct—a mortal struggle. Each establishment is on a scale of

equalization of dramatic rights. All the theatres stand, in that respect, on the same level; and the dramatist, like the roving bee, now extracts honey from each. He illustrated the free and open system by the fact that he had himself brought out an equestrian drama at Ashtley's. But he forgot that he might have done the same thing under the monopoly. There was nothing in the patent to prevent him. Whether under that restrictive régime he could have tempted to wage for Drury-lane or Covent-garden is a different matter; and in this, we imagine, lies the true secret of the rejections of the play-wrights. If the restraint is removed, so too is the thing restrained. We well remember that the legitimate drama was the *cheval d'battle* of the abolitionists. Shakespeare could not be played beyond the consecrated confines of Bow-street and Vinegar-yard. Why should not the Victoria play Shakespeare? Why should Houdinsfield be denied the immortal land? Well, the patents were abolished, and where is Shakespeare? Nowhere. He was placed, no doubt, when the race began, but he is nowhere in the running. This is one of the effects of the abolition which our popular author accidentally omitted to mention. There is not a single playhouse in London where that drama is played, for the exclusive representation of which the great theatres hold their patents, and were deprived of them. Whether this is a result upon which the play-loving community should be congratulated, we will not pretend to determine; but it is obvious that the play-wrights have much reason to exult over it. The old limbering Five-Act obstruction is out of their way. They have the stage to themselves. They can run up a highly exciting Domestic Drama, or a Three-Act picture of English life, taken direct from the French original, in less time than it would formerly have occupied merely to rehearse one of those antiquated solemnities. There is nothing in the shape of thoughtful writing or mighty displays of other time, but they need no competition. The abolition has done its work; it has abolished both the patents and the plays they protected. Much reason, therefore, have the play-wrights to exult. Whoever desires to have an accurate sense of the advantages those facile pens have derived from the total rout of a once formidable drama, should take a modern piece, say a Haymarket comedy, which is presumed to be the most skillful of the class, and study it in his closet. Let him examine it side by side with any by-gone play that happens to belong to the same order; let him carefully analyze and compare their structure, characters, and language. When he shall have completed the task, he will fully comprehend the reasons why the modern play-wright protests against the obsolete form of Five Acts, and why he rejoices over the rarity of its appearance. The task to which we have invited the curious reader is an arduous one. But if he perseveres he will achieve two ends by it: he will not only discover in what elements the modern Haymarket comedy differs from the conventional comedy of other times, but he will be enabled to measure exactly its literary value. It is all very well to see these pieces, and to laugh heartily at the infinitesimal fun of Mr. Buckstone, and the dry humour of Compton; but you know nothing about the authorship till you have endeavoured to read one of them. We do not say you may not succeed in the attempt, for talented capacities may say so—try.

The consideration of the influence of this species of production upon the Stage, and the character of our dramatic criticism under the existing patchwork régime of plays and actors, must be reserved for another occasion.

THE TYPE-PLANS OF ANIMATED BEINGS AND THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

FROM any part of the British shores we can easily collect some few familiar forms of life to illustrate the great groups into which all animated beings seem divided. We have only to tread on to that slippery ledge of rocks before us to gather what we want. Look into that little pool between the huge weed-cled stones, and on the tide-bared surface round. The little pool which you are looking down upon in the portrait of the one before us; and many other numbers, in many another place, are looking down on pools just like our own. Here are conical islands stuck down upon the rocks; there, some white-crueted barnacles are hipping the water with their feathery curls. In the ooze, and under the mud-covered sea-weeds, crabs and shrimp-like crustaceans scramble awkwardly but rapidly about at your approach, or closely crouch and hide themselves. Here, in a quiet nook under a protecting ledge, are clustered a dozen doct; there, an eel, with curious finger-like lungs upon its back, is crawling with rapid undulations over the slimy weeds. In another pool close by some rock-fish sport, and, perchance, you may capture, too, some young turtle-fish, to add another necessary illustration to what we want; but if you do not, you can easily procure one from any of the fishermen, who use them profitably for bait. You can gather tenderly a little crop of these berry corallines, and you can place in your collecting jar some of those pigmy jelly-fish not bigger than shillings, which are dabbled about in hundreds on the sands. Put in, too, a few of those rudely, flower-like animals called, and if you do not mind wet feet, pull up some of those large-stalked tangles which are waving their broad fronds in the shallow sea just beyond where the tide still clings to the rocks; and a pocket-knife will enable you to detect amongst their entangled roots some tiny shell-like objects which naturalists call, from their outer envelopes being perforated with holes or pores, *Foraminifera*.

FIG. 1. *Edis papillosa*.



FIG. 2. *Orbulina universa*.

FIG. 3. *Edulia Breccia*.

We have now, in this small gathering, the types of many animal existences, each apparently based on a very different plan, but equally wonderful in the purposes and design exhibited.

As we must not presume, however, even in this sultry summer-time, that every one is at the "cool sea-side," or that the country hills and dales have no admiring visitors, we will ourselves take a ramble in the "flowery fields," and, for the purpose of showing a few other objects illustrative of Nature's type-plans. This common worm will do for one, and from the stagnant pool we may gather a dozen things to suit our ends. Put a few bits of those floating twigs into a glass of water, and you will see dozens of tentacled threads; these are hydrea, and will serve as well as the larger, grander "anemones" of the sea. Those translucent shrimps, pecking themselves with feathery, on-like forcings, along in interlocking curves are just as good in illustration as our sea-side crabs; the little stickleback or minnow, from the stream close by, will do as well as rock-fish or as any other of the finny tribe. Search now the underside of stones or the floating leaves of the water-lily for short translucent branching threads. Your straining eyes will see nothing new when you lift the stones or lily-leaves,—for the tiny beings that inhabit them are very timid, and shut themselves up in their cells on the least disturbance. There are several kinds of these; but what we are most likely to find are the *Planulids*, and these are equal to the stouter corallines of the rocky shores.

In the water from the stagnant ditches, under the microscope,—you cannot perceive them without,—some jelly-like little beings may be seen twisting their bodies into fantastic shapes; here indenting them into temporary stumps; there squandering away their jelly-like flesh into equally temporary tentacles or feet. These *Amoebæ* are even better examples than the marine *Foraminifera*, as they represent more properly the rudimentary plan of their class. We will then, from land-side and sea-side, familiar illustrations of the type-plans of animal creations,—the globular, the radiate, annular, soft-bodied, and backboneed, or vertebrate.

We find thus that we are brought down to some four or five primitive type-plans, upon one or another of which the individuals of every species, of every group of animals, are organically and primarily constructed. However advanced or restricted may be their actual development and organization,—however high or low may be their position in the scale of life. From the mud to the sky, in our own land and all over the wide world, every organized living being is framed on one or another of these few plans.

In these days of strange notions and new theories, it behooves every one to look a little into matters for himself. It is not the authors of speculations and novel theories who are called upon to decide the merits of their own ideas; nor is it the ignorant or unlearned who should approve or condemn them. It is before the world,—that the world,—that these opinions are laid; and it is the world which accepts or rejects the new doctrines,—which reaps the knowledge or advantage, if any, to be derived from them.

Among the present leading topics of high interest is the question of the successive development in actual age of higher and higher organic forms on the principle of "natural selection," which has been opened out by the recently-issued, learned, and interesting book of Mr. Darwin, "On the Origin of Species." We know there are some who think in such matters lay people should not meddle, and that scientific brains alone should reflect upon such subjects. We have just expressed our own opinion on this point, that people should make themselves competent to judge; but like other authors Mr. Darwin has put his book before the world, and already it has found five thousand purchasers. How many more readers and critics!

The consideration of the question requires leisure, thoughtfulness, and actual investigation. It involves, also, an acquaintance with the organic creations of the various and vast geological ages, and with the organic contents of the rock-formations of our great groups of terrestrial space, for time is an essential element in all changes effected by natural means, and is especially regarded in that light by Mr. Darwin himself, in those he considers to have been slowly brought about in the course of the gradual migration and transmutation of species, which has been opened out by external circumstances, individual wants, necessities, and habits, and the natural tendency to "sportiveness," under the control of that principle which he denominates "natural selection." We can, therefore, neither confine our researches to the historic period, nor extend the consideration of the gradual migration and transmutation of species to a geographical range of these ancient fancies revealed to us in a fossil state, which must have happened in the lapse of the stupendous ages of the past, by reason of the varied alterations of level, and the relative superficial distribution of the ancient lands and seas.

Mr. Darwin himself at one time, in connection with the generality of modern naturalists, entertained the opposite theory to the one he is now advocating, a theory so ably supported by the late Professor Edward Forbes, of specific centres of creation of new forms. We are apparently in nature, as well now in our own days as in every stage of the past conditions of our planet, particular species, genera and families of animals confined in their geographical range to certain limited regions; we find certain prolific kinds, as well as certain rare sorts confined to very restricted areas; we find from the organic contents of the rock-formations,—those whose historical records of the succession of the past physical events of our globe, that in time, also, there have been similar restrictions of particular kinds of animals, and of plants. Of these, some seem to have been introduced in at a certain period; to have increased, multiplied, and swarmed at another; finally dying slowly and gradually out, to be succeeded by some new race, which in its turn, in like manner, laid its reign of greatest development in numbers, and over con-



FIG. 4. *Planulids repens*.

ade regions of space. Naturalists were thus led to the idea that these races had diverged and multiplied from a *specie centre* of original creation.

It is but right in this place that we should clearly define what is meant by the term or principle "natural selection." Reflecting on the correlation, well known to naturalists, and obvious to the most superficial observer, of the bones and general organization of the Vertebrate class, whether fish, land, reptile, or mammal, all constructed on modifications of the same plan, and having a vertebral column, in each the limbs presenting modified conditions only of certain primitive structure-plans; as, for instance, the fins of the fish, the wings of the bird or of a bat, the arms of a man; on the like modifications of parts and organs severally in the trilles of shell-fish (*Mollusca*), crabs (*Crustacea*), worms (*Juridica*), or sea-animals, jelly- and star-fish, and the ancient bird-like animal, *Archæopteryx*, and other forms of the Invertebrate class; and reflecting, also, on the like modifications of type-plans in the vegetable kingdom,—Mr. Darwin has been specially led into the study of the variations of animals and plants, both in their state of nature and under domestication, whether as mere "sportive varieties," as they have been termed, or as the more permanent and regular kinds, such as the race-horse, coach-horse, cart-horse, pony, the various sorts of gooseberries, cherries, apples, &c., which have been brought about by skilful breeding or continued culture.

The accumulation of facts upon these subjects has further led Mr. Darwin into the belief that such modifications, whether naturally or artificially brought about, could and would be maintained under the necessary accompanying conditions of climate, nutriment, &c., and that in the free state of nature the "succession" of such variations has accomplished those marked differences we observe in the various species of animals and plants. "Now," as many more individuals of each species are born, Mr. Darwin has shown that can possibly survive; and as, consequently, there is a frequent recurring struggle for existence, it follows that any being, if it vary, however slightly, in any manner profitable to itself, under the complex and sometimes varying conditions of life, will have a better chance of surviving, and thus be naturally selected. From the strong belief, of inheritance, any selected variety will tend to propagate its new modified form.

Neither the doctrine of development of species by "natural selection," nor that of "specific centres of creation," is introduced here with any idea of our entering into the details of either of these vast investigations. Yet twenty years Mr. Darwin has been collecting materials in support of his views, and only the outlines of which are published; and we have not yet before us all the evidence on which he has based his conclusions. It is not likely, therefore, we should attempt more than to explain briefly the chief facts and principles upon which the interesting and important discussion is based. We have not collected so many shells, so many fish, so many plants or sea-weeds, to display as curious objects, but as illustrations of those universal structural type-plans of organization which certainly appear, from any evidence yet adduced, to be and to have been persistent. We may regard these type-plans,—indeed, we can scarcely do otherwise, when we look into the minute structure of organized beings,—as unchangeable, immutable modifications and adaptations within their respective limits, but the question becomes highly intricate when we attempt to deduce the modification of one type-plan into another.

The great points of Mr. Darwin's investigations are, whether the differences in the various classes of animals and plants have been derived from long continued natural variations, as modifications of primitive type-plans, and whether these so-called primitive type-plans themselves may not really have been derived from some older, or anterior and more primitive plan.

AN HISTORICAL DRAMA.

THERE was once a gentleman of learning and position, whose name I forgot at the present moment, who said, "I never wish to study any other history of England than Shakespeare's plays. They present me with clearer pictures of the times and manners they depict; they lay bare more completely the springs of human action; and they are more exact in dates and the sequence of events than most of the ponderous historical volumes I can find in my library."

Allowing for a little love of paradox—a little fancy for appearing singular,—there may probably be some truth at the bottom of these remarks; and, any way, there must be many people existing in the world who have only read the history of their country and are presented to them in the shape of an amazing drama. If it is necessary that such people should be educated in this particular branch of knowledge, it is fortunate that Shakespeare's plays are so popular and so historically reliable; and it is also fortunate that the successors of the great dramatist—the little knot of highly-talented gentlemen who call themselves the "Dramatic Authors' Society," and their more humble, or less famous brethren, who supply the passing dramas for the minor theatres,—are always willing to "illustrate" the times in which we live and move, according to their talents and their opportunities.

As one of the great events of the present year is the "fight for the championship," it is not surprising that the watchful dramatist has seized it for literary material, some years, perhaps, in advance of the regular historian. At the very moment when Thomas Sayers is a leading man—when he has been praised from the pulpit and by the journals, and when he has returned the compliment by praising the journals for their literary genius and descriptive talent,—when he has been *fit* on board the Queen's ship, and received on the Liverpool Exchange with more honour and enthusiasm than was bestowed upon Lord Doughty on his victorious return from India,—when he has been declared the "Mincing Lane Poet," with a retainer of a hundred guineas, and the "Capel-court Blackie," with another retainer of a similar amount,—when he has received more money for "colours," and shares of the railway fighting-train, than ever any professional gladiator received before,—when he has been made the object of a subscription by the House of Lords, another subscription by the House of Commons, many more subscriptions by different clubs and classes in London, in Paris, and throughout the provinces, and a wide extra subscription, amounting to more than four thousand pounds sterling, that is led off by a noble lord who sends a hundred pounds, and closed by a little girl,

under eleven years of age, who sends sixpence,—when all those honours and profits have been heaped upon the head of a single individual, it is not surprising that the theatrical stage should select him as the hero of many dramas, and seek to embody the leading incidents of his career. This "noble" pugilist, after several weeks of decent diplomatic reserve, has become reconciled to his American opponent, and the two countries seem to breathe again. We are now able to attend to our ordinary political and social business, as the two combatants have retired hand-in-hand to the country, for the profit and pleasure of a "sparring-tour." I have not heard, nor, I believe, has the respectable editor of our leading sporting correspondence, that any offer has been made to Sayers to stand for this season or tomorrow as a member of Parliament. It is not probable, on this occasion, it was satisfied with "Mr. Gully, ex-champion and publican for many years, and why not try Sayers? His name, when translated into English, signifies 'broken-bird,' and shows a philological sympathy with pugilism.

The Olympic Theatre was the first to recognize the importance of the great pugilistic event, and to deal with it from a farcical point of view, in the piece called *B. H.* More than one of the minor houses were not slow to follow so high and so successful an example; but it was reserved for the Victoria Theatre, in the New Cut, Lambeth, to present its patrons with a drama, half "domestic," half historical, that may be fairly taken as having exhausted the subject. This drama contains much that is known, with much that was previously unknown, and the following is a fair copy of the play-list, omitting the perishable part,—the names of the actors:—

THE CHAMPIONS BELT.

OR, THE RISE AND ITS MORAL.

| | | |
|--------------------|-------|---|
| Mr. Harry Headling | Mr. — | Tableau 4.—The First Meeting |
| Tom Sayers | Mr. — | Shake Hands. The American's Colours. |
| John Heenan | Mr. — | The House and Tom. |
| Old Joe Sayers | Mr. — | The Theatre opened by Sayers. |
| Augusta Tomlin | Mr. — | The House and Tom. |
| Benjamin | Mr. — | Green Sniff's Parlor. |
| Harry Headling | Mr. — | Three Cheers for Tom Sayers! The Belt! |
| John Heenan | Mr. — | The House and Tom. |
| Gullish | Mr. — | The Colours of the Championship of England! |
| Mr. Sayers | Mr. — | Grand Tableau. |
| Mary Sayers | Mr. — | Act II.—The Training. |
| Benjamin | Mr. — | The Theatre up to this Work. |
| John Heenan | Mr. — | The Snuff (Grand up). |
| Old Joe Sayers | Mr. — | Heenan's Lodgings. Yankee Double. |
| Benjamin | Mr. — | The Fight! |
| John Heenan | Mr. — | Tableau 4.—The House and Tom. |
| Old Joe Sayers | Mr. — | The Death of Ben. |
| Benjamin | Mr. — | Grand Tableau. |

The drama opens with a representation of a street, from which we learn that "Owen Sniff's Tavern" (in Tottenham-street, Hackney) is a large private house, with a handsome portico, standing in an extensive square. Immediately opposite this mansion is a cobbler's lat, not unlike a blacksmith's forge, in the recognition of "Old Joe Sayers," "dead country," the "Champion." Here we have the visible emblems of two opposing principles. The house, or "tavern," is typical of idleness and dissipation; the hut is typical of industry and sobriety. Before the door of the first are a few betting-men and hangers-on of the "Ring," including a wild, gay nobleman in a battered white hat and blucher boots, described in the play-bill as "Sir Harry Headling," while before the door of the second are the hard-working, perspiring "Joe Sayers" senior, the frugal and homely "Mrs. Sayers," and the virtuous and interesting "Mary Sayers," their daughter, forming together a beautiful "tableau," or family picture.

We learn from a rather general conversation, that Sayers senior, while he retains some physical remains of masculine development, and the power of giving a blow from the shoulder, is opposed to the ring and all its associations, and that he has contravened his daughter "Mary" to disown all relationship with her brother "Tom," until he is found to walk once more in the paths of industry. We also learn that Sayers junior, otherwise "our noble Tom," otherwise "our glorious champion," has generously offered to maintain his father out of the gains of his pugilistic profession; but it is almost needless to say that the offer has been firmly though respectfully declined. Much striking of a hapstone, and much flourishing of an old boot take place, as pantomimic incidents that the independent spectator is not yet unequal to enjoying in broad daylight.

It appears, at this period of the Sayers history, that "Mary Sayers" has attracted the attention of the wild, gay nobleman, "Sir Harry Headling," and though, strictly speaking, not persecuted with his address, she is chased by him round the square, or street, before described, and roughly embraced, in broad daylight, on the Queen's highway. It also appears that "John Heenan," the American Champion, who has arrived in England, is under an obligation to a "family bearing the name of Sayers," for some help rendered to him some years ago, in some part of America, and he is not the man to forget these in his prosperity who never forgot him in his adversity. There are also some traces of a former attachment between him and "Mary Sayers," who only knows him for the present, under the assumed name of "John Carter."

The unusually cold of the wild, gay nobleman, in the Queen's highway, gives a happy opportunity to "John Carter," otherwise "John Heenan," of showing that his mouth is not crammed full of empty sentiments, and of introducing himself in a triumphant manner to the family he is in search of. He enters the square, or street, at the very moment when "Old Joe Sayers" has been ruthlessly pushed aside, when "Mary Sayers" is being unwittingly embraced by the wild, gay nobleman, and with one blow he has sent American "John Carter" otherwise "John Heenan," after performing this feat, are worthy of a place amongst the maxima of school copy-books.

The noble American retires, after promising to "hit Old Joe Sayers" and his daughter at their lodgings, and we are introduced, for the first time, to the English "Champion." He comes out of the house, or tavern, cheerful and confident. He observes that he has never yet seen his opponent, and should like to know whether he is going to fight a man on a mountain. His reception by a small but

enthusiastic body of supporters is highly encouraging, and he only wishes that his father was less opposed to his profession. No matter, he will do his utmost; no man can do more. He fights for the honour of old England. A fair ring and no throng; may the best man win, and may that man be Thomas Sayers. Hurrah! Tabloo! the third. The pugilistic party is grouped on the left side of the stage; the shoe-smoothing and anti-pugilistic party, in the persons of "old Joe Sayers" and family, is grouped on the right side of the stage. A few chorals are given by the orchestra, and the scene closes.

We are next introduced to "a street," which seems, oddly enough, to be in some part of Italy (a mistake, no doubt, of the scene-shifters), and what is technically known as the "underplot" of the drama. This underplot consists of a professional poetaster, called the "nimble grasshopper," who is supposed to be changed in a scene "great match," which causes him to walk across the stage, whenever it represents anything like the open air. He runs against most people, at different times, but particularly against one "Augustus Twiddle," a comic amateur of pugilism. The duty of all persons engaged in the drama is, to knock down this comic amateur at every opportunity, with the exception of one "Shorts," a comic maid-servant, and her duty is, to marry the comic amateur, and help to protect him. The result of this arrangement is, that all the characters, except "Mary" and "Mrs. Sayers," have a fair chance of showing their skill in the art of boxing.

We will now return to the more serious and historical business of the drama. The scene changes to "old Sayers's lodging," where, true to his word, the American Champion, still disguised as "John Carter," pays his promised visit. Thomas Sayers is also there, and we learn that the first and most interesting meeting of the two opponents took place under the roof of one who was already the father of the English "Champion," and soon to be the father-in-law of the American. The two heroes, the future brothers-in-law, shook hands—still only knowing each other as mutual friends of the family. Powerful situation! Something told them they should meet again.

"Tom Sayers" was the first to take his leave, soon followed by the American Champion. The latter, to the evident disgust of his trainer, constant attendant, and lackey, "Harry Brumston," snatched a kiss from the willing "Mary" before departing, and in so doing disgraced his "brother-in-law." "Ha!" exclaims "Mary," as she picks up this blue-and-white object, "what is this? A handkerchief? A name in the corner? John C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy! Ha, ha! I see it all! He cannot—he must not fight my brother!"

The action of the drama now becomes more rapid. We are introduced to "Owen Swift's parlour," and to the company of a number of convivial supporters of pugilism. The English Champion enters, and is received with deafening cheers. He looks round the room. He makes a speech. His sentiments do honour to his head and heart. The American Champion enters, and is also received with deafening cheers. The two heroes are now formally introduced to each other. They start. "The friend of my father!" "The brother of my brotherhood!" There is no danger of this. The trial is bitter, but it must be unflinchingly borne. Ah! knock for silence, unsuspecting chairman of the tavern table; little do you know the mental agony that is now racking the strong frames of the "gallant Heenan" and the "glorious Tom." The American makes a speech. His sentiments also do honour to his head and heart. A noise is heard outside. The door is thrown open, and in rush "old Joe Sayers" and his daughter "Mary." They come to stop the fight. Too late, alas! too late. It cannot be. The first act immediately closes with a "grand tabloo."

The second act opens with a picture of "Tom Sayers" under "training," and we are taught all the mysteries of the "chale," the "dumb bells," and "boving the sack." We are next hurried to "Heenan's lodging," where "Mary" makes yet one more attempt to dissuade her lover from fighting, but without success. He cannot withdraw from this contest with honour, and he will only promise to remember, during the battle, that "Tom Sayers" is her brother. More than this, in justice to his backers, he dare not do.

In the mean time, "old Joe Sayers" has not been idle, and communicating with certain "detectives," he has led the way to "Heenan's hiding-place," by following the footsteps of his daughter. His plans are defeated; the American is warned, and makes his escape—in rapid succession with history—from the window. The drama now opens its last act, and unfolds its end in some respects, of Richard the Third, as tinkered by Colley Cibber. "Heenan" starts across the stage, in front of an open-curtain picture, followed by the police authorities. "Old Joe Sayers" and his daughter "Mary" next appear, and a scene of much emotion takes place between them. A noise of many voices is heard, and it tells them that the fight has already begun in the neighbourhood. "Mary" shudders when she hears the fearful sound, and is led away gently (to music) by her father.

The next and final scene is "The Ring," where all the historical features of the fight are reproduced with diligent fidelity. We see the numerous "alls" of the English "Champion," the "blows" that dishevel his "right arm," the return "blows" that he gives with his "left hand," the "struggle over the ropes," the tearing up of the "ring-poles," and the final "skipping" of the two combatants. A "grand tabloo" is certainly formed by the mob round the ring—as mob and tabloo, in theatrical language, generally mean the same thing,—but we are at a loss to know what the play-bill means by winding up its list of scenes and incidents with what it calls "The Death-bed of Heenan." It is the only part of the promised drama left unrepresented, or unperformed, and for the sake of English history and Victoria audiences, we should like some solution of the mystery. The thoughts who flock every night to the temple of the English hero, unlike the gentleman before alluded to, who was so satisfied with the historical lessons contained in Shakespeare's plays—they have scarcely any other teacher. That gentleman could read and write, and cut accounts, but, unfortunately, the bulk of a Victoria audience either possess no such accomplishments, or possess them in a very limited degree. It is too bad if the author, the stage-manager, and the printer have combined to impose upon ignorance and good nature.

SLANG, AS A SOCIAL SYMPTOM.

PASCAL somewhere says something to this effect:—"When you meet with a natural style of writing, you are startled and delighted; for you were prepared only to find a book, and unexpectedly stumble on a living man." Nobody ever knew better than Pascal how to perform that rare and difficult feat of writing in a natural style—pure and correct, yet unadorned; flexible, without being grotesque or gymnastic; a style which never sinks into slipshod squalor, nor swells into the cumbersome pomp of fine writing.

The difficulty of such a style lies in choosing exactly the right words to express your ideas. And the right sort of words are those which most simply present the thoughts they clothe, without attracting attention to the colour or texture of the words themselves. Language is at best an imperfect vehicle of thought, which passes through it as light passes through glass;—the less it discolors or distorts the idea or the landscape, the better is the quality of the phrase and the window-pane. As the best piece of a man's taste in dress is to say that you remember nothing particular about his clothes, but that he looked like a gentleman; so it is the highest commendation of an author's style that you were very much interested in what he said, but that you cannot call to mind any peculiarity in his manner of saying it. All words starting from their unfamiliarity or weariness from over-frequency recurrence, are alike objectionable. The whole sphere of bad writing revolves between the two poles of staidness and extravagance in diction; if that can, by any stretch of metaphor, be called a sphere whose periphery extends over so vast a tract of contemporary literature, the extremes of whose axis are so little removed from each other. For the grotesque paraphrase which some verbal acrobats tumble upon to-day in his antic struggles after originality, passes at once from the extravagant to the stale phase of its career the very next time it is used. Really well-made clothes of well-chosen material and colour, never look shabby till they are fairly worn out; and phrases of simple and direct construction, composed of words rich in meaning as the dictionary can furnish, but not gaudily "expressed in fancy," never go out of fashion.

But how are we to find those words and phrases which shall be easy without being commonplace, and idiomatic without vulgarity? It is easy to say they are the terms of speech which highly-educated persons in the best society might use in grave conversation on any topic of importance, whose intelligible discussion implied the use of language according to delicate distinctive shades of meaning. [Tints of meaning would be a better phrase if it had not a distasteful flavour of art affectation.] And the really intelligent part of good society do talk the language by whose adoption or avoidance words and phrases may be best condemned and absolved as apt or inappropriate, over-formal or ungratified, for the uses of literature.

Considered in this light as the living standard of the language in which books are to be written for the benefit or disadvantage of all people at large, good society ought to mind the sort of phrase it permits itself to talk, and to be a little more than it does. Authors, especially novelists, who have to represent conversation in their pages, must take it pretty much as they find it, or their personages would talk like books. The language of literature again reacts on the language of society, too often spurring slang from the sewers into the gilded drawing-rooms, and sprinkling namby-pamby allusions of pseudo-fashionable life among the parlious.

It is disagreeable enough to hear young gentlemen talk slang among themselves; but it is much more unbearable when they talk it to women; and the few silks of disgust is reaped when the women begin to talk it among themselves.

Not many years ago, the present writer was partaking of tea under a tree in the suburban pleasure of a person of rank, when there descended among the company from one carriage two very lovely creatures. One was a duchess and the other a marchioness. Not obscure local duchesses and marchionesses from the country, but "the cream of cream." I did my best to represent literature admitted into the circles of fashion, and talked my choicest English, in full confidence that an unadorned literary style was the language of good society. When these exalted personages had refreshed themselves with tea, and accomplished a reasonable length of visit, the marchioness suggested to the duchess that "further conversation during their presence, must needs precipitate their departure." So, at least, it would be rendered in those tales of high life which it is believed are written by accomplished lady's-maids. But the words addressed to her grace which actually fell from the pretty tips of the marchioness were, "Don't you think, dear, it's about time for us to cut?"

I heard the words distinctly, without any auricular effort. I was no more intimate with these ladies than I am with her Majesty, Queen Victoria: no! suppose there is no breach of implied confidence in my recording this fragment of conversation in high life.

The dreariness and amenities of civilized society originally grew from, and still depend on, the prevailing influences of women who have been, since the rise of chivalry, arbiters of our social code. The spirit of purity and the grooves of refinement have hitherto advanced among ages and nations in direct proportion to this social ascendancy of women.

Women, endowed by nature with more of that good shame which we call modesty, and troubled with less of that bad shame, which is usually mentioned in French, than men; readier with their wits and tongues; more watchful in observing, and more serious and earnest in administering the small politics of society, are essentially most fitted, and no doubt are by Providence intended, to temper and attune the ritual of assemblies gathered in the name of innocent and decorous amusement under the statute code of courtesy and the common law of tact.

The matrons of England in former times thought it prudent to permit no other language than the mother tongue to be spoken in their presence. They liked to be able to understand with critical precision, what the young men were saying to

their daughters, and what their daughters said to the young men in return. But the idea of Slane seems to have set in with such an Atlantic flood, that the matrons are overpowered, like Mrs. Partington. It is a severe blow to that chivalrous racial ascendancy of women. Our young gentlemen are accordingly vulgarizing our young ladies down to the tone of the betting-ring, college wine-party, and saddle-room, instead of our young ladies refining our young gentlemen, and tuning them up to the drawing-room concert-pitch. Civilization will be none the better of this arrangement. The deterioration of language is one of the first signs of a national career having culminated and lapsed into the retrograde. Let the mothers, and wives, and daughters of England look to it, for our civilization has no other guardian angels.

THE WEATHER DURING THE LAST NINE MONTHS—OUR FUTURE PROSPECTS.

By JAMES GLAIBER, F.R.S., ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

THE familiar use of any instrument frequently causes a forgetfulness of the principles on which it is constructed, and, consequently, only an imperfect knowledge of its operations, and of the indications given by its varying readings. This is the case with respect to several meteorological instruments, and particularly true respecting the barometer—an instrument depending on principles as beautiful as any in the whole range of physical inquiry.

Before we speak upon the late extraordinary weather, it seems desirable to give a brief account of the barometer, and the atmospheric phenomena on which its variations depend.

The first step in such an inquiry is to ascertain the elemental components of that invisible and inodorous fluid by which we are surrounded, and which is imperatively necessary for the existence of both animal and vegetable life, and of which, if man be deprived for two or three minutes, he ceases to exist; but at present we shall speak of the mechanical properties of air only.

Air possesses impenetrability; which implies that no other body can, at the same time, occupy its place: it has inertia; that is, it is possessed of the property that it will not move till it is forced to do so by some active power: it has mobility; that is, a property by virtue of which it will not stop when once put in motion, until it is acted upon by some opposing power: it has compressibility; that is, a certain portion of air, under greater pressure, will occupy less space; and it has weight. To these mechanical properties of air, together with the influence which heat and vapour exercise, nearly all atmospheric phenomena can be traced. Air being compressible, it follows that that which is nearest to the surface of the earth is the most dense, as it has to bear all the superincumbent mass. If we take 100 cubic inches of air from near the surface of the earth, deprived of its carbonic acid and aqueous vapour, it is found to weigh 31 grains, which is about one-eight-hundred-and-fiftieth part of 100 cubic inches of water; and therefore, mass for mass, water is 815 times heavier than air.

The weight of the air is determined by the barometer. A column of air one inch square, and reaching from the earth to the top of the atmosphere, balances a column of mercury of the same area, and 30 inches in length, which volume of mercury weighs 14½ lbs. nearly, and therefore this column of air weighs 14½ lbs. nearly, and the mercury in the tube of a barometer always balances the atmospheric weight or pressure; and in this estimate the reading of the barometer varies from 28 to 31 inches, indicating that at times the air is less by 1-20th than at other times.

The variation in the reading of the barometer thus indicates the fluctuation in the atmosphere, and those variations in the preceding nine months have been remarkable: they have been large, unusually frequent, sometimes as low as 28½ inches, and seldom high. From May 22 to June 30, the reading was never so high as 30 inches; the volume of air in the last nine months has been continually varying by large amounts.

In close connection with these changes have been the severe storms. The winter commenced in October, and as soon was characterized by low barometer readings, with sudden fluctuations and heavy storms. From the beginning of 1860 the air became more continuously in motion, as shown in the following particulars:—

In January the wind frequently blew with great strength for 20, 30, and 40 hours continuously, and at times with such force against a square foot of surface, that the power necessary to stop it was equivalent to a weight of 38 pounds, and during this month the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of three.

In February the wind was mostly N.E., blowing without intermission for 20, 40, 50, and at times 60 hours; and on the 27th the heaviest gale of wind occurred that has been experienced in and around London for twenty years. In this gale pressures of wind to 28 pounds on the square foot took place, and the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of two throughout the month.

In March the air was still more continuously in rapid motion, averaging two hours out of three, and blowing with violence at times for 50 hours together; and for the 100 hours following March 30, the air was in violent motion—a most unusual circumstance. Weather of a similar character, in this respect, continued during April, May, and June, and the air was in rapid motion for one hour out of three till the end of June. Heavy gales of wind have taken place each month, and many fine clays, strong eads, and a large number of haunches have been torn up by the roots, and their places know them no more. The injury to shipping, all round the coast, has almost been unprecedented. Some of the particulars relative to temperature are as follow:—

On October 21st severe cold suddenly set in, and from that time to the end of last week, with the exception of a few days at the beginning of November, from December 24 to January 21, and from May 8 to 26, the temperature has been below the average of the season, and at times has been bitterly cold. The temperature was deficient in every month from November to June, with the

exception of that of January and May, when it was slightly in excess. In April both the days and nights were from three to four degrees too cold. The effect of this want of heat, together with the violent winds, has caused the food of both man and beast to be very scarce.

The fall of rain up to the end of June was 15½ inches, of which 4 inches fell in May, and 5½ inches in June. The average fall of rain for the first six months is 10½ inches; so that the fall of rain this year exceeds the average by 4½ inches. Rain has fallen on 102 days of which 29 were in June.

The fall of rain in June is very remarkable. From the year 1815 to 1837 the fall once reached 32 inches; in the year 1838 it slightly exceeded 5 inches; in the year 1838 it was 21 inches; in 1852, 4 inches; and the average fall for June, from 1815 to 1859, was less than 2 inches; so that the fall of rain in June was three times greater than the average fall.

In conclusion, we may observe that the early winter was characterized by very low readings of the barometer, and temperature with sudden fluctuations and heavy storms, and that the weather of 1860, up to the end of June, has been remarkable for a long continuance of low temperatures, of great and frequent changes in the pressure of the atmosphere, an almost continuous and very unusual succession of storms and heavy winds, and in June for its unprecedented heavy fall of rain. The weather appears now to be more settled; the circumstance of the barometer having reached 30 inches on June 30, having been below this point from May 22, together with the fact that there is no instance on record of a wet June being followed by a wet July, gives us cause to look forward, with some degree of confidence, to fine weather for the coming farming operations, and which may, in a measure, tend to relieve the general uneasiness caused by this extraordinary season.

THE COMET.

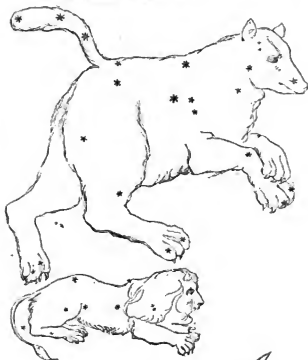
OWING to the very unfavourable weather which prevailed, until the present week, only three observations of position of the new comet have been procured. The following are its places:—

| Greenwich Mean Time. | Right Ascension. | North Declination. |
|------------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| June 29, at 10 30 5 .. | 7 49 50.9 .. | 30 29 2 |
| July 1, at 10 22 49 .. | 8 15 19.1 .. | 36 39 23 |

From the observation of June 29, again at the Observatory of Paris on June 22, published in the daily journals, and a third taken at Florence on the 21st, by Dr. Donati, the following first approximation to the elements of the comet's orbit have been calculated by Mr. Hind:—

Perihelion passage, 1860, June 16, at 12h. 50m., Greenwich mean time.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Longitude of the perihelion | 152 29 |
| Ascending node | 83 54 |
| Inclination to the Ecliptic | 79 22 |
| Logarithm of perihelion distance, 9.17329 | |
| Heliocentric motion—direct. | |



THE COMET.

The Constellations of *Ursa Major* and *Ursa Minor*.

"It appears from these elements," says Mr. Hind, "that the comet is receding from the sun, but is approaching the earth, which it will continue to do until the middle of the month. It will cross the ecliptic from north to south very near to the orbit of Venus on the 11th instant, the planet being at the time about twenty-one degrees further advanced in longitude.

"There is no similarity between the above elements and those of any other comet at present computed. Though the position, by the Paris observation of June 22, was precisely that which the comet of Charles V. should occupy, if its perihelion on the 26th, the opposite motion of the comet now visible now indicated that it could not be identical with the one so long expected.

"Dr. Donati considered the nucleus on the 22nd as bright as a star of the first magnitude, and judged the length of the tail to be 15 deg. As the comet

the absurdity of religion, the utter injustice of all laws,—these are the sentiments which form the groundwork of the poet, mixed up with the most odious pictures of society. The French writers we speak of do not produce these pictures as mere literary themes, the result of their imaginative powers, but they are intended to pierce their political passions, and to promulgate socialistic principles. Their pen is an instrument with which they wage war against society at large. In the dramas of Victor Hugo, in twenty of the novels of Balzac, in those of Frédéric Soulié, of Eugène Sue, and others, the prevailing theory is, that all the upper classes are unjust, oppressive, and cruel; and that among the lower orders, on the contrary, elevation of mind, generosity, and superiority of character are alone to be found. The public functions are always represented as devoid of honour or conscience, as intrigues, and hard-hearted.

Having in this manner overthrown all established tenets and recognized authorities, and tried to prove that the actual order of things is unsound and defective, the logical inference must be that such a system can be set to rights by brute force, and, therefore, in many passages, an undignified appeal to arms is made, and insurrection urged as a duty. Just as in the first revolution in France,* but then a long and tyrannical oppression of the lower classes could, perhaps, to a certain extent, justify a sudden outbreak; while in our day it is in our blood that all principles are overthrow by writers who have nothing to complain of but too great indulgence for their excesses.

The virtuous M. de Lamartine himself, who, not satisfied with his poetical renown, pretends to be the king of historians, often strangely confuses the notion of right and wrong. In his history, for instance, of Queen Marie Stuart, he admits all the worst charges made against her, and, nevertheless, excuses her on the plea of beauty and fascination. Can anything be more illogical and unpardonable than to trifle thus with grave historical questions?

"L'histoire des Girondins est pleine de subtils raisonnements. Je impute la grande blâme à M. de Lamartine, d'insinuer que les Girondins ont été victimes de leurs volontés misanthropiques; for when he perceived from his windows the armed bands sweeping through the streets of Paris, in the Revolution of 1848, he exclaimed,—*There goes my history of the Girondins!*" De Lamartine, in his *Paroles d'un poète* (of which ten editions were sold in a short time), did not make the mistake of the Girondins. He sought to excite the minds of his readers to the destruction of all laws, social and moral. This book, brilliantly and powerfully written, caused, perhaps, a greater sensation on the public than any work that had appeared for five-and-twenty years. Every reader, in perusing it, must be struck with the conviction that a crisis is at hand, and that a nation who proclaims such principles openly, and with the applause of the multitude, must have reached the verge of its moral ruin.†

The stage soon after became the active medium by which these furious attacks upon society and the laws were familiarized and encouraged. A drama called *Le Brigand et le Philosophe* openly professed that there was a duty,—*« que faire dans une société qui vous vole parce que vous êtes pauvre. Il faut voler afin d'être riche. Depuis long temps crime et vertu ne sont que deux mots. »* Balzac went over and over again inculcates the same doctrine. "L'honnêteté ne sert à rien; la corruption est une force, sans l'honnêteté nous ne sommes qu'un peuple de bêtes." These who have the courage to say so, may read, "Les deux Serruriers," "Le Chiffonnier de Paris," by Félix Pyat, and many other works, wherein they find the same principles applied. Do not let the reader imagine that our quotations are isolated passages, picked out here and there to serve our purpose; entire pages in the same works are written in a similar strain. The volume of Lamartine, *Paroles d'un poète*, from the literature of France during the last five-and-twenty years, the contents of which would be thought unfit even for the inmates of Newgate.

This incurable public *folly*, as Tacitus says, produced its fruits. The Romans became hardened and corrupted by the sanguinary spectacle of the circus; the French became demoralized by their ignominious wars, murders and other works portraying nothing but vice and crime. The field breath of impiety and materialism has withered their hearts, and the standard of private and public morality is lowered in consequence. The nation has been vain changed its government, as sick men change his doctor—it makes no progress towards recovery. The love of liberty has been replaced by the love of equality in its worst form, namely, envy,—and what is there left then for a people but despotism which to a certain extent becomes a boon, social dissolution being the only other alternative.

Should our readers be disposed to think that we have in any degree exaggerated the influence of the works we have passed in review on the social condition at large, let us remind them of one single fact, which being official, will prove how deeply struck are the roots of this evil. In the reign of Louis Philippe, whenever one of the plays of which we have spoken was acted, or whenever a popular work was published, containing the usual declamations against social order, or open provocation against the laws, the director of the police was enjoined to double the number of his men for the surveillance of those parts of the town inhabited by the working classes, always ready to bring into play the evil passions aroused within them by such publications. The Baron de Biele, who for some time filled the difficult post of *Préfet de Police*, under the reign of Louis Philippe, once said, in the presence of some of this state of things, he directed that notes should be kept in order to observe from day to day the several literary and political publications more or less dangerous to society, and to attest their influence on public opinion. By this means could be seen the relation between the progressive perversion of ideas, and the disturbances which, under one pretext or another, broke out among certain classes of the population.

* Dans cette lettre du pauvre contre le riche, du faible contre le puissant, on se voit le tableau d'un monde qui se dégrade, et l'indignation contre la convention, on se voit le tableau d'un monde qui se dégrade, et l'indignation contre la convention, on se voit le tableau d'un monde qui se dégrade, et l'indignation contre la convention.

† "C'est le plus grand mal de notre époque, c'est pourquoi les rivaux et les ennemis de tous ceux qui se font appeler grands, ont été maudits."

"Qu'est-ce que ces hommes qui tourmentent sans cesse, et que haïssent-ils? Félix d'Adam, ces hommes sont les bêtes de nos sociétés, ils sont les bêtes de nos sociétés, ils sont les bêtes de nos sociétés."

"Il y a un remède aux maux de la société," dit Eugène Sue, "un remède aux maux de la société, c'est de les laisser aller, c'est de les laisser aller, c'est de les laisser aller."

Had we been so fortunate as to procure a sight of this curious document, it would, doubtless, have afforded a still stronger proof of the correctness of our conclusion, that despotism is the necessary consequence of the moral degradation of a people, and it is greatly to be desired that our neighbours on the other side of the Channel should lay to heart the principle expressed by one of our greatest living authors (Gautier), viz. "that the writers of all books, poems, plays, pamphlets, and newspapers, are the real working effective power for good or for evil, of a modern country." For the noble sentiments which a gifted soul clothes in melodious words, and the noble deeds of feelings, dangers, and endurance of a brother man, when brought home to us, do they not touch our hearts, and warm our souls, and lead us to worship the good and the true, in contradistinction to the meretricious and the sentimental?

"Literature," says Fichte, "should be a continuous revelation of the god-like, in the terrestrial and common."

What is it, alas! in France!

DRAMATIC RECORDS.*

Few departments of our literature have been so inadequately chronicled as that which relates to the stage. Many causes have concurred in consigning it to neglect; its temporary nature, the fugitive character of the ordeal through which it first passes into publicity, and the difficulty afterwards sustaining in the closet the interest of productions which were intended to be presented with the animating adjuncts of scenery and action. If plays drop into oblivion for lack of the living principle with which they are endowed in the representation, we cannot be surprised that the still less substantial attributes of stage history should be almost equally aloof. We have, indeed, an account, if it may be so called, of the English theatre from the very commencement in Queen Elizabeth's time, in ten volumes, compiled with wonderful industry (and quite as wonderful incapacity of every other kind), by honest Mr. Genest, of Bath; and, probably, a more curious monument of trivial research and elaborate and tasteless accumulation of raw materials is not to be found in any other language. But it is indispensable to us, because it is the only comprehensive panorama we have of the progress of the stage and its literature. Other writers have illustrated particular periods, and some particular theatres; but Mr. Genest takes in the whole circle, availing himself of every opportunity to digress, and, with as much of a better, more routine, to occupy a corner on our shelves, until he shall have been displaced by some writer equally zealous and more efficient. Mr. Collier's "Annals of the Stage" came down only to the Restoration, when a new dramatic period opened, and a new form of comedy came into existence; but even were Mr. Collier's work more extensive, it could not be recommended as an authority.

The first contributions that were made to the history of the English stage appeared in the shape of booksellers' catalogues. Prefixed to Gifford's "Caroline Shepherdess," was printed, in 1666, a list of such plays as were then to be acted on stage; and after the same manner, and in the same style, we come to Lambaugh's "Account of the English Dramatic Poets," published in 1691, the slight foundation upon which all subsequent superstructures of dramatic biography and record have been raised. Gibson, Jacob, Whincop, and Kerston, followed at intervals, enlarging upon Lambaugh's account, particulars, and adding fresh matter. The *Lectures, Remembrances, and Registers*, which succeeded, showed at least that some interest was felt in the subject; but it was not until the appearance of the "Biography Dramatica," by Mr. David Erskine Baker, in 1764, that the "Catalogue Raisonné" began to assume the dimensions of a critical and historical dictionary. In 1782 Mr. Isaac Reed continued that work down to his own time; and Mr. Stephen Jones published a still more complete edition, in three volumes, in 1812, bringing the information under every head down to the preceding November.

Works of this kind can never, in the nature of things, be as complete or satisfactory as we could desire them to be. Outisious are unavoidable. It is hardly possible, by any amount of inquiry, to obtain full intelligence in all cases. In some directions, facts and criticisms must be taken at secondhand. The originals are inaccessible, and descriptions of them must be accepted on any authority that can be found. Then, to say nothing about the nature and overgrown dimensions of the work, to play in vast number of small items, there remains that large section of the labour which consists in a critical account of the plays enumerated, and which it is impossible to protect against the admission of errors, both of statement and opinion. None of the authors or compilers of the "Biography Dramatica" are exempt from complaint on this score. They have not the whole they are undoubtedly entitled to praise for the pains with which they collected their materials, and the diligence with which they investigated them; but their judgments are often marked by a degree of carelessness, to say the least, that greatly mars the intrinsic value of the publication. It is no doubt a very difficult thing to relate fully the story of a play in short space, or even to seize distinctly the central idea, as may be inferred from the terrible hash good Mr. Genest makes of the plots he attempts to unravel. The editors of the "Biography Dramatica" do not appear to have considered the development of plots a part of their undertaking, and whenever they descended into such particulars, they certainly did not do so with them than Mr. Genest did; but their labours in this respect were, nevertheless, not well performed, and the information of that kind which they impart constitutes a very inferior portion of their claim upon the acknowledgments of their readers. The real merit of the "Biography Dramatica" lies in the quantity of material it contains. It is the largest and most complete up with illustrative details, we possess of the literature of the English stage.

Mr. Halliwell's volume is avowedly grounded on the "Biography Dramatica," and, as far as it goes, improves upon its predecessor in the wealth

* A Dictionary of English Plays, written either in Print or in Manuscript, from the Earliest Times to the Close of the Seventeenth Century; including also Notices of Latin Plays written by English Authors during the same Period. London: J. B. Nichols. 1860.

of its resources. Dropping out all the plays that belong to dates subsequent to the close of the seventeenth century, he is enabled to preserve a certain character of unity in his work, which is unattainable in a miscellaneous catalogue of early and recent plays. The close of the seventeenth century marked a sufficiently distinctive period in the history of the stage to suggest a boundary at which the compiler has collected most appropriately a pause. Dryden and Shadwell, the last of the Restoration dramatists, and the laureates of the contending factions, were both gone, one before the century had quite expired, and the other immediately after. Congreve, although he did not die till nearly thirty years later, had brought out all his great comedies before the close of the century. A new style of stage entertainments was setting in; and the only writer who carried into the eighteenth century the spirit and gaiety of the Stuart comedies, produced all his pieces, with a single exception, before the close of 1704. The year 1700 may, therefore, be accepted as a landmark, where the gathering and note of our plays can advantageously be terminated, leaving successively marked our dramatic history from its beginning down to the latest moment from whence its decline may be dated. Mr. Halliwell's volume is, in this point of view, both curious and useful. It contains a list of all the plays that were written in the best days of the drama, and is unencumbered with any of those that have been written since.

He adopts all the articles of his predecessors that come within his design, but it is by the addition of new articles, especially of Latin plays, and of pieces of which the former editors had no knowledge, and in many instances could have had none, that Mr. Halliwell has chiefly enriched the work. Some of these he does their own good, as, for example, in the case of Sir Cornelius Formicola's tragedy, the "Governor." "This play," says the presiding editor, "was among those destroyed by Mr. Warburton's cook." "This play," says Mr. Halliwell, "was supposed to have been one of those destroyed by Warburton's cook, but a manuscript of it, dated 1636, is still preserved, and is in the Bodleian Museum, MS. Aldrich, 10411." In other instances, he checks their hasty conclusions, as in the case of the old play of the "Disguises." "It is probable," says the "Biographia Dramatica," that Stronche's play of "All Plot" was taken from this. "It is possible," says Mr. Halliwell, still following out the suggestion. Even the discretion which Mr. Halliwell exercises in such conjectures does not reconcile us to the employment of them. Guessing is no part of the business of an editor. Nothing should be taken for granted, and nothing should be assumed from the mere outside of things, or verbal resemblances. The fact that one play bears very nearly the same name as another, or that its plot is almost identical, does not, without further evidence, justify the supposition that the later piece was founded on the earlier. As an illustration, take the ancient play of "Dioeclesian," of which nothing more is known than that a play of that title was produced at the Rose Theatre in 1594. "It was," possibly, observes Mr. Halliwell, "the foundation of the play on the same subject by Beaumont and Fletcher, the last of the last century, which, hampered upon a lost play, is, that some future editor will drop out Mr. Halliwell's cautious 'possibly,' and transmit the suspicion as an ascertained fact to posterity. But why hazard such a suggestion at all? The subject is historical, and is open alike to all dramatists. Nor is there any reason for assuming that the play of the last century has been taken from the first, with no reference to the older play, and there is nothing that we know of in common between them but the name.

INCREASE OF INSANITY.*

CIVILISATION, or something that is called by that name for want of a better, is rapidly advancing, and insanity is on the increase: can there be any connection between the two facts? Horace—regarding Rome in the very height of its glory, when arts most flourished, when the state was most prosperous, and the empire most wealthy—detected a dark vein of insanity running through the Commonwealth:—

* André, autre totem l'opium, les complices, quinquas
Améliorés mœurs, et argentei palli amor;
Quinquas leuisti, tristes superstitio,
Quos non moris mortis odit. — *Line stylis me.*
Dum doctus insensate causas, vos ordines audit."

The lines of Horace seem to be as applicable to us—the foremost people on the globe—as they were to the Romans. It is the boast of the age in which we live that the efforts of human ingenuity in the last fifty years have outstripped in ingenuity of invention and in importance those of any half-century in the history of the world. Future generations will, in all probability, admit the justice of our self-congratulation; for it would be impossible to take even the most cursory view of the progress of science and art without appreciating the vast and rapid strides which have been made in the period indicated. We have had the galvanic current applied to the purposes of daily intercourse so effectively that no event of political or commercial importance can occur in any capital of Europe without its being known, within a few hours, from Stockholm to Lisbon and Constantinople. The progress of engineering statistics recorded in the Britannia and Victoria Bridges, and the world has wondered at its last effort in the construction of the *Great Eastern*. Labourers in the field of chemistry have been rewarded with prodigious success;—the organic division of the science may almost be said to have come into existence within the century, and so rapid has been its development, that at times the explorer seems to stagger upon the very verge of the abyss. The various branches of natural philosophy have shared the same rapid onward movement. Arts and manufactures have not lagged in the race of progress; every day ushers new inventions into life, and alas! for our civilisation—the art of war has in an especial manner crowned its victories with success in the extent and the rapidity of destruction at which their inventions aimed. And do we not all know that our commercial operations are conducted upon a scale and with a boldness of which our predecessors never entertained a conception,—their happy ignorance or caution, however, saving them from the perils of the thrones of a commercial crisis. But the prodigious laurels of the age have perhaps been won in the cause of education. The

labouring classes have had the opportunities of self-improvement afforded them, and how successfully they have availed themselves of the privilege is daily forced upon the attention of those who care to study the subject. A market daily over-crowded with candidates who as clerks seek to earn their livelihood at the desk, the introduction of middle-class and competitive examinations, and still more the severe and judicious use of the stick, has given a powerful impetus to mental culture amongst the middle classes. The over-crowded state of the learned professions, and the resulting severity of the competition amongst their members, have operated strongly, though indirectly, to raise the standard of education.

It is impossible to follow the retrospect, nor is it desirable to add to the self-illusion of the age. There are other facts intimately connected with the same period which, if they are not so pleasant to contemplate, do not the less demand serious reflection.

Of these facts one of the most undoubted is the lamentable increase in the prevalence of the insanity of the present age. The advance of science, the progress of civilization, the extension of education have been great, but insanity, in its various forms, has advanced *pari passu* with these triumphs of our day. We are forced to the conclusion that there is a connection between advanced civilization and the increased prevalence of mental disease. Upon no other supposition can we explain the fearful amount of insanity in our large cities, and its steadily increasing ratio as we ascend from the least to the most cultivated class of those who subsist by the labour of their hands. Such a state of things is not encouraging.

What are the circumstances mainly productive of insanity, and at the same time conducive to its increase? The causes which operate as yet unfortunately, are of the very triumphs that we regard so consecrately as the boast of the century; but in an especial manner they are the extension of education and that competition of the day which may be designated as "the struggle of life." Nowhere is life so "fast" as in America,—nowhere is insanity so common, or the prevalence of the insanity so early in age, as in England. In the various professions is so incommensurate with the demand for their labours that the severest competition results. Fearful of being outstripped in the race, men systematically and continuously overtax their mental powers, and when they flag from want of repose, too often spur them on by artificial stimulants. Little physical exertion, and the excessive mental and brain-work by day, stimulates which exhaust nature's small reserve of power, while they appear to create new energy,—night, however, often disturbed by anxieties for the morrow, and all this for a series of years! What must be the last chapter of such a feverish existence? Unfortunately, too, the competitive life does not begin when the professional man enters the arena fairly to earn his livelihood; it opens at college; it is felt at school, and anxious parents whisper the first promptings of emulation as they strap the child's satchel on his back. The boy of eight or nine is too often urged on to study, while little heed is taken of his physical development. What was the cause of the premature school becoming a hard mental labour in his first feverish work at college, where mental competition in his profession, until at last the prematurely overworked brain loses its coordinating balance, and madness or softening of the brain and dementia close a short and often a promising career. And, to descend a step lower than the learned and literary professions, the same causes operate amongst the trades, the mechanic and anxious mental labour is ever required; and, apart from the onerous duties which they have to discharge, how many there are of their number who, from the competition of the age, are unable, though willing, to find employment. When in a situation, uncertainty of tenure; when out of work, want of money,—the uncertainty of the future, the anxiety to the lunatic asylum. In England we are happily free from one great source of mental disease—violent political excitement,—and it is unnecessary to allude to such endemic causes of madness as religious excitement, evidenced, however, of late in the revival movement in the north of Ireland. A deep feeling of class of prophesying causes to insanity, present itself for consideration in our social state with regard to marriage and other cognate subjects, but the discussion of these could not be undertaken within the limits of this article.

We have already alluded to the commercial operations of the present day, and on this subject it must be remarked, that whether arising from the anxiety and tension of mind inseparable from the uncertainty of speculation or from the nervous consciousness of overtaxing and daily impending embarrassment, it is an unquestionable fact that the commercial world furnishes an astounding number of lunatics to our asylums, and most medical men in London practice have had professional experience of the frequency of premature softening of the brain amongst the same class. The same alienation, frequent as its manifestations have become, although the most evident, is not the only imperious result of excessive intellectual labour and the daily anxieties of life. There is a degree of mental distension short of well-marked insanity, but often its precursor, which is unhappily more common than would be suspected by those who have not paid attention particularly directed to this subject. There are few physicians who devote their attention to psychological disease, who are not at least daily consulted respecting symptoms of premature mental decay, loss of memory, fancies and illusions, the most distressing and even hideous character amongst the educated classes, the community, and which long experience has taught them to recognize as the frequent heralds of advancing insanity. We might almost venture to say that a large majority of the brain-working classes have at times experienced mental symptoms of a character which their own judgment recognizes as so nearly allied to the diseased class of psychological actions that they have for a short time occasioned suspicion of the gravest nature in their own minds.

Is there any remedy for this prevalence and increase of mental diseases? The question is full of difficulty. It would be hopeless to attempt to answer it shortly and satisfactorily, but its suggestion will at least attract attention to the subject, and perhaps induce people to pause and consider whether they are not living too recklessly. Its mere discussion may induce our brain-working classes to labour less continuously than they now do, and to give their minds that reasonable amount of repose which is essential to a healthy discharge of their functions. It has been our purpose throughout less to subject so difficult a subject to a severe and rigid analysis, than to which, in the busy life, rarely attract his attention; and after having suggested their existence, to leave him to make his own reflections. Great as is the capacity of the human mind, it can be taxed beyond healthy limits;

* *Chronic Diseases of the Brain and Disorders of the Mind.* By Forbes Winslow, M.D. London, John Churchill.

* We warned, you victims to an ill-regulated ambition, you morose-problems, you pleasure-seekers, you boys and girls, and you who allow your powers to be filled with an all-engrossing passion, you are mad!—mad!—all down-right mad!—Crazy, listen to me, and I shall convince you of your insanity."

and this observation, applicable to the individual, holds equally good when applied to a generation. Does not society *en masse* lose more than it gains by that feverish and railway speed of life of our day? The age has much to boast of, but it is possible for even an age to attempt too much. *Fœtus* life is the moral of our theme—a moral which requires iteration in this “gas-hell” nineteenth century.

These reflections have been suggested by the perusal of Dr. Winslow's latest production, a valuable work upon obscure diseases of the brain and mind. Dr. Winslow has been long and honorably known to the medical profession and the public as one of the most earnest and enlightened laborers in the difficult field of psychological medicine. The work before us is worthy of Dr. Winslow's high reputation. We need hardly say that it is a volume intended for the professional reader, and in respect to mental diseases, and more particularly their presymptomatic symptoms, it is a valuable contribution to medical literature. Dr. Winslow earnestly impresses upon the profession the importance of recognizing and treating the early symptoms of brain disease, of which he gives a masterly outline for their guidance. To the professional reader his description of what he very happily names “the chronic phase of insanity,” will be deeply interesting, and his hypothesis of medullary alteration in the nerve centres, as influencing the intellectual, will be found of interest. We are glad to notice that the book is, to some extent, prefatory of a more extended work upon psychological disease, and we cordially commend the present volume to the attention of the profession.

AN AMERICAN STATESMAN.*

ENGLISHMEN are best acquainted with two epochs in the history of the United States—with that age when the great men of the war of independence shaped the destiny of the Republic, and that period which preceded thirty years ago, when newspapers and extended intercourse between the two sides of the Atlantic have made every state of the Union as familiar to us as an English county. We do not, however, connect the two pictures. We cannot explain how the one society grew out of the other. In the first period the canvas is filled with the major figures—Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, and others whose names there has already gathered the historical halo which has hitherto belonged almost exclusively to the heroes and legislators of a remote antiquity. The sagacity, the unimpassioned wisdom, the spotless integrity, and the lofty patriotism of these men, gave their impress to the policy and legislation of the Republic during the earlier years of its existence. In all classes, at that time, we could trace the same desire to found a stable government, by the repression of riot and revolutionary excess, and the same readiness to sacrifice personal interests to the good of the commonwealth. With a vast and rich territory, with such leaders and such a society, it was concluded that the Union had entered on a boundless and unclouded career of prosperity. We are startled, then, when we again become closely connected with American politics, to find that the old picture was gone, and that a more caricature had usurped its place. Power had been wrested from the hands of honourable and patriotic men, and handed over to the leaders of factions,—and intriguing and insinuating placemen engaged in endless plots and counterplots of selfish aggression. It was difficult to explain how this change had been effected. It was difficult for a foreigner to trace the various phases by which the Federalists and Republicans of earlier days had been metamorphosed into Whigs and Democrats; to follow the *ars et opus* by which the sons of the Virginian cavaliers had begun to regard the offspring of the Massachusetts with a deep and alien look. It had been known to their fathers,—and how, above all, it had come about that the small minority of the slave states monopolized the talent and eloquence of Congress, and, in defiance of public opinion in the rich, the populous and the cultivated north, could control every act of the Legislature. We find all these questions fully discussed in this work, which recurred to the memory of a great statesman, who by his first political writings attracted the notice and guided the foreign policy of Washington, and who, devoting his powerful and highly-cultivated mind to public affairs, never closed, down to our own times, to exercise a powerful influence in American politics and legislation. It shows us how the complicated network and tangle of modern parties and factions has been produced from elements which existed in the earliest days of the federation; when slavery, on the eve of extinction, seemed a subject so unimportant as not to attract the notice of the framers of the constitution. How could they anticipate the rise of the steam-engine, and the consequent growth of the English cotton trade? It traces all the causes which have made America suffer to the curse of slavery. It maintains that its abolition will restore the political system of the United States to healthy existence; and it proves that those so-called phenomena of social decay ascribed by European publicists to republican institutions are totally unconnected with these causes, but have sprung from the same ignorance which has oppressed and undermined the civil and political life of the State. The author of this work, who himself is the last representative of the old school of American statesmen, was better able than any living politician to record the life and opinions of his old friend and fellow-laborer. He has, we think, been pre-eminently successful in producing a book calculated to re-awaken and enlighten his countrymen, and he has done so not by commenting on the facts he records, but by extracting from the voluminous writings of Adams himself those passages which best exhibit the consistency and soundness of his political career, and by making him “the expositor of his own motives, principles, and character, without fear or favour, in the spirit neither of criticism nor eulogy.”

John Quincy Adams was born at Braintree, in Massachusetts, on the 11th July, 1767. Standing with his mother on the top of Penn's Hill, near his father's house, he heard the cannon of Bunker's Hill, and saw the smoke of the burning Charlestown. He took part when the declaration of independence was read at the Old State House of Boston. From his earliest years he was thrown into the closest contact with his father, the sagacious and thoughtful John Adams who had tempered the democratic republicanism of Jefferson.

In 1773 John Quincy Adams accompanied his father and Franklin to Paris, whither they went as plenipotentiaries. Next year his father was named to Holland as American Ambassador, and there the subject of this memoir went to school at Leyden. When the elder Adams was appointed ambassador

to England, his son, then eighteen years of age, and still in Europe, felt strongly tempted to join him; but a strong feeling of duty induced him to stand by the pleasure and distractions of diplomatic service for the absence and dull life of a country lawyer. He returned to the United States, and after studying law, was admitted to the Bar. He opened an office in Boston. The ranks of the profession were crowded. “My father,” he says, “was then in a situation of great responsibility and notoriety in the Government of the United States. But he had been long absent from his country, and still continued absent from that part of it to which he belonged. I went, therefore, as a volunteer and adventurer to Boston. While my father was absent he made his *ad hoc* in political life. Thomas Paine had just published his “Rights of Man,” and a reprint of it was announced, with a letter of recommendation by Jefferson. Nurtured in his father's political school, young Adams entered the lists. He denied that “whatever a whole nation chooses to do it has a right to do.” In opposition to this doctrine, he held that “nations, no less than individuals, are subject to the eternal and immutable laws of justice and morality.” The doctrine of Paine, he said, annihilated the security of every man for his inalienable rights. It would lead to a hideous despotism under the mask of democracy. In 1783 he published a series of articles on the foreign policy of the United States, which attracted the attention of Washington and his Cabinet. He was induced, reluctantly, to quit the sphere of private life, to return to Europe as minister to the Hague. After a brilliant diplomatic career of eight years in Europe, he was obliged again to return to the work of a lawyer at the Massachusetts Bar, with old studies to revise and new statutes to read, and a family to support. But poor, he had a large family to support, and he felt he had made a sacrifice in devoting himself to the public service. Mr. Adams had, throughout his whole life, bestowed his leisure on the enthusiastic study of science, and more particularly of astronomy. He was not only acquainted with English and classical literature, but he had, while resident in Europe, studied the great authors of Italy, France, Germany, and Holland; and all his productions show with what profit he had done so, and how constantly present to his mind were all those great elements of heroism and self-sacrifice, ennobled in literature, which tend to calm and ennoble the human character. In 1805 his directions for a voyage to the North Pole, for astronomical observations, and Harvard College. In 1817 he was appointed Secretary of State—in popular opinion a proximate step to the presidential chair. No sooner had he assumed this position, than all the old columns launched against his father were revived. He was represented by the press as “an enemy to the rights of man,” “a royalist,” “a friend of oligarchy,” “a person quite unfit to be the minister of a free and virtuous people.” At this time the great question whether Missouri should be admitted as a slave state rendered the political atmosphere dark and stormy. Slavery had become already the great question of American politics, and the Missouri Compromise passed into law.

Slavery a question of deeper and more serious importance than the Missouri incident. The torrent of calumny and abuse which then poured down upon him is incredible. At the end of four years he was supplanted by President Jackson, who was returned by a coalition between the slave interest and the unpopularity of the north. Jackson confirmed his popularity by a new policy. He resolved to bring about the annexation of Texas, a province which had been discovered by the United States, but which he had in extent to Kentucky. In 1836, after swarms of land jobbers had covered the Mexican territories with slaves, in defiance of the laws of Mexico, and when the war was just beginning, Mr. Adams delivered a memorable speech, in which he pronounced the war to be one of aggression, conquest, and for the purpose of extending slavery. He said, “The banners of freedom will be the banners of Mexico, and your banners—I blush to speak the word—will be the banners of slavery.” We need not say that the eloquence of Mr. Adams was unavailing. Mr. Quincy tells how he was treated, how attempts were made to expel him from the House, how he was bullied and threatened with assassination, both open and by letter, and how, during the most stormy debate which had ever occurred in Congress, he received, among other communications through the Post-office, a coloured lithograph of himself with the picturesque annotation of a rifle-ball on the forehead, and the significant words “This will stop your noise.” The session of 1840 was painful to him because of the great energy he knew before that American parties had lapsed into profligate factions; but now there was a change in the manners of the people, and all the institutions of the country were visibly degenerating. The constitution of the country, which had combined the advantages of federal institutions, monarchy, oligarchy, and democracy, was now being steadily and systematically guarded against democracy, had practically defeated all the expectations of its framers. The influence of slavery was the subject of the last great effort of his life,—an address which he delivered on the 7th day of October, 1846, to a political society of Boston. After recapitulating the banks of an omnium bonorum which he had enjoyed for more than fifty years of life in his native city, he said, referring to his former business: “They were your fathers, and they had maintained the freedom transmitted to them by their sires of the war of independence; they have transmitted that freedom to you; and upon you now devolves the duty of transmitting it unimpaired to your posterity. Your right is approaching. The time is fast coming when the great energies are drawing together for the deadly conflict of arms. . . . Prepare for the struggle; and I say to you, in the language of Galgacus to the ancient Britons, “Think of your forefathers, think of your posterity.”

At the advanced age of eighty-one Adams continued daily to attend the House of Representatives. On the 21st of February, 1848, he answered to the call of his name in a clear and emphatic voice. Rising soon after, with a paper in his hand, to address the House, he was seized with paralysis, and fell into the arms of the gentleman sitting next him, uttering these words: “This is the last of earth: I am content. He was removed to the speaker's apartment in the capitol, where he shortly afterwards breathed his last.

THE ENGLISH TONGUE.—One of the Orpheuses having received an unintended answer to a query, thus expressed his disappointments:—“Ver odd little diggle diggle. He say, angering, ‘I talk into you!’ How can he do that? Bettle conjurer, he tell me, talk into hot; but dat was take in—swindle. I can not comprehend. He call him ‘his fellow,’ who never in time for keep him promise.”—J.

* “The Life of John Quincy Adams.” By JAMES ALLEN, LL.D., Boston.

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POLITICAL COWARDICE.

IN private life there is scarcely to be found a more objectionable and mischievous character than the amiable man of good intentions, who loves his own ease better than high principle, who desires in all emergencies to "make things pleasant," and who is cursed with the inability to say "No." His moral cowardice continually leads him into difficulties, from which he can escape only by pecuniary or personal sacrifice. He adjourns the unpleasantness which he cannot hope to avoid. He encourages aggression by his weakness, and in his weakness he succumbs to it. His children become undutiful, his servants ungrateful, and his friends, even if they affect to love him, despise him in their hearts. He is the prey of beggars and swindlers, and of all the sharp-sighted knaves who learn that to threaten is to subdue him. By dint of being continually pleasant to everybody, he ends by making an atmosphere of unpleasantness all around him. He dies without securing that peace and ease which were the objects of his life, and is dismissed into oblivion, condoned but despised, with the contemptuous epitaph, that he was "no one's enemy but his own."

It will be a bad day for England if our statesmanship shall permanently assume a character such as this, and if our leading public men shall become the political cowards which some of them are. Of late years there has been too decided a tendency to this unworthy good-nature—too strong a desire to "make things pleasant," and to forget, despise, or adjourn the consideration of those high and enabling principles of conduct which have made us a great and powerful nation, especially when their assertion threatened to hasten the easy jog-trot of political hacks, and to cost much exertion to men in office, or much money to the State.

To tide over the evil day appears to be the highest object of such men. To conciliate opposition suits them better than to conquer or overbear it, especially if the conquest be attended with any personal sacrifice; and to yield all demands, however degrading, which it is inconvenient to resist with no other than a barren remonstrance against the wrong, is the highest effort of virtue which they appear to be capable. It was in this way that our statesmen made default, when the late *Comte de Nicholas* threatened to march his armies across the *Pruth* for the conquest and humiliation of Turkey. A bold message from the Prime Minister of Great Britain, at the very commencement of those difficulties, notifying that such a step would have been a declaration of war against this country, would infallibly have prevented all the horrors, bloodshed, and bootless glory of the Crimean campaign. But our respectable statesmen were timid, and allowed the critical moment to pass by. The consequence was, one of the most useless and unsatisfactory wars recorded in modern history;—a war in which we neither saved Turkey, nor seriously checked Russia, —a war in which our ally gained all the credit, and we all the hard blows, and which was brought to a termination against our will, at a moment when our blood had just been sufficiently roused to enable us to do something effectual for the future peace of the world. A curt and decisive negative to the demand of the Emperor of the French, when he called upon the Ministers of Great Britain to alter the criminal jurisprudence of their country, in the matter of the trials consequent upon the wicked attempt of *Orsini* on the Emperor's life, would have saved the Palmerston administration of 1858 from an ignominious defeat, and raised not only the moral status of British statesmanship, but the prestige of the country throughout the world.

But such answer was not given, and the Anglo-French alliance has ever since exhibited symptoms of coolness and dilapidation; not so much from the fact that the ruler of the French was unreasonable, but from the worse fact that the responsible chief of the British Ministry was much too good-natured to say "No;" and far too anxious to "make things pleasant" to a powerful neighbour, to perform a disagreeable duty.

The same sort of amiable but mischievous weakness is to be seen in the conflict of powers that has unfortunately broken out between the Lords and Commons on the vital subject of taxation. As usual, our excellent Prime Minister desires to make things comfortable. The House of Lords is told that it has done wrong in attempting to re-impose the excise duties upon paper, after the House of Commons has determined to abolish them. It is softly admonished not to interfere with the power of the purse; and politely informed that its breach of privilege, and usurpation of an authority not belonging to it by the recognized practice of the Constitution, is to be endured for this time only, and must not be repeated,—otherwise the House of Commons will have the unpleasant duty of remonstrating again;—perhaps a little more sharply than before, but certainly not to the inconvenient extent of an open quarrel and a counter course of action. There could be no sadder political poloyneroo on the part of the House of Commons than this. Such a tampering with a sacred principle, though it may give the Administration a lease of office until February, 1861, must of necessity create new and greater difficulties—either for this Administration or its successors—and will indubitably foment a great and very serious quarrel, out of what might otherwise have been a small one.

The country itself has a more earnest spirit, and sees that Ministers and the House of Commons will both be stultified, unless measures be found to give practical effect to the resolutions carried by the aid of the too-willing Opposition on Friday last. To collect, on the authority of the House of Lords, a tax abolished by the House of Commons, whether the tax be abolished by a great or a small majority, or be in itself considerable or inconsiderable in amount, is a beginning of strife of which no man can foretell the close. Better to stop such an evil at its outlet, when it is but a little stream, than allow it to swell into a flood. Most people admit the question of the abstract right of the House of Lords to refuse its consent to the repeal of the paper duty, or any other tax; but, after the exercise of that right, the functions of the House of Commons again come into operation, to assert the prior and paramount right of the popular branch of the Legislature, and to re-affirm its first determination. There are many abstract and theoretical rights which wisdom and common sense will not exercise. It is a man's right, if it so please him, to cut off his nose; but none, except fools or maniacs, would exercise such a power. It is the theoretical right of the Sovereign of these realms to reject measures passed by the Lords and Commons, and to make successive appeals to the country to elect a Parliament subservient enough to give effect to the royal will; but what king or queen would be insane enough to stake the tranquillity of the country and the popularity of the monarchy on such an unworkable principle? Had this country undauntedly such a sovereign to rule over it, a civil war, and perhaps the destruction of the monarchy, would be the result if the chief of the State unluckily happened to be as obstinate as he was unwise.

In the present state of Europe, we should deprecate and deplore any dislocation of the British Ministry that might tempt the des-

potie Powers of the continent to combine for the extinction of the nascent liberties of Italy, or for the mutual aggrandisement of the confederates. For this reason, among many others equally cogent, but not perhaps so pressing, it is to be hoped that Lord Palmerston, and the colleagues who agree with him as to the inexpediency of resisting the House of Lords, by acts as well as by words, will reconsider their determination, and exhibit the moral and political courage which the occasion demands. Mr. Gladstone and Lord John Russell owe it to their own honour and reputation, and to their chance of future usefulness to the country, either to convert Lord Palmerston to their bolder and sounder views, or to leave the Administration. Courage is the best peacemaker, and if a majority of the House of Commons do not see their duty to resist the encroachment at the present time, the day will assuredly come when they will either have to fight a still fiercer battle, or resign their place as the governing power of the nation.

THE COMING CONFERENCE.

Mons. DE Vattel, in his admirable work, defines the *Natural Law of Nations* to consist in the application of the law of nature to nations. "It contains the precepts prescribed by the law of nature to states, on whom that law is not less obligatory than on individuals, since states are composed of men, and the law of nature is binding on all men, under whatever relation they act. Hence it is necessary, because nations are absolutely bound to observe it." This is the law which Grotius calls the *Internal Law of Nations*, "on account of its being obligatory on nations in point of conscience." If these eminent jurists had been in the habit of studying the Blue-Books of the present day, more especially those relating to the affairs of Italy, Savoy, and Nice, they would have been forced to the conclusion that some of the nations of Europe, at all events, having no consciences, had ceased to be bound by any law, but had become a law unto themselves, and therefore sat at defiance all those international principles so carefully and ably laid down by these learned men. Unquestionably, that moral code by which men are bound in the social relations in which they stand towards each other, is equally applicable to states. A fraud is not the less reprehensible when it is perpetrated by a ruler in his public and not in his private capacity; and acts which are illegal, as between man and man, are not justified because they receive the sanction of governments. Unfortunately, it has become too much the habit of the present day to acknowledge two moral standards—one for the state and one for the individual; that process of territorial aggrandisement which, when perpetrated by a government, is called annexation, or colonization, if put into operation by an individual, is called filibustering, and the adventurer is stigmatized as "conspiring," where the sovereign is only said to be "diplo-matizing." The most scandalous instance of a political swindle which has recently come before the notice of the public, took place three months ago in Savoy and Nice. The Blue-Books to which we have alluded been with protestations upon the part both of the French and Sardinian Governments: first, that the transfer of these provinces was never contemplated; secondly, that it should only take place with the consent of the Great Powers; and, thirdly, that the populations interested should be consulted, and an opportunity allowed them for the "free" expression of their opinion upon a subject of such deep importance. Six months before the first of these assurances was given, the Treaty of Plombières, by which the transfer of the two provinces was negotiated, had been signed. The annexation took place in defiance of the Powers, who were never consulted, because it was well known that they were opposed to it, and if we are to believe the description given in Mr. Oliphant's pamphlet* of the mode in which the wish of the population was taken, the choice put before each voter was French annexation or a French penal settlement. Nor was the pressure thus exercised confined to French influence alone. We regret that the Sardinian Government should not merely have connived at the political jugglery which was carried on in Savoy and Nice under the name of universal suffrage, but that it should have actively co-operated in forcing the people to vote in accordance with the treaty of the 24th of March, and allowed it to be generally understood that a hostile vote would be considered an act of rebellion. The result of the pressure exercised by these two powers upon a simple and timid population was, as might have been anticipated, an almost unanimous vote in favour of France. The police were strictly enjoined to see that no voter exercised his suffrage in an opposite sense, and all the Government employees suspected of an Italian leaning were dismissed before the vote took place. The much-coveted provinces having thus been acquired by France, and formally annexed, the object of the Italian war would have been already gained, had it not unfortunately happened that the northern part of Savoy occupies an exceptional position with reference to Europe, and notwithstanding the skill and dexterity of the Emperor, and the apathy and indifference of the Powers with whom he has had to deal—are not to be disposed of so readily. The standstill-block in the way of the imperial policy at this moment is Switzerland. This stubborn and outrageous little Power has, during the last six months, bombarded

M. Thouvenel with notes and protocols to an extent which has caused that fluent and versatile diplomatist no little embarrassment. In vain have threats and carresses been employed to win over to silence the Federal Council. While all Europe was doing, the Swiss, like the bold inhabitants of Lilliput, were binding down the giant with real tape, and sticking tiny spears into him in all directions. There is an Eastern proverb to the effect that a cat will fly at an elephant if she is pushed into the corner. Switzerland is in this position, and while struggling manfully to hold her own, appeals to the Powers of Europe to help her,—not as an act of charity, but in fulfilment of those obligations in her behalf which were entered into in the interest of Europe itself.

In order to enable us to appreciate the nature of those obligations, and the attitude maintained by Switzerland at the present juncture, a brief recapitulation of the communications which have passed between the Federal Council and the French Government will be necessary. The position adopted by Switzerland at the outset was clear and definite. She denied the right of France to annex much less to occupy, provinces the neutrality of which, as against France, had been guaranteed by Europe. Denying it absolutely essential to her own safety that the neutrality of these provinces should be preserved, she protested, both on political and strategical grounds, against the proposed annexation. Much special pleading was resorted to on the part of M. Thouvenel to prove, first, that the provinces of Northern Savoy had not been neutralized in the interest of Switzerland, but of Sardinia; and, secondly, that inasmuch as the Swiss frontiers are open to France, Faucigny and Chablais are strategically valueless to Switzerland, as preventing access to the Simplon.

The reply of the Federal Council to these arguments possesses not merely political, but historical interest. It establishes, by the production of a "*Mémoire*," which has not yet been published in English, presented in October, 1814, by M. G. de Humboldt, at the Conference of the Powers, and by the correspondence of M. Pictet de Rochement, quoting the text of the very protocol of the 26th March, 1815, appended to by M. Thouvenel, that the Powers considered it necessary to give Switzerland a good military frontier, that it could defend, and that failing accession of territory to her in northern Savoy, these provinces were neutralized, upon the demand, in the first instance, of the Swiss deputies; and in the note of M. Pictet the following curious passage occurs: "We must make this (the neutralization of Faucigny and Chablais) appear to be an advantage for the King of Sardinia," thereby showing that the Sardinian element so much relied on by M. Thouvenel, was merely introduced to facilitate the attainment of the great object—namely, the neutralization of the territory in favour of Switzerland.

The negotiations with reference to the provinces resulted in that article of the Treaty of Vienna, the reconciliation of which with the second article of the Treaty of Turin is to form the subject of a conference of the Great Powers. The 92nd article of the Treaty of Vienna runs as follows: "The Provinces of Chablais and Faucigny, and the whole of the territory of Savoy to the north of Ugine, belonging to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, shall form a part of the neutrality of Switzerland, as it is recognized and guaranteed by the Powers. Whenever, therefore, the neighbouring Powers to Switzerland are in a state of open or impending hostility, the troops of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, which are in these provinces, shall retire, and may for that purpose pass through the Vallais, if necessary. No other armed troops of any other Power shall have the privilege of passing through or remaining in the said territories and provinces, excepting those which the Swiss Confederation may think proper to place there."

The stipulation with which this article is to be reconciled is to this effect:—"It is equally understood that his Majesty the King of Sardinia cannot transfer the neutralized parts of Savoy, except on the conditions upon which he himself possesses them, and that it will appertain to his Majesty the Emperor of the French to come to an understanding on this subject with the Powers represented at the Congress of Vienna and with the Swiss Confederation, and to give them the guarantee required by the stipulations referred to in this article."

In entertaining the possibility of reconciling these two articles, we have to consider, not so much in whose favour the territory was neutralized, as against whom it was neutralized. The only Power to whom the acquisition of this district could be of importance was France; hence the trouble she has taken to acquire it, and hence the impossibility of her fulfilling those conditions which were imposed for the purpose of keeping her out of it. So evident was this to M. Thouvenel,—so transparent were the objections which were to be urged by the Powers interested in the acquisition by France of the very barrier designed to check her aggression, that the Foreign Minister, in a conversation with Lord Cowley on the subject, stated frankly,—"that while the French Government asked for guarantees for the safety of France, they had no intention of violating or infringing upon those which Europe had thought necessary to take for her own safety. The annexation, therefore, of Savoy to France would not break the engagements entered into for the neutrality of the

* "Universal Suffrage and Napoleon III." By Lawrence Oliphant. W. Blackwood & Sons.

districts of Chablais and Faucigny; indeed, in the opinion of the French Government it would be well that those districts should be united permanently to Switzerland."

It was not until the French Government perceived the absence of any concerted action on the part of the European Powers, that it recoiled from the language held by M. Thouvenel, above quoted, and discovered that the cession of the North of Savoy to Switzerland was impossible, in consequence of the objections said to be entertained by the Savoyards themselves to the dismemberment of their country. The fact that upwards of 12,000 Northern Savoyards signed a petition in favour of this dismemberment is a sufficient denial to the accuracy of this statement, and is fully borne out by the accounts which have been received from persons who were on the spot on the occasion of the taking of the popular vote. Encouraged by the absence of any opposition to this process, which was in itself illegal, and in direct defiance of the treaty of 1815, as well as of the former treaties of 1564, which expressly stipulate that "no part of Savoy shall be alienated, which may affect the position of Switzerland," M. Thouvenel entered upon a course of diplomatic coquetry with Switzerland, with the view of inducing that Power to come to some arrangement which might enable France to disengage with the Conference demanded by the Federal Council, or at all events to determine beforehand the propositions which were to be submitted to it. It was evident that if Switzerland had entertained any such proposition, she would have condoned the offence of which she now complains, and destroyed the alliance which she desires to lay before the Assembly of Europe. M. Thouvenel, finding the Swiss Government determined to resist all cajolery, and to stand upon those rights which have been conferred upon her by treaty, has addressed a circular to the Powers, proposing, among other suggestions for the arrangement of the difficulty, a Conference, to have for its object the reconciliation of the conflicting treaty engagements. This Conference, however, must be regarded as evoked not by France but by Switzerland, for that Power is entitled, by the supplementary treaty of 1818, to appeal to the Powers who have guaranteed her neutrality, in the event of that neutrality being threatened. England, Russia, and Austria have agreed to join in this Conference, and it is of the utmost importance that they should meet not as parties to a discussion upon equal terms with France, to consider an expedient solution of a complication, but as a tribunal sitting in judgment upon the acts of the French Government—bound in honour to respond to the invitation of a weak and threatened power, whose independence they have sworn to protect, and ready if need be to demand the restitution of territory which can alone secure that independence. The political character of the guaranteeing nations for honour and good faith is at stake, and if there be a moral code which is to govern states as well as individuals, it surely must dictate a firm and decided tone upon this occasion. There can be no doubt that if the Powers insist upon the abandonment of Northern Savoy by France, as the only solution which will be accepted by them, France would be compelled to revert to her own original proposal of their annexation to Switzerland. This is what the Powers are bound morally to insist upon. Unfortunately, in the present demoralized condition of Europe, it is not what we have any right to expect from them. Mentioning, if the Conference ends in no concession on the part of the Emperor, those who have been parties to it will have been justly humiliated, and Switzerland most unjustly betrayed.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH NAVIES.

THE same impulses of the old uncomprehending martial spirit of Britain that covered the hills and lined the seashores with an entire people in military array, when the first Napoleon threatened our coast, upon the young men of the present day to array themselves as Volunteers, to encounter any foe who boasts that he is strong enough to invade the English soil. The bone and sinew, the pluck and daring of the country, have "come out." The flower of our youth have donned the uniform and shouldered the rifle, and those who cannot do so by reason of their age, applaud the energy of their juniors, and tell them how they, in their youth, did likewise when the hordes of the first Napoleon threatened our homes. The armed multitudes of this country, and the Imperial Zouaves or Turcos, cannot, however, come in collision, without a descent of the latter upon our shores. Should such an event take place, the history of nations will never have seen a bolder sight than will then be enacted by the resolute and undaunted of these islands. No sacrifice of life or property will be spared to read the invader a lesson such as invader was never taught before. But though possible, the event is improbable, and every friend of liberty in Great Britain and out of it will pray that Heaven may avert from this land the horrors and sufferings of such a calamity.

"Fight the enemy on his own ground; let him not land on our shores;" such has been the cry and the policy of Great Britain ever since the Norman Conquest. At first this policy was carried out in a series of offensive wars and conquests on the continent. Then, growing wiser, the British people confined themselves to the creation of a navy, which should command the shores of an enemy's country,

and prevent him sailing forth, either to the annoyance or danger of our shores. In the last great war with France, Great Britain not only conquered the supremacy of the ocean, but engaged in Spain, in Egypt, and in Belgium, in offensive wars, on behalf of other European Powers. The five-and-forty years of peace which have subsequently ensued have wrought great changes. Satisfied with our past successes, we have allowed our navy to stand still, whilst that of France has made rapid and large development; and at last our old antagonist has found a ruler who appears to be capable of bringing her vast military power to bear upon us, in the only way in which it need cause us any anxiety. He has created a huge navy, and given it a thoroughly new organization, admirably adapted to one special purpose—that of bridging the English Channel, so that he may let loose upon us these half-million soldiers who, equipped as they are, the whole of them within three months of their landing, will nevertheless be able to inflict such humiliation upon us as a hundred years of commercial success will not enable us to remedy.

Without one colony to defend, France—or, at all events, a very large proportion of the most influential Frenchmen, have but one problem to solve—how, by the humiliation of England, to wipe out the recollections of the failure of the First Empire, and to secure to the Second Empire that preponderant influence in the world which it is their craving to acquire. Put England into their place, would not England do likewise? We honestly believe it would. If Englishmen were Frenchmen, would not Englishmen like to punish those who marched twice through their capital in a quarter of a century, and imprisoned and banished their elected king? Of course they would; and would only congratulate themselves that, when directed by the genius of a great man, their army and navy stood ready to undertake the task. Secondly, since 1840, the naval and military administrations of France have worked towards that end. In Algiers, France trained and matured her soldiery; and her army has subsequently attested, in sanguinary fields, its ancient valour. The preparation of the navy was a longer and far more anxious task. The introduction of steam, and still more that of the screw propeller, added the task; but the want of a great foreign commerce denied to France the facilities which we possessed—of drawing from a commercial marine any number of seamen we might require. She therefore determined to foster and create a body of seamen, who should be naval sailors, *par sang*. Adopting what was good in our system, rejecting what was bad, introducing a knowledge of gunnery under a uniform system, before we even thought of such a measure, and, latter still, instilling into the minds of the officers a uniform idea of naval discipline, France has the satisfaction to-day of being able to point to a standing navy, a large portion of whom are voluntarily serving the state, and the rest are derived from her system of conscription. One hundred thousand represents the naval power at the disposal of Louis Napoleon at any hour he may please to direct it against England, and the morale of this force is almost as good as its numbers are great and organisation perfect.

The Orleans family inaugurated a system of popularizing the navy in France, of acclimating her marine to petty triumphs, which, trivial as they appeared to us, had great effect upon a profession whose record of service was a blank. A prince of that royal house put forth an able and well-considered work, inciting his brother naval officers to labour for the common end—the humiliation of Great Britain. The Prince de Joinville showed France that steam was the agent by which England was to be compelled to surrender her pretension to naval superiority. French sailors were taught to hold English sailors in contempt, by a series of petty insults to the British flag, which our naval officers were compelled to submit to by their superiors. At Tangier, off Vera Cruz, in the Isle of France, at Otaheite,—indeed, whenever an opportunity occurred, insults were heaped upon us, all too trivial to go to war about, but still serving the object which the French had in view—that of raising the morale of the French sailor, and teaching the young officer to consider himself superior to an Englishman. The majority of the officers who perpetrated those acts now stand high in the navy of the Emperor of the French; and perhaps this country has no more cordial hater than his Minister of Marine, or one of whose antipathies we have lately have only served to render that French navy still more perfect. We need not dwell upon its efficiency for the purpose for which it is intended,—that can only be tested when the time comes; but so far as human foresight can provide for every contingency,—so far as force, numbers, efficiency, and a thorough organisation are concerned,—and so far as we can judge by the way that fleet has done its work, whenever and wherever it has been called upon to act, whether in the supplying of the French army in the Crimea during the winter time, whether in carrying whole divisions, and landing them abroad and ready *en-a-pie* on the beach of Genoa, or in conducting warlike operations against Russ or Chinaman,—we are struck with the efficiency of the French sailor of the new régime, and still more with the apparent unity of action in their navy generally.

Turn now to England, and mark the contrast. Englishmen, who were once without equals,—are, whose sailors stood alone as the

best, men-of-war-men in the world, are told that the old sailor is gone, and that there is nothing to replace him. The admirals Duncombe, Napier, Bowles, Hardwicke, and Martin, sound a note of warning as to the utter rottenness of every department, the agglomeration of which forms the navy of England. In the House and out of the House, in all the clubs, at every dinner party, there is one constant subject of lament—the inefficiency of the present Board of Admiralty, the utter disorganisation of the fleet, rotten gun-boats, line-of-battle ships of green wood, and iron sheathed vessels whose timbers the Duke of Somerset can probe with a toothpick,—constant court-martials on mutinous *seas*—*seas* in line-of-battle ships—officers consoling and almost feeling members of the House with monumental tablets or silver vessels, to support their cause against official rulers,—paupers representing the lamentable, almost starving condition of half-pay officers, who can only starve, as they must not beg,—captains just serving long enough to qualify themselves for their flag rank, and determined, when that rank at last is reached, to revenge themselves upon an ungrateful country, by remaining on a non-actively active list, though every faculty should fill them, and then, as admirals, only sail in Bath-chairs, and be fed by nurses,—all this, we say, denotes a most unhealthy condition of our navy. And our anxiety is not lessened when we read of the manifold and contradictory remedies suggested by those whose professional knowledge ought to entitle their opinions to proper weight. The admirals not in the Admiralty, or whose interest lies not in that quarter, directly assert that there—at Whitehall—is the source of all evil. They call for a committee of the House of Commons upon the constitution of the Board. The sooner such a committee is ordered, the better for the honour, safety, and welfare of the British empire.

IMMORAL LITERATURE IN FRANCE.

WHEN last week we pointed out the fatal tendencies of modern French literature, which demoralized public and social opinion and feeling, we were far from supposing that the French Government itself was actually confirming our observations by an official notice.

The French newspapers contain, this week, a circular addressed by the Minister of the Interior to the prefects of all the departments, wherein he states that, inasmuch as the administration for the maintenance of public order needs the authority and interference of the law, so in like manner special powers are required to restrain the press for the better protection of public morals.

At the time that we were asserting that the novels and dramas in France were overthrowing all established tenets and recognised principles, Monsieur Billault was lamenting, in his circular, the deplorable consequences arising out of the same cause, and proclaiming the necessity of applying a remedy.

He urges the prefects to exercise due severity in checking the unhealthy and immoral tone pervading the literature of the day, and directs them to send for trial before the tribunals, the authors of such works as seek for success only by the impurity of their portraits, the immorality of their plots, and the wretched corruption of their heroes and heroines.

So far so good. The French Government feels that the popular mind has a right to more wholesome food, and that the literary works which offend or pervert all right principle and good feeling, are quite as injurious, if not more so, than political declamation.

But Monsieur Billault only touches on the surface of the evil, or rather, is prevented by his position from laying his axe at the root of it. He has too much experience, and is too well informed, not to know that the activity of the human mind is not easily quenched, that it must have a passage for escape, and that when freedom of thought is compressed, and political liberty has become a mere by-word, that activity will throw itself into other channels, according to the propensities of the national character and the temperament of the people. In Germany, to the fetters laid upon the press may be ascribed those cloudy metaphysical works which border on the unintelligible and delight in the ecstasies in matters of theology. In France, under similar restrictions, literature has become licentious, as if Nature herself asserted her rights, and punished all attempts at impeding the exercise of that heavenly gift, the independence of human reason. Ancient as well as modern history teaches us the same lesson. When, in Greece and Rome, all liberty had expired, the restless mind took refuge in works of licentiousness. Petronius and Martial wrote with the applause of the nation, at a time when Scipio and Cato would have been exiled or put to death by the Emperor.

We have but little hope that this new measure introduced by Monsieur Billault will be efficacious in remedying the actual evil. The desired reformation can scarcely be produced until the effervescence of the public mind is allowed to expend itself on those topics of general interest which are connected with all that the human heart holds most dear—liberty and independence of thought, and free discussion of political measures. Diverse interests and diverse opinions, openly expressed, produce a wholesome agitation, and support the vitality of a nation. Why should men always be walking about as masked figures, injuring the honesty of their own minds by

an insincere adherence to that which they inwardly disapprove and condemn? But this is a question on which it is not our purpose to enter at length. We will only say to the French people, as the Minister of the Interior would doubtless say if he were allowed to speak openly, "Wait and hope."

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. II.

MR. WAGSTAFF PROPOSES A SCHEME OF MANKIND REFORM.

I MUST own that I shared the weariness of every man I meet, as regards the late discussions upon the Reform Bill. Who asked for reform? When a dog is not hungry, what does he care for a bone? Mr. Disraeli's reform lion had no marrow in it, and Lord John's was not particularly meaty. And if the dog—or I ought perhaps to say the lion [British], who is but a tolder and fiercer kind of dog—was really famished, he would rend such keepers as come into very small fragments, if either of them insulted him with mere bones instead of beef.

The extension of the suffrage was a good cry enough in 1836. But in 1860 it has lost its attractiveness. Whether the occupancy of a ten-pound or a six-pound house be made the test of a man's fitness to exercise political power, mean, venal, and cowardly knaves, who value a five-pound note, or a tenth of the money, or even a pot of beer, more than they do any political principle whatsoever, will offer their votes for sale, and will find purchasers as unprincipled as themselves. Therefore, and for a thousand other reasons, I do not approve of any hilly-hilly extension of the suffrage, like that of Lord John Russell or that of Mr. Disraeli. I would rather extend the suffrage at one stroke to its extreme limit, and so have done with it. MANKIND REFORM—that is my panacea for purifying alike the electors and the elected. Universal Suffrage I do not propose, for it never existed either in ancient or in modern times.

Democrate America does not admit the principle. The constitution of the United States gives no vote to women, the fairer as well as the more numerous portion of the community. "Niggers," and all who have one drop or even half a drop of African blood in their veins, though they may have skins as white as the Empress of the French, are denied that, and every other right of citizenship in the southern portion of the Confederacy. In France, where the people were asked to elect a monarch, and found themselves shortly afterwards under the dominion of an absolute lord and master, the suffrage was not universal, for the women and children were excluded. My scheme for putting an end to the Reform question—for a whole generation, if not for two or three—is based upon the right of every man to a share in the government. Instead of testing this right by the amount of rent or taxes he may happen to pay, I assert the broad principle that every male, having attained the age of twenty-one years, being a citizen of a free country, has a natural right to a vote in the management of its affairs.

Do not be frightened, oh, ye timid Conservatives! do not be rejoice too soon, oh, ye rampant Radicals! Wait until you have heard the disqualifications which I propose. Of course I would not open the doors of the county jail, and take out a murderer—a man who is to be hanged on Friday, and allow him to exercise his right as a free Briton, if Mr. Fudge, the candidate for Great Stumpington, were hard up for a majority, and offered him a sovereign, or ten, for the one vote that might chance to turn the scale in his favour. No; in my scheme of Mankind Suffrage, there are many disqualifications, by the aid of which the number of electors would be reduced within safe, reasonable, and manageable limits, and the residuum made so virtuous, respectable, and intelligent, that misgovernment and corruption would become impossible within our happy realm; and the cry of reform made as obsolete as the war-cries of the Picts and Celts, or the language of King Arthur. I shall classify the disqualifications under twelve separate heads, and describe them *seriatim*.

1. I would exclude all persons living in workhouses, in receipt of outdoor relief, or begging in the streets and roads, and would not allow them to vote until one year after they had ceased to be paupers, and were honestly earning their daily bread.
2. I would exclude all persons in prison for debt or crime, or having been in prison for crime within any period not exceeding seven years previous to the day of election, or for misdemeanour within three years.
3. I would exclude every soldier, from the Commander-in-Chief down to the drummer and fife, inasmuch as it is the soldier's duty to obey, and not to think for himself; and that, in his military capacity, he has no concern, and ought to have none with the civil and civic affairs of a free country. The sailors in the national ships should be excluded, for the same reason, from the admiral of the fleet down to the cook and the cabin-boy.
4. I would exclude every tradesman or shopkeeper who should have been convicted on sufficient evidence before a magistrate of having adulterated beer or bread, gin or wine, coffee or tea, sugar or mustard, or any other article or commodity whatsoever, within a period of three years previous to the day of election.
5. I would exclude every tradesman, shopkeeper, merchant, or manufacturer, who should knowingly have sold, in deficient measure or weight, any article or commodity; or who should have fraudulently imitated the trade-mark or marks of any other dealer or manufacturer at home or abroad.
6. I would exclude any man who should have been convicted by a magistrate, within a period of seven years prior to the day of election, of

having beaten, or starved, or otherwise ill-treated his wife or other woman dependent on his care and kindness; or who being able to work, should have allowed his wife to be the bread-winner, while he lived in drunkenness and idleness.

7. I would exclude for the same reason any one who, within three years, should have cruelly beaten his own child or that of another person.

8. I would exclude any one who, within twelve calendar months, had been fined for cruelty to horse, or ass, or any other animal.

9. I would exclude any one who had within one year been fined for drunkenness, profane swearing, or indecency.

10. I would exclude every linen-draper's shopman or other assistant who sold women's apparel—such as stockings and feminine under-garments generally,—upon the ground that by competing with women for women's natural and appropriate work, he was the munificence cause of many great social evils and perplexities, of which the starvation of women was among the least, and their social and moral degradation the greatest.

11. I would exclude every man who wore livery and plush breeches of any colour—red, yellow, or green,—until he should have purified himself by three years' abstinence from the attire of a slave.

12. Lastly, it should be imperative that every man, after having given his vote openly and in the face of day, should sign his name in the polling-book. If he were not able to do so, his vote should be struck off the list.

This is my scheme. And now Mr. Radical, what do you say to it? You do not want knaves, and ruffians, and cheats, and swindlers, and wife-beaters, to legislate for us—do you? If you do, I do not. A man may be a man "for that," but such a man is no more to be trusted with a vote than a child of three years old with a revolver or a razor. I am sorry that the necessities of my theory should compel me to include within the circle of disqualification the honest fellow who cannot write; but I believe, were the scheme once converted into law, the number of honest men who could not write would sensibly diminish every year, and that ultimately no such man would be found in our happy isles.

And what do you say to it, Mr. Conservative? Are you afraid that numbers would swamp intelligence under my system? Or that property would not be so surrounded with proper safeguards, if all the riff-raff, with or without money, and all the proved knaves were inspected by their knavery from meddling with public affairs? The electoral lists would not be very voluminous. Only think of the havoc that my project would make with them—say, for instance, in the metropolitan boroughs of Lambeth, Finsbury, Marylebone, or the Tower Hamlets; in Birmingham or Manchester; among the vendors of short weight and measure, who cheat the poor; and the adulterators of commodities, who cheat and poison both the poor and the rich. Surely, the electoral lists would be well rid of such scoundrels as these. If any among them really valued the suffrage, he could obtain it by ceasing to poison and to cheat the community. This would be a double gain, and every accession to the number of voters, from such a cause, would be a diminution of one of the most dastardly petty villainies known to our civilization. I know very well that Lord John Russell—if he ever laugh—which is doubtful will laugh at my scheme, that Mr. Disraeli will treat it with a contemptuous curl of his upper lip, and that Lord Palmerston, blandly smiling, will think that it is not so very bad, and straightway forget it; but I am of opinion that, like the shake of Lord Burleigh's head, it has "something in it." At all events, it would be a virtuous suffrage, which is more than can be said for Lord John's scheme of six-pound householders, or for the fancy franchise of Mr. Disraeli. If the electors of Mifflington, or Great Stumpington, or Marlshire, or any other borough or county, think anything of the project, and will elect me to Parliament, free of expense, to support it, I, John Wagstaffe, of Wilby Grange, and my man, and will hold myself at their disposal for a week from this date.

A PLEA FOR NON-SMOKERS.

The statistics of tobacco are so portentous, and carry the mind up into so many millions of pounds, both sterling and avoidupois, that we are obliged to admit the herb to be one of the social and financial powers. It holds a divided empire with cotton—that other vegetable dominator. Against tobacco we intend no argument; it is too vast a theme in volume and effects to be so assailed. The London Dock and the revenue tables rise before the vision, and impose silence. A Stuart king tried a "considerable" in the infancy of his importation; but the Stuarts were blown off the throne, and tobacco remains—one of the chief supports, in a money sense, of the monarchy. We do not wish to lead any kind of revolt or reaction against tobacco itself; but we must remonstrate with some of its lovers, for their tyranny towards those who not only do not share their predilection—but detest it. It may be good for them to smoke; but to compel others to breathe their ejected vapour, at second-hand, is a grievance against which 1—a non-smoker—appeal to all railway boards and directors. Why, when eight persons are locked into the cushioned box of a first-class carriage, should four of the passengers, or fewer, be allowed to suffocate and smother the others? Why are those who do not smoke to be made martyrs by those who do? Is it any gain to the shareholders to make hours of torture one of the consequences of paying a first-class fare? The authorities are, of course, ready enough with an answer. "Smoking is strictly prohibited," they say; the by-laws of the company make it punishable, "on conviction," by a fine, and any passenger can object to it, and appeal to the conductor. But, practically, the prohibition, the by-laws, and the power of objection, are all a fiction. No one likes to protect himself from one annoyance by encountering another still greater

—a series of quarrels with fellow-passengers, with the certainty of insult and the risk of worse than bad words. A "tip" to the railway porters and guards makes the odors and by-laws a dead letter; and if an objection is made, the hope of a few pence thrown rather on the side of the smokers. Now and then we hear of a "conviction" and fine (which is always "immediately paid"); but we suspect the offenders thus punished are punished, not for smoking, but for parsimony; they have been marked for non-payment of the regular penalty. The "old hands" may smoke like chimneys, without being interfered with; and if they have not a special immunity, they certainly have extraordinary luck.

The railway companies have adopted a wretched half-and-half railway system of action in this matter, and it is time it was superseded by an open and honest regulation of a practice too general to prescribe. The attempted proscription of smoking, met by continual evasion, creates a series of evils in connection with what might be rendered a matter of indifference. The selfishness that inflicts positive suffering on the minority is disgusting. The systematic defiance of the written law of the time, the belittling that lays impunity for it, the tyranny of the smokers, and the general submission, or occasional resistance, to their despotism—are all bad; they are bad in themselves and their consequences. The common-sense remedy would be a frank recognition of smoking as a habit, and such arrangements for those who practice it, as will allow them to inhale and exhale at their pleasure, without stifling those to whom "the weed" is noxious. Many men, and most women, are in this category; and they really have some right to consideration. As the inveterate smoker rarely smokes it, when travelling with others, let him have a place apart, where he cannot force the fumes of his cigar or his pipe down throats to which they are loathsome; as, in, if you will, but give us the choice of an atmosphere that our lungs can breathe.

On the German lines, though they run through populations among whom smoking is still more general than in England, this consideration is shown, and the smokers themselves are better accommodated. There are carriages reserved and marked for the "Nichtraucher." The non-smoker can avoid his relentless enemies; he has no ill-natured squabbles to encounter, and need not appeal to any "by-laws" for the protection that the bouncer officials do not care to give him. The traveller goes to the carriage where there is no smoking, and there it is as usual; and if he is a smoker, he finds all the fittings of his carriage adapted to his habit; leather linings instead of cloth, tin boxes for the ashes, and companions who will reciprocate and return his fire, or even vanquish him. We have known three Polish Jews smoke the whole way from Berlin to Ostend without intermission; and their cigars being of the strongest—the vile things the Germans call "moth-destroyers,"—they were almost too much even for the well-scented Tentons. Imagine the condition of a non-smoker, shut up for twenty-four hours with those persevering Helvetians! May their like never take tickets with us to Liverpool!

The American smokers are, unhappily, cheerless; the attendants and results of the habit are more sickening than those of smoking, to all who abstain from both practices. More unhappily still, the smokers cannot be excluded from any public conveyance; in fact, no place, public or private, can in America be secured from the delirium of universal expectation. It is the national error, and spoils every floor, and most male dignities of the Republic. But smoking has been subjected to better regulation than in England. It is strictly prohibited in their large railway carriages; and the prohibition is not a sham. There are "cars" appropriated to smokers, where fifty or sixty persons may "compel" such clouds that one end of the carriage is not visible from the other. But they smoke modestly, and we presume, please themselves. There is nothing to prevent an arrangement similar to that of the American and German lines being adopted here; it need not involve the expense of any carriage of new construction; the old ones are quite good enough to smoke in; only let a certain number of places be known as the smokers' seats—the *salon* of the train; let them smoke there, and nowhere else; then enforce strictly the prohibition as to the rest of the carriages. The production of a cigar-case, in the exempted compartments, ought to bring instant expulsion on the offender, whose taste has been provided for elsewhere. In time, when directors openly recognize a common practice, and become a little more liberal, they may furnish a real capacious smoking-carriage for their passengers; but the time too much to expect at present. They have so yet only got as far as having something of the sort for themselves.

THE LITERARY LANDSCAPE.—One of the steps in advance made by our age, is that it has learned to regard all conscientious labour as honourable. But though literature is abundantly honoured in the person of its most distinguished producers, the generals and field-marshal of the great army whose especial business it is to do battle for truth and light against ignorance and falsehood, the world is still inclined to look askance at the rank and file, and grudge us a fair recognition of our services; yet a pen, even when it can work no magic, may as honest a tool as a spade, if we choose to make it so. *Sermon contra!* Then, lift up your heart, oh, Grab-street! If we are rejected of men, let us look round and back along the files of time, and see what good thing has not been at some time or other. Privately we may acknowledge that perhaps Grab-street itself has been much to blame in the matter. Firstly, because it has not, alas, always used its labouring implement honestly; secondly, it has smothered its acquired in Mrs. Grundy's opinion, instead of bidding her assent. I must own, though, it is easier for me to see, and I have seen, how in my former life, and how, even the voice of the world only set off, like the noise of many waters. But, be of good cheer, my brother; let us have a respect for the service in which we are enlisted; and how infinitely small a score may be our duty and performance, though we may have not the smallest chance of seeing our names in this world's Gazette, there is no fear that if we have done our best, we shall be finally overlooked by the great commander-in-chief. Honour be to the instruments and the sons of labour, but "Wir mit Schülern und Gehirnen hundert pflegt, sich nicht vergessen,"—S. B.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1860.

The Prince of Wales left England on Tuesday last, to visit the American provinces of the British crown, and for a brief tour in the United States. The Canadian papers which have since arrived show that great preparations are making for the fitting reception of his Royal Highness. It is calculated that the cost of the various receptions to be given to the heir to the British crown will amount to 100,000*l*. This money will be voluntarily expended by the Canadians, as a proof of their loyalty.

An interesting conversation took place on Monday in the House of Lords, with reference to the affairs of Italy. In reply to the assertion of the Marquis of Normandy, that exiles had been committed by the revolutionary party under the command of Garibaldi, it was affirmed by Lord Wodehouse that the Italian leader had adopted the severest measures to check excesses, and had issued a commission to inquire into and punish the perpetrators of them. In the course of the debate, Lord Brougham, with all his ancient and characteristic energy, expressed a hope that the promise of a constitution would not be able to save from a merited downfall "the detestable tyrant of Naples."

The attention of the Lords was on Tuesday called, by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, for many years British ambassador at Constantinople, to the late deplorable massacres in Syria. His lordship gave a detailed history of the outrages committed, and asked what course had been adopted by the British Government to put a stop to them. Lord Wodehouse partly confirmed the statements of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, and added that "the Christians were attacked by the Druses in presence of some Turkish troops, who in no way interfered for their protection;" that the Christians had been induced to lay down their arms with a promise of protection, and that when this unearned they were barbarously slaughtered. His lordship also stated that orders had been sent out to Admiral Martin to proceed with his squadron to the coast of Syria, for the protection of the Christians; and that the French authorities had sent ships to the coast for a similar purpose.

The clause in the Census (England) Bill requiring the statement from each person of his "religious profession" has, on the motion of Mr. Baines, been struck out of the bill, with the assent of Sir G. Lewis. The latter, on the part of the Government, avowed that he was responsible for its insertion. This being the only clause objected to, the bill passed through committee on Wednesday. On the same day the Irish Census Bill went through committee, but the clause requiring the statement of "religious opinions" was, with the full assent of the Irish members, retained.

The long-established renown of Hercules is in jeopardy. The son of Jupiter in a single night cleared out the Argos stable; but we have in England an Attorney-General who has undertaken to clear out the Argos stable—the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Courts,—and to remove from out of human reach all the filth, the roguery, villany, scheming, and dishonesty, which their administration had accumulated. Hercules only performed twelve labours, but Sir Richard Bethell has to grapple with a Bill of 544 clauses!—to take it onward between this and the close of the Session—(probably the 12th or 13th of August)—a "little month" from this time!—to carry it safely through the Commons and the Lords! and this in despite of expiring credits, watchful foes, and worst of all, of the lawyers—who have been elevated to the peerage. Never did mortal man undertake a task more difficult, hazardous, and, we may add, more praiseworthy. The great vice of our legislation hitherto, upon the relations between debtors and creditors, has been, that our lawmakers have gone upon the assumption that all debtors are victims to be pitied, and all creditors heartless and rapacious men to be restrained;—"innocence" has been supposed to be characteristic of the former, and "roguery" of the latter. The man who parted with his money or money's worth has been assumed to be a "schemer," and the man who received what did not belong to him, and was indisposed to return it, or give value for it, has been cared for by our legislators as if he was a "dupe." The Debtor and Creditor Bill of Sir Richard Bethell, is based upon common sense and common justice in these matters, and for these reasons we wish it success.

England is, at this moment, engaged in a petty but most deplorable war,—

a war in one of her colonies,—a war waged against the aborigines of New Zealand. The "savages" (as they are called) of New Zealand have shown themselves, when fairly treated, to be not only as intelligent, but as well-disposed, justice-loving, and honest men. They have, however, not at all times been fairly dealt with; and attempts have been made to despoil them of the lands on which they were born. The aborigines are again in insurrection; and in their outbreak they have devastated property, and murdered innocent persons, who were incapable of resisting them. Late accounts from New Zealand give the details of military expeditions, in which hundreds were slain with only a few casualties on the part of the assailants. It is most fitting that murderers should be punished; but it is not fitting that savages should be provoked, by despoiling them of their land, to commit murder. We believe, of all the dark chapters in the history of mankind in all ages and all countries, there are none to be found so deeply dyed in blood and crime as those which truly narrate the misdeeds of civilised men upon the helpless beings that their exterminators condemn as "savages" and "barbarians."

The rifle-shooting at Wimbledon is over; the prizes—hotly contested for and fairly won—have been distributed at the Crystal Palace,—and Teesdale, Flintshire, Buckinghamshire, Lancashire, Manchester, Gloucestershire, Edinburgh, Bristol, Lanarkshire, Surrey, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Shropshire, and various other parts of Britain, are welcoming home their champions and prize-men who have afforded to the world the proof that the men of England and Scotland are not only willing but able to defend their houses against a display in arms. One universal feeling of satisfaction pervades the country at the world exhibited on Wimbledon Common, of the British mastery over the new, effective, and now truly national weapon—the rifle. No native of the British islands, be he Englishman, Welshman, or Irishman, feels the slightest pang of unworthy jealousy, that on this occasion the prime place of all has been won by a Scotchman—young Ross—the son of Captain Ross, who "taught the boy" to shoot amongst the mountains of Ross-shire, and who had already won for himself no slight local fame as "the best shot at deer in all the Highlands."

Additional interest was given to the rifle-match at Wimbledon by the appearance in the lists, as competitors for the prizes, of many fine young men from Switzerland. The same love of liberty, the same desire to repel foreign aggression—which incited the British Volunteers to arm themselves, have long since impelled the free citizens of the cantons of Switzerland to become proficient with the rifle. They have been, for no inconsiderable period, masters of that weapon with which Englishmen are now making themselves acquainted, and soon will prove themselves to be adepts. The Swiss, by their example, have proved the value of the rifle as the best means by which a few brave men can render themselves formidable to ambitious kings and glibly-kissed despots. They came to England to show that they are no useless toys in their hands; and in the various matches in which they engaged they gave full proof of their efficiency by winning several prizes. The manly feeling of Englishmen towards them was fittingly proved by the hearty cheers that greeted them, as each of these successful champions carried away the prize which his skill had won. Sentiments of mutual regard have for ages been entertained by the Swiss and the English people; and the rifle-match at Wimbledon has served to strengthen such sentiments—to add, if it were possible, to their intensity, and to increase their cordiality. The English have, in the Swiss, living proofs of the value of the rifle as "a national weapon of defence;" and the Swiss have left us, declaring that they have learned here the means of making that weapon still more effective.

The consequences to be expected from the meeting at Wimbledon are of the first importance. An impulse has been given to the military ardour of the people; and the community has been thus urged to employ for a good and effective object those hours which hitherto were merely devoted to recreation. Young men are incited to become Volunteers, and the rifle-matches at Wimbledon show to what good purpose a rifle volunteer can direct his skill and energies. What a pity it is, that at such a time, "a foolish lark" should, by a foolish speech, seek to disturb the national feeling on this all-important subject. We know of few things more mischievous than the declaration attributed to Lord Hardwicke, that he discountenanced the formation of volunteers composed of the working-classes. In the Volunteer Corps there ought to be no distinction of classes: rich and poor—the humble and the lofty—should stand side by side with each other; for, to the poor man his small thatched cabin, and those it shelters, are jewels as dear as the marble palace, and its richly-robed inmates, to the highest noble in the land. Instead, then, of the loyalty of the working-classes being disparaged, it should be appealed to and encouraged; and sure we are that, if the hour of conflict should ever come, and a foreign invader have to be encountered, not even "the belted Earl" of Hardwicke would prove himself braver, stronger, stouter, or more resolute in the fight than the humblest fustian-clad mechanic who, with a rifle in his horny hand, rushed to encounter the foe with the common cry of—"For God, our Queen, and our native land!"

Tux latest accounts from Sicily describe Garibaldi as actively engaged in collecting forces; and we know, from his correspondence with this country, that he is endeavouring to procure a fleet. Upon Garibaldi alone, of living men, may be said to centre the hopes of all true Italians, and

what tunc those who assume the name of Conservative politicians would argue in support of a great extension by one House upon the other? Did he mean to imply that modern Conservatism really meant backing up every encroachment upon popular freedom? This was an ugly and dangerous charge, and no wonder the Conservatives sat uneasily upon their seats. Mr. Gladstone had not yet to vindicate himself for not objecting to the resolutions. They were good, as far as they went, and they sufficiently vindicated the rights of the House of Commons by words. Yet the illigient orator, to the inevitable astonishment of the Derbyites, and the unmeasured delight of the Liberals below the gangway, proceeded to declare that in his opinion the House would do well to vindicate and establish its rights also by action. This looked like mutiny. Was the orator about to resign, or had he stipulated for the freedom of action he had indicated? Was the member for the University of Oxford about to act up an independent standard, to become the leader of a new party, and declare war against his chief? Was this great question of Constitutional Privilege to be an "open question" in the Cabinet, like the Ballot or Church-rate Abolition? These were some of the speculations that ran through the minds of Mr. Gladstone's hearers, as he declared that he had himself been in support any proposal that offered the slightest promise of success for traversing and revoking the unconstitutional action of the other House.

Among the Liberals who cheered the Chancellor of the Exchequer most vociferously was Mr. Lawson, Sir James Graham's nephew and brother member for Carlisle. The Netherby Baronet has been the "dark horse" in the race, voting with the Conservatives in the committee, but defending his vote on technical grounds, based upon the "instructions." But the nephew's cheer was worthy of a nighty was Nimrod, as he sang and half a dozen others "gave tongue" with equal powers of vociferation. It was noteworthy that Sir John Lubbock, also, upon the Ministerial benches above the gangway cheered the orator. The Ministry and their adherents listened in silence to this measure of possible action; and when Mr. Gladstone sat down, after a lofty, eloquent, and well-reasoned assertion of the rights of the peerage house of the Lords, not a man said "Hear, hear," or expressed by sound or look the smallest sympathy or approval. The enthusiasm was all below the gangway, and there it was abundant enough.

Lord Palmerston next day said, with charming frankness, that he had no intention of following up his resolutions. He would pursue the controversy with the Lords no further. It is not easy to say what the Commons, in the present temper of the country, could do, and the proof is, that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after all the study he has given to the question, and with all his fertility of resource, is unable himself to suggest any course of present constitutional action which promises any hope of success. If he, with all his ingenuity and subtlety cannot devise a mode of delivering us from the Paper Duty in August, with what hope can we look to Mr. Disraeli, Seymour, or Mr. Isaac Hill, for rescue?

I doubt whether the public spirit, or the patriotism of the present House of Commons will be rated very high either by the constituents of the empire or by posterity. They showed a mouth ago upon the Reform bill, and now upon the Privilege question, that they have but one wish—to get through the session without a dissolution. Out of doors, that portion of the press which is opposed to the abolition of the Paper Duty, has exercised a torpid influence upon public opinion. The stars, in their course, have fought, too, for Lord Derby, and the bill for the China War has been introduced to John Bull just when that respected individual has no "change" in his pocket, and is obliged to borrow a sovereign or two from a friend in Lombard-street, to his sore vexation, and the bitter humiliation of his Chancellor of the Exchequer.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

THE "season" is drawing to a close. One Opera-house has already ended its subscription. London is beginning to close. Regent-street and Bond-street are thinning. The seasons at institutions and museums are in most cases ended. Still a course of twelve lectures, by Alexander Gordon Melville, in connection with the British Museum have just been commenced in the Museum of Practical Geology, Jernyn-street, and will be continued on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, till the end of the present month, commencing on each day at three o'clock. These lectures are free.

A new club in Arundel-street, Strand, entitled "The Arundel Club," has recently been established. The list of members includes many well-known names. Another new club, on Liberal principles, is in progress. The house is to be situated in or near Pall-mall, and to be almost without hearing of the division bell.

The Brough Memorial Fund is making satisfactory progress. Three or four of the principal London managers have offered to give benefits in aid, and a grand concert has been announced in St. James's Hall.

In a dignified and gentlemanly letter to the *Times*, Mr. Eugene Delaporte has made known how ill he has been used by one or two English hotel-keepers. As the representative of the *Orpheus*, who have been delighting London by their marvellous chorus-singing, Mr. Delaporte has not only been overcharged as only an English or French band could be, but was actually compelled to learn a little more of our English manners and customs, and to indulge in right-riding more than he contemplated, by spending some time at an English "hook-n-bow." Casual strangers will beware of the hotel and of the landlord indicated.

In a recent discussion in the *Field*, the Hon. Granville F. Berkeley says,—"I ought to know the English rabbit naturally and scientifically, having studied ornithology, and killed and eaten them all my life." In the same lively manner he further alludes to the whole as an ornithological specimen.

A fine slab of Cornwall Serpentine has lately been placed over the grave of Douglas Jerrold, at Norwood. It bears the following inscription:—"To Douglas William Jerrold. Died June 7th, 1857. An English writer whose works will keep his memory green better than any epitaph."

Messrs. Chapman & Hall have some new books in the press. Mr. Walter White's new work, "All Round the Wrekin," will be out in a few days, and was subscribed "out of print," a technicality known in the trade. A new work by the author of "Our Farm," called "From May-time to Hop-ping," will be published in a few days. "Our Farm of Four Acres" has reached the 10th edition. We are glad to welcome a new author in the field—not that authorships are scarce,—Miss Macready, daughter of the great tragedian, has just finished a volume of poetry, which will be forthcoming immediately.

The fourth edition of Baron Forrester's "Portugal and its Capability" is about to appear. It will contain the new regulations of the Portuguese Government for the free export of the wines of the Douro to England—regulations which have been forced upon Portugal by the recent reduction of English duties upon French wines. Ribeiro Port wine has paid a heavy Portuguese export as well as an English import duty.

Messrs. Murray and Heath, the photographic publishers, have just issued an interesting view of the National Rifle Association Meeting, held at Wimbledon. To all those who assisted at her Majesty's first shot, this will prove a valuable memento.

The total expense of the maintenance of the British Museum from its foundation in 1753 to March 31, 1850, has been £1,382,733. 13s. 4d.

T. W. Arkhison, author of "Western and Oriental Siberia," announces a new work, entitled "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China."

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson announce for auction, on Saturday, July 21st, a valuable collection of autographs, formed by the late E. Crowlandish, of Boston, U.S. They include all the principal names in American history, besides a selection of eminent European names.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson also announce, during the season, the sale of the effects of the late Mr. Joseph Sans. These are a very extensive collection of books, MSS., antiquities, pictures, and autographs. The sale will occupy many days, and will prove highly interesting to collectors.

THE TYPE-PLANS OF ANIMATED BEINGS AND THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

[SECOND ARTICLE.]

THE struggles of naturalists after a perfect connected plan of classification have been almost as severe as the struggle for life which Mr. Darwin points out in animated nature. We see, however, certain organs, certain peculiarities prominently developed in some members of one group of animals or plants of which the genera and species are linked together by the bond of these common characteristic modifications of one of the primitive type-plans. Let us look for one moment at the mammalian class—let us even select one limb only to simplify our meaning. Take, then, the fore-limb of locomotion, and out of the same number of bones, with a nearly like relative disposition to each other, we have the arm of man, the wing of the bird and of the bat, the flipper of the seal, and the fin of the fish. Let us restrict our exemplification to an extraordinary extent its component bones are modified and adapted to various uses and purposes in the various groups; and while we look at the few selected examples given in our woodcut—restricted, necessarily, by our limits, to the smallest number of examples,—let us bear in mind that similar although slighter modifications are to be found in every single species, and that even individuals are not exempt from minor but sensible variations of those least specific modifications.

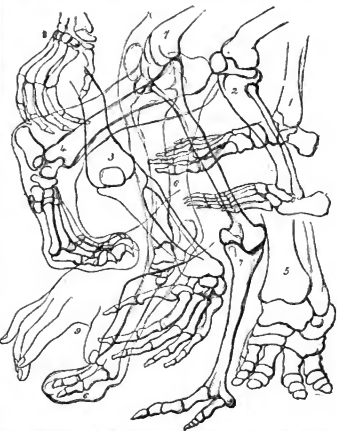


Fig. 1. Human foot. Fig. 2. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 3. Foot and claw of gorilla. Fig. 4. Hind-limb of lion. Fig. 5. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 6. Hind-limb of camel. Fig. 7. Leg of ostrich. Fig. 8. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 9. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 10. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 11. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 12. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 13. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 14. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 15. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 16. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 17. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 18. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 19. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 20. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 21. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 22. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 23. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 24. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 25. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 26. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 27. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 28. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 29. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 30. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 31. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 32. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 33. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 34. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 35. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 36. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 37. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 38. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 39. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 40. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 41. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 42. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 43. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 44. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 45. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 46. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 47. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 48. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 49. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 50. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 51. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 52. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 53. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 54. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 55. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 56. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 57. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 58. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 59. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 60. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 61. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 62. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 63. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 64. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 65. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 66. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 67. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 68. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 69. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 70. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 71. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 72. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 73. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 74. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 75. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 76. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 77. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 78. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 79. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 80. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 81. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 82. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 83. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 84. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 85. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 86. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 87. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 88. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 89. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 90. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 91. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 92. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 93. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 94. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 95. Hind-foot of elephant. Fig. 96. Hind-foot of lion. Fig. 97. Hind-foot of bear. Fig. 98. Hind-foot of gorilla. Fig. 99. Hind-foot of camel. Fig. 100. Hind-foot of elephant.

One remarkable example of specific modification is afforded by the front-paws of animals of the lion or cat tribe in the sheaths into which their claws are retractable, and by which they are preserved sharp and clean, ready for

use. Whilst digressing thus back again to the fore-limbs, we may allude to the remarkable condition of the human hand, in respect to the length of the fingers. If you will place your hand on the table, you will see at a glance that the middle finger is the longest, and that the third (between the middle and little fingers) is next in length, while the thumb, or inner finger, is shortest of all. In vertebrate animals, with pentadactyl limbs this, as a general rule, holds good, and in those which have a less number of fingers or toes it is the representative of the middle and third fingers which occupy the chief positions; while in the monotreme foot of the horse it is the equivalent of the middle finger, which is modified into the hoof. We seem thus obliged to recognise the middle or longest finger as the most primitive. The tridactylate foot of the ancient reptiles is represented in the fore, middle, and third fingers of the human hand; the four-toed limbs next appear in order of succession, and last, the thumb or pollex form is produced. With progression of development, or from some other unknown cause, this seemingly last-added part, while so short and so laterally placed in the monkey tribe that those animals cannot touch with it the tips of each finger of the same hand, becomes considerably elongated, and placed opposite in many, who can perform this, to him, simple operation with the greatest facility, for it is this adaptation which gives to his hand its exquisitely varied capabilities and its wonderful perfection.*

I can never pass that wonderful eye, the gorilla, peering with its large glass eyes from its corner case in the British Museum, without stopping and wondering at the strange likeness between that half-human face and the grating, snarling features of the other creature, the thick lips and flattened nose and long receding forehead: but here I pause, and look at the creature's bony framework. There is the same type-plan of the mammalian class—vertebrae formed on the same principle, skull of the same number of jointed bones; ribs, arms, legs, feet, teeth, nails, all like modifications of the same constructive type. The gorilla, however, has a more upright, but yet widely differing from those of man. The bear's approaches far more nearly to the human foot than does the hind-hand of the gorilla; the whole hind-limb of the former resembles that of man, and hence the capability of the bear for walking on its hind-feet, its unassisted use of gait arising from the reversed size of the toes, the inner being, contrary to nature, the smallest. Nothing, perhaps, is more remarkable in the differences between the gorilla and man than the differences of the capabilities of the hind-limbs. For example, take a man in the act of ascending a flight of stairs. This common attitude is impossible in the gorilla. The bear, as we know from the wondrous dancing specimens at our streets, can alternately balance itself on either hind-foot; but the gorilla could not, on reason of the construction of its hind-limbs, repose the weight of its body on one foot, but would be forced to mount the steps on all-fours. There are other characters between the skeleton of the gorilla and man that the most casual observer could easily detect, and which place a great barrier, as we can scarcely see, as an insuperable—gap between the mere organisation of the highest known Quadrumana and that of Man. We all feel how objectionable to our pride is the idea of tracing back our ancestry to a monkey, although some arguments on the principle of inheritance of instinct might be well maintained against some of us for the same reason. The gorilla, however, is not supposed to have thus retained. There is ample scope, however, for debating the great principles of development and natural selection in the wide field of the rest of Nature, without going into the question at all of the first development, or the first creation of man. There is something so transcendently superior to the divinity—I mean to the divinity of our own race—that places him, at least for the present, quite out of the argument. But if it be true that we must look back to one of those horrid progenitors, and we should hereafter be forced to admit it, it will be something for Mr. Darwin's theory, that it necessitates our descent from the best, and not the worst of the tribe.

Now look back into the past, and pterosaurs, ichthyosaurs, hippos, mammoths, and many another of the strange and less familiarly-known animals of the geological ages, rise up and show like modifications of the same primitive type-plans from the earliest era of life to our own. Look back at the plants and the animals which grew by our rivers of bark and wood, and some by an inner growth, like canes and reeds. Look around, and they are growing so still.

Why, if repeated creations of species have been evoked, after repeated intervals, by the Great Ruler of all things, have these creations borne the stamp of the same universal type-plan? Why, if some species were created at particular spots, and adapted to particular conditions, do we find other species or varieties in some neighbouring or distant places, under similar or different conditions, so like each other, that naturalists can neither agree as to the distinguishing features between them, nor determine how slight variation should go to constitute a species, and how much should constitute a variety? If varieties and species progressively merge into each other, why should not species diverge into genera. Admit this, and genera must be admitted to diverge into families, and families ultimately into classes. But here we must stop—at least for the present.

Let us take a more definite direction, and ask—What is the meaning in nature of rudimentary limbs or organs? Why are creatures endowed with that which is useless to them? Look at the ox; the incisors of its lower jaw are strong and well-developed; in strict union with its requirements for cropping grass they bite against the flat toothless surface of its upper jaw or skull. Why in the calf when young—through whose gums they never cut, who has no possible use for them—these rudimentary upper incisors developed for a time, to be ultimately absorbed away?

All these difficulties upon the principle of special creations for every species are inexplicable. But not so on the natural principle eliminated by Mr. Darwin, if that author be correct in the conclusions he has drawn from nature that these type-forms are modified by progressive descent.

Let us turn now to another and very different class of facts. Do you know any of those few lowly-ovenated fish which naturalists have grouped as cyclostomes? I did you ever see the "glutinous hag," with its one recurved palatal tooth that sinks into the body of the codfish as a hookfast, while it breeds, with the lingual palatals pointed out to the young as a sucking mouth on either side is armed into its victim's flesh, and rasped its way

into its vitals. Other similar horrors in the habits of some parasitic animals immediately occur to one's mind, and make one almost shudderingly ask if the Great Creator could call into existence such monsters; but these fearful ideas vanish with the belief that natural circumstances in some exceptional cases might lead to their undesigned development, and that being adapted to no useful end, their kind must ultimately, in the struggle for life, perish.

Let us here, still more clearly, if we can, understand the principle of accumulated variation on which Mr. Darwin found one essential part of his theory.

* Owing to this struggle for life, any variation, however slight, and from whatever cause proceeding, if it be in any degree profitable to an individual of any species, in its infinitely complex relation to other organic beings, and to external nature, will tend to the preservation of that individual, and will generally be inherited by its offspring. The offspring, thus modified, will have a chance of surviving; for, of the many individuals of any species which are periodically born, but a small number can survive. I have called this principle, by which each slight variation, if useful, is preserved by the term of natural selection, in order to mark its relation to man's power of selection. We have that man, by his selection, can certainly produce great results, and can adapt organic beings to his own uses, through the accumulation of slight but useful variations, given to him by the hand of Nature. But natural selection, as we shall hereafter see, is a power infinitely more potent for action, and is as immeasurably superior to man's feeble efforts, as the works of Nature are to those of Art. . . . It may metaphorically be said that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing, throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up all that is good; silently and insensibly working, whenever and wherever opportunity offers, towards the formation of new species. . . . A struggle for existence inevitably follows, from the high rate at which all organic beings tend to increase. More individuals are produced than can possibly survive, and, therefore there must be a struggle for existence, either one individual with another of the same species, or with individuals of distinct species, or with the physical conditions of life."

Thus the tendency of individuals to vary, inherited and carried on continuously by the progeny, but prevented from a general intermingling by the natural opposition of one form of life to another in the general struggle for existence, gradually and imperceptibly modifying the offspring of the original species into a new and differently-adapted form, or, in other words, gives rise to a new species. So beautiful is this idea, so accordant with the silent changes of Nature in her ever serene aspect, so worthy of the wonderful far-seeing design and power of the Infinite, that we may yet fairly entertain the hope, if even we should hesitate to adopt it as a primary cause, of a subsidiary principle, modifying within the restricted limits of the great Creator's type-plans, that varied fauna and flora which forms the glorious chern of our beautiful world.

Undoubtedly we may safely regard it in this modified light until future data and patient research shall have brought together as an amount of experiences and facts as will either establish its general applicability, or teach us to look in some other direction for an explanation of one of Nature's greatest mysteries.

In our next and concluding article on this topic, we shall go back into the far past, and see what evidence Geology brings to bear from the great roll of the Earth's history.

INAUGURATION OF HOGG'S MONUMENT AT ST. MARY'S LOCH.

BY ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

SCOTLAND has at length discharged a debt long owing to the memory of one of her sons. In November, 1835, a band of sincerely sorrowful mourners—plain Ulster shepherds in their grey plaids, to whom he had endeared himself as a neighbour, men of letters who had been attracted by his genius and gentleness—bore, in slow procession, past St. Mary's Loch, the lifeless remains of the poet of the "Queen's Wake" to their last, lonely, lonely resting-place in Ettrick. Not until a quarter of a century had wellnigh elapsed—until June, 1860—did his countrymen see fit to rear him a monument, to stand in grateful token that his remembrance has not been forgotten among the people of his native glens. Not that he needed such a memorial to perpetuate his fame; that is engraven deep on the everlasting hills; and St. Mary's Loch must utter his praises so long as it contains a drop of water to ripple over its pebbly bed. Not for the poet, but for the people, was it well that a monument should be erected; and not for the people themselves, whose topos and antiquities can be so easily forgotten, but for the future, in "Denholm Sandstone," except to take away the reproach of the stranger who visits Ettrick or Yarrow without finding a memorial of the shepherd-poet who had hither led his flocks.

Thursday, June 28th, was a red-letter day in the calendar of Ettrick Forest,—for forest it is well called, though

* The poems are devout ones, and have, Where furnished once a forest fair,—

that often rang with sound of rural bugles, when royalty's staghounds pulled down noble hearts. An out-of-the-way place, and a solitary, is the forest; and its silence and solitariness are described by the poet of Hogg, as "a lone and a lone" in the "Baron of Buchan." He says: "A great road runs through't, but aften hae I sat on a knowe commanding miles o' it, as no single speck stir as far as the eye could reach, no a single speck, but a thin a sheep crossing, or a crow alighting, or an auld crooning beggar-woman that ye thocht was leaning motionless on her stick, till ye and by the colour of her dress, and the red of her cloak, saw a bit wench after her own, rather than heard, her praying for an answer, w' shivered hauns and fyled on her breast, or, in their paly, held up heavenwards so heesecingly as to awaken clarity in a meeser's heart."

Hogg, who as he was (he had a considerable share of vanity, and not without good reason) considered himself a poor uneducated shepherd, having by the force of his own genius raised himself to be the admired companion of the first literary men in Scotland, when London was not so much the centre of intellect as it is now, could hardly have put much faith in the prophecy of

* The gorilla can very readily approach this action.

North, six-and-thirty years ago, that he should one day have a statue here. "My beloved shepherd," says North, "some half century hence your effigy will be seen on some lonely green knoll in the forest, with its lowest fence stone face looking across St. Mary's Loch, and up towards the Gray Man's Tail, while by moonlight all the wandering wanderers will wear a dance round its pedestal." But even if he had placed confidence in the prediction, he could not certainly have imagined that the inauguration of the monument would have attracted so many people to such an out-of-the-way place.

Up and down that great still road from Skiddaw and from Moffat—the two nearest points from which full communication is available,—vehicles of all sorts and sizes rattled, from an early hour in the morning, with visitors from Glasgow and Edinburgh, and divines from these and intermediate stations. From Peebles and that direction came jovial youths, with fishing-rods in their hands, and craved over their shoulders, to do honour to one of their orders—for Hogg's "The Shepherd" and also the same time to cast a fly in St. Mary's Loch, or a worm in the Meggart or the Yarrow. Across the lonely moors stalked staid shepherds in their plaids; and ploughmen and servant-boys, from far farmhouses, came on foot or in carts, in their Sunday apparel, to show their gratitude to the poet whose songs had cheered many of their solitary gloaming-hours—who had told them of a secret.

"That courtesan Diana lies"

Where the greatest lioness

That the courtesan's man can tame?"

"To be sure, a lonely lioness"

Place the eye across the beam."

And last, there was one enthusiastic photographer, who had borne a huge camera across weary hills, to catch a fleeting glimpse of the scene.

All and these had gathered beside Tibby Shiel's cottage. Tibby, whose dwelling was celebrated twenty-six years ago in the "Noctes," and who herself is there described as an ancient lion that had long lost its mane, is still alive to minister to the wants of some of the younger wanderers, and in one of the "Noctes" as a worn pet, by the Shepherd, as an ant-hill by North, and as a bee-liver by Tucker. Each give good reasons for their own description; but Tucker's is the one decidedly most applicable to the appearance of the cottage on the day of the inauguration of the Hogg Monument,—only that the human being was wanted in to devour what he brought in the hive, instead of to deposit what he had culled from the flowers, and that the queen-bee, Tibby, in her neat old-fashioned widow's cap, was, though her years are now seventy and seven, the very reverse of a drone.

One o'clock was the hour fixed for the inaugural ceremony. At that time the rain had somewhat abated, but it still fell lashing into the loch, and with rattling tearing sound on 200 or 300 umbrellas, which the more sanguine had brought with them. Nevertheless, at this hour, some 300 or 400 persons, chiefly shepherds, were enthusiastic enough to form in procession at Tibby's cottage, and, headed by a gallant piper of the 42nd regiment, Donald Bain (a son of one of the Hogg family), and followed by a band of pipers, crossed the bridge over the stream uniting St. Mary's Loch and the Loch of the Lowes, with banners, some national and some local,—one or two with Latin mottoes, which doubtless the shepherds knew all about,—and one with the picture of some animal called "Hector," which was charitably supposed to be intended to be the anniversary of that name,—to the hillside opposite, where stood the statue, reared in dripping wet canvas, as indelicately a looking object as one could wish to see. To the west of the statue was erected a wooden platform, for the use of the inaugurator, Sheriff Bell, of Glasgow, a gentleman of genial literary sympathies, and himself a poet, the monument committee, reporters, and other chief personages, who included three of the poet's daughters. The "observed of all observers," however, was the master of the ceremonies, the Albany Herald from Edinburgh, with his long flowing hair and beard, dressed in the costume, as we were told, of a border-minstrel of the olden time,—black velvet hat and feather, fine satin tunic, black knee-breeches and stockings, a silver chain-knife of his rank as an equerry, with links only a little smaller than the anchor-chain of a man-of-war, suspended over his shoulders, and falling down over his breast, with other badges and decorations "too numerous to mention," as the auctioneer's programmes have it; altogether a sight not to be seen in the forest every day, as the open-eyed and open-mouthed wonder of the shepherds plainly told. This striking and gorgeous individual now came forward and announced that the nation had subscribed £400 for a monument to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and that that monument was now to be inaugurated, the inauguration to commence with prayer.

Prayer over, Mr. Currie, the sculptor, a local gentleman who had gained some celebrity by a monument to the late George Park, in St. James's, erected the statue. It represents the poet seated, in shepherd's garb, on a moss-covered rock, supposed to be one of the relics of the old forest. Two broken blades from a stem behind fall over the shepherd's seat, the base of which is encircled by ivy. The poet's right hand, outstretched in a somewhat stiff and uneasy manner, rests upon a goat's walking-stick while in his left he holds a scroll, upon which is engraved the last line of the "Queen's Wake," the first word, however, being changed,—

"He taught the wandering winds to sing."

At his feet, on the left, reposes his dog Hector,—not like the portrait on the banner, but like that "faithful Hector" which the shepherd has described as "sitting like a vane (Christian by my side, glowing far off into the glens and uneasy manner, rests upon a goat's walking-stick while in his left he holds a scroll, upon which is engraved the last line of the "Queen's Wake," the first word, however, being changed,—

"JAMES HOGG,

THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

Born 1770. Died 1835."

(Whether the sculptor had better means ascertaining the date of his birth than his biographers we know not; but it will be observed that he differs from them all in placing the poet's birth in the year 1770, it being usually given in 1772.) Above this inscription is the representation of a harp, which, again, is surmounted by a queen's head (Queen Mary probably) surrounded with a wreath of flowers. The sculpture is altogether eighteen feet high, the figure being eight feet and a-half and the pedestal

nine feet and a-half in height. One of Hogg's daughters testified to the excellence of the statue, so far as the likeness is concerned.

The unveiling of the statue was the signal for a burst of cheering that might have startled "the little people" of the hills and glens, as they lay hidden in the hearthstells or the buttercups, very considerably; and it was renewed with even greater enthusiasm on the conclusion of Sheriff Bell's admirable and effective speech.

Sheriff Bell had scarcely commenced his address when the sun shone out beautifully, and sympathized with the object of the gathering, as the papers said; and the little lark soaring up, with glad voice, carried the intelligence of the proceedings to "the gateways of the day."

The statue inaugurated, the privileged part of the company rushed off to the manse, to dine; the unprivileged portion sought Tibby's and the tent "from Moffat."

Of the proceedings in the tent, after dinner, more need not be said, than that they partook of the poetry of the scene. All these may be imagined, as well as the awful stillness of the glens and hills, where the monument was left to solitude and the fairs. And doubtless the two or three anglers who remained all night at Tibby's, saw, if they were watching, "Ivanhoe Kilmory" come down the glen "like in the glowering," and "white

"Her voice, like the distant melody"

"That floats along the silver sea,"

chanted his praise,—with her hands waving a wreath of immortal flowers from the "land of love and lychie," around the brows of the poet's effigy.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SEASHORE.—No. I.

INTRODUCTORY.—THE SANDS.

At this season, happy memories of the seashore, and its peacefulness and sedulousness, recur to many inland residents. The fresh sea-breeze seems necessary to success among the odours of city and town. The toils of the counting-house or the manufactory have told severely upon patience; and even the roses upon the younger and fairer tenants of the parlour and drawing-room languish and begin to fade. Neither alpinism nor homophily can rescue us from the best tonic in sea-air; the most moderate marine walks; the best globules the sands of the shore. What a month or two at the seaside can do for the body every one knows; but few are aware what it can do for the mind. This latter it is our purpose to show; and our hope is that, instead of idly passing the long hours of the summer or autumnal day, without a thought to treasure up for use in winter, our readers may, with our assistance, derive as much benefit to the mind as to the body from their marine sojourn, and that without too close addition to study, and too great a burden of formidable technicalities.

A seashore is Nature's museum. In Britain it is in truth the British Museum,—a department of natural history. Some inland things are wanting, and of the tenants of the air we have only an occasional sparrow or stormy petrel. But a glance at any natural history museum will show how large a portion of its treasures are due to the sea and its marginal boundary. The shells, the molluscs, the annelids, the crustaceans, the corals and the corallines, and the pebbles,—not to speak particularly of the great tribe of fishes,—are all the proper produce of the sea and the gatherings of the strand; while no small portion of the geological specimens are extracts from cliffs and rocks that overhang and underlie the shores of the coast. When, therefore, we treat of the science of the seashore, we treat of a considerable section of natural science, and that section which is most likely to interest the general mind. It is our object, therefore, to show the nature of the objects beneath our eyes and feet in the days of our leisure, and in the happy and healthy hours of our hard-earned holidays. In this respect, too, it is the best school of natural science, the best educational course, and the most suitable locality for a series of lectures upon objects which are laid before us by Nature, the lessons shall be given by a student of Nature who has himself trodden our shores year after year, and gathered not a few "unconscionable trifles" during what he remembers as the most healthful and the happiest hours of his life. He began his wanderings in early boyhood, and will not, therefore, be unimpaired of those who are still boys. He began when science of this kind was far less cultivated than it now is, and he has missed and puzzled over many a marine enigma which is now solved and recorded amongst the archives of the careful investigators who have sprung up of late years, both at home and abroad.

The moment we set our feet upon the washery many questions occur to us, and we begin to ask ourselves, "What are these things?" Here are the sands,—dry walking and dry talking! Can any man find anything scientific in sand? Certainly; and much that is very interesting, when freely pondered. Every grain of this immense accumulation has its interest. It has travelled far; it has travelled by water, and has come by a circuitous course to its present resting-place. It is once removed from its native river product; for the rivers bear down the sands in mechanical suspension, or force them forward over the bottom of the sea. They are derived from the wearing away of cliffs and sandstone rocks, and probably from the attrition of the pebbles and shingles upon beaches. Shells and corals, also, are triturated by the action of the billows, and add their grains to the vast heap beside them.

Mentally, as some philosophers think, the world is going to seed; materially, much of it is certainly going to sand, silt, and shingle. The hardest and densest rocks are subject to attrition by breakers; there is nothing that cannot be worn away in time by sea-water; and one great source of the countless assaults of billows upon rocky fastnesses is the perpetual addition of grain to grain among circles of sand. A high authority has told us that there is nothing new under the sun; and we might be almost warranted in adding that there is nothing new under the sea. As regards the formation of sand, this is true; for we have every reason to conclude that the way in which it formed now, was the way in which it was formed millions of years ago. Primæval shores were doubtless opened out from the degradation of primæval rocks. These becoming consolidated into sandstone were subject in some cases to what is termed *autostratification*, and thus many of the rocks composing our hardest and highest mountains were once in grains upon the untrodden sands of the sea. The insolent and insolent sandstone, however, is not, but still mainly remains as sandstone. To reduce this was easier and

speedier work. The waves wroth and the rains dashed at their reduction. It was impossible for the boldest cliff to withstand these potent enemies. These very rocks that were picked up grain by grain, are grain by grain brought down. Production and reproduction are not limited to the annual season. Drift, dead matter, and the sand under the foot of the cliff, are in a different phase. Aggregation and disintegration build and overturn the rude material of our earth. The arenaceous (sandy) strata have had their primal times of travelling, their subsequent times of quiet consolidation, and now, wherever they are within reach of the restless ocean, they must have their times of travelling again. They have seen these grains, they have seen solid rocks—they are now more to be loose grains. Sand, they first were, and to sand they shall return. Half the world, as we hinted, is going to sand, and if the world should last as long as it has already lasted, it would not be extravagant to say that aqueous and atmospheric, and other natural agencies, might effect the disintegration of every particle of rock, and the great globe itself be once reconstituted out of its own ruin. In these notes, then, most interesting philosophy to be got out of meditations upon the sands! True, all these theories demand thought, observation, and the power of drawing legitimate, and well-sustained inferences; but for this very purpose are we now reclining upon the shore, free from business and far from the common cares of the jostling and struggling city.

The free winds of heaven are blowing in our faces, and bracing our nerves, but they are also doing other and less familiar and refreshing duty—they are at work with the sands, carrying them forward and far; and every vigorous blast, like every soaring balloon, has its ballast of sand. Station yourself any day upon a sand-bank, and you will see the sand blowing in the air, and tolerably dry, and you may observe the manner in which grains of sand are transported inland, and mark the various modifications of surface arising from the depositions of sand among sea-weeds or pebbles. Some grains are held in mechanical suspension by the wind at a height of an inch or two from the surface itself, while the rest, under the influence of the air upon larger bodies, the current of wind, so that similar grains of sand are merely slowly swept along the bottom. When these two sets of grains meet, they form a small heap, which is slowly but surely increased, grain by grain, until it becomes a sand-hill. This age-long process enlarged until it arrives at the enormous of a dune, 5—8—such is the nature of the sand, and the annual amount of blow that will skirt our own shore in some places, as in the neighbourhood of Yarmouth, and along the Norfolk coast, and numerously also on part of the coast of Cornwall. For whole days have we walked amongst the Norfolk dunes, and curious larvae-like mounds due to that coast present to us, as if whole sheets were not blown there by the wind, and the sand was the issue of one-sided and painted savages deposited; but nothing, in fact, is buried there, save a few shells and sea-weeds. The wind has done all this; it has raised mounds to its own power, and it does not overthrow them, though they are loosely built and entirely unprotected; without foundation, without definite form, without any single bond of union, or any binding puncture, there they stand safe and unmoved, there run along the coasts of Holland, and Denmark, and Spain, wind-mounds, reared out of one material, and that the simplest in nature—mound, too, by an invisible agent, the sole visible power of long-pest breezes and whirlwinds!

In some few localities the sand is so closely compacted of shells ground down by the sea-breakers to the minutest fragments; and we have noticed in such cases a tendency to the consolidation of the parts, resulting in sandstone. A colourless consolidated sandstone of this kind, at New Kaye, on the northern coast of Cornwall, has long been employed as a building stone. The neighbouring church of Trestle is constructed of it, and very ancient stone coffins, composed of the same consolidated sand, have been discovered in the adjoining churchyard. So firm is this modern sandstone, that where it passes into a sort of conglomerate, hard pebbles can be broken by a blow dealt out to them upon a block of the sandstone, without fracturing the sandstone itself; and a violent blow from a sledge is necessary to break it where not indurated. On the shore opposite Gooltry Island an immense mass of it occurs, of more than a hundred feet in length and from ten to twenty feet in depth, containing entire shells and fragments of clay slate, while the whole mass assumes a striking resemblance to stratified rocks, or rocks disposed in layers. The component sand may be supposed to have been brought from the sea, and from other shores, by hurricanes, at a remote period. At the present time its advance is singularly arrested by the growth of peoni (*arundo arvensis*). Here, then, we have a rock forming before our eyes; here we have sand in process of conversion into hard sandstone. The carbonate of lime in the shells is acted upon by the carbonic acid in rain water, and soluble matter, and the result is a sandstone, which, when plants have established themselves upon the surface of the sand, Carbonate of lime is thus held in solution, and agglomerates the grains of sand together until finally they become indurated and serviceable to man in building and in agricultural uses, in churches and in coffins.

Sands, however, are not always so closely consolidated or peaceably heaped up. A dune is commonly a fixture, but not always. When the winds are very powerful, and prevail from the same quarter, the dunes themselves show a tendency to move in the same direction, and before the blast. Then they produce changes upon the low lands, and even upon slopes of adjoining hills. The rains, which cannot find a passage into the sea in the shape of streams, years against the sands, and yet that one sand-hill, more than sixty feet high, was almost visibly advancing upon it. The position of some lakes being altered by the sands, the former invaded, in 1802, five fine farms belonging to St. Julien, and they have since covered a Roman causeway which led from Bordeaux to Eborac, and which was seen about forty-five years ago when

the waters were low. The Adour, once known to flow by Vieux Boncourt, and to fall into the sea at Cape Breton, is now turned aside more than a thousand toises—that is, about 6,400 English feet, or somewhat less than a mile and a quarter—and all by the sands.

This description, then, as it is so often the case, is the unthinking and unknowing, is no contemptible part of the material world. It is hardly dull, for it fires about on the wings of the wind; it is hardly dull, for it travels in its own fashion at a steady but sure pace; it is hardly contemptible, for it can threaten man in his houses and farms. It is, indeed, an important component, as well as a formidable agent, in the history of the world. It is the great work of the world. It can bury his burial places themselves; it has surrounded the Egyptian temples, and is fast dissolving up lofty pyramids; it half covers the huge sphinxes; it veils from us many an architectural triumph of Egypt's earliest rulers; it holds monoliths under its vast desert sea; and it hides hieroglyphs from our eyes. The eager Egyptians, and the more numerous, many centuries under the sea; are there not as many under the sands? But, on the other hand, as a component of our shores and our rocks, it affords us a firm foundation, and it is one of the pillars of the earth. A single grain of it is a singular proof and illustration of Nature's power of reduction; a single rock of sandstone is as great a proof, in the reverse order, of the wonderful power which, through long and unrecorded centuries, has built up the vastest bulks out of once loose and incoherent particles.

Such is the mere foundation of one part of our shores: the yielding substance which bears the impress of our wandering feet, the playground of the sportive waves, and apparently the most interesting of the elements about us. Yet this simple particle has a history of its own. Still to be told, it has already gone a long round, and may yet again set upon its travels, and help to bury fields and farms, depopulate villages, and bar the flow of many waters. It may march before the trade-winds, to arouse distant forests, summer mountains, and once more hile the glories of nations under a dead and arid level!

A SOCIAL PROJECT.

ALREADY the centrifugal force which always tends to empty the metropolis of its inhabitants at a certain period of the year is beginning to be felt. This year there has been no spring and as yet very little summer; nevertheless, the days of the calendar, bringing round again the usual period of departure, are succeeding each other with unrelenting steps, in spite of barometer and thermometer, and all London will soon be shaking its wings for flight. It is rather curious to reflect, how this time of year is practically destructive to the duties of the Church, regulating the terms of the lawyers at Westminster, and the earliest influence in fixing the London season. It was promoted by the growing business before Parliament far beyond its old limits, under which no person of fashion remained in town after the celebration of George the Third's birthday, and no society dinner, and no party danced, and no party given, by the natural habits of certain wretchedly bled, whose very name was unfamiliar to the Londoners of fifty years ago. By considerations belonging to the department of ecclesiastical antiquity, and by the modern pursuit of gossamer, he decided the season of recreation for thousands of persons who never give thought to the spring or the autumn, or the summer, or the winter, or the present arrangement for holiday-taking, by those whose avocations oblige them to live in or about London during the greater portion of the year, is probably the best. July, August, and September are, no doubt, in many respects, less enjoyable in town than April, May, and June. It is hardly fair, however, to attempt to conclude the argument, as it is so often done, by asserting in the usual way that September is certainly the worst month to pass in London. Let common justice be done to this vilified portion of the year. Has this unhappy and much-abused month ever had a fair trial on the question of its claims to be ranked as a time for agreeable residence in Belgrave, Tyburnia, Bloomsbury, or St. Marylebone? Is it ever likely to get it, in the only way it can, by the universal consent of a considerable number of persons to stay at home in London, and see what a September in an unadorned city would be like! At present, and under the existing régime, the great centre of life is universally abandoned in September. Careless floors, brown-bellied corners, and dismantled rooms, aggregate the horrors of solitude. Workmen and painters, at their septennial or triennial task, increase the score of danger and discomfort, within and without. The drains, deprived of their usual supplies from many a bath, vent their complaints to the upper air in distressing apoplexy to the noses of the few wanderers along the desolate pavements. Empty houses, or houses, or children, or children, remain a sad and solitary scene, and the joy of the joys that are gone. Life and society are the soul and charm of a great city. Without these it would be as dreary in May as in September.

We now proceed to unfold a project which appears highly deserving of attention, and which is mentioned thus early, in order that persons who may be so much as avoid themselves of it may have ample time to make their arrangements accordingly. To try the experiment of an autumn in London with any fairness, it is obvious that May and September must be made to change places—not indeed in the almanac, but morally and socially. Everybody should agree to stay in town. The partridges should have a month's respite from their annual slaughter, and the Exeter Hall meetings should be held to take place in September. The railway companies should organise special excursion trains to enable the country-folks to enjoy the charms of London at the height of the season, which would be about Michaelmas. Mr. Murray, in honour of the occasion, should bring out a new edition of his "Handbook of London," for the particular use of persons desirous of taking the opportunity to make acquaintance with the wonders of the chief town of their native land. It is astonishing how much there is to be seen in and near London, which few people ever do see. Urquhart, who takes his omnibus daily to the great fairs of business, and Russians, who spend his annual ticket on his line, must both have their eyes opened to the beauties of London by overlooking what is the holiday-time is always spent at a distance, and the great objects of interest and beauty immediately accessible to them remain for the most part unknown to themselves and their families. With the exception of the grander features of mountain and lake, there is, as such, beautiful scenery within an hour's ride of London in any part of England. London proper, too, is in itself a most remarkable and beautiful locality. How fine is a sunset at the bottom of Pall-Mall! How glorious

* Probably from the Danish, *de sand*, or the Saxon, *de sand*, a hill.

are the lines of gas-flames seen glowing like emeralds against the ruddy sky! What real beauty of lawn and foliage there is in the Parks and Kensington Gardens! What noble sheets of water are the Serpentine and its sister lake in front of the Queen's Palace! In what other country can a walk of a mile be taken over turf and under trees in the very heart of its vast and thickly-peopled metropolis! Then, if all the indoor "sights" of London were to be "done" in the manner that people set about doing the sights of Paris or any other foreign city, not one, but ten autumnal vacations would be required for the task. If a Guide to London were to be compiled on the same scale as those for most other places, its dimensions would almost rival those of the Post-Office Directory—so much of interest is there to be described.

The true thing, therefore, would be for a number of sensible people, who are capable of appreciating good advice, to agree to make a beginning, and undertake to spend a September in London together. They would find their own houses—when not disrespected, or dismantled, or be-brown-hollanded, but in their habitual and normal condition of comfort—far more agreeable and much less expensive than any hotel or seaside lodgings. They would, of course, spend their mornings and afternoons in seeing London, which it is presumed, they have never yet seen. There would be dinners, and receptions in the evenings, at which there would be fresh subjects for conversation; and there would be a peculiar set in mixing with society under these very novel and interesting circumstances. Excursions to places of note within easy distance, would frequently be made. Middlesex, Surrey, Berkshire, Kent, and Essex, would unfold their hidden and unexplored beauties to the delighted gaze of the stay-at-home travellers. Unknown forests, mountains, and lakes would be visited. Leith Hill, in certain states of the atmosphere, has sometimes almost an Alpine character about it. Virginia Water is an extremely respectable and well-wooded lake, and feeds a waterfall which has at least the merit of never being without water. It would be difficult anywhere to beat Windsor or Richmond Parks for sylvan scenery of the highest order of beauty—or to match the river-view from Richmond Hill. And then every night, these happy and well-advised people would sleep in their own wholesome beds; and every morning—O, exceeding joy! there would be no packing, no squabbles, and no bill to pay, as when travelling,—and no "nothing to do" as at the seaside; and the letters in the Times, headed "Hotel Charges," which abound at this season, would be read with a sense of inward complacency and satisfaction that would alone be a sufficient reward.

We have thus shortly indicated a novel scheme, which, as it appears to us, need only be tried to be approved of. Perhaps a week or a fortnight's absence might be permitted at the end of the time, for the sake of obtaining that complete change of air and scene which a few projected persons may still think necessary to refresh the system, and enable us to return with renewed vigour to the routine duties and business of ordinary life. But the rest of the time should be spent in seeing a great many things very well worth seeing, which are now seldom seen; and those who stayed in London would be in no want of matters to relate on their return for the experiences communicated by their friends coming home from abroad or from our own coast with empty purses, dissatisfied expectations, and the uncomfortable recollections of money grievances.

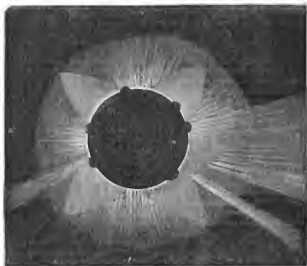
THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN ON THE 18th OF JULY.

(From an Astronomical Correspondent en route to Spain.)

The physical constitution of the sun is the great object of attention in a total eclipse. It is not the few moments of darkness which occur at the time of total obscuration that the astronomer is curious about, nor would he tell all this long journey merely to note its effects on animal and vegetable life. In the present eclipse Saturn and Mercury, Jupiter and Venus will be seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the Sun; Castor and Pollux, and numerous other bright and well-known stars, will likewise make their appearance. Although this conjunction of all the planets may be very singular at such a time, and useful in judging of the darkness at the critical moment, yet they are of no further utility to astronomy or science. Amidst all the grand phenomena of the sudden extinction of light and the universal laws of nature, when burned and ignorant, and proud and humble are equally impressed with the awful strangeness of the scene, the attention of the telescopic observer will be directed to the sun itself, now really "conspicuous by its absence," and endeavoring, even by that absence of "excess of light," to find some clue to the nature of that glorious luminary.

If we observe the sun at the present moment, we see an immense number of dark spots, of all shapes and sizes, on its surface; whilst, on the other hand, in some parts we see spots which are considerably brighter than the general surface of the luminary. The dark spots, continually and hourly changing in form, were at first supposed to be clouds floating on its golden atmosphere. Succeeding observers could not, however, reconcile their observations with this idea, and came to the conclusion that the sun was surrounded with two or three envelopes, and that its real surface was situated at a considerable distance from the luminous atmosphere which throws out heat and light in every direction. Between the sun itself and the luminous envelope they considered there was a less luminous atmosphere, whilst the very brightest spots and veins, they imagined, might be clouds of intense brilliancy thrown up by the volcanic action which produced those breaks in the sun's surface, and in the neighbourhood of which they are mostly situated. Those latter must be of remarkable interest, when it is considered that the darkest parts of the black spots on the sun are estimated to be some thousand times more brilliant than the light of the full moon. With a small telescope all those appearances may be seen at the present moment, the spots now being very plentiful. Solar eclipses have demonstrated, however, that other influences are at work on the sun, and many other facts have been observed. Thus, at the moment of total obscuration, when the moon completely hides the sun, and when the sky in the neighbourhood of both bodies should be as dark as any other portion of the heavens, it has been always found that the moon is surrounded by a beautiful corona, which, in a clear tropical sky, presents a most brilliant appearance, flashes and bundles of rays of light flying away in all directions, and being seen as vividly as if they were passing through an opening in a cloud. In addition to this, crimson-and-white projections, but mostly having

the form and appearance of red flames, are seen in the immediate neighbourhood of the dark edge of the moon. The corona and red flames have been seen during every total eclipse which has been observed with a telescope, but it is only during the eclipses of 1842, 1861, and 1868, in which they have been narrowly scrutinized, and people are now prepared to look for them as a matter of course. These phenomena, as seen in the eclipses of 1842 and 1861, are well known; but that of 1868, as observed by M. Liais, at Rio Janeiro, in which the crown and the red prominences took the most extraordinary forms, is not equally so.



The eclipse will not be very considerable in England, and the darkness can be but very slight, although upwards of eight-tenths of the solar diameter will be eclipsed at London. It must not, however, be supposed that the phenomena to be noticed are few or slight, in consequence. Leaving the pure astronomical measurements out of the question, which are always valuable, we may state that, at the last eclipse observed at Rio Janeiro, shortly after the commencement of the eclipse, M. Liais was able to see the whole of the moon's disc, although the part of its surface which was projected in the sky was very faint. Sometimes it appeared brighter than the general ground of the sky, and sometimes darker. It was impossible to see it with a telescope, by direct vision, but by looking at the reflection of the sun on a piece of unpolished glass, it was plainly visible. In some photographs which were made of the various phases of the eclipse, the whole of the moon's disc could be traced in a similar manner. This is a fact which is quite novel, and deserving of attention; and as the sun will be at a considerable height in the sky, at London, it will probably be verified by some of the ingenious photographers there and elsewhere. It has been said that the whole of the moon's disc was seen in the partial eclipse observed in London in 1860; but it is not stated in what manner the sun was scrutinized.

Another fact deserving of attention is the phenomenon of Baily's Beads (as they are called), which occurs near the moment of greatest obscurity, and when the edges of the sun and moon are almost in contact. At this moment, when the thread of light should be gradually becoming thinner before it finally vanishes, it has been found that it breaks up into distinct fragments, which present a most remarkable and brilliant appearance. Although this phenomenon is only expected when the eclipse is total or annular at the place of observation, yet it was plainly visible in that of March, 1858, as observed by Mr. Breen, at Cambridge, where



the eclipse was only partial. It was supposed by him to be due to the irregularities on the edges of the moon, which, when examined by a telescope with a high magnifying power, never presents the same regular contour as that of the sun. In the eclipse of Sept., 1858, M. Liais, however, states that the edges of the moon were smoothly and sharply defined, and that Baily's beads were plainly seen. Another fact observed by Mr. Breen during the eclipse of March, 1858, was the appearance of a faint light projecting beyond those broken points of the sun's margin which were considered by him to be a portion of the corona, as seen during total eclipses. The instrument made use of by Mr. Breen was the Northumberland twenty-feet telescope, which was at that time the largest in England.

It will be seen from the previous remarks that it is not the mere accident of a few moments' darkness that takes the astronomer away from his observatory; but that many problems in optics and physics are involved in the question, so say nothing of the verification of theory at the places of the sun and moon by delicate micrometrical measurements. Even those who are merely prompted by curiosity

to undertake the journey, and who are anxious to witness the grandeur of the phenomenon, as universally described, may be pardoned. They might ask that if the sun descended below the horizon only once in twenty years, how many would be on the look-out for the event. The philosopher would be ready with his instruments to observe the time at which this occurrence took place, would endeavour to explain the wonder of the twilight, and make some hazardous guesses about the solar light. A total eclipse of the sun at any particular place is a much rarer event. One occurred at London on the 20th of March, 1140.

There was not another at our metropolis for a period of 575 years; nor since the latter, which occurred in 1715, has a total solar eclipse taken place. Many partial eclipses of the sun have taken place, of course, during that time; but it will be seen from this statement how rarely it is wisely observed. A description of the present eclipse will, therefore, deservedly find a place in the columns of "THE LONDON REVIEW." The next greatest eclipse which occurs in Europe during the present century, is that of 1887.

BREAD.

Or all the industrial arts, none has made so little progress as that of "panification," or bread-making. Centuries after century, while the marvels of human ingenuity have been steadily advancing and civilizing mankind, this alone has remained stationary. With few creditable exceptions, those who supply our tables with the "staff of life," pursue the old barbarous mode of trituration and amalgamation of the materials; a process scarcely differing from that in vogue during the primitive times of Fabriceus and Cincinnatus. The ordinary method of bread manufacture is not only coarse, filthy, and disgusting, but is fraught with fatal consequences to those engaged in this—as at present prevalent—demoralizing and health-destroying occupation. It is even extraordinary that individuals, even when the public interest is at stake, should not unanimously adhere to ancient and injurious usages. Of this perversity and prejudice, the baking trade furnishes a lamentable example.

The condition of the journeyman baker—of whom there are 10,000 in London alone—is singularly anomalous, and calls aloud for commiseration and amelioration. We doubt much whether the sugar plantations of the American slave states produce one-half the miseries engendered by our English bakeries. Although—thanks to the efforts of the Sanitary Commission—the horrors of these "white sepulchres" have been widely exposed, nevertheless the same evils exist, the same practices prevail, and the public maintains the same stolid indifference it previously displayed.

As one of the class of "white slaves," the journeyman baker stands pre-eminently. From the hour of eleven at night, until five, six, or even seven o'clock the following evening, and occasionally for a much longer period, this helpless victim of a "social evil" plies his laborious and unwholesome handicraft, and for a pittance varying from 10s. to £1.10s. per week, the maximum wages of such incompetent drudges. Half naked, in a highly-baked, closely pent-up underground room, the atmosphere of which is densely impregnated with insidious particles of flour, he toils with his hands—ay, and even with his feet,—until the perspiration in his big drops from his exhausted body, knowing the tediousness of that is to form.

"Bread that doings man with strength supplies."

Nature will not brook so flagrant and systematic a violation of her righteous laws; so the avenging Nemesis of justice, slowly, but surely, pursues the transgressor. Overwork, impure air, and an unhealthy occupation, soon tell their need upon the wretched journeyman. He is struck down ere he reaches the prime of life, while his family have no alternative but to beg their bread, or seek the miserable refuge afforded by the parish. It is an unquestionable fact that there is a far higher degree of mortality among bakers than among the operatives of any other unhealthy calling, not excepting miners, knife-grinders, stone masons, or silk-pressers. According to the most reliable statistics we find that (excepting all youths connected with the trade who die ere they reach manhood) the average period of life attained by the journeyman baker is but forty-two years. Coupled with this excessive mortality, the ordinary existence of the wretched baker is but a protracted condition of ill-health, not unfrequently terminating in consumption, which Dr. Letheby emphatically terms, "the malady of bakers!" But among the host of disorders attendant upon the occupation of a baker, there is one which, although repugnant, may be lessened in itself, is yet necessary for the public to know. We allude to the cutaneous disease, which principally affects the hands and arms, characterized by the vulgar epithet of "the baker's itch." This arises, we are informed, from the constant contact of those members of the body with bread ingredients; the fermentative condition of the dough, and the presence of saline particles, greatly aiding the development of that disgusting disorder. Surely, if it were needful for the legislature to interfere in the case of factory-workers, in order to save them from the grinding tyranny and impetuosity of heartless taskmasters, the great body of operative bakers have not less claim upon the sympathy of the nation, and the interference of the state. But if not on humanitarian grounds, demand for cleanliness and decency should make the public perpetually to demand a less objectionable system of bread manufacture.

About eighteen months since, a terrible and successful effort was made by Mr. Stevens, of Hackney, to improve the physical and moral condition of the operative baker. For this purpose he invented and patented an ingenious machine for kneading dough, which altogether dispenses with hand-labour, so far at least as the process of what is technically termed "mixing" is concerned. It is rather an inopportune anomaly that such a machine had not been invented some centuries previous; but more surprising still, that having once been invented, it is not universally used. Notwithstanding the numerous and unquestionable advantages of machine over hand-labour, especially in the manufacture of bread, scarcely a dozen, out of nearly 8,000 master bakers in the metropolis, bring this humane agency into requisition,—a striking proof of the desperate tenacity with which men will cling to old systems and preconceived opinions.

On the grounds of health and cleanliness, machine-made bread must be considered preferable to that manufactured by hand. But the new system of panification offers several important advantages besides these. The bread thus produced is superior in quality, whiter in colour, sweeter to the taste, considerably more substantial, and less liable to waste by crumbling, than that formed by the ordinary process; while it creates a saving of bread material to the master baker of nearly 12 lbs. on a sack of 280 lbs. The machine being enclosed while in action, prevents the flouraceous matter from being, and thus dispenses with "sweepings," as none are made. The "sweepings" of an ordinary bakery are considerable; and when we consider that flour costing from 47s. to 50s. per sack is wasted in this leprous condition for 12s. per sack, the loss must be rather serious; to compensate in some measure for which, as well as to remedy imperfect trituration, adulteration is frequently and freely resorted to. Although the machine produces a great saving of labour—inasmuch as the mixing process is performed more thoroughly and quickly thereby,—nevertheless it does not operate injuriously against the journeyman, a similar number of hands being required in these bakeries where machinery is adopted as where hand-labour is exclusively employed. Mr. Thompson, the intelligent master baker of Greenwich Hospital, has declared that since his adoption of the modern system of bread manufacture, about six months ago, his men prefer working at the machines to the old, laborious, and objectionable process of "mixing."

In a sanitary point of view the advantages offered by this improved system, both to the operatives and the community, are very important. The former is released from excessive overwork, destructive employment, and a pernicious, confined atmosphere, for the high temperature required to induce fermentation is produced by warm water poured into a receptacle at the bottom of the machine. It likewise obviates most of those distressing diseases which are peculiar to the baker's lot, and to which we have heretofore alluded. To the latter it affords a pure, wholesome, agreeable, and economical article of consumption, which can be regarded without ceasing disgust and pity for the hard-worked and ill-paid producer. Truly and truly has a foreign writer observed,—"We have become Titans through the medium of science, which, nevertheless, has not given us bread worthy of man!"

Dr. Darghish lately invented a most ingenious and scientific mode of making bread, known as the "sifted" process. This system not only goes further still towards ameliorating the condition of the oppressed journeyman baker, but bids fair to entirely revolutionize the baking trade. It is well understood that the formation of good bread chiefly depends upon a chemical transformation of its constituent properties. Originally mankind prepared their corn by simply boiling it, and forming viscous cakes—a food anything but palatable or digestible. In course of time it was discovered that flour mixed with certain quantities of warm water and yeast produced an alcoholic and pearly fermentation, which not only destroyed its acidity, but rendered it light, wholesome, and easy of assimilation, when properly tritinated, exposed to prolonged warmth, and subsequently baked. This process of preparing the "sponge," although necessitating from eight to twelve hours' labour, continues in general usage at the present day. Dr. Darghish's system entirely removes an abstraction so formidable, and yet so unnecessary in the production of our "daily bread." It generates a steamy acid gas, by means of fermentation, imparts to the solder-hump of flour and water a vascular character, while it effects a transformation, or rather deterioration in the starchy and mechanine properties of the flour itself. By the new process, carbonic acid gas is artificially produced, then stored in an ordinary gas-holder, and finally pumped into a cylindrical-shaped tank of water. This chemically-charged water is subsequently mixed, under pressure, with the flour, when dough is produced; and after having been kneaded by the arms of the iron "mixer" from five to ten minutes, is divided into loaves, placed in shelves, and baked.

The alleged advantages of this new method of bread-making, consist, first, in the cleanliness of the process, secondly, in the rapidity with which flour and water are forced into bread; thirdly, in preserving the flour from deterioration, which it avowedly undergoes during the fermenting process; fourthly, in producing certainty and uniformity in the production of good bread, and obviating the vagaries and irregularities to which the old system is frequently liable; fifthly, in rendering the bread thus made more wholesome and digestible—it is being admitted by eminent chemists that the *débris* of the yeast is more or less constitutionally injurious; sixthly, in effecting a pecuniary saving—the cost of carbonic gas being considerably below that of yeast; and, lastly, in superintending immense economy of labour and health, while it changes bread-making from a degrading manual work, manufacturing machine-work, and transforms operative bakers from mere human over-worked drudges into intellectual and healthy labourers.

A DEFENCE OF SLANG.

[There is no false doctrine devoid of some few grains of truth; and there is no truth (without the pulse of mathematics and the exact sciences) to which some grains of exception may not be taken, or some grains of salt added. It will be seen below, that our article of last week, on "Slang as a Social Sympptom," has awakened the indignation of a vehement advocate of the constitutional freedom of speech. He is not only a free thinker on speech, but a very free speaker of his thoughts. He is certainly a little pert, and not over courteous (considering the circles in which he says he moves) to our contributor. But he is quite mistaken in supposing we should be the least likely to suppress him as too formally unanswerable. He seems in earnest about his so-called liberty of speech, and as he appeals to the People, to the People he shall go: not because we wish to "write him down" the quiescent he so modestly mentions, or mean to show off our end-of-day-platypus by his ears—but because, however wrong he may be theoretically, he has the command of a lively style, which, with a little pruning and seeding, might make him a good]

writer. He is already above the average of amateur writers; and he is so, not by virtue, but in spite of his theories; for, in practice, wherever he is good, it is simply because he is unconsciously acting on those very principles of a true and natural style of writing which our contributor insinuates upon.]

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE LONDON REVIEW."

SIR,—Though I firmly believe it is one of the greatest things a man of the world can do, to take up an unprofessional pen, and pick out the gentlemen of the press, I cannot resist the temptation of laying a shew at your editorial parlor. I labour not only under the disadvantage of being unaccustomed to brandish the tawdry pen which your journalist of all-work no doubt can turn on the thick skull of an assailant, just as easily as he can use it to chop his logic and mince his phrases fine for that meek and docile noun of number, general reader. I do not so much care about this, for I can write as I talk, and tending to that society which your slang critic implies ought to talk as he writes. We should be very sorry to err on ourselves to his standard. But just look here—if I happen to lose better fight than you expect, and your professional friend seems likely to come off only second-best, the simplest way of dealing with me is to lunge me, armed at all points, like Marcellus Curtius, into the yawning gulf of your waste-paper basket. So, my only chance of appearing in the arena of fair discussion at all, is that you should judge me an obstreperous blockhead, likely to make sport in the battue, and kindly let me put my foot in it. I merely mention these pleasant conditions under which I write, that the public may be warned to see fair play. As to you, sir, the sower you write me down an ass the better are my prospects. My hope is that you and the public may differ in opinion. And now to the point at issue! What is this slang, whose introduction into society you so much deprecate and deplore as a symptom of social degeneracy?

If slang be the general term of an uneducated and ill-formed of all forms of expression which are not already adopted and acknowledged in the classic national literature, I maintain that the erosion of slang would turn English into a dead language. Language lives from mouth to ear, not from page to eye. It is only reflected in literature. The essence of deadness in a language consists in its standard of purity being comprised within certain works already written; so that, to express any new thing you must twist an old expression, and use its warped dry withes in your new-fashioned basket, instead of cutting fresh green ones with your own whittle. We know how that system answers by the best samples of modern Latinity.

There is a great tendency to what they consider a dignified form of expression in the minds of all feeble uneducated folk who worship the Kiamom of respectability. Their highest aim is to be correct. The gentlemanlike shopman does not put a thing down in his bill, but "places the article down in his account." The ladylike lady's-maid is not helped to a little bit, but "assisted to an exceedingly small portion" of pudding. Your polite dentist does not simply make an appointment with you, but "arranges an interview." Your correct Member of Parliament, instead of coming roundly out with his sentiments, is still "free to confound," even after the stupid old phrase has been a hanging-stock for years. Your Abolitionist literary gent, who no doubt is proud of being able to write and talk in his correct style, is indignant with that poor dear marchioness for styling, in the simplicity of her heart, "that it was about time to cut." When she sees every of his stilted prose and company manners. I think I hear him discussing under his tree, like Jonah to the Ninevites, after his "best literary style,"—and I can imagine how completely his choice phrases were justified by the quaint contrast of that haughty expression. After all, this terrible piece of slang is but an abbreviated form of the pulchre oriental symbolism of departure, typified by providing himself with a palm-leaf wand from the handiest and wandiest copple. When the correctest of fashionable tourists say, "I shall proceed on my wanderings," he uses precisely the marchioness's figure of speech in other synonyms. He might just as well say he was "going on with his walkings-tickings."

If words that live in the people's mouth are to be accounted slang unless they have been admitted to dictionary franchise by high literary authority, before Chaucer and Dante wrote, Italian and English were not languages, but slanguages. If Shakespeare had used only the words he found already in use among previous distinguished authors, where would English be now? How many Shakespearean words were still more slang when he took them out of the people's mouth and shelved them, neck and crop, into the dictionaries?

And why should not Mr. Dickens filter the cockney sewage into literature, if he finds good literary material in it, as in those necessary channels? Did not Homer jumble all the dialects of Greece into his cantos?

The fact is, that what purists call slang, is the loose margin of the web in the stocking-loom of our language, on which the glittering needles of life are knitting fresh loops from the thread of human discourse day by day. There are pragmatic conservatives in language as well as politics, so much alarmed by reckless innovators that they would lay an embargo on constitutional progress. The vital principles of speech are clearness and freedom of expression, just as liberty and publicity are the essence of the constitution. Above all, freedom! How many good thoughts are drowned that come to the mind's surface, and cannot break the ice which has congealed on our literary languages under the frost of criticism. The pleasure of good society consists very much in this freedom. All the departments of life have their idiosyncratic technologies. But good society, which is their conglomerate cream residuum, naturally uses an eclectic *lingua franca* gathered from all those confound channels which swell the effluvia of aristocratic centralization. This is a match of high literary slang of which I should be sorry to have to write much. Indeed, in that style I could not go much further without having to eliminate certain elements of error from the æsthetic sequence by whose resolution we might elicit a final cause—an exhaustive process—a crucial test—or some similar instrument of intellectual penance with which the young-minded young ladies are accustomed to afflict their souls as a preparation for the Sabbath.

I fear, to make myself intelligible, I must say some of them over again in plain English. All trades and occupations have their slang, from the equity draughtman who conveys your real property, to the light-fingered practitioner when the heavy hand of the law pale up for appropriating your personality. The one calls your garden a "messuage," and the other your pocket-handkerchief a "cly;" and, whether you choose to stip yourself clyvent with a y, or clyvent with a wherefore, your legal and illegal practitioners alike leave you with emptier pockets than they found you.

There is scientific slang, and clerical slang, art, poetical, and sporting slang, musical slang, critical, dramatic, mathematical, logical, medical, nautical, and military; as well as the legal, parliamentary, and pocket-picking varieties already alluded to. In short, the good ship ADULT is cluttered with as many genera as Noah's ark. Good society reinforces itself with the successful men of all professions, if you except the pickpockets, whose aristocracy are, however, amply represented by the pickpockets, plagiarists, and plagiarists. Good society is itself a profession. Its final cause is amusement, its crucial test the elimination of boredom, its exhaustive process, universal smattering. And you shall note that any plodding prosaic business will amuse a man, but it takes a very distinguished, ornamental, and variegated form of idleness to keep up *en casu*. Good society amuses itself with fancy specimens from every man. They let others sweat, and smother, and grope, and work the pump to avoid drowning in the hot, damp, dark shafts where Truth, delighting in words, is only found by weary toiling. And it is natural that they should catch some of the special terrors in use among the various gangs of snatched and grimy men from whom they purchase the glittering nuggets and crystals at the pit-mouth. Good society is the world's bazaar, and its language will be as mixed as its wares are universal. Our language forms itself to our wants, and everything comes to be expressed in the shortest and easiest way.

Like all running streams, the full-flowing river of speech purifies itself as it runs. It has its puddle-ditch and foul-water tributaries; it muddies, muddies, muddies, muddies, and then falls lower, may flow upwards, it is anxious, but the drifting rubbish is gathered into eddying nooks, the puddle sinks to the bottom, the putrid gas-bubbles burst and evaporate, so that the stream keeps sweet and limpid. New words on probation are assimilated or rejected, revived archaisms swim a little way and are whirled into a corner. The clumsy refuse of inappropriate terms cannot long lodge the current of national thought; and words that are inherently coarse and unmanly are soon scattered to the winds. The English language will take care of itself as long as it runs. Dam it up in Dolla Green embankments, and it will be a smooth, silver, stagnant pool of corruption, which philosophers will find as difficult to deal with as the Serpentine. Let it bubble along in its channel rippling. The natural instinct of the Englishman is to shun artificial criticism. And the society most capable of criticism is most decided in its preference of unadvised spontaneity. A reckless abolition, indeed, giving full scope to a multifarious familiarity of expression, is the myriad-syllabled shibboleth of civilisation's brokers who hustle out all unqualified intruders from their 'change. Your logic-choppers and phras-miners run a great risk of being lamed by it; they venture within the precinct; and in confidence I would hint that this may have been the misfortune which has set your colloquial purist's critical teeth so much on edge. Let me recommend him not to find fault with his letters; but to learn to speak and write that living English which springs spontaneously to the lip, and flows freely from the pen. Let him learn to think his thought into air or on to paper, without halting for his lexicon to pick and riddle his words. Then his marchioness may cease to smother him under every green tree in what he is pleased to call the "plumage of persons of quality."

Yours truly,

NATHANIEL BARNHAM.

THE "FOURTH OF JULY" IN ENGLAND.

THE "Fourth of July" should be a festival for Englishmen as well as Americans. To those who have warm sympathies with freedom, it represents the successful termination of a great and patriotic struggle, which, in its results, has been productive of greater good to Great Britain than to the United States themselves.

To those who have some lingering idea that wrong is not wrong when perpetrated by Englishmen, this anniversary ought to appeal through the sensitive faculties of our perked-up consciences. Our country is relieved from the costly burden of a "meddling" with an unwilling state; that state is constantly setting as a financial example, in showing how thirty millions of people can be well governed for twelve millions sterling a year, instead of eighty millions; and its commerce flows into our hands to such an extent that we "grow with our growth, and strengthen with its strength." No wonder, then, that out of two hundred gentlemen connected with diplomacy, commerce, and literature, who assembled at the London Tavern, under the wing of the American Association of London, on the night of Wednesday, the 4th of July, there should have been many Englishmen who could cheerfully risk their shirts in battle on the 4th.

The decorations of the long room of the London Tavern on this occasion were emblematic of the blood-relationship, and the political union of England and America. Long flags of both countries—the Union Jack and the Stars and Stripes—spread out from the side-walls, and dropped almost to the heads of the sitters at the side-tables. At the lower end of the room, immediately over the gallery and the brass head of the City Rider, was Winterhalter's full-length portrait of Queen Victoria (sent by Her Majesty for the festival), imbedded among the flags of the two nations. The same union of one people and two countries was typified by other flags, at the head of the room, behind the chairman; and on each side of these were portraits of Washington and his wife. The white hair of the greatest patriot who ever lived, shone out from the canvas like a "dory;" and the round face of the old lady smiled upon the banquet from over the top of a dress, fashionable in its day, but which somewhat resembled a beer-barrel in ours.

The Americans, to judge by the speakers at this festival, are not in favour of long speeches, although they are an eminently sociable and talking nation.

In the ante-room, during that critical half-hour before dinner, the buzz of conversation gave place to a roar: the barriers of personal shyness and reserve were broken down, and the assembly was more French in its manners than English. At the dinner-table, a venerable general who sat next to the writer of these lines, insisted upon exchanging names without the formality of an introduction. It was a curious anecdote, and he had no less success during his short stay in England, and he had overcome a vast amount of our national coldness to strangers in consequence.

The chairman of the meeting, General Campbell, the Consul of the United States in London, was a model of after-dinner brevity. He was up and down with the rapidity of a flash, and had no thought of wading through the "toasts" in the purely English manner. He told the company while expressing thanks for the portrait of Queen Victoria which adorned the room, that Her Majesty had been asked to allow her portrait to be taken by an American artist. The request had been declined, on the ground of want of time, but permission had been given to copy any existing painting. No other remarks were made, but we thought this was scarcely polite to the artists of a great nation, and wished that the request had been graciously granted.

This want of politeness on the part of Sir C. B. Phipps was paid back by a want of politeness on the part of the Association, in giving precedence to "Yankee Doodle" and "Hail Columbia" over "God save the Queen."

When Mr. Dallas, the American minister, rose up to reply to the toast of "The Day we Celebrate," he looked, with his white hair and his old man, like one of the pilgrim fathers. He represented, in appearance, that old and sterling America which struck its roots in the wilderness; which still forms the true life-blood of the nation, and from which the half-fatalities "rondavies" and "fillin'flour" which lie, like blots, upon the surface. His speech was short, though very slowly delivered, and might have been longer, but that he happened, in closing a sentence, to mention Garibaldi. The pent-up enthusiasm of the meeting found vent at this, and was led on to fervent rebellion by the party. The chairman was overruled, the stout pompous toast-master, with his roll of paper, was dethroned, the whole of the company started upon their legs, many leaped upon chairs, glasses were waved about over heads, the experienced and not easily-excited waiters looked on in amazement, and the very vigorous brass band in attendance was ordered for once, as three champagne clinks, with "three times three" and "one additional," were given for the great protest. The meeting from this point, became almost devoted to Garibaldi and his doings.

Few speakers who stood up avoided touching upon the Italian struggle; and if the two hundred gentlemen assembled to celebrate the "Fourth of July," 1776, were that generation, as it might seem, and were of their sixty millions of English and American countrymen, it will be long before any struggles after freedom will pine for want of active sympathy and assistance, or before the two greatest foes "negroism" in the world "will be closed to the unfortunate and distressed of every nation."

Reviews of Books.

MEMOIRALS OF THOMAS HOOD.

A LABOURER, an exercise of filial affection, far superior to the oft-misnamed phrase of an "labour of love," is not to be scanned as a presumptuous, nor criticised as an ambitious publication. A daughter and a son lay the offering on their father's (and we might say their mother's) tomb; and we can hardly regret the delay of fifteen years, seeing that an earlier period must have precluded the strongly coupled enjoyment with which we can now mingle our mirth with our sorrows in reading the "Memoirals of Thomas Hood." As is the book, therefore, so may our notice of it be a laugh at a brilliant pen next door to a sigh at a touching sentiment; a smile and a tear at the same moment on the page where wit and pathos are so curiously and inseparably blended.

A dedication and preface lead us to the body of the work, in which the matters they indicate are so fully dwelt upon that they need not be specified here; and we shall merely advert to the point they raise upon the question—whether the relatives of the dead, or some literary friend, were to be the most eligible for the satisfactory discharge of a duty of this kind. It is evident that no children in their nomenclature could comprehend the thorough biography of a literary parent, whose doings were with the public, and with the world. Their knowledge and estimate must necessarily be limited to his domestic virtues and habits—his "inner private life," as the preface defines it; and for so much these "Memoirals," *par et animam*, are sufficient; but with the fame that truly belongs to the authorship of their father, the due memoirs or life remains to be hereafter written in an ample manner, more adequate to his rich deservings as a man of genius, as a lover of his kind, and as a poet inspired by the finest muses.

As the work is divided chronologically, and, after the first introductory sketch of 1799-1835, a chapter devoted to each of the several years till 1845, when the troubled drains closed, it may be as eligible to pursue a similar train in our review of these exceedingly miscellaneous recollections, which bring the man before us as he passed along his weary road, with a sweetness of temper and a patience of endurance rarely equaled under similar trials of fortune and adversity, till he has reached the point when his nature could endure no more, and he sank beneath the pressure of a few years, more heavily worn (as mind and manual toil were expended together) than those whose ill-requited daily exhaustion he pictured with so pathetic a pencil.

Born in London, in May, 1799, he was the son of Mr. Thomas Hood, a native of Scotland, and of the firm of Verner and Reed, bookbellers, in the Poultry. His father died while he was yet young, in indifferent circumstances. The best part of his education was acquired in his father's native land, whither he was sent from his apprenticeship with his uncle, Mr. Sands, an engraver, on account of ill health, and remained several years, and where his first essay in print appeared, in a Dundee newspaper. On his return to London, early in 1821, he became connected with the *London Magazine*, and was thus led to

adopt literature as a profession—an unfortunate one, as it proved to him, notwithstanding his remarkable talents, and unflinching industry under severe distractions and crushing difficulties. In May, 1824, he married Jane, the daughter of Mr. Reynolds, the head writing-master at Christ's Hospital, and sister of that John Hamilton Reynolds who, brought up as an attorney, became a literary and dramatic circles, and an author of many very clever contributions to the periodical press, and Mathews' entertainment, and a humorist hardly, if at all, inferior to any of his time. It is lamentable to have to state that a breach of friendship took place between these brothers-in-law, which could not be reconciled, and to add that the same Mr. Reynolds had refused to our authors the use of the correspondence between them before the ad quarrel to which we have reluctantly alluded.

Both cowed to write in the *London Magazine* in 1824; and with its strength and diversity of talent it is surprising that this periodical had not prospered and numbered more. They published in partnership "Lads and Addresses to Great People," which was very popular, and has long sold. It is worth mentioning that Wainwright, one of the magazine company, and perhaps the most sparkling of the set (whose later career was unhappily inglorious), almost by anticipation, most admirably characterized the genius of Hood as a "painter to the visible eye—and the inward comeliness of what the superficial deem incongruous elements!"—"Instructive living proof how close lie the fountains of laughter and tears! Then fermenting brain—oppressed, as yet, by its own riches; though melancholy mood soon to have touched thy heart with her painful (solitary) hand, yet is thy fancy never—undressed; and sparkles and crackles more from the contact,—as the man who has banqueted with the freest, and the most varied of the half-similitudes, and coherent in incoherents, which the same acute critic discovered, were speedily exhibited in "Whims and Oddities," published in 1826, and followed by a second series in 1827 and also the "Plan of the Midsummer Fancies," and two volumes of "National Tales," dedicated to Sir Walter Scott, and which were afterwards published by Mr. W. H. Lister, on the path of a bookseller, in Bond-street, before "Jack Sheppard" was conceived. In 1829, "Eugene Aram's Dream" appeared in the "Genie," an annual of which Hood was editor, and at which time he sought a sweet cottage at Wincemore Hill, where, delighting as he did in the country, he spent the next year, made very pleasant by the neighbourhood of Mr. Sill Gilchrist, a mercantile gentleman of literary taste, and where (having previously lost an infant son) his daughter was added to his felicities, in 1830, and the first of his "Comic Annals" was born; yet contemporary. Of this production he truly said, in after years (1838), "the 'Comic' is what I may truly say, and none under very peculiar circumstances, perhaps being used to it is something, though the having done it for so many years, and having first some 700 or 800 sheets, makes the birds more rare,—i.e. cuts and extracts. But somehow it always is done, and this time apparently by a special Providence." It is nevertheless to be regretted that sickness and other causes frequently led to the copy and illustration of the late, and not only enervating him with his publisher, but injuring the sale of the "Annual," which was always late in the field. "Hoods Own" was chiefly a refutation of the "Comic."

In 1834 the failure of a mercantile firm involved poor Hood in pecuniary embarrassments, from which he was never entirely extricated, and his consequent dependence on literature for subsistence he so laboriously compensated, and has himself so engrossed by ideal speculation, that he is never very competent for the world-like business which might serve to redress him from the slavery of debt and the bloodsucking of the law. To these, if the affliction of ill-health be conjoined, it is easy to perceive why no moderate or partial turn of fortune's wheel could redress the distress into which the struggling author had been plunged. No economy could enable him to meet the expense of later legal differences with another publisher (who figures so largely in these pages under the initial of B—); and the fever which preyed upon his heart was indeed but too subtle and overbearing an ally to the physical malady which laid him in his early grave. He sought refuge and a quiet refuge to pursue his vocation in Coleridge, whither, in 1835, he transported his family, now increased by an infant son, the second Tom Hood of our present day, and with much in him to remind us forcibly of his illustrious father. This period was brightened by a foreign friendship formed with a Lieutenant De Franck, in which they met, and with whom he took an interesting and useful relation. His home friendship with Dr. William Elliot, of Strausfeld-le-Bow, whose medical skill unquestionably prolonged the life which his constant, warm, and genuine attachment, from the beginning to the end (occasionally seconded by the affectionate attention of his wife and domestic circle), sustained and cheered him on. We are not sleeping on the laurels of his life, and we are not, in a single instance—that to no other class than their fellow-men whatever are the author, the artist, the aspiring in every intellectual occupation, and the ingenious in every branch of invention or improvement, so deeply indebted as to the feeling and liberality almost generally extended to their sufferings by the professors of medicine.

Hood's letters from Coleridge afford lively descriptions of the Rhinevald population, their customs, manners, cockery, amusements, and, above all, their petty rogues and universal universal imposition upon the English who visit or sojourn among them. He wrote and published a book, "Up the Rhine," in which these letters were largely included; but an interesting and useful relation. His health fell under German discipline, and when an artist, Mr. Lewis was summoned to paint his portrait, he, as usual, plays fancifully on the occasion: "He will have a nice grizzled head to exhibit! What! that pale, thin, long face the Comic? Zounds! I must gunnison him, and get some friend to sit for me." On the national complaint, he writes, "Oh! my dear friend! I blessed everything that came down to their lips. They have the worst of the French character without the best of the German. . . . I have not learned smoking yet; but hated it worse than ever, since I see its effects on the mind and person. . . . It is not pleasant, nor even a pecuniary trifle, to pay from twenty to thirty per cent. over the value of ill health, on an Englishman—and you cannot avoid it; but it is still more vexatious to the spirits and offensive to the mind to be everlastingly engaged in such petty warfare, for the defence of your pocket, and equally revolting to the soul to be unable to repose confidence on the word or honesty of any human being around you. In aggravation, I am persuaded that the English are no favourites with the natives." Whether the increased

* * * * * "Memoirals of Thomas Hood." Collected, Arranged, and Edited by his Daughter, with a Preface and Notes by her Son. Illustrated with Engravings from her own Sketches. Two vols., 12mo. London: E. Moxon & Co.

intercourse of twenty years has altered this state of things, and the continent has ceased to have its two tariffs of price, the highest being, as an especial compliment, in honour of the English, we leave for "Murray's Handbooks," and recent travellers to declare; but the main circumstance which ultimately drove Hood from Coblenz to Ostend (May, 1838), was the difficulty of carrying on his needful London correspondence without ruinous delays and obstacles to trying even for his philosophy. The interchange of missives, packets, or letters, between England and Germany then, was more tedious and uncertain than it is now between England and India or Australia.

After about a couple of years at Ostend, with fluctuating health, and elasticity of temperament broken by a most unsatisfactory conclusion of his connection with Mr. B—, saddling him with one suit at Common Law and another in Chancery, he finally came back to his native land, settled for awhile at Canterbury, moved thence to the Regent's park, and in the new *Sparring Magazine*, contributed to the *New Monthly*—*"Miss Khivanaga"* being one of his papers,—because its editor on the death of Theodore Hook, differed with Mr. Colburn, and resigned,—published the immortal "Song of the Shirt," in *Punch*,—started *Hood's Magazine*,—and died in harness, emancipated to a shadow, and leaving his utmost to nearly the last syllable recorded time upon his deathbed. Nor was that deathbed without many consolations. Some friends evinced their sympathies by every kindness and service in their power. Mr. Ward did his work at the *Magazine*; Dr. Elliot made a willing sacrifice of his valuable time between Stratford and Regent's park, long after hope was gone. His own family, full of love, not his tenderness with an affection not to be exceeded,—a fond and devoted wife, with whom his chequered career had been passed in rich and uninterrupted harmony, and who, within a few months, followed him to the grave, and children who had been his delight in the midst of all his sore trials, attended his painful couch, watching with precise change, and weeping to see that in this world neither useful toil, nor filial duty, nor conjugal love, could avail to avert the desolateness that awaited them.

Moved by Lord Ellesmere, Lord Wharfedale, Mr. Monckton Milnes, and other powerful interests, Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, had in the preceding month of December, in a gratifying manner, granted him a pension (sadly inadequate) for a year; but he died in May. Also! this scanty succour was late—too late. As in the cases of Haydon and Maginn, that aid which a few years sooner might have supplied them with requisite comfort, and supported their wasting energies, fell upon the dull cold ear of death, or seemed but to throw a transient gleam upon their parting hour.

In the course of the narrative before us, there is frequently a good deal said in proof of Hood's Christian faith and unaffected piety. This, perhaps, was needless, as a very erroneous opinion has prevailed in many quarters that his principles inclined to infidelity, and that he made a mockery of religion. It was not so. Hypocrites and impostors were his abhorrence, and like the Scottish Burns, he lashed the pretenders with an unsparring scourge. His dying voice gave the lie to the slander, and we can bear witness, not only to the truths brought forward on this delicate subject, but adduce a contemporaneous incident (not related in the *"Memorials"*) to show how anxiously he dreaded even the possibility of scandal. A very young and very beautiful female relation mentioned as having been deranged through financial troubles, but partially restored to a more sober, but still vehement and excited condition of mind, insisted on disturbing the invalid's later moments by the intrusion of strong sectarian disputes for the expression of sentiments and belief in doctrines altogether alien to his habits and his views. After several visits, this persecution became intolerable, and he begged of a friend to free him from the annoyance, on the special ground that, in some paroxysm of delirium or prostration, he might extract from him insensate words which, being carried away and reported to her spiritual directors, would contradict everything he had written, defeat the consistency of the extracts he had exhibited him saying as a vacillating and narrow-minded bigot, who had ever been a diabolic and calm believer. The friend commenced with Mrs. Hood, and the grievous plague was never again permitted to vex the firm though sinking spirit. His last words, clapping his wife's hand, were—"Remember, Jane, I forgive all—all, as I hope to be forgiven! He lay for some time peacefully, but breathing slowly and with difficulty, when she, bending over him, heard him utter faintly,—"O Lord; say, 'Arie, take up thy cross, and follow me'—I—dying, Christ." Assuredly he made a good ending, and such as became a true Christian.

THE LIFE OF GARIBALDI.*

A LIFE of Garibaldi, written by himself, and edited, with a predatory sketch of Italian history, and interstitial links of narrative, by Alexander Dumas, presents attractive material for a title-page. A vague affinity exists between the general and the writer of historic, metaphysical, and melodramatic romances. No two men in the world are absolutely more unlike in character—the one being essentially true and real, and the other meretricious and fantastical. Yet some ingredients, which equally colour their opposite careers, may be traced in both. There is a Garibaldi element in Dumas, which makes a dash of guerrilla fever his way. He is to be forgiven, for he was the soldier of fortune to the legitimate wars of princes. He executes the most eccentric movements, abhors repose, and if he has not got regular employment, his restless genius is sure to make it out of the most unpromising opportunities, if none better are to be had. He has, like Garibaldi, his *Le Pisto*, his *Salto Santo Antonio*, his *Rome*, and his *Palermo*. At one time we hear of him in Algeria, at another he appears suddenly in the Sicilian waters. He carries a roving commission in the service of that descriptive literature of which he is so famous a master; and when he ceases to illuminate one hemisphere, we may confidently calculate upon his turning up in another. When last we had tidings of him he was plotting sudden changes of pincery in one of the law courts; which exploit was rapidly followed up by the production of a five-act drama at the Vaudeville. He now comes out, by a fresh revolution of the wheel, as master of the ceremony to Garibaldi.

He does not do much in *this rôle*, but what little he does do is characteristic. The contrast and the sympathy between the two men are indicated

by unmitigated touches. The modesty with which Garibaldi speaks of himself is felicitously opposed to the bursts of admiration with which he is spoken of by Alexander. But as this modesty is not incompatible with fervour, neither is Alexander's enthusiasm incompatible with fidelity. A contemporary may be allowed to indulge in raptures which are denied to posterity; and we who live in the same age with Garibaldi can readily comprehend how difficult it is to write soberly concerning him in the presence, and under the actual influence, of his heroic deeds.

On the 22nd of July, Garibaldi will be five-and-thirty years of age. He has lived a series of Chronicles, such as Froissart would have gloried in compiling, during those years. Born at Nice, by a strange coincidence, in the very chamber in which Massena was born, his first taste of true Italian sentiment was upon a voyage he made to Rome with his father, and thence to Alexandria, the capital of his country, with Felletti. Rome, he tells us, was increased in subsequent times by distance and exile. "Often, very often," he exclaims, "from the other side of the world, at 3,000 leagues from her, have I implored the All-Powerful to allow me to see her again. In short, Rome was for me Italy, because I only view in the re-union of her scattered members, and that Rome is for me the single and unique basis of Italian unity." The autobiography which this *Giuseppe* with Roman ends with it, but under very different circumstances. In the intervening time, Garibaldi, compromised in the Revolution of 1848, has taken service under the Republic of Rio Grande, has fought in the Brazil, passed through the most romantic enterprises—not the least remarkable of which is his marriage, returned to Europe, re-appeared in Lombardy, rescued his ancient ally, with Mazzini, beaten the Neapolitans on their own ground, and entered Rome in triumph. This grand incident in his career took place on the 24th May, 1849. All the world knows what followed: with what discretion and courage the town was held, what admirable administrative measures were adopted, and how noble the sacrifice of the defence of the city, and the execution of the responsible task they had undertaken. But a moment came when human efforts were mere waste and prodigal outlay of blood. The news of the breaking up of the democratic party in France, and the flight of some of its leaders to England, determined at a single blow the fate of Rome.

"After receiving that news (says Garibaldi), resistance was nothing but madness dreamed of, and I conceived that the Romans had much to do in the face of the world to stand in need of having recourse to despair. The collected Powers had enclosed the Roman Republic—that is to say, all the democracy of the peninsula—within the old walls of Asinara. We had nothing more to do but to break through the circle, and carry, as Seipio did, the war into Carthage. Now, our Carthage is Naples; it is there that I hope some day Despotism and I shall again meet face to face. May that day be near!"

The words are ominous of what is coming. Wonderful, too, it will be, if this noble career should be rounded off at last by the completion of Italian liberty.

The close of the Roman occupation is like the catastrophe of some mighty tragedy. A pall is drawn over the heroes by the overwhelming destiny of the scene. The siege had been carried on with indefatigable energy, and not without some perfidies, by the French; and at last, a practicable breach having been effected, the firing of cannon at two o'clock in the morning announced the close of the war as expected. Garibaldi, at the critical moment, and placing himself at the head of his men, sword in hand, threw himself upon the French, singing the popular hymn of Italy. He despaired of the future, and sought only death. For a whole hour he fought through the thick of the enemy, and, marvellous to relate, in the midst of that desperate hand-to-hand struggle, he never received a single wound. He had lost blood. Every person immediately around him was slain, and he must have fallen had he continued in the sanguinary *mitte*. But a message came from the Assembly, summoning him to the Capitol. This providential message saved his life. Mazzini had already put the Assembly in possession of their position, and pointed out the only three courses that were open: to treat with the French, to defend the city, barricade by barricade, or to withdraw.

"When I appeared at the door of the chamber (says Garibaldi), all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me, and upon myself, to see what it was that awakened their enthusiasm. I was covered with blood; my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts; my naked was so wet with striking, that it was not more than half in the slough. They cried, 'To the tribune! to the tribune!' and I mounted it. I was interrogated on all sides."

He proposed to take from Rome all the volunteer army that was willing to follow. "Where we shall be," he exclaimed, "Rome shall be!" The Assembly rejected his proposal, and he withdrew in discontent to his defence. On the 2nd July, Garibaldi assembled the troops, and announcing his determination to quit Rome, and to carry into the provinces the revolt against the Austrians, the King of Naples, and Pius IX., inviting all to follow him who were willing to share his enterprise. He told them he had nothing to give them, but that they were to have no pay, no food, no shelter, when they could find any. Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse ranged themselves round him—two-thirds of the whole force. His wife, dressed as a man, was one of the first at his side. "Towards evening," he concludes, "we quitted Rome by the Tivoli Gate; my heart was as dead. The last news I heard was that Mazzini was king of Rome."

The termination of melancholy enough, but the brightest page remains yet to be added to this remarkable autobiography, when Garibaldi records the events of the last war, the redemption of Sicily, and may we hope—the emancipation of Naples.

THE MAN AND THE HORSE.*

THERE are some things in the knowledge and culture of which the world has retrograded. The horse is one of them. Who can believe that the war-horse of Ismail, or the "breeding jennet" of Shakespeare were considered in times when horses were ill-used, and that the affectionate sympathy to equine blood and beauty with which the poems and romances of the middle ages abound were mere strokes of fancy? There must have been a truer estimation of the nature and value of horses in the old days, when the horse

* Garibaldi: an Autobiography. Edited by Alexander Dumas, Translated by William Bown. London: Routledge, Wans, and Routledge.

and his rider were friends and companions, and shared in common the dangers and triumphs of adventurous career, there exists in our degenerate and ruler age, where the companionship is exchanged for servitude on the one hand and tyranny on the other. The amount of ignorance, and, we are sorry to add, brutality, that exists amongst us, from the highest to the lowest, on the subject of horses, is incredible. We have made some enquiries out of this barbarous and ignorant class, but they are slow of conversion, and, so far as the bulk of the people who have to do with horses are concerned, we are as benighted as ever, with an accession of increased obstinacy, arising from instinctive resistance to innovation. The cabmen denounce the new doctrine of substituting gentleness for violence as an impudent imposition; and there is not an omnibus-drawl or a wagoner's boy that can't produce a chap who knows a hundred times better about horses than Mr. Ray.

This is the kind of mental sottishness which requires to be cured in England; and we know of no better way of effecting the desired end than by the publication of such useful and enlightened books as the volume before us. Establishments like those of Mr. Ray are always open to suspicions which the vulgar mind takes advantage of as an excuse for scepticism. There may be collusion or trickery in a hundred shapes, and although Mr. Ray has repeated his experiments under such a variety of conditions as to establish beyond controversy the merits of his system, he has gained but few converts amongst that large class whose delinquency he has laid bare. Now, a book is not exposed to doubts or innuendoes. It is true or false upon its own showing. Its demonstrations do not depend upon individual address, or the aid of confederacy. It stands or falls by theories which every practical man can test for himself. Mr. Mayhew's work comes strictly within this description. It describes with great clearness, and in ample detail, all the diseases to which the horse is subject. The knowledge of this important fact enters fully into the proper curative process. But this is only the medical side of the work. It has a moral side also: it is an earnest, and, in some respects, almost a pathetic protest against the savage severity and culpable neglect with which horses are commonly treated in England, and it supplies the best of all possible arguments for a more humane and popular kindness and thoughtful care are more economical than cruelty and indifference. The literary merits of the book are considerably above the average of medical publications; and although the delineation of horse disorders is not the most agreeable subject to contemplate, the skill with which Mr. Mayhew has accomplished his task imparts to it a high degree of popular interest. The utility of the volume is increased by a profusion of illustrations from the pencil of the author.

We are glad to find Mr. Mayhew lending testimony, out of his ample professional experience, to a fact which we believe to be the key to the whole inquiry into the natural character of the horse. The knowledge of this important fact is the first step towards a knowledge of the right method of treatment in health and disease. To timidity may be referred most of those nervous demonstrations which ignorant groom and rough-driver ascribe to vice and bad temper. The horse is naturally affectionate and impressionable. It soon learns to take the voice of a kind owner as a signal for obedience, and to regard the whip and dole as a dog. But instead of endeavoring to quiet its alarms, we alarm it still more. This proceeding is palpably illogical; and it is astonishing how illogical we are in such matters, and how irrationally we persevere against the admonitions of experience. When a horse runs away, in a fright, we seek it with a whip, and we shout "go on," and "go on," and "go on," which means "stop!" The two actions are not only inconsistent in themselves, but are continually calculated to increase the terror and perplexity of the animal. Instead of adopting these methods, it is obvious we should adopt the very contrary. Don't pull the rein: speak to your horse unassumingly and cheerfully; repeat your words in the same encouraging tone of voice; till it begins to listen and slacken its pace; then touch the reins gently, and you have it completely under control.

The same system pursues us throughout. It is the custom to beat horses for the slightest false step, and even for weakness of limb, instead of encouraging and supporting them. The animal, writhing under the lash, gets frightened, loses its self-command, and trips; for which the judicious rider or driver lashes it again. He makes it stumble, and then beats it for stumbling; as the Irishman in the song knocks a man down, and then kicks him for falling. All our fashionable means and appliances are equally at variance with humanity and common sense. To obtain a good croak, an arched nose, a head borne proudly in the air, the leading-rein is broken into its requisition; the horse is put to agony; his pace is rapid, his action high, he cannot see the ground, and he comes to the earth with violence, shattering the skin of the knee, and the structures beneath. The snaffle, or bit, is indispensable to produce that startling effect with which a man of fashion dashes up to a door, and stops short, as if the horse had been called to fall in with the full column. This is the true spanking style, which dazzles the eyes of the spectators as much as it gratifies the pride of the character. See what it costs in pain and cruelty. The horse pulled up suddenly is thrown on his haunches, the girths are wound by the violent pressure, frequently the jaw is injured, sometimes broken, sloughing areas on the mouth and gill level, the portion of bone must be cut off. Not one of the imbeciles we use to quicken the pace of horses, or to give them a fine high-lifted town air, but may be described as an implement of torture and destruction. By the bit, the "cruel bit," as Mr. Mayhew calls it, the jaw is often broken; by the snaffle girth and horse are injured; and in the most cruel manner the horse is put to pain and distress which end in disease. It is very surprising, under such circumstances, that a large majority of horses should perish before they are eight years old, and that many of them are distorted by ill-usage before the growth of the body has been fully developed.

The treatment of horses by the fellows who are generally collected about men, opens a chapter in which we trace the worst traits of cunning, ignorance, and superstition. To make a horse look at the least possible expenditure of their own labour is the main study of their lives. Hence they cultivate the lowest forms of empiricism. They delight in the locust-pod of medical ignorance. Myriads of cures have the fascination of spells in their eyes. They have great faith in charms, especially in the use of herbs, which are strong. Arsenic, vitriol, and nitre, are in high repute; raw eggs, forced into the esophagus, is a favourite recipe; raw tobacco is in much request; but, says Mr. Mayhew, "the ashes of the weed, collected and wrapped in several papers, are much more esteemed in the generality of stables." There

are other remedies forced by these fellows down the throat of the horse which our shoulders to think of, and which cannot be recorded here. Nor is the evil limited to the administration of these terrible specifics. When any of them stick in the throat, the butt-end of a loaded whip is employed to force it down, and used with increasing violence till all impediments are removed. In obtaining this desired result the gullet is ruptured, food finds entrance into blood, and death ensues. To reason with the author of a calamity of this kind, who has proceeded *accusatus carere*, and who, in the face of a thousand examples, would do the same thing again and again, would be perfectly useless. "Of all persons living," observes Mr. Mayhew, whose authority upon this point is of weight, "grooms are the most prejudicial to the health and comfort."

In the country, the cloas to whose care horses are entrusted, although they may not pretend to the same amount of refinement as the town gentry, do not yield a jot to them in stupid barbarity. It is a common custom with country carters and drivers to throw provender over their horses on Saturday night, and then locking the door to take their rest on Sunday, leaving the animal to do the same. They even erect this material device between their situation and that of the horse—that they are all the time in the open air, while the horse is shut up in a close and fetid atmosphere, with a supply of food which becomes contaminated by being constantly breathed upon. On Monday morning the driver revisits the stable, and the poor animal licks up in evident pain, its coat starting out, the expression of its eyes dull, its drooping mouth heavy, and its food for the most part untasted. The bawny carter, who has enjoyed a day of idleness and a good night's rest, stares with wonder, and can't make out a bit how this extraordinary change has taken place. But it is easily explained. The horses, worn out by the labour of the day, was unable to eat, from fatigue and pain, and was suffering the horrors of insupportable thirst. The disease called water-farcy, one of the many offsprings of debility, had consequently set in. Such cases may be classed under the combined heads of gross ignorance and culpable neglect. The following verse, which is in the words of the author as a picture from the life, belongs to much the same category:—

"In agricultural districts, the veterinarian is frequently knocked up at night by a messenger, who announces 'Farmer Hodge's horse be a-dying.' The farmer may live several miles off in the country, and the reluctant sleeper hurries on his chaise, to obey the implied summons."

"In due time the poor roach Farmer Hodge's homestead. It needs no notice to point out the stable. The sound of laborious breathing effectively notifies it. The practitioner upon entering the place is horrified to find himself with no better company than a horse and a rapidly sinking animal. The veterinarian, however, after assistance. The horse-doctor cannot help giving voice to his requirements. The lad, hearing this, says hastily, he will fetch something very soon; leaps up the ladder, and vanishes into the darkness."

In Mistaken, and in a corner, the horse is left. The divisions of the hour are struck by the village church, and still no sound of returning step. The animal becomes worse and worse. In its disabled state it fears to lie down, as that position impedes the breathing. In its efforts to stand it reels about, now falling on one side and now on the other; yet it does not sleep. The veterinarian finds the limits of delay are passed; ten minutes more, and the quadruped will be down. He takes out his lancet. One foot from the breast-bone, and as near the centre of the neck as the rocking motion of the horse or the shining light of the lantern will admit, he strikes, and the blood flows deeply into the flesh; if possible, at one cut dividing the cartilage of the trachea."

The country is distinguished not only by this kind of stolid indifference, but by a horrid brutality, which, if not peculiar to it, is seldom so actively developed elsewhere. Take the instance of prize-fighting, which is very in the service of a well-to-do farmer. The youth is possessed of the traditional cunning of his class, and young as he is, has graduated in the school of trickery and deception. He is entrusted to take home a horse, his master has just purchased at a fair, and strictly cautioned to lead it gently, which he faithfully promises to do. He is no sooner out of sight than he converts the halter into a "draw" (draw for something to chew), and clanking on the animal's back, rides him triumphantly home. The "draw" is formed by twisting the halter into the horse's mouth, and then using it as a bridle. To this bridle the boy slings himself, rolling and lurching from side to side, and thinking it high fun, as he goes along, to drag at the animal's mouth, out of that instant which is the cause of the animal's suffering. Arrived at the stable last in the stable at home, the halter is found to be saturated with blood, the animal's mouth is full of blood, and its tongue nearly cut through. Anything put into a horse's mouth produces a feeling of uneasiness, and the animal never ceases feeling and poking about it, till it gets its tongue under it, and then it begins to chew, and the dragging of the "draw" does the rest.

Beating about the head is the ordinary method adopted by common country drivers, of communicating their desires to the unfortunate animals entrusted to their charge. They seem to think that they can make a horse understand what they want, or, at all events, that they can reduce it to obedience, by punishing it severely about the head, and generally on account of things for which they are properly responsible themselves. But, as Mr. Mayhew judiciously observes, "the whip can convey no idea; the lash does not instruct the animal; beat a horse all day, and it will only be stupid at sunset." The worst of it is that the unreasoning driver beats his head, without any distinction, whether he wants the horse to stop, to go, to turn, or to perform any other service, under the influence of these contradictory orders. The greater its intelligence, and the keener its capacity for receiving instruction, the more it is puzzled by want of clearness and consistency in its master. The only inference it draws from this senseless system of beating, or rather that it is made into it by it, is to get out of it; but it never goes far from the stable, and it is "jagged" and "jagged" by the use of the reins; and thus two evils are accomplished at once—the natural timidity of the horse is heightened into confirmed nervousness, and its mouth is ruined.

The source of these accumulated cruelties and mistakes lies in the ignorance and barbarous nature of the class of people who are entrusted with the conductive review of the subject. It is a subject upon many considerations which call for a higher tone of mind, and a wider reach of education, than are to be found amongst common grooms, and helpers, and carters. Under the present system the intelligence of the animal is seldom consulted, and its timidity and affectionate disposition still more rarely thought of. Mr.

comedies—a name which seems to be rather loosely applied to plays of a mixed character—and farces. They are prepared and arranged for representation in a perfectly businesslike manner, the tragedy, or comedy, being always followed, as on our modern stage, by a farce,—not the least curious circumstance connected with these relics. The performance took place in the upper part of a house, and sufficient time was allowed between the play and the farce for the spectators to take refreshments; and as they returned the next day, we infer that when these entertainments were set up in a place they continued from day to day till the whole repertoire was exhausted, as in the old Roman drama, which, however, consisted of one long dramatic history that occupied seven or eight days in the delivery. M. Delapierre gives us an analysis of one of these pieces. It is the old story of a prince who, being born under an evil astrological prediction, is stolen away, and brought up as a foundling, to frustrate the prophecy, but who afterwards discovers the secret of his birth, and adjusts the balance of poetical justice by the proper distribution of rewards and punishments. A few specimens of these plays, and a critical account of their structure, would have been very desirable, and the omission is greatly to be deplored in a work of this nature. The interest of these pieces in an historical point of view cannot be overrated, considering that they were two centuries in advance of our English stage, which has hitherto been regarded as the first to lay the foundation of the romantic drama. The estimate of their value as literary innovations, or even as literary works, must, of course, depend upon an examination of their details, of which, at present, we know nothing. We presume, however, that they are chronicles in dialogue, rather than legitimate plays, and that they are not divided into scenes or acts. Upon this material point it is the more necessary that some light should be thrown, as the MSS. of which we have no particulars, is, doubtless, inaccessible to the English antiquary. Perhaps, after all, the most surprising feature in these pieces is, that their subjects are secular, turning upon real or imaginary historical incidents, and awakening interest wholly independent of Scriptural sources. The farces are described as very much of the same order as may now be seen at the Adelphi or the Haymarket, the imbecile being drawn down, with abundant breadth and coarseness, from the common every-day life of the people. We are probably, therefore, justified in assuming from M. Delapierre's account of these productions, that the dramatic literature of the old Flemish race must have already passed through the earlier stages of theatrical progress, and that before they arrived at plays of mere human interest, and farces reflecting contemporary life, they must have emancipated themselves from the primitive forms of the mysteries and moralities. The question is of manifest importance, and M. Delapierre would render good service in a future edition of his history by opening up the whole inquiry. That plays were acted in Flemish at the period to which these pieces are assigned is a matter which does not admit of controversy. The origin of the famous Chambers of Rhetoric, or societies associated for literary and dramatic purposes, cannot be positively ascertained, but they certainly flourished in the fourteenth century, and it is equally certain that at their festivals, which lasted several days, dramatic representations formed the most prominent attractions. The question is, what plays were acted on such occasions? and were these amongst them?

FOREIGN LITERATURE, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

IS St. Petersburg has been published lately, and for the first time, a Guide to the remarkable Public Library of the Capital of the Russian Empire.* The treasures it contains have been singularly augmented since 1848, when Baron de Korff was appointed its director, a man whose name is known to the friends of the Public Library of Warsaw, but the national building which now adorns the large square "Alexandra" was only constructed in 1851-1852. It is a curious fact that the first librarian was a French *emigré* Le Comte de Choiseul-Gouffier, well known as a traveller and by his works. This library was only opened to readers and visitors in the year 1814. The latest acquisitions of importance were the Palimpsestes and Oriental MSS. of the celebrated Professor Tischendorf of Leipzig, a collection of *incunabula* and Xylographic books of the greatest rarity, bought at Augsburg, the private library of Mr. Adelung, containing a great number of valuable MSS. on the science of languages, and lastly the collection of Oriental MSS. belonging to Prince Dolgorouky, ex-minister of Russia in Prussia.

It is not to be wondered at if Italy at present has little time to give to literature. There are actually very few publications issued in that unsettled country; nevertheless, a few of them deserve special mention. The first is "I cantici d'Italia," a short national poem, which will soon be heard from the Bremer to the Rina. It is the composition of Giovanni Prati, a well-known Tyrolense poet. As it has not yet become known in England, we will here give the first stanza.

Nostro è l'araba Italia,
Nostro di sangue è piano,
La mia spaziosa porta
D'ogni lingua è aperta.

Il coronato all'oblio
Per un seggio eretto,
Ma bello, interrato un
La grande Italia vinta.

The recent publication of the "Opere inedite de Giuseppe Giusti," the great poet and patriot, has produced some sensation in Italy (where he died a few years ago), because his voluminous correspondence with all the celebrities of that country, Grossi and Torti at Milan, the Marquis d'Azeglio at Turin, Capponi and Niccolini at Florence, prove him to have been one of the great promoters of the idea of Italian unity.

The literary world in France has been recently much astonished at a decision of the Supreme Court of Cassation of Paris, in a law-suit between M. Dupanloup and M. Roussseau. The latter accused the former of having calumniated (*diffamé*) one of his relatives who died many years ago. The Court has given a verdict against M. Dupanloup, on the plea that the law punishes all suppositions on the character of a man, even after his death.

If such a principle were received and carried out, it would become impossible to write history without incurring danger of imprisonment. If any relative, however distant, of Robespierre, Marat, St. Just, Danton, or others, should take it into his head to summon you before a court of justice for calumniating these men (*diffamer*), you would certainly be condemned, because the legal rule in France is, that in cases of this sort (*diffamation*), the accused is not allowed to make good his accusation. The only proof required

against the accused is, that the alleged fact is injurious to the character of the person in question.

This is one more *monstrosity* added to the many which exist under the French régime.

We cannot omit to notice especially a very curious work by Baron Gustave de Flotte, which has just been published in Paris, and we should like to challenge the same sort of critical examinations into the writings of some of our English editors and reviewers. The Baron exposes the extraordinary mistakes made by French authors as to facts and dates, mistakes made with an assurance and *sang froid* only equalled by the amount of ignorance displayed. We will give a few extracts from this amusing volume, well worth an English translation, and show how little reliance can be placed on the assertions of even the best contemporary French authors.

Le Rêve des deux Mondes takes the lead in these blunders; and in an article by Monsieur Babinet, a member of the Institute, "De l'Application des Mathématiques Transcendentes," he says, "In the second half of the seventeenth century, called the century of Louis XIV., when Corneille, Racine, Shakespeare, and Milton, revived the literary glory of France and England, the mathematician Fermat in France, Leibnitz in Germany, and Newton in England, gave an impulse," &c. &c. "What does the reader think of this jumble of names! Racine, Milton, and Shakespeare contemporaries! Shakespeare contemporary with Leibnitz and Newton!"

In the recent numbers of the *Revue Contemporaine* the misquotations from Mirabeau, Pascal, Montesquieu, and Madame de Sévigné are equally remarkable.

The *Correspondant* is reckoned one of the first periodicals in France; we were not prepared, therefore, to detect it imputing to Madame de Sévigné an axiom emanating from Pascal; to find Laetorius quoted instead of Petronius, Mallerbe instead of Voltaire, &c. &c.; and in these passages the mistakes evidently proceed from ignorance, and not from carelessness, although we should consider that some are as inexcusable as the other.

The historical works of Michelet, Henri Martin, Granier de Cassagnac, Villain, and many others, present a rich harvest of similar blunders.

The first writer, in his "Histoire de France," says that Louis IX. was much afflicted at the death of Alphonsus, king of Castile, whereas the French king died fourteen years before Alphonsus. He states, in another place, that Mary, daughter of Henry VIII. of England, married Louis XII. of France, while every schoolboy could tell him that she was the wife of Philip II. of Spain; he has evidently confounded her with the sister of Henry VIII., who espoused the king of France.

De Cassagnac, in his "Histoire des Classes Nobles," speaks of the sister of Francois I. and the wife of Henri IV. of France as one and the same person. Monsieur de Villain mentions the Christians of the 5th century as singing "Dieu tri, Dieu ilia, &c.," while this hymn was only composed during the Middle Ages. In mentioning a hymn of the poet Prudentius in the following metre,—

Not as insouper et melle
Confus mendi et turbide

Lex intrat, alibi pulvis,
Christus venit, dactylus—

Villain asserts again, that it is written in one of the most elegant metres of Homer. But one would look in vain through all the works of the Roman poet for a metre of the sort.

Is it not surprising that so much levity and carelessness should be displayed in the writings of authors who occupy a high position in literature, and who pretend that Paris is the centre of the intellectual world? It may be so, but surely it would be difficult to find in London, in the works of authors of a similar standard as those we have mentioned, materials for a book like that of the Baron de Flotte.

* "Bévue Parisienne." Paris: Dentu. 1 vol. in 12mo. 1860.

THE RIGHT TO DISDAIN.

How shall I grin

The right to disdain?

The right to look down

With a snail-like frown

Upon sorrow and sin?

How shall I win

The right to scorn

My brother, forsooth,

Or pass him by

With repertory eyes,

As much as to say,

"Get out of the way,

"And taint me not

"With the poison spot

"That comes from thy heart, thy face, thy brow

"To me, much holier than thou!"

Were I far more bright

Than the lowliest light,

More pure than the snow

Where the glaciers grow,

And as unchafed as a little child

Dead and forgiven

And gone to heaven,

I should not grin

The right to disdain,

Or to stand apart

From my brother's heart,

Or turn my face

From a sinner's place,

Or breathe one word of hate or scorn

To the wicked wretch that e'er was born.

C. M.

* *Guide de la Bibliothèque Impériale et Publique de Saint Pétersbourg* (in French). In 12mo. St. Pétersbourg, 1860.

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OUR POLICY IN CHINA.

IF the Speaker's gallery had been filled during the debate on the China War, on Friday night, with an assemblage of mandarins, we can imagine the astonishment which would have been depicted on the countenances of those dignified personages at the opinions expressed by certain honourable members who took part in the discussion, some of whom displayed about as much knowledge of China, and the policy which it is the interest of this country to pursue there, as we might expect to find in a Chinese parliament, did such an institution exist, upon the occasion of a debate to consider the expediency of invading England. Our Celestial friends would have heard Mr. Bright express his belief that "the accumulation of a large force in China increased the temptation of the authorities there to enter into warlike proceedings;" while Sir James Elphinstone, charging Mr. Bright with being the cause of the war, expressed his opinion that, although we had 17,000 men "out there, he did not see any end to it." Colonel Sykes thought that the inevitable result of a treaty, if we got one, would be a garrison at Shanghai; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after demanding more than three millions and a half to pay the expenses of the war, gave vent to the consolatory and original remark, that "he must frankly state that the whole matter was full of uncertainty." Lord John Manners earnestly hoped that "in the prosecution of this melancholy and miserable contest, the utmost consideration might be shown for the feelings of the Chinese people;" and Mr. T. Baring put a climax to these forcible observations by the stupendous misstatement, that "the one great mistake that we have made all along in China is, that we seem to think that country is like France, or any of the other Powers of Europe, and we must force on China the same arrangements we have established with those Powers, with which we have been for a long time connected." It would indeed have perplexed those high functionaries of the Celestial Empire to hear that we had "all along" treated China like a European Power; and it would probably occur to them that if we had hitherto pursued this policy, it would be unnecessary now to insist upon a Resident Minister at Peking,—that being quite a novel and recent demand, and one which, according to Mr. Baring, does not enter into our relations with European Powers. The facts and the truth are alike directly the converse of Mr. Baring's proposition; the one great mistake that we have made "all along" in China, has been that we have dealt with it upon altogether exceptional principles. That our diplomacy there has not been governed by the same rules which govern it elsewhere, but that inasmuch—to use the words of Mr. Baring—as "trade was our object, and not diplomacy," we have submitted to every insult and indignity, for the sake of gain; in other words, that we have hitherto been guided by the very principles upon which, according to Mr. Bright, trade is to be prosecuted in those countries. That policy, which these gentlemen seem to flatter themselves is of their own conception, is the policy originally pursued by the East-India Company, when it established its factory at Canton; it has been the policy which provoked both the Chinese wars, and it is the policy which, if it were persisted in, would lead us into endless others. So long as we have local officials at the different ports dealing with local Chinese authorities whose acts may be repudiated at pleasure by the Central Government, we shall have a perpetual series of *Arrow* cases. Had there been a minister at Peking, instead of bombarding Canton, we should have put that moral pressure upon the responsible authorities at head-

quarters which would have ensured us redress; but to expect every consul at every port to get satisfaction for every insult offered to any British subject who may fancy himself aggrieved, from the local mandarin, is to perpetuate indefinitely causes of quarrel, and to keep up a constant irritation upon the edges of the Chinese ulcer, instead of cutting it out by the roots. No better evidence can possibly be afforded of the mistaken policy we have pursued "all along," than the wars in which it has involved us. We have yet to make trial of this new system of holding the Central Government responsible for the acts of its subordinates, of insisting upon our rights as an equal Power, and of announcing our determination no longer to be treated with contempt and insolence. It is true that we are open to the charge of forcing our commercial and political intercourse upon a people who do not want it. The logical course to be pursued by a Government feeling the moral iniquity of such a course, is to withdraw its consuls and fleets, and allow merchants to trade at their own risk. The effect of this would be to throw the whole trade into the hands of the Americans, who would double their fleet, and whose consuls would take British subjects under their protection. At present we fight their battles as well as our own, and the position of the British merchant in China is incomparably superior to that of the American, in consequence. We have pursued the middle course long enough: either let us abandon diplomacy in China as immoral,—in other words, leave our merchants unprotected, which is the disinterested view of Mr. Baring, who is one of them; or else let us assert the same principle here which we do elsewhere, and confine the responsibility of making war to redress grievances to the British Minister and the Cabinet at Peking, and save us these "miserable and melancholy contests," which have all arisen out of this old-fashioned policy so strongly pressed upon the Government by gentlemen so little conversant with the subject that they believe it to be their own invention. No great change was ever effected in the subsisting relations of two countries without difficulty and annoyance. The very proof of the probable efficacy of the measure now proposed—of a resident Minister at or near Peking,—is to be found in the rigorous opposition it has met with from the Chinese themselves. They know that they will now no longer be able to send secret orders from Peking to insult us at the ports, and then repudiate them with impunity. If Mr. Baillie Cochrane, who talks so tenderly of the feelings of the Chinese, had been in the habit of taking afternoon walks in the neighbourhood of Canton four years since, and had been pelted and hoisted from one end of the western suburb to the other, he would have felt the inconvenience, on applying to the local British authority, of being told that he had no power to obtain redress. The Governor-General would only laugh at his beard, unless he threatened hostilities, and the British House of Commons would impale him if he ventured upon them. The only advice given him under these circumstances would be, never to venture beyond the British factory and Hog-lane, and never to come to the Governor-General with any complaint, upon any pretext whatever. Nor are these insults the result of ill-will on the part of the country-people themselves, for unless stimulated by the authorities, the peasantry of China are the most good-natured and amiable of rustics. It is not until a pressure is absolutely brought to bear upon them by the Central Government to render them uncivil to Europeans, in pursuance of that exclusive policy in which the people do not participate, that the strangers receive the ill-treatment to which we have alluded, all which only proves the more conclusively

how necessary it is to put the saddle on the right horse, and, instead of bombarding the cities of the southeast, and venting our spleen upon wretched subordinates, knock at the door of the imperial palace in a manner not to be misunderstood by the august personage within, and let it be clearly intimated that we are determined no longer to be considered and treated as inferiors, but that a footing of perfect equality must be established, the effect of which will be not only to strengthen the hands of the Central Government in preserving order within its own dominions, but to relieve us from the possibility of those quarrels which spring from the indignation that every Englishman feels at the novel and disagreeable position in which he stands with relation to the natives of that country. So long as Englishmen are expected to demean themselves in China as inferior to Chinamen, and this Government, by not insisting upon asserting its equality, sanctions the Chinese view of their own superiority, the irritation must be incessant. The only remedy is to be found in the establishment of a resident minister at or near Peking; and the only mode by which this great concession can be wrung from the Chinese Government is by the point of the bayonet. The sum of three millions and a half may be a high price to pay for this object, and the *modus operandi* somewhat severe; but the Chinese have brought it upon themselves, and we can assure Mr. Bright that, although we think hostilities imminent, the accumulation of troops has not the effect of encouraging the Chinese to resistance, while we hope that Sir James Elphinstone may live to see the end of the war, that Colonel Sykes may not live to see a garrison at Shanghai, and that Mr. Haring will refrain for the future from talking about China until he has acquired some knowledge of the subject.

FRENCH PAMPHLETEERING.

IN a celebrated *vaudeville*, the plot of which is thoroughly French, the *jeune premier*, a dashing young man of decided character prosecutes his suit in a manner more original than would be considered acceptable in this more prosaic country. Falling in love with the lady of his affections at first sight, he unhesitatingly announces to her his intention of marrying her on the following day. The lady, outraged at this abrupt declaration, indignantly rejects his proposal; but our gay *Lothario*, undaunted by her coldness, pertinaciously presses his attentions upon the fair one, and at the expiration of twenty-four hours has succeeded in convincing her so thoroughly of the hopelessness of resistance, that she succumbs to the sustained pressure, and becomes, at last, the blushing bride of her doting admirer. The moral of the play does not seem to have been lost upon the highest personage in the country in which it has become popular, and in the policy which has been pursued by the French Government with reference to Prussia, within the last few weeks, we perceive an audacity worthy of the hero of the *vaudeville*, and which seems likely to be attended with the same happy results. Prior to that visit to Baden which imparted an unwelcome stir to the diplomatic circles of Europe, it was the fashion in France to repudiate indignantly the notion of any design on her part to acquire the Rhine Provinces; indeed, it was only upon the occasion of the annexation of Savoy and Nice, that the question of "natural frontiers" was mooted at all. The meeting of German sovereigns at Baden, however, was preceded by a pamphlet, the burden of which was "German Unity," and the moral a "Compensation."—This compensation to take the form of the Rhenish Provinces, to be presented by the Germans themselves, of their own free consent, to their disinterested neighbour. His Imperial Majesty seems to think that by constantly impressing upon the states interested that they must make this sacrifice to French ambition, they will, at last, become reconciled to the "Napoleonic idea" themselves, like the persecuted young lady in the *vaudeville*, to their inevitable destiny. Meantime, these unhappy victims of impending spoliation are in the unfortunate predicament of being compelled to listen helplessly to the discussion of the time and the mode in which the process is to take place by which they are to be deprived of their lawful property. It has become the fashion to find plausible pretexes, which shall, at the same time, embody a cherished idea, and extend an "unnatural boundary." German Unity and the Rhenish Frontier have become convertible terms; and we really do not see any limit to the more ample development of that policy so happily inaugurated by the acquisition of a large section of the kingdom of Sardinia. French aggression has been reduced to a formula which will become more simple the oftener it is repeated. First observe in what direction it is desirable that the frontier should be extended; then implant in the neighbouring nation the idea of unity or independence, as the case may be; then discover that, in consequence of its increase of population or of power, a compensation is necessary, accord to the young Power struggling to preserve the new order of things a gracious protection in return for an extensive slice of territory of which it is to be deprived, subsidize the entire press to advocate the transference of the coveted territory to France, deluge the country itself with police agents, secure the co-operation of the Government to which it still appears to second your efforts; and when the arrangements are completed, and the people themselves thoroughly intimidated, bring into operation the

glorious and enlightened institution of Universal Suffrage, and obtain a unanimous vote in favour of that great military empire to which any small outlying province of a neighbouring state should be proud to belong. The characteristic feature of this policy is its singular audacity. To plot in secret, to conspire at Pombrières or elsewhere, to lay trains underground, into which, at a given moment, the fatal spark may be cast which is to blow up an empire, is a course of procedure which, considering the antecedents of our "august ally," would not surprise us; but to discuss deliberately in the press, and with official sanction, the propriety of appropriating the territory of a neighbouring state, is an outrage upon the moral sense of Europe, which, if practised with impunity, may lead to the most disastrous results. The object of pamphlets, such as that recently written by M. About, is to familiarize not merely the French mind, but the public of the country to be annexed, with an idea which, if too suddenly thrust upon them, would shock and disgust, but which, persistently and boldly advocated, prepares them for that final process which is the ultimate resort of French diplomacy.

Whether in the present temper of the German mind this attempt is likely to produce the effect desired is highly problematical. Doubtless there are many conflicting interests in Germany, which, in the absence of any pressure from without, may operate as discordant elements, and encourage intriguing politicians to hope that by bringing them into contact, an opening for friendly council and advice, to interpose and harmonize, may be afforded. It has been the policy to excite for the purpose of soothing, and by stimulating internal irritation to create the necessity for external sympathy. There is, however, a common sentiment in Germany far more powerful than any local jealousies or animosities, which will unite it as a common memory is awakened among the populations. The public suspicion has been roused by the Baden episode, and by the altered tone of the French and part of the German press, with reference to Rhenish annexation. The idea of 1813 is once more becoming predominant throughout Germany. What we are doing now in England with our Volunteers, Germany, led by Prussia, did then,—the *Freischutz* of those days are world-famous; the *Jeune d'Arc* of Germany was Queen Louise, called by her own countrymen, "the most German of all women." The movement which is taking place throughout Germany, in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of her death, is strikingly symptomatic of the unity of sentiment which is ever evoked with the name of "Fatherland," and which can never be extinguished by French pamphlets. On the 19th of this month a funeral *fête* was to have been held, in honour of this illustrious queen, throughout Prussia, and it was proposed that the commemoration should not be confined to Prussia alone, but that all Germany should unite, at the present crisis, to pronounce, by an emphatic demonstration, in favour of a common policy, the text of which should be the memorable words of Queen Louise herself, during that crisis which is but the forecast of the one now impending.—"Only resistance to the death can save us." We do not fear for unity of sentiment on the part of the people of the different states of Germany so much as on the part of their rulers. It is natural that they should be actuated by a variety of motives, some unworthy, and that they should be therefore amenable to corrupt influences. Any attempt at revolutionizing Germany must end in failure, and herein consists the difficulty of applying that policy which was so successful in Italy to Germany. With the princes, however, something in the way of a re-arrangement of states might be effected, which should bring about, by the advantages held out in certain directions, a coalition in favour of France, and secure to that empire, in return for the benefits thus rendered, the compensation she desires.

The security against any such combination on the part of the German potentates is, first, the unpopularity which a policy of this nature would entail upon the rulers themselves; secondly, the traditions of a common fatherland, which the wars of the first Napoleon only served to rivet more deeply in the breasts of its inhabitants; and thirdly, the increasing cordiality of the relations between Austria and Prussia, both of which leading states are determined to adhere to that German policy, the necessity and importance of which supersede all minor questions of difference between them, and impart into their respective councils that unity of sentiment in which must consist their strength.

In the pamphlet to which we have alluded, and in the free discussions of the question to be found in the French press, we perceive the first indications of the approaching crisis, and we can only express our earnest hope, that when the hour of her extremity arrives, Germany will be found true to herself, and prove by a united policy and determined attitude, that the patriotic fire of her sons has not yet become extinguished, but is only waiting to be kindled by a common danger into a generous and ardent flame.

FINANCIAL OPIUM EATING.

EVERY one remembers the month of February, and the flowing periods of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech, on introducing what was supposed to be "The Budget" of the year. And a bold Budget it was. It revealed a deficiency, to begin with, of no less

than nine millions and a half sterling; but this astounding deficiency, like much else in Mr. Gladstone's oratorical display, was merely hypothetical; and had the income tax of 7d. in the pound, to which the country was accustomed, only been allowed to go on, the real deficit that the Budget revealed was only about two millions. The 3d. which has been added to the income tax, making it 10d. in the pound, would have thus covered the deficiency, and left a million surplus besides; so that the Ways and Means of the year—including the China War (for we are now speaking of what "The Budget" ought to have been), might have been entirely provided for by the aid of the slight increase in the spirit duties now sanctioned, without borrowing a penny from the Exchequer balances.

This might have been. With a prudent Chancellor of the Exchequer, we doubt not it would have been *THE* Budget; and the luxury of French wines and a French treaty might have been well deferred, till our naval and military expenditure would bear reduction, and the *entente cordiale* had become a reality. In that case, also, the *entente cordiale* would have been maintained between the two Houses of Parliament, an evil precedent would not have been established, and (shall we add) greater harmony would have reigned in the Cabinet.

These are scarcely days for the country to indulge in expensive luxuries. With a military and naval expenditure of thirty-five millions, in addition to the sums about to be borrowed for fortifications, we cannot afford to part with hard cash for the luxury of French wine and *bon-bons*; and especially we cannot afford that most expensive of all luxuries, an imaginative Chancellor of the Exchequer, who becomes inflated with figures, but founds his Budgets upon figures of oratory.

We have seen what might have been an ample and simple provision for the year. Let us now see what Mr. Gladstone placed before us in February instead, as the financial *précis de ressource*, or Budget, and again warned up for us on Monday last, as a sort of financial hook. We need not say that such *richesses* are not liked in England. They are badly flavoured, generally lukewarm, and very often smoky; and so was Mr. Gladstone's speech. No more like his brilliant eloquence in February than the dazzling visions of the opium-eater at night are like the horrors of the following morning!

Our financial "opium-eater" thus unfolded his figurative dream:—"There is a deficiency of about two millions. (He inhales the entrancing weed.) The income tax of 7d. in the pound evaporates in April: a deficit, dark and cloudy, then appears, of nine millions and a half! (Another puff.) The House becomes excited. (Another long puff.) Four millions more vanish from the Customs and Excise,—the clouded space enlarges to thirteen millions and a half! (This is the climax.) The House holds its breath. He withdraws his pipe from his mouth, and flourishes it like a wand. The old half-million disappears, puffing off with a windfall from Spain—an old debt not properly income at all. Then a million is taken away by renewing Exchequer Bonds to that extent. Deficit reduced to twelve millions. Another million is made good by fresh duties upon stamps and packages, thus leaving eleven millions to be provided. (Again the great financier pauses—the House looks anxious—and he proceeds.) The income tax supplies about a million sterling for every 1d. in the pound levied. Eleven millions is so close upon twelve that it might almost be best at once to say let it be 1s. in the pound! (Sensation.) But, no! it shall only be 10d. (General buzz; the senators leave the House, which now breathes afresh.) And as for the remaining million or thereabouts, still to be made good, why, part of the previous figures were a little exaggerated; the *hop-growers* have had very long credit, and must be made to pay up; and the elasticity of the revenue otherwise will make up the difference! Such was Mr. Gladstone's Budget—first part—for 1860-61.

Now come the confessions of our opium-eater! On Monday last we find that he had under-estimated the expense of collecting the revenue by £200,000, and under-estimated the loss arising from the modification of the small taxes on the profits of trade by £180,000, or £400,000 in round numbers; that, in addition to the February estimate of £2,550,000 for China, another £3,800,000 is really required, making £6,350,000, which amount, however, includes £450,000 arrears expenditure of 1857, and £500,000 to be charged to 1859-60. This will leave £5,000,000 as the expenditure estimated for the present expedition—of which amount £3,300,000 was left totally unprovided! Mr. Gladstone, however, in February, expected a surplus of £464,000 on the revenue of the year ending 31st March; but £400,000 of this, from under-estimates, as before stated, disappeared, leaving £64,000 only available for this additional China expenditures, if Mr. Gladstone had had his own way!

Now come his windfalls. The loss upon the paper duty, as originally proposed to be given up by Mr. Gladstone, would have been £1,000,000, but the House of Commons, by altering his bill and deferring the proposed repeal till 5th August, added £200,000 to the £64,000 above stated; and when the House of Lords rejected the bill altogether, another £800,000 should have remained available as Ways and Means. But, unfortunately, there will be a loss of no less than £100,000, on the paper duty, arising from its being tampered with,

reducing the additional gain to the exchequer to £700,000, or £900,000 altogether for paper duty; and thus Mr. Gladstone has unexpected funds to the extent of £964,000, which leaves £2,336,000 unprovided. Of this, £1,050,000 is to be raised by increased duties on spirits, and the balance of £1,286,000 is simply to be borrowed from the exchequer balances!

Mr. Gladstone acknowledged that he could not tell the whole expense of the former China War, because much of the expenditure for the army and navy was charged to the ordinary votes for these services. We apprehend he has not nearly told us, for the same reason, what the present China War is really costing us. And in looking at our enormous expenditure for war purposes, we must not overlook the fact that the expense of 200,000 Volunteers, in addition to what is voted by Parliament, is patriotically borne by the middle classes. All things considered, probably forty millions per annum is an under-statement of our war expenditure; and there are the fortifications besides. That expense is not to be raised by taxation. It must therefore be borrowed. We know not what the sum will be, nor probably does Mr. Gladstone—or any one else. But it is evident that the system of "making things pleasant" for to-day may make them very unpleasant for to-morrow. But what care our statement! "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof" is their maxim. We sincerely hope that neither they nor the nation will have reason to repent having acted upon it.

WORKING-MEN AND FACTORIES.

IT has long been held of industrial enterprise carried on by capitalism that "They manage these matters better in France," This boisterous, suspicious English workman, too often engaged in wrangling with his employer, or in political agitation, cannot become, it has been said, a patient member, or a prudent manager of a joint-stock enterprise, and it is hopeless to expect here the success which some such enterprises have obtained there. We have, therefore, so much the greater pleasure in now advertising to some successful joint-stock enterprises carried on by our own workmen to a greater extent than has ever, we believe, been known in France.

The New Bacup and Wastell Co-operative Company, in Rochdale, was established under the Joint-Stock Companies' Act, and has now been twelve years in existence. It started with a capital of £20,000, in shares of £12. 10s. each, which was afterwards increased to £30,000. In addition to the premises it originally occupied, it has built and enlarged a mill, and now requires engines of 140 horsepower. The large majority of the shareholders are men who work in the factory for wages and share in the profits, without taking any other part in the management than annually to elect the managers. At the end of the half-year, last October, the dividend on the paid-up capital was 44 per cent., and since then 48 per cent. has been paid—a rate of profit more than double that of the joint-stock banks of London—the most successful commercial enterprises of modern times. This rate of profit must, however, be exceptional, and should not be readily to believe even in the occasional existence of such a rate, though stated by the Factory Commissioners, had we not previously been informed that manufacturers about Manchester have, within the last three years, sometimes made as much as 50 per cent. on the capital embarked in their business.

The "Rosedale Industrial Association," another joint-stock company in the neighbourhood of Bacup, has been in existence six years, and has a subscribed capital of £40,000, in shares of £10 each. Originally, every shareholder was an operative. It has been carried on successfully; has bought and built mills, and its security is so good that it has been enabled to borrow £4,000, to extend its operations, in small sums of £100 to £150 without granting mortgages. These companies are favourite investments for the savings of the neighbourhood. More recently, the New Church Cotton Spinning and Weaving Company has been started, and has a subscribed capital of £40,000, in £10 shares, and will employ 450 persons. The Rawtenstall Cotton Manufacturing Company has a capital of £20,000, subscribed in £5 shares. In both these companies nine-tenths of the shareholders are operatives. The Old Clough Cotton Company employs only seventy-six hands, and has an engine of only 13 horsepower; but all the shareholders are of the operative class. "A new system," says Sir John Kinneil, one of the Factory Commissioners, "of small mills and owned by operatives who work in them, receiving wages and sharing profits, has sprung up in Lancashire, which will eventually lead to important changes."

In Bury alone, £300,000 will be required to put the co-operative mills there built and building into working order. The system extends into Yorkshire, and numerous companies have been formed, with shares of from £5 to £10, composed generally of operatives. Besides taking to spinning-mills, they hire and work power-looms in weaving-sheds, employ their own families, and renew, in a measure, the domestic system of manufacture so much praised by some persons in contrast with the factory system. They cultivate, too, articles of consumption; and at Rochdale and other places, joint-stock provision companies supply the operatives with unsalutiferous articles at a

reasonable rate, and give them the profit of dealers. One of these societies, Mr. Redgrave, another commissioner, says, paid its shareholders 40 per cent. last year. Thus, throughout the great manufacturing districts of the North, the improvement of the workpeople by joint-stock enterprise, which was much desired by philanthropists, but considered to be hopeless, is taking place on a large and extending scale.

The most pleasing part of the matter is, that the very people who were considered to be the least prudent and least frugal of the working classes, are continually making great savings, and employing them in the most judicious and productive manner. They do not put their capital in the national funds, but use it actively to increase the general wealth. The dictum of an eminent judge—very useful as applied to bankers, rather than a statute, or the well-established precepts of the common law,—made every partner in every concern liable to the creditors of the partnership to the extent of his entire fortune. What the Limited Liabilities Act did then, was to restore, under certain regulations, the natural liberty of each man, abridged by that dictum, publicly to limit his own engagements in any partnership concern by his own discretion. The factory operatives have taken advantage of this restoration, and have invested their savings productively. Having liberty, they have helped themselves, and, under no compulsion, have originated one of the greatest improvements in their own condition which modern times has witnessed.

The Factory Commissioners declare that trade has seldom been so brisk, especially in the cotton and woollen departments, as now. Many new mills are building, and much machinery is standing idle for want of hands. Since Ireland has ceased to supply labour, that commodity has become scarce in the manufacturing districts, though wages are very good, and though plans are organised for attracting it from the agricultural districts. Families are invited, and youths are bound apprentices, to secure their services, and receive good wages instead of paying fees. The abolition of other restrictions has enabled the operatives to save, and so the means of saving, and a great inducement to save, supplied by these companies, prevail together. The operatives prefer their savings banks; and, yielding a high rate of interest, they seem likely to diminish the favour with which benefit societies and clubs are now regarded by the working classes. Silently, but surely, therefore, they are providing the means to effect still greater changes and greater improvements in their own condition.

It is gratifying to add, that an increase in the rate of wages has accompanied the limitation of the hours of working ordained by the Factory Act; but it should be carefully remembered by those who may use this fact as an argument for further limiting the day's work, that the increase is less the consequence of the Act itself, than of the wonderful prosperity which has followed the removal of other restrictions.

SPITEFUL PHILANTHROPY.

THE meetings of the Statistical Congress have been signalized by an incident of by no means calculated to increase the kindly feeling entertained towards England by our transatlantic cousins, while the cause of negro liberty has received another blow at the hands of one of its most ardent partisans. The slow progress which Abolitionism has made in the Southern States is doubtless owing to the want of judgment and tact which has ever characterised the conduct of those who have espoused the principle in New, as well as in Old England. The letter from the ladies of England to their sisters in America inflicted a serious injury upon the cause it was designed to serve. And now the unhappy negroes are suffering from the ill-judged advocacy of their friend Lord Brougham, who seems to consider that, to be a negro, confers a higher claim upon his friendship than to be a white man. That venerable lady took occasion, in moving a vote of thanks to Prince Albert for the able and admirable address with which his Royal Highness inaugurated the session of the Congress, to admonish the company by the irrelevant announcement pointedly addressed to the American Minister, that a negro was present. However leniently we may desire to deal with the eccentricities of old age, and in one so illustrious as Lord Brougham, there is a point beyond which the license accorded cannot be pushed with impunity; and although it is due to Lord Brougham to say that he has lost no time in making an apology, it is impossible that he can thereby destroy in the United States the effect which has been already produced. Lord Brougham's excuse that his words would have applied with equal effect to the Brazilian or Spanish Minister, to whom they were not addressed, is no satisfaction to Mr. Dallas,—to whom they were; and that gentleman will beware, for the future, how he assists at a meeting at which any spiteful philanthropist who thinks a black man better than a white one, is likely to be present.

The American Minister is well known as a member of the democratic party, or he would not have been thus singled out for the remark. Either Lord Brougham's observation was utterly pointless, or it was a deliberate insult. In either case it was utterly out of place, and calculated to produce a most unfortunate impression in America, where it will be widely quoted as a specimen of the English ill-breeding. Unfortunately, the learned persons who listened to the

unwarranted observation of the noble Lord, so far from manifesting their disapproval of it, indulged in loud cheers, which were increased by the unexpected assertion of the negro alluded to, that he was "a man." When the applause which this unusual statement elicited had subsided, the meeting broke up, apparently without any consciousness being exhibited on the part of the members of any want of courtesy on their part; and Lord Brougham was encouraged by the success which attended his exploit, to renew the subject in the House of Lords on the following night, by calling the attention of the House to the fact that negroes were refused first-class passages in the Cunard line of steamers. The answer which Sir Samuel Cunard would make to this charge is, probably, that the greater portion of his passengers being Americans, he is compelled to study their prejudices, and those which he would find it most difficult to combat would be offered by the Abolitionists themselves. This inconsistency of the Northern Americans materially weakens their position, and Lord Brougham would further his object far more by privately urging a reformation in this respect, than by publicly insulting an American ambassador.

THE LAST AUSTRIAN TELEGRAM.

THE change which the system of government is undergoing in Austria, to which we adverted in our first number, is making more rapid progress than we could have anticipated. A telegram has just been received from Vienna, to the effect that on Thursday evening last a message was communicated to the Reichsrath, by which the Emperor has promised not to permit either the imposition of any new taxes, nor the augmentation of any of the direct taxes now existing, nor of any excise duties, nor of any stamp duties, nor the conclusion of any new loan, without the consent of the Reichsrath. The effect of this message is scarcely to be appreciated in England, nor the extent of the revolution which it must bring about in the entire system under which the Austrian Government has hitherto been conducted.

The power thus conferred upon the Council to discuss openly and freely the most important financial questions, does, in fact, constitute it a deliberative assembly, under conditions infinitely more consistent with real liberty than those which obtain in a neighbouring country; and in spite of the admiration professed by some liberal journals for the existing institutions of France, we maintain that this sacred principle is more likely ultimately to find a wholesome development under the constitutional pressure which public opinion in Austria is bringing to bear upon the Government of that empire, than under a purely military despotism; and that we are rendering a greater service to the cause of true freedom by supporting a popular movement, deliberately and systematically carried through, than by looking upon the overthrow of French liberty as quite natural and proper, and not to be complained of under the penalty of denunciation by false pretenders to liberal principles.

THE LEBANON MASSACRES.

To the Editor of the London Review.

SIR,—As I perceive from the very amusing and clever letter of your correspondent of last week, in defence of slang, that you permit controversy in the columns of your journal, perhaps you will allow me to say a few words in defence of that much-abused and ridiculed institution, the Turkish Government, more especially as I perceive from your notice of the tragic events which have recently transpired in the remote valleys of the Lebanon, that the writer of your historical summary has adopted the popular view of the subject; and as the public of this country are invariably in a state of profound ignorance upon all subjects beyond the usual range of their observations, the popular view is as invariably wrong. As one who has had some personal experience of Turkey, both in Europe and Asia, I venture upon the following remarks, more particularly as the recent conflict between the Druses and the Maronites contains a moral which, in the present state of European politics, should not be allowed to pass disregarded. They have evoked from the public and a great portion of the press of this country an expression of feeling based upon an entirely erroneous conception of the real facts of the case, and which is calculated to force upon the Government a course of policy which, if persevered in, must inevitably ruin the cause it is designed to serve. If those unhappy Maronites who have survived the recent atrocious massacre, are sufficiently intelligent to trace to their prime source the disasters which have overtaken them, they will find it in that system of open and undisguised interference on the part of foreign Powers in the internal administration of the supreme government, which it has become the fashion to extend to other countries besides Turkey, and which must be followed by the same result—anarchy, succeeded by a foreign protectorate, either secret or avowed. If it is in the interest of this country to preserve the integrity and independence of that Power the protection of which has cost more British blood and treasure than has been spent in acquiring and retaining the Indian Empire, it is of the utmost importance that our policy should be of a nature to strengthen and not to weaken the Government we desire to support.

If the unhappy Sultan is to be constantly subjected to the external pressure of four different foreign Powers, each with a conflicting interest, and a special pet reform in accordance with that interest to be introduced into the internal

CRYSTAL PALACE—ARRANGEMENTS for WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, JULY 29th.

MONDAY: Open at Nine. Athletic Sports and Military Dragoon, postponed from last week.
TUESDAY to FRIDAY: Open at Ten. Admission, One Shilling; Children under twelve, Sixpence.
On the WEDNESDAY, GREAT DINNER to the GRENADIER GUARDS—Billion Ascent—Military Games, &c.
SATURDAY: Open at Ten. FLORAL PROMENADE CONCERT. Admission Half a Crown; Children One Shilling; Women Tenpence.
SUNDAY: Open at Half past One, to Shareholders gratuitously, by Ticket.
The Rooms are now covered with plants, and other plants in full bloom; and the ornamental beds on the terraces and slopes are brilliant with thousands of geraniums and other flowers.

SUBSCRIPTIONS for "THE LONDON REVIEW" received by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, at 105, Strand, and at all their Railway Book-stalls.

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Tuesday's Forwards, &c., on Monday Evening.

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS on the TOTAL ECLIPSE as OBSERVED in SPAIN.—On Saturday next (July 29), we hope to lay before our readers a complete report, from our Special Correspondent in Spain, containing the results of the Astronomical Observations of the Total Eclipse of the Sun, as observed in that country, with a beautifully-executed explanatory copperplate diagram.

THE LONDON REVIEW

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1860.

THE first meeting of the International Statistical Congress in England was held on Monday last, in King's College. It was attended by delegates from Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Brazil, Denmark, France, Hamburg, Hanover, Holland, Norway, Prussia, Russia, Spain, Switzerland, Turkey, the United States, New South Wales, South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, the Ionian Islands, and other United European states, and British colonies. The first of these congresses was held at Brussels in 1853; the second in Paris in 1855; the third in Vienna in 1857; and this, the fourth Congress, was fittingly presided over by the Prince Consort. The address with which his Royal Highness opened its proceedings has justly been the theme of universal approbation. Nothing can be more apt, or true, as a definition of statistics, than the Prince's description, viz., that they are "the accumulation and verification of facts, unbiased by any consideration of the ulterior use which may or can be made of them." Never was the science of statistics better defended

against the rash charge of "Pantheism," and as tending to show that man was "incapable of exercising a free choice of action, but predestined to fulfil a given task, and run a prescribed course, whether for good or for evil." Such accusations have been made. "But," asked the Prince "are they true? Is the power of God destroyed or diminished by the discovery of the fact that the earth requires 365 revolutions upon its own axis to every revolution round the sun, giving us so many days to our year; and that the moon changes thirteen times during that period; that the tide changes every six hours, and water boils at a temperature of 212 degrees, according to Fahrenheit; that the nightingale sings only in April and May; that all birds lay eggs; that 106 boys are born to every 100 girls?" Most apposite also was his further vindication of the science, when he remarked that, "our statistical science does not even say that this must be so; it only states that it has been so." The whole discourse was a masterly composition; and will not be less appreciated in this country on account of the graceful compliment paid to M. Quetelet, the first president of the Statistical Congress, "from whom," said Prince Albert, "I had the privilege, now twenty-four years ago, to receive my first instructions in the higher branches of mathematics."

But one opinion is entertained with respect to the gallant behaviour of the Volunteers in their sham fight on Saturday last, in Camden Park, Bromley. Much as they were admired for their display at the review in Hyde Park, and at Wimbledon, still there were many experienced officers, who were under the impression that in the endeavour to go through the manoeuvres of an army attacking, and of a body of soldiers compelled by an overwhelming force to retreat, they were attempting too much—that ill-conceived blunders would be perpetuated—and that even serious accidents might occur. All these fears proved groundless. The Volunteers went through their task with coolness and discretion, and though a few slight errors were committed, they were on the instant perceived and repaired. The good work is going on well all over the country; for on the same day that the Volunteers were armed in this friendly emulation at Bromley, 8,000 men were under arms at Aintree, near Liverpool, whose appearance and discipline excited not only the admiration of the inspector-general of the Volunteers, but of a vast assemblage of enthusiastic spectators.

The most important subject discussed in Parliament within the last week, was the mode in which the Government proposed to raise the expenses of the impending war with China. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, finding that a formidable armament to invade China—and not a mere empty and pompous expedition to enervate the populace of Canton and Peking—is now resolved upon as absolutely necessary for the preservation of our prestige in

the far East, has been compelled to introduce a second Budget. On Monday night he made a clear exposition of his scheme. The whole amount to be raised he estimated at £5,400,000—a sum, which, although drawn, in the first instance, from the English people, may be repaid eventually by the Chinese mandarins, who have, by their stubbornness and fatuity, caused this expenditure. We have remarked elsewhere upon Mr. Gladstone's unhappy position as a financier, as exemplified by his two Budgets, and need not, in this place, make any comments upon his failure.

Several discussions have taken place on the question of the annexation of Savoy and Nice; but nothing of importance has been elicited beyond the fact that the Government intends to adhere strictly to the principle of non-intervention, under present circumstances, although the Minister of England to the Conference will record a protest against any failure, on the part of other Powers, to recognize the just claims of Switzerland, and show clearly that the policy of England will be, should any attempt be made to make farther encroachments upon existing national frontiers, and upon the independence of a high-spirited people, for whom England feels the warmest sympathy.

On Friday last Mr. Scully called the attention of the House of Commons to the system which prevails of legislating for Ireland separately from England, and to the inconvenient hours and advanced period of the session at which Irish measures are usually submitted to Parliament. The Irish members were obliged to be in the House from seventeen to eighteen hours a day, and "were compelled to sleep on the benches, but at the risk of rolling on the floor," &c., &c. During the session there had been laid on the table of the House no less than thirty bills relating peculiarly to Ireland. Now, there was no reason why all of these should not have been amalgamated with English measures. Why should there be a tramway bill for Ireland, a tramway bill for Scotland, and a locomotive bill for England, when the subjects dealt with in all these measures were precisely the same? Lord Palmerston replied, that a fair share of the attention of the House was allotted to Irish business, and that there was no fear that Irish members would either fall asleep on the benches or die on the floor in consequence of the hour at which Irish business was brought on. "Those who were in the House till four o'clock that morning must bear witness that there was a wakefulness and vitality about the Irish members which must relieve their most anxious friends from the slightest apprehension that they were either likely to fall into a state of torpor, or to end their lives in the course of one sitting of the House, on any subject whatever." He quite agreed, he said, with Mr. Scully, that the same laws should extend, where that could be done, to the whole United Kingdom; but he denied that it was possible in the cases adverted to by Mr. Scully, to make one act apply to all the three kingdoms, or that it was possible to diminish the labours of Parliament by extending a more uniform legislation to all parts of the empire.

That something, however, must be done to diminish the amount of work forced upon the House of Commons, has become quite apparent. Why should the question not be fully discussed? On several occasions it was adverted to last week. On Tuesday last, *propos* of a Title to Land (Scottish Act), about the value and importance of which there are not two opinions, Lord Brougham made the remark that it had been hung up in the House of Commons during the whole of May, June, and part of July, and could not be advanced a stage. The whole difficulty had arisen, he said, from the proceedings of the House of Commons, "which, according to the original etymology, had become a parliamentum, a colloquium,—a house for talk and nothing but talk." At the very time that these remarks were made in the Upper House, the same subject was indirectly adverted to in the Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in opposing the second reading of Mr. Adderley's Education Bill, which also embodied principles to which there seemed to be a very general assent. The ground on which it was opposed, was not that the subject was unimportant, but that the House had not time to give it that amount of attention to which it is entitled. "It is a measure," said Mr. Gladstone, "equal in importance and extent to a measure of parliamentary reform, and it would be as completely out of the question to pass the bill at a period so late in the session, as it would be to abolish the House of Commons." "The public mind," he added, "was totally unprepared for a measure of this kind." If the public mind must be prepared for any legislative measure of importance, and if Parliament can, in the course of a session, only devote its attention to a limited number of questions, why is it that some attention is not made to weed out unprofitable discussions, and to confine the attention of Parliament exclusively to legislative questions of high importance, and to provide a separate machinery for the discussion of administrative detail?

A motion made by Mr. Newdegate in the House of Commons, the day before, to shorten the period of debate, instead of diminishing, could only, if carried, have aggravated the evil. He proposed to limit the sittings of the House to one o'clock p.m., not interrupting business which arose before that time, but preventing any new question from being taken up at a later hour. Sir George Grey, looking at the late hours to which the House had not during the preceding fortnight, had doubts if this proposal would lead to a satisfactory mode of conducting public business. Any attempt to curtail the time allotted to discussion would only postpone the period to which they were all looking forward for a release from their duties. Lord Palmerston thought the Reform Bills, not only, we presume, of this, but of the preceding sessions, were the cause of all this mischief. He could

not agree with Mr. Newdegate. "Many honourable gentlemen," he said, "would be out of their beds at an early hour of the morning, even if that motion were adopted, and he thought it would be conducive to the public interests if those honourable gentlemen spent their hours in the morning in that House instead of elsewhere. He begged to remind honourable members that—

"The best of all ways,
To lighten our days,
Was to steal a few hours from the night."

The noble Lord laughed, and the House laughed; and Mr. Newdegate was induced to withdraw his motion, without the proposal of any more satisfactory method to remedy an acknowledged and growing evil.

As another and crowning instance of the great waste of time in Parliament, it must be mentioned that the measure which, next to the Reform Bill, was the grand feat of the session—the Bankruptcy and Insolvency Bill of the Attorney-General—has been abandoned. This announcement of its fate was made on the 152nd clause; that is, when there remained 302 clauses to be discussed. We last week compared Sir R. Bethel to Hercules, for undertaking, during this session, to clear out the Augean stable of bankruptcy and insolvency. We fear, however, that his present failure will cause him to be likened to Sisyphus, working at his "non expugnabile saxum," engaged in a toilsome task, which he is doomed never to bring to a conclusion.

Public feeling has manifested itself strongly during the week in various parts of the country with reference to the late aggression of the House of Lords on the privileges of the Commons. There have been meetings at Northampton, Stourport, Bristol, and other places. The subject was brought under the notice of the House of Commons by Lord Ferny, M.P. for Marylebone, who proposed, on Wednesday, a resolution to the effect that the rejection of the Paper Duties by the Lords was an encroachment on the rights and privileges of the Commons, and that it was therefore incumbent on the House to adopt a practical measure for their vindication. This motion was opposed by Lord Palmerston and Mr. Gladstone, on the ground that it was merely a repetition of resolutions already unanimously adopted, and that no "injunctive measure" was suggested. Upon a division "the previous question," moved by Lord Palmerston, was adopted; 177 members, most of whom were Conservatives, voting with the Prime Minister, and 136 with Lord Ferny.

The *Great Eastern* has safely made her first voyage to New York. The able correspondent of a daily journal who sailed in her says "she really possesses the power of making the most rapid passages that have yet been effected;" "that the passengers on board are more comfortable, and more free from disturbing causes than in any ship of a less size;" and "that when she is laden with a cargo she will be found to be the steadiest and easiest vessel that ever crossed the ocean." The reception of the giant ship in New York was most enthusiastic, and far surpassed that manifested in London when the *Great Eastern* first left her moorings.

The return of Lord Clyde to England is one of those events in which every man who feels a pride in the success of the British arm cannot fail to take an interest. This gallant veteran has fought in Spain, in America, in China, in the Crimea, twice in India. In all places victorious, he has crowned his career by the suppression of the Indian mutiny. Lord Clyde landed at Dover, on Wednesday last, amid the acclamations of a crowd of his countrymen, who rejoiced to perceive that the toils and anxieties he has undergone during the last few years had pressed but lightly upon him. In other less fortunate lands, where the monarch is a despot, the popularity of a successful general constitutes a danger to the sovereign; but in England the popularity of a military leader is an element in the strength, the greatness, and the glory of the empire.

A conversation took place in the House of Lords, on Tuesday last, on the affairs of Syria, in which were fully confirmed, upon the authority of Lord Wodehouse, the painful details previously published in the newspapers as to the massacres committed by the Druses upon the Maronites and other Christian sects. In addition to the terrible incidents mentioned last week, intelligence has been received of the massacre of 500 Christians at Damauek, the murder of the Dutch consul, and the burning of the houses of all the other consuls, with the exception of that occupied by the consular for this country. The correspondence from Beyrout and other places contains many facts that ought to be universally known. Between the 29th of May and 1st of July, the Druses had burnt and pillaged no less than 151 Christian villages, and thereby reduced to "homeless beggary" from 75,000 to 80,000 inhabitants of the Lebanon, and they had butchered and "lacked to death" 8,000 individuals, including hundreds of male children—that a sum of 50,000,000 would not pay for the towns, villages, hamlets, and silk factories destroyed; that convents, nunneries, and churches had been pulled down; and that for twenty days there had been "a wholesale massacre of Christians." Some of the deeds done by the Druses are too horrible for description; such, for instance, as the manner in which male infants were pitilessly put to death. The correspondent of a cotemporary asserts that Koorchoo Pacha, the governor of Beyrout, "has all along been cognizant of all that the Druses were about to do," and that he has "almost avowedly helped them with food, ammunition, and arms." He also accuses the Turkish Government of "connivance" at these massacres. A letter, published in another part of "THE LONDON REVIEW," from an "Eastern Traveller," will probably induce the public to pause before it comes to the conclusion that the Turkish Government could

have, either directly or indirectly, sanctioned deeds of blood and cruelty which must excite against their perpetrators the execration of Christendom. Fecklessness and incapacity are crimes that are scarcely pardonable in a government; but they are not to be identified with wilful wickedness, and predetermined ferocity. The affair of Syria may demonstrate that the Government of the Turk is no longer sustainable—but if it could be proved to have connived at or encouraged the crimes that have been committed by the Druses, such a Government would be no longer admissible.

An important change has taken place in Naples. The "Liberal" ministry, with the exception of Martino, has disappeared, and a new one, under his auspices, is about to be appointed. A collision has taken place between the troops and the populace, whose rejoicing at the return of some liberated political prisoners gave offence to the soldiers. The attack on the people was at first attributed to the machinations of the Court, but the suspicion has proved to be groundless, whilst the rumours of a reactionary policy are at least premature.

The latest accounts from Sicily show the difficulties of Garibaldi's position, and the embarrassments with which he is surrounded. Whilst his soldiers are fighting in the front, he has to guard himself against intrigues at his back. He wishes to march upon and capture Messina, but his movements are impeded by those who should be, or who pretend to be, his friends. We cannot doubt that the conviction on his mind, that intrigues injurious to the independence of Sicily were being carried on, has led Garibaldi to order the arrest and deportation from Sicily of the well-known Farini, and two Corsicans, named Grielli and Totti, supposed to be his associates. Since his return to Turin, Farini has published a statement which, though calculated to win favour from the Piedmontese minister, can only serve to increase the confidence reposed by this country in the integrity of Garibaldi. The most imminent of all dangers to Italian independence is that it may be compromised by the diplomacy of Cavour, controlled and guided as that policy is from the Tuilleries. Garibaldi has these two great objects to attain. The first, to free Sicily—a feat only to be accomplished by force of arms. The second is, that Sicily, when free, shall not be unable to bear the fruits of its victory by the massacre of those to whom the smiles of kings are of more importance than the happiness of a nation. Garibaldi is the man of the people, and those who oppose him are mere courtiers, diplomatists, time-servers, and intrigues.

In a Paris letter, published in last Wednesday's *Times*, appear the details of an application to the Government, made by a gentleman who had become the purchaser of a newspaper (*le Courrier de Paris*), to be registered as its proprietor. The question was simply one of property—who should be the owner of a particular newspaper. The Prefect refused to sanction the transfer, on the ground that the journal would become "an opposition paper, patronized by men of note and respectability (*des hommes considérables*). Such is the condition of the French press, once so bold and so able. Surely the ministers of the Emperor are drawing the bow a little too tightly, and doing their master an ill service!

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

It is a fine night to see our Noble Viscount, in his seventy-seventh year, cracking jokes—and very good jokes too—until four o'clock on a July morning. At one time, the stranger in the gallery who has a hatch-key, or who has faith in the night porter of his hotel, would suspect our Noble Viscount of a state of temptation, or of taking a very questionable interest in what is going on. But see him an hour later, when some of us groan, and yawn, and point to the clock, and demand an adjournment. By this time our Noble Viscount is in his seat as a grave and experienced man. How pleasantly he taunts us with our undue worship of the drowsy god! He scouts the idea that if we went home we should go to bed. We only want to get away to play at *Acrot* or billiards, or to sup. Here, at least, we are out of harm's way. He scolds his own special minister, and says we may have some objection to show for the rest of the session. Has he not been sitting here as long as any of us? We all know that he took his seat on the Treasury bench at half-past four o'clock, and that he only once left it for half an hour. We groan, and yawn, and point to the clock more and more, and in answer to this appeal, he says give way, and allow the next bill to be taken. From this moment to the adjournment of the House, our Noble Viscount is the only man in it who is thoroughly awake. The Speaker puts the questions mechanically, and calls upon the clerk to say "Ay" like a man in a dream. He looks at the clock, and sees each other until the hour strikes, and then they all go to sleep. The occupants of the Treasury benches sit like *lotos*-men. The front opposition bench is vacant. A member now and then rises, and moves sleepily to the door, with a strange sense of non-existence. Below the gallery a score of members, however, show unmistakable symptoms of wakefulness. Mr. Newdegate is there, from which you may infer that Maynooth, or the Roman Catholic Charities Bill is low down in the orders. The other vicinities of the trans-galactic regions are either the Pope's brass band, or Irish Members whose special mission is to answer the question, "What does the Government intend to do?" They all eye Mr. Cardwell sternly; while he, with the cold and lofty superiority of a professor lecturing a class of college students, crosses his legs, leans over the red box upon both his arms, plays with his eye-glass, and lays down facts and propositions with such an air of consummate ease and mastery, that the man who does not accept them almost before they are uttered, ought to be looked after by his friends. If Farinley, instead of being the modest man of science he is known to be, ever lectured his juvenile pupils upon the A B C of chemistry, he would not have been regarded with so much respect as the lecturer which Irish members experience when the Irish Secretary moves, at half-past two, to bring in a bill to continue a Constitution-suspension Irish Bill.

Our Noble Viscount, though an Irish peer, was not born on Irish soil. Broadly he claims the honour of his birth, but not without a counter-claim on the part of Piccadilly, for the family archives are somewhat obscure on the *how* or *when*. But is not our Noble Viscount an Irish peer—and has he not all the con-

"Glorious Goodwood" is the event of next week, and generally gives the *coup de grace* to the season of the latest loafers in London. Still the season cannot be said to be quite ended till the prorogation of Parliament, which will be about the 20th of August, and which will take place without the presence of the Queen, who is in the Isle of Wight, and who has fixed her journey to Scotland for an earlier date than usual, to be followed by a visit to her daughter, the Princess of Prussia.

It is not intended in this column to trench upon political discussion—which is obviously in able hands. Confiding myself to facts, I may mention that Lord Palmerston will certainly submit to Parliament a comprehensive plan in aid of national defence on Monday night. The discussion of Tuesday, and the mild proposition of Mr. Gladstone respecting additional taxation, has freed the proposal from any anxieties about the sum that will be required. One-half the amount is all that will be asked in the first instance. The most pressing work will be the enlargement of the *entrepôt* of the dockyard and arsenals on the south, and the acquisition of ground for reserve works in the centre of the kingdom. The defence of the metropolis, though not overlooked, will probably be postponed. The various plans of a few detached forts, with connecting lines of defence, require careful consideration. The more pressing works on the coast will be first proceeded with.

In foreign affairs the latest news is the probability of troubles in Hungary, unless the concessions of Austria to that kingdom become more satisfactory. Kew is not in London, said to be engaged, through his agents, with his friends and parliament alarmed, and with higher personages, in view of concerted operations on a large scale.

Mr. Cowper's new equestrian ride in Kensington-gardens does not give universal satisfaction. There has been a large and indignant deputation from Marylebone to-day at Whitehall-place, headed by several metropolitan members, in favour of the pedestrian interest. Mr. Cowper will probably have to take his hardies down again, or remove them to another place.

Sir William Hooker has made his annual report upon Kew Gardens to the Chief Commissioner of Works. The most important improvements of the present year are the new lake of five acres, which is nearly completed, and a conservatory, or temperate greenhouse, on a large scale, destined for the reception of all trees and shrubs from extra-tropical countries, especially from our own colonies. The great conservatory and winter-garden in the pleasure grounds, and arboretum adjoining the Botanical Gardens at Kew will be a trifling sort of 700 feet in length, extending to about the same length as the *Great Eastern* steamship, and probably the largest purely horticultural building in the world. It will occupy an extensive area on the right-hand side of the grand lawn avenue, leading from the Palm-house to the Pagoda. The new lake is situated on the left of the Zion Vista. The gardens open at six p.m., and close at sunset. The Plant-house and Museum close punctually at one.

Her Majesty's ministers, foreign ambassadors, and the representatives of various states attending the International Statistical Congress, were entertained at the Mansion House on Wednesday last by the Lord Mayor. The most remarkable thing at this banquet was the assurance by Lord Palmerston that a life far more deleterious might be led by individuals than that of working by day, and sitting up till three or four o'clock in the morning in the House of Commons; "and that," said Lord Palmerston, "I would be, if every day of the week, every week of the month, and every month of the year, we were to indulge in the same splendid and luxurious repasts as that of which we have just partaken." He added, with great truth, "it is the abstinence which we are compelled to practise which enables us to get through our work."

Money-making London is always ready to turn any event, great or small, into a commercial transaction. London's new hero is Garibaldi; and as long as he "says" we shall continue to have our eyesight flattered by the shop-windows which exhibit to us the great General. Every day shows us a new portrait, and in many instances they are so very "new," that they do not recel the fact of your having seen one yesterday, and will in no way interfere with your seeing another "new" one to-morrow. We are supposed to purchase Garibaldi medals, collars, and neckties; and if we enter a tobacconist's, we are invited to buy a Garibaldi pipe, and the tobacconist can strongly recommend the Garibaldi mixture to fill it with. The snuff-taker has no cause to complain that he has been forgotten; and the latter, with every consideration for our admiration for the General, can supply us with a Garibaldi hat.

We call attention to the first dramatic performance for Robert Brough, at Drury Lane, on Wednesday, July 25th. Mr. Sala will deliver an address written by himself. It is to be hoped that the public will congregate in large numbers for the benefit of the family of this deserving man of letters.

EARLY CLOSING.—For some time exertions have been made by young men engaged in various mercantile pursuits to procure from their employers an early closing of shops and warehouses every Saturday throughout the year. It must be stated, to the credit of employers throughout London, that they have, almost universally, shown themselves disposed to accede to such wishes. The great difficulty, however, with the shopkeepers hitherto has been the necessity of complying with the convenience of their customers. That difficulty, we are glad to learn, is likely to be removed; for an association of ladies of the highest rank have declared their determination to refrain from purchasing at late hours in the day. What is sought for is to give to young men the opportunity on the Saturday evenings of exercising themselves as "Volunteers," or otherwise employing their time in a manner most conducive to their health and improvement. Such objects, it is believed, can be attained by all shops, counting-houses, and warehouses closing businesses at five o'clock every Saturday, from the 25th of March to the 29th of September; and, for the remaining half-year, from four o'clock in the afternoon. This movement has our most cordial wishes for its success.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. III.

FOON "THE PIPER," AND THE NECESSITY OF FATING HIM.

WHETHER every house has its skeleton in the wardrobe, the cupboard, or elsewhere, is a proposition which I shall not undertake to discuss. Certain it is, however, that every house in the land, whether it be a hovel, a cottage, a villa, a country castle, a town mansion, or a palace, has its Piper concealed somewhere between the coal-cellar and the attic—a clamorous, inevitable Piper, who will not be despised or ignored. Considered merely as a Piper the fellow plays well. But the mischief is that he sets himself up as a domestic Nessie, who must be satisfied and propitiated, not only as a Piper for the amusement or caprice of those who listen to him, but as the arbiter of their destinies, from the cradle to the grave. His enormous pretensions are by no means unwarranted by his power. Nothing is too great or too small for him to accomplish in behalf of those who comply with his first-in-fact, his only—stipulation. Does a man desire a new suit of clothes, a new horse, a new house, a diamond tiara for his wife, some old pictures, or wines of the *premier crû*?—Does he wish to tunnel the Alps, to make a railway from New York to San Francisco, or a direct line from Boulogne to Constantinople?—The Piper is the man whose counsel is needful. Satisfy him, and the thing is done, if the project be not rendered impossible by the laws of gravitation, or chemistry, or any other decree of Omnipotence. The Piper will manage it, sooner or later, upon the sole condition that you pay him for it.

Fool and foolish men think sometimes that they can circumvent the Piper. Stupid mistake! They cannot do it. A brainless or heartless knave, inexperienced in the laws of the world and of fate, and knowing no law but that of his own indulgence, may imagine it a fine thing to cheat a tailor, a jeweller, or a wine merchant; but the Piper comes to the rescue of trade and nature, and trips up his heels. If the evil-doer have no cash of which he can be mulcted; if there be no blood to be got out of that particular stone, the Piper takes something else out of him: ruins his credit and character, lowers him in his own estimation, marks him with the mark of social degradation, and squeezes and squeezes him lower and lower down, till he occupies his befitting place among the pariahs of civilization. Law and Government, the State and the Church, Queen, Lords, and Commons, the judicial bench, the horse-hair wig, and robes woollen or silk, of the barristers; the jury-box and the jurymen, the jailer, the gaol chaplain and the policeman; the unpaid Solons of the rural districts, and the extraordinary Solons or Rhadamanthuses of Wapping or Lambeth, and—last great functionaries of all—the sheriff and his myrmidon, Jack Ketch,—all are established and set in motion to support the Piper. To see that the Piper be paid is their prime function; and were he always paid without a struggle on the part of his debtors, government and law would be reduced to their minimum, and the Golden Age would come again. A man sometimes thinks in his boy youth that he can do a wrong thing, and snap his fingers at the consequences. Such a man is but an inexperienced idiot. His crime and its punishment are born in the same breath, fly on the barbed point of the same arrow, and return to the heart whence they started, with more than the certainty of the Australian boomerang. Crime and punishment are linked each to each, like the Siamese twins, and both do the behest of the ubiquitous, the mathematical, the unmerciful, but equitable Piper. And quite as great and invincible as he now is, would the Piper be, were there no political government at all. The heavenly government would support him, were every earthly community reduced to anarchy and first chaos. He is the child of nature and necessity, and could we know all the truth that lies hidden so far beyond our ken, he might be found as despotic in the other planets as he is in this,—lord of the sun and the solar system, and of those who dwell therein.

All history is but the history of the Piper, or of the sorrows and calamities brought upon the nations and potentates who neglect to pay him. As with men and women individually, so with communities, commonwealths, kingdoms, and empires. The Piper's bill is the pivot on which everything turns. Ancient and modern empire have been alike subject to this apparently ignoble but divine necessity. Take, for instance, the history of Egypt, as far as it is known. Are not its decline and fall the direct results of the vengeance of the outraged Piper? Did he not maintain armies, and build the pyramids, and all the marvellous architecture of which the ruins still remain to mark the extravagance of the Pharaohs? And was he not refused payment? The Piper only waited his appointed hour, and then having elapsed, he sent in his bill. The Empire refused to pay, just like any common creditor of our own day, who pays a broker into the house of his debtor, and takes away his chairs and table, his bed and his silver spoons. Of a similar character, did we but know them correctly, would be found the histories of Babylon and Nineveh; and all the cuneiform inscriptions and enigmatical writings and hieroglyphs yet to be deciphered will but prove, in due time, when those secrets shall have been snatched from them by Sir Henry Rawlinson, or some one else, the part played by the Piper in the affairs of these empires, and the ruin that befel the proud sovereigns who had the folly to set him at defiance. Any aspiring author in want of a subject that shall immortalize his name, cannot do better than write the "Political History of the Piper, from the Days of Sesostris to those of Bonaparte the Third." It would fill a very large canvas, but it might be crowded with the most heroic figures that ever strutted upon the stage of the world. The "Dance Macabre" would look small and mean compared with its long procession of illustrious fools.

and victims. But, like the "Dance Macabre," it would be a "Dance of Death." Jezebel, Herodias, Cleopatra, Semiramis, Helen of Troy, Messalina, Mary Stuart, and Catherine de Medici, might lend the beauty and the passion to the story, and point its mighty moral; while Basil falling upon his sword, Sardanapalus with his blazing torch, Nero with his fiddle, Richard III. naked and dead on Bosworth Field, Charles I. with the grim headman at his side, and grimmer Cromwell and yet exultant near at hand, Louis XVI. striving to enter his last step on the scaffold amid the rude raptures of the drums of the Breton Sautterre and the shouts of the execrating rabble, Napoleon I. fretting out his soul on the melancholy rocks of St. Helena, poor Louis Philippe sneaking away disguised in a livery coach, and running when no man pursued him, and Nicholas of Russia dying of a broken heart at sight of the Piper's bill, and a thousand other kings, chiefs, and great potentates, would exemplify in as many different ways the tragedy of this great world-story. And high, towering to the clouds, his head in storm and lightning, supreme amid all these personages, but shadowy, vague, and undefined, might loom the *Piper* himself, the hero of this sublime epire,—

"As loath he be
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,
Titanic or earth-born, that warred on Jove,
Hercules, or Typhon."

—but unlike them, for he, the great, the invincible Piper, never "warred on Jove" but is, and has always been, the servant and ambassador of Heaven—doing its behests, and executing judgment upon the guilty. It is a phrase both vulgar and incorrect, to talk of the Piper as the Devil, and to hint at there being "the Devil to pay." In the Piper there is no Devil, and nothing diabolical; for, though he be inexorable, and sometimes appear cruel, he is only cruel to be kind, and is, above all things, just, and the friend and supporter of order and harmony throughout the universe. If the story, as is thus broadly indicated, be too vast for any man's lifetime, the student who desires to rank with Tacitus, Gibbon, Macaulay, or Carlyle, may confine himself to some single episode in the drama—that, for instance, which is both the latest and grandest—the episode of the French Revolution, commencing with Louis XIV., and ending with the flight of Louis Philippe in 1848. The Piper would be the central figure in the tragedy, mingled, as every tragedy should be, with some degree of comedy; if not of farce—bringing in his little bill at every convenient opportunity [his little bill, not to be disputed for ever] for the mismanagement, waste, corruption, jobbery, luxury, carelessness, extravagance, and dishonest prostitution of kings, emperors, tyrannies, and ministers—bringing it in with compound interest, and taking part-payment in September massacres, wholesale fusillades, and *noyades*, and hangings to lamp-posts, taking it out in the heads of poor Louis and luckless Marie Antoinette, and putting up with bones and blood instead of money. When Richelieu said, in that famous phrase wrongly attributed to Metternich, "After me the Deluge," he meant, "After me the Piper." Richelieu saw the Piper plainly enough, as any man of common sense might have seen him; but he had neither the power, nor perhaps the courage, to persuade the nation to pay him; and so the Piper's bill ran on, growing as it rolled, like an avalanche, till he would tolerate no longer the procrastination and false words of his debtor, and down he came upon him with a swoop. Then burst forth Richelieu's deluge—a deluge of blood and tears, that carried away an ancient monarchy, a proud aristocracy, all the landmarks and bulwarks of a thousand years, and established a new order of things in the world, of which we in our day only see the beginnings. And all for despising the Piper! The lesson was not sufficiently present to the mind of the new generation and the new man who moulded that generation to his purpose. Out of the anarchy and bankruptcy of the Revolution emerged the strong Captain—

"Le Comte d'Artois plays!"

—who made the Piper play to him to an excellent, new, and very marvellous fandango. But the Corsican forgot to pay him. The Piper, however, did not forget the bill which the Corsican owed him. He took an instalment of it at Moscow, another at Waterloo, and a final dividend—*quod* the separate estate of Bonaparte—in the miserable squabbles and untimely death of St. Helena. Thus hath it ever been—thus shall it ever be. Will no one write the history of the Piper?

THE TYPE-PLANS OF ANIMATED BEINGS AND THE SPECULATIONS OF PHILOSOPHERS.

[CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

In our second article we illustrated, as briefly as we could, the modification of a portion of a single link in terrestrial species of the vertebrate class. Like appreciable modification, as already said, was made out in the organization of the invertebrate types. Of the mere globular animals, such as certain infusoria, the amœbas, and foraminifera, we need scarcely make a remark, for it is well known how their forms amalgamate one with another, and that the most experienced naturalist can do little more than select those marked varieties which are arbitrarily denominated species. We can trace the modifications of the one myr-like disposition of parts through the star-fish, the coral, the jelly-fish, and sea-urchin; we see it in the beautiful fossil "stone-lilies" (trilobites); in the sea- and land-worms, and their allied forms, we note the divergences of the "ringed," or anneloid, form of construction, and still farther, we can conceive its possible transmutation into the crustacean, articulated class.

When, however, we come to the molluscs the task is more difficult; indeed, at the first unsteady glance, we may see but slight similarity of construction

between the gastropods (whelks, snails, &c.) and the lamellibranchs ("plate-gills," oysters, river-mussels, &c.). And still more obscure seems the link which connects these with the mollusks—"naked-gills," such as the *Salix* which we figured in our first article. To the naturalist well versed in their organization the modifications of type-plan in this class present facts of high interest. But so far as evidence is yet produced the emergence of one type-plan into another such unperceived; nor is it necessary, for the establishment of Mr. Darwin's theory, that it should be, for the type-plan may be traced, and may be under his views, regarded as the great limits of the Tree of Life, which have branched out from the most primitive of all life-forms. When we observe cell-animals, and cell-plants, and know that cellular tissue is the chief constituent of the framework of every animal and vegetable, when we see how each cell-plants and cell-structure can be multiplied and extended by subdivision of the cells, as well as by actual generation, and see no impossibility in all Living Nature having sprung from a primal matter; but that it has done so we have not the proof.

We have, however, in this article, to do with the geological evidence in its bearings on the new doctrine of the variations of species and natural selection. However unpublishable it may be to geologists, there is much truth in the sweeping remarks of Mr. Darwin on the imperfection of the geologic record; and although we cannot go to the length of his depreciation—and by which we think he has greatly weakened his cause,—we are yet inclined to admit that we have only one volume, and that the smallest, of the earth's past history. We know only the present land-side; we know next to nothing of what is under the sea; still less of that which is in the inner depths of the globe. What we have, too, is like an old book from which a great mass of leaves has been torn, while here and there an illuminating page remains, to show how beautiful is the volume which has been lost in its perishing, and how highly interesting the knowledge that is lost. Even those fragments which have been preserved are not yet all read and interpreted.

Vast, indeed, in comparison with even all the ages which have happened since, is that lowest great Silurian age, the oldest of our geological, and strongest of our terrestrial conditions. Not a land-plant nor a land-animal of that remote period is known. Shall we say that none existed? In the new red sandstone there are footprints of birds—we cannot mistake them. They are not the prints of flying lizards which would have scrambled or shuffled along, but those of veritable birds that placed their feet on the sand springing and elastic springing tread so peculiar to their class. Yet not a bone of one of those ancient birds has been found, although their footprints have been known those twenty years.

Mr. Darwin, too, pleads great gaps or intervals of time between the stratified deposits of the geological age and another, undoubtedly a reasonable supposition, which often might be extended to the very lines of demarcation between one stratum and another. Take the passage-bed between the lower green-sand and gault,—a narrow band of phosphatic nodules, not more than six inches to a foot in thickness, containing shells of *Inoceramus* and *Conoceras*, and detrital bones of a *Leptæna* and a *Leptæna* and a *Leptæna* and found in myriads in the gault above. This narrow stratum, thus linked with the cretaceous beds above and below it by the same fossil forms, separates deposits of the most opposite nature—the one a dark-blue clay, the other a tawny-green incoherent siliceous sand; and the evidence of this remarkable change is contained within the narrow band of the gault. It is a fact which we believe that the entire record of those great intervening physical changes which separated the hitherto conditions of the ancient green-sands from the deeper sea-bed conditions of the gault, are preserved in this narrow seam! And yet, in this example there is a continuity of fossil forms which link these strata most closely together than happens in the majority of such cases.

Darwin beautifully compares the transmutations and divergences of species in the vast Past to a great tree, of which "the green and budding twigs may represent existing species; and those produced during each former year may represent the long succession of extinct species." At each period of growth all the growing twigs have tried to branch out on all sides, and to overtop and kill the surrounding twigs and branches, in the same manner as species and groups of species have tried to overmaster other species in the great battle for life. The limbs, divided into great branches, and these into lesser branches, were themselves once, when the tree was small, budding twigs; and this connection of the former and present limbs, by ramifying branches, may well represent the classification of all extinct and living species in groups subordinate to groups. Of the many twigs which flourished when the tree was a mere bush, only two or three, now grown into great branches, yet survive and bear all the other branches; so with the species which lived during long past geological periods. Some few now form the main stem, and some descendents. From the first growth of the tree, many a limb and branch has decayed and dropped off; and those lost branches of various sizes may represent those whole orders, families, and genera which have now no living representatives, and which are known to us only from having been found in a fossil state. As we here and there see a thin straggling twig springing from a fork low down in a tree, and which by some chance has been favoured and is still alive on its summit, so we occasionally see an animal like the *Orthis* or *Leptæna*, which in some small degree connects by its affinities two large branches of life, and which has apparently been saved from final competition by having inhabited a peculiar station. And it is a fact that give rise to growth to fresh buds, and these, if vigorous, branch out and overtop on all sides many a feebler branch, so, by generation I believe it to have been with the great Tree of Life, which fills with its dead and broken branches the crust of the earth, and covers the surface with its ever-branching and beautiful ramifications.

What a task for geologists is typified in this elaborate simile! It is their task, then, to re-draw, with the vivacity of the artist's pencil, the great trunk and the dead branches of the Tree of Life—a noble task, but one of deep study and greatest care. The artist, painting the scenes of past history, also falls back on the memory of the men who saw and took part in those great events, but no man saw or recorded the wonderful scenes in the earth's past history; and from every nook and corner all over the habitable world have geologists to examine, branch by branch, the dead members of the wide-spread living tree. What a work of time! It must be years before they can produce their evidence. Some may give up, and say, "I wish I could think them not so difficult if it be long before they stand up to reply to the great

might have grown out for what, of "greenness," when nettles and dandelion, and heaps of hedgehog vegetables and salads, wait the plucking; and odds and ends of beasts reckoned "conce" get put to unprofitable uses, while their legitimate function of feeding the folk is neglected as unworthy and degrading. In Ireland, during the famine, thousands of pounds of ox-liver were dried and made into mufins while men and women were dying of hunger, and emptying out on the road sacks of maize-meal, rather than live by a food which they said was "fit only for the pigs." With such an astonishing instance of prejudice as this before us, we may well say that the wisest course would be to have no dietary dislikes at all.

Assuming, then, that all substances which have certain nutritious properties are fit for human food, the next question is, the true art and science of cooking. That art which shall make pleasant, cheap, and wholesome dishes out of material which at present is only thrown away is no contemptible matter in a densely populated country, with meat close upon a shilling the pound, and scarce even at that, for the poorer classes. In it is no such very great mystery, after all; but can be reduced, like most other things, to a few simple rules. Of these the primary and the most important is, throw nothing away, but make all your refuse into soup, and let the soup-pot be the standing institution of your kitchen. Bones, gristle, bits of old meat, stalks and parings of vegetables, dry crusts, fish-bones, anything and everything makes soup; so, throw them all into the "three-legged pot"—dear to Soyer, and await the result with patient trust. Nothing need be wasted. It is only ignorance or thought which piles up the dust-heap at the expense of the tureen, and cannot turn material to double uses. Make soup with cold water, which extracts all the nutritious properties. First there is the soup, through which the juices do not escape. Soup, with the addition of fried bread, supplies all the wants of the human stomach. Here we have the essence of meat, with the salts and albumen of the vegetables; while the nourishing process, so essential to digestion, is carried on by the fried bread, which also gives the starch and gluten, otherwise wanting. The French know what they are about with their soups, both "grau" and "saugre"; and are wiser than we, when they put a small piece of inferior beef to do duty. The *pot-au-feu* with the *houllis* to follow, is a kind of epitome of food of excellent properties. First there is the soup, which has not extracted all the essence of the meat, but only enough to make itself, having still a sufficiency in the solid. This soup is eaten with bread and flavoured with herbs and vegetables. Then comes the *houllis*, the inferior piece of meat stewed down into a state of luxurious softness not unlike marrow; this piece would have been unsuitable if cooked in plain hot roast or boiled fashion; at present it is soft, rich, nutritious, and with its garnish of carrots or other vegetables, makes a dish which might content the most fastidious. An English labourer's wife would have boiled the beef to rags, or have roasted it to a cinder, or haply have left it half raw, and have relied at the bottom of all this line of dinner for its disabuse in supplying her with meat, which no one could get their teeth through when they had it. Of course not: inferior meat needs careful cooking; and that slow, cautious cooking which softens the fibres without extracting the juices, is just as possible to the poorest labourer who has three bracks and a pipkin, as it is to the magnificent *chef* of the most luxurious club. Again, another rule too often neglected, is, cover the vessel in which you boil or stew, so as to keep in all the "goodness," which else flies off with the steam and mingles with the soot in the chimney. English cooks rarely do this; they delight in open saucapans, or, if they have one with a lid, they delight still more in tilting the lid on one side, and so letting the "goodness" escape by a cranny instead of at the open door. Escape it must somehow, else the cook will never be satisfied. Again, another fallacy in which she indulges, is the need of enormous fires. Ask a friend to dinner, and order a chop and a potato, and your cook will not be induced to let you off under thrice the amount of kitchen fire absolutely required. The little Frenchman who stews and simmers half a dozen choice dishes over three or four queer little holes filled with charcoal, would cook a dinner for twenty with less fuel than your English cook demands for two. Everything in England must boil at a gallop, and roast at fever-heat. Nothing can be done slowly; which, however, is the very shibboleth of choice cooking. All meat ought to be done slowly. If it is stewed it can hardly be done with too much deliberation; if it is boiled, it simply boils itself hard and tasteless if it goes too fast; if it is roasted, how often do we not encounter a joint with the outside burnt to a cinder and the inside left raw? This is one of the commonest forms of "cook's uniformity." The virtue of a slow fire is scarcely to be exaggerated; and the value of cautious cooking scarcely to be overrated. By it you save in fuel, in nutritious properties of the food, in flavour and delicacy of taste; while the wild roaring open fire of the ordinary kitchen but runs up a coal-bill and spoils the family dinner, for no good to any one save the butcher and the coal merchant.

As a rule, salt meat is inimitable. The brine in which it swims while salting will be found, Liebig says, if tested, to contain fibrine and albumen, the nutritious properties of the meat. Salted meat, then, has always left part of its virtue; but yet it is a most valuable addition to the dietary table on occasions. Salt meat, like salt fish, needs much vegetable food to set as a balance or make-weight; and those things which instinct has made us adept, as fitting garnishes or sauces, science now proves to be the things of all others most required, because filling up the vacant spaces—supplying the needful complement. Thus, eggs and salt fish, salt fish and onion, bacon and toast, eggs and salad. Stimulating sauces, as mustard and horseradish, with rich roast beef; fruit and rice, milk and farinaceous food, potatoes, and rich meats; these, and a dozen more of the ordinary compounds, have a true scientific basis, and prove, on analysis, to be complementary substances, each supplying what the other lacks. This, too, is a mystery not difficult to understand by common sense, if beyond the power of most to reason and explain.

What we really want is a good national school of cooking. We want young girls taught the value of certain articles of food which are at present neglected, and then we want them taught the best mode of cooking those articles with skill and economy. At present the cook is a slave and the poor do neither. Yet the happiness and the health of a household depend much on the cooking. Men, especially, get sore and disappointed

by neglected, tasteless meals; and go off to the gin-shop or the club for more congenial fare. A national school of cookery would be a national benefit almost inarticulate in its results. We are not going too far in saying it would lessen the business of the Divorce Court, and lighten the labours of the police magistrates. Better cooking in private houses would thin the customers at the tavern and the loungers at the clubs; and as this is essentially a woman's question, we recommend it to the careful consideration of our lady readers and their friends.

THE SOLAR ECLIPSE OF THE 18TH OF JULY.

FROM MR. N. C. CREWHER, ROYAL OBSERVATORY, GREENWICH.

DURING the early morning the heavens gave some promise of a clear sky for the coming eclipse, and glass was smoked in large quantities by amateur astronomers, in anticipation of the approaching phenomenon. Shortly after ten p.m. there was a change in the aspect of affairs, though, and the sky assumed an appearance not altogether unlike that which proved so great a disappointment to astronomers at the eclipse of 1858, March 13-14. At eleven the grouping of the dark masses of cirro-cumulus and cumulo-stratus—the last was very dense in the N. and N.E., enshrouded as they were by the whiter cumulus, and, here and there, with blue sky—was remarkably beautiful; the clouds immediately round the sun were of the cirrus kind principally. At twenty minutes past eleven a smart shower of rain fell, which proved of use, for the clouds, about noon, took more the shape of cumulus with cirrus, and sunshine was more plentiful than we had had before—the thermometer, in the sun, showing a rapid increase. With a variable sky we approached the time of "first contact" here fortune favoured us, for just a moment before that phase of the eclipse the sun was comparatively clear, and the phenomenon was observed with tolerable accuracy. As the eclipse progressed, it was at times tolerably clear, and was seen to very good advantage between two and three o'clock, during part of which time it was perfectly cloudless for a considerable space round the sun.

During the eclipse the effect on the clouds and landscape was marked. At the greatest obscuration the darkness was about equal to that of half an hour before sunset, when looking round on the entire scene; but looking from the sun to clouds situated from north to west, it would give one the idea of a period somewhere about an hour after that time. The wind, which had been rough and gusty all the day, felt very chilly round and after the middle of the eclipse, and the thermometer fell rapidly; a bluish mist was observed, particularly in the north and west, the clouds and landscape had a blue tint, which did not change during the eclipse. There apparently was little or no effect produced upon birds, they continued singing all the time.

Shortly before the "last contact," the sun was hidden behind masses of dark cirro-cumulus, and it was doubtful whether it would again be seen before the eclipse was over; but here again fortune favoured the observer, for, for about three minutes the sun shone out and the last contact was satisfactorily observed.

(FROM ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.)

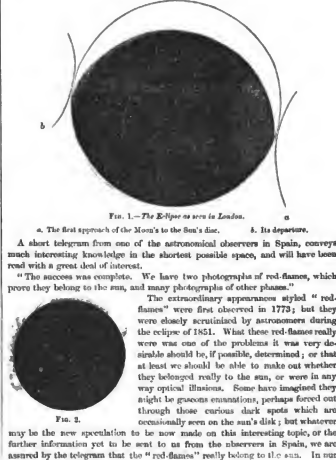


FIG. 1.—The Eclipse as seen in London.

2. The departure.

A short telegram from one of the astronomical observers in Spain, conveys much interesting knowledge in the shortest possible space, and will have long run with a great deal of interest.

"The success was complete. We have two photographs of red flames, which prove they belong to the sun, and many photographs of other phases."

The extraordinary appearance styled "red flames" were first observed in 1773; but they were closely scrutinized by astronomers during the eclipse of 1851. What these red flames really were was one of the problems it was very desirable should be, if possible, determined; or that at least we should be able to make out whether they belonged really to the sun, or were in any way optical illusions. Some have imagined they might be gaseous emanations, perhaps forced out through those curious dark spots which are occasionally seen on the sun's disk; but whatever may be the new speculation to be now made on this interesting topic, the further information yet to be sent to us from the observers in Spain, we are assured by the telegram that the "red flames" really belong to the sun. In our

wood-cut we have given the appearance of these "red-flames" as they appeared behind the dark circle of the moon's outline; but for the sake of space the mere rays of the sun, which surrounded and extended beyond them, have been omitted in the illustration, in which the shaded portions represent the "red-flames." The drawing from which this illustration is taken is an original one in the collection of the Royal Astronomical Society, of the eclipse of 1851; and it is given that remarkable "flame" which was then seen to break or part, at the upper portion, &c., thus separated apparently floating away as a cloud.

The other singular phenomenon, known as "Baily's beads," the price of which, if our memory rightly serves us, about the years 1835 or 1836; they are considered to be produced by the mountainous contour, or, as it appears at such times, serrated edge of the moon projecting closely against the outer border of the sun's disk; so that the sun-light finds a passage through or between the moon's inequalities. Our illustrations give two of the phases of this phenomenon; the first, or linear appearance (Fig. 3) giving way to series of wheel-like cogs in the



FIG. 3.

second phase (Fig. 4), which, in their turn, during the short period of their last appearance, become rounder, and isolated from each other, like a disconnected string of beads.

BOTH SIDES OF THE GAS QUESTION.

THERE is no peace except in riddles, in coin oil, in petroleum, paraffin, and belmontine. The first may be dull, the second may be costly, and the third, fourth, and fifth may be offensive in their smell, but they are supplied without any government superintendence, any complicated machinery for measurement between producer and consumer, any parochial agitations about monopoly and illegal combination, any legislation upon the social-reform-do-everything-for-everybody principle, which is so destructive to individual energy and the progress of free trade.

Who shall hold the scales between the United Gas Companies and the Associated Parties? Who shall watch to see that, while the dividends of the metropolitan light suppliers are reduced, as proposed by another Act of Parliament, a dangerous precedent may not be established for government interference in the management of joint-stock companies? An ignorant cry about "monopolies" may be raised at any moment, and applied to any large body of traders, for any purpose. It has been raised, before now, about the brewing interest, which possesses no charter, and which may be supposed immediately by any company of extensive capital. If money is taken to mean monopoly, there are plenty of monopolies in the world to be trotted out for parliamentary inspection and interference. Such meddling legislation, however—as in the case of the cabs, has never ended in the public good. Where Government is allowed to fix the price of an article, the sellers of that article will always endeavour, in every way, to lower its quality. Who can blame them?

The new Gas Bill has been pushed by parochial delegates into the House of Commons; it has been tossed by the House into the hands of a Select Committee; it has been brought back by the Committee into the House, and sent back again into the committee-room. Its object is to confine the existing gas companies to specified districts, in which they may hereafter exercise a monopoly in the supply of gas, subject to the control of public inspectors, to be appointed by the Home Secretary. These inspectors are not to be less than three in number, and half of their salaries is to be paid by the companies. They are to have power to enter the gas manufactories, without giving notice, to inspect and to largely control the accounts of the companies, and to determine the rate of dividend which shall be paid to the proprietors; they are to have the power of examining directors and managers upon oath, and their decisions are to be received without appeal. The standard of light is to be raised one-fifth, the price of gas, 6d. per 1,000 cubic feet, at present charged in London, is to be reduced to 4s. when the profits of the companies shall reach 8 per cent. The immediate effect of this bill will be to confiscate £100,000 worth of property, by taking away dividends to that amount now paid by six out of the thirteen metropolitan companies. These dividends are paid under the former Acts of Parliament, which limited the profits of gas-making to 10 per cent. per annum, in the same way as the profits of railway and water companies are limited. To start a railway you must obtain parliamentary permission; but nothing is required to start a gas company except adequate capital, and the consent of the local vestry to the opening of the roads. The existing companies will be compelled by this bill, if it should pass in its present form, to supply gas, under severe penalties, with no power to open the public streets without this permission of the authorities. They will also have to provide service-pipes gratuitously to every consumer whose premises are situate within fifty yards of their mains, without reference to the value of the gas consumed; and to furnish meters at rents admittedly unremunerative. They are never, under any circumstances, to increase their price, unless their dividends fall, for three years, below 6 per cent. This bill will limit the price of gas, on the present cost of manufacture, without allowing any margin for the rise in the price of coal, labour, or other contingents. Six millions of money have been invested by shareholders in these gas companies, and principally upon the faith of their special Acts of Parliament, several of which were renewed in 1854 and 1855, and one only last year. Under all these acts the companies are entitled to pay a dividend of 10 1/2 per cent.

This is the substance of the new Gas Bill, and it must be confessed that never was any measure prepared so totally at variance with the principles of

free trade. Its whole tendency must be to shake the security of capital invested in many joint-stock enterprises. Five hundred millions sterling is invested in railway, water, and gas companies. As to the proposed machinery of inspection, it will be a costly and delusive sham.

On the other hand, the companies are not wholly free from blame. They started upon the principle of competition; they obtained their Acts of Parliament upon this principle; and now they are working under a system of restricting competition, but not of abolishing it. Competition, however, is good to reduce working expenses, and might easily be defeated, even in such a peculiar and exceptional manufacture as that of gas, if there was any security that the public would benefit by the economy of production and distribution. There is seldom any such security attainable, and, in the present instance, it seems that the price of gas has shown a steady rise ever since the combination and restricting.

There is another point, connected with the economy of production, which was prominently brought forward by the water companies in antagonism to the gas companies at the beginning of this present parliamentary contest: this is gas-leakage. There can be no doubt that one-third of all the gas manufactured in London is entirely lost—allowed to escape from the pipes, to deluge the earth and the Thames;—and that the public pay for it: they receive only two-thirds and pay for three. A defective system of jointing (which may be shortly described as the use of lead and hempen instead of bored and turned joints), unknown to the provinces, where the loss in manufacture is less by two-thirds, and the price consequently lower, is the cause of this excessive gas-leakage. The effect of the constant gas-escape is to destroy the cast-iron water-mains in about ten years, which would exist in common earth, and do their work for more than a century. This is another loss that falls upon the public, and we may regret it in proportion as we know that there are above one thousand acres of cast-iron surface constantly exposed in the metropolitan street-traffic to more or less active corrosion.

We—the public—are the people who pay for all these errors of management; as our gas bills include the value of all this waste of gas, and our water bills the value of all this decayed and lost pipe-work. The Company indictment framed against the gas companies by the able chemist to the New River Company is withdrawn, for the present, with the instinct of self-preservation. The water companies and the railway companies have combined in defence of the gas companies on clearly-defined, anti-government interference principles. No one can honestly blame them for so doing. We are not defending this gigantic combination of peculiar traders like the gas companies of London; we are willing to attack them on the score of their gross under-ground mismanagement, but we can find no word to say in favour of that dangerous bill which is now being torn to pieces, for the second time, by a parliamentary committee.

RESPONSIBILITY OF WOMEN.

It is but too customary for women to attribute their share of the evils common to human life to political institutions, and to men as the monopolists of political power. But if it be true that systems of polity can "cause or cure" only a small part of the ills that flesh is heir to, women must take their share of blame for any general suffering resulting from general ignorance or error. For tempests or earthquakes, whatever may be said of pestilence, none of us are responsible; for criminality; for crime, we are all to be blamed, for wars, &c., we all acknowledge that we are to blame, and admit they ought not to be. Claiming for the sex a perfect equality with men, and a full participation in all social advantages, the ladies can only enjoy this conjunction with the complete responsibility proper to every free agent. This no more implies that women are to be politicians than that men are to be generals or admirals. Different occupations are at all times assigned to different classes and individuals, by the natural circumstances which dictate division of labour; and it is remarkable that all the different occupations springing from this source, being equally necessary, are of equal rank. Of the farmer, the manufacturer, the ship-captain, the banker, and others, except as one may be richer or poorer than one is superior or inferior to the other. So women are no more injured or degraded by not being called on to fulfil the duties of politicians, than are farmers by not being required to be ship-captains. The public does not appoint men to employments, neither can it appoint women. By having, in common with all mankind, peculiar duties assigned to them, women lose none of the responsibility, bound up with life, to provide for their own welfare according to their abilities. To lessen the evils of which they complain, they must rely more on themselves, and less on our sex and on institutions.

The domestic life is paramount, and in many cases most beneficially exercised. Next to England, France is the most renowned community of the civilized world. By comparing the returns made by our own Registrar-General with those of the French census, as commented on by M. Le Geyt, it is found that there is annually in France one birth to every 28 persons; in England to every 21; 12 in France, one to every 127 persons; in England, one to every 118; in France, one death occurs to every 43 persons; and in England, one to every 45. Thus, in proportion to population, births and marriages, the significant emblems of growth, prosperity, and enjoyment, are more numerous in England than in France; while deaths, the equally significant emblems of suffering, decline, and decay, are more numerous in France than in England. In France, the balance betwixt births and deaths is slightly in favour of continued growth and prosperity; but in England, the balance in the same direction is much greater. Putting the relative difference in the increase of the 6 to 38 and of deaths (3 to 4) together, the superiority of England may be represented as equivalent to 12 per cent.; and we know that while the population of France is nearly stationary, the population of England increases at the rate of 14 per cent. per annum. The English, therefore, enjoy more and flourish more than the French; and for this, of which the statistics in the main justify us, we are indebted to the superior domestic life, and justly due to our women. Marriages in England, in proportion to population, are 7 per cent. more numerous than in France, taking the average of years; but, year by year, the number varies more in England than in France. From 164,853 marriages in England in 1853, the number fell in 1855 to 132,113, or nearly

* "Report to New River Company on Corrosion of Iron Mains." By Thomas Spencer, F.R.S. 1859.

even men. On looking over them, I was amazed at my own great ignorance, and from that hour I made every effort to educate myself, and with what success my subsequent career gives some evidence.

One item of my experience in the improvement of the human mind was the chief foundation of my great success in teaching officers and soldiers, and the management of men generally. One morning, at early drill, everything went amiss with me. I became angry, scolded, and even used my cane, which was then allowed, and, in fact, was too much used. At length I let the men stand at ease, and walked about in front, thinking of what could be the cause of the want of my usual success. When, after some time, I saw that the men were not coming to my own impatient and angry terms. At once I began to speak gently to the men, and promised to shorten the time of drill by half an hour, if they exerted themselves; after which all went well. Often, afterwards, I pretended to be angry, and scolded the men, but they would not rise. After some time, I then observed to me that I should treat the men as a lady would her piano—that is, put them in tune (good-humour) before I played upon them; and then I soon ascertained that I could lead sinners where I could not drive one.

Would that every man and woman, whether powerful or powerless, or like my brother or sister, be his station in life what it may, clerical or lay, in the school or in the field, in the nursery or in the kitchen, would treat all under them as if they were brothers and sisters.

Early pride, passion, and prejudice be rooted out from the mind of man,—or, rather, and far better, those passions be prevented from entering it at all, by early training, even in early infancy, the improvement of mankind will continue to be slow, as it hitherto has been.

The cheap press is now, however, ensuring a mighty increase of influence, which calls also for the benevolent exertions of every lover of order and happiness, to guide it wisely. The efforts that many make to prevent or delay the increase of knowledge among the masses are producing, and will more and more produce, the most unhappy results. At the present time, the masses are being taught of this press. Let the upper classes be not so much afraid of enlarging the minds of the masses. The doctrine of the depravity of mankind is a most pernicious one. I never found any man so incorrigible as not to be more or less improved by my teaching. I have heard of all sorts of experiments on refractory and ill-behaved men, and I have never once entirely failed. But the kindness must not be feigned. If it be not sincere and earnest, the perspicacity of even the most simple will soon, more or less accurately, appreciate its real character. Let the upper classes, including all who exercise any control or authority over their fellow-men, act thus over those under their influence, and they may confidently reckon on success to a very great extent.

Would to God that all parents, teachers, and persons having power, command, or authority over them, would treat those others with patient and unfeigned kindness and gentleness, and great would be their reward in the lively gratitude and affectionate obedience they would surely receive in return for such treatment.

I emphatically declare that I have no doubt that the working-men have much more sound sense and good faith than the gentlemen of the law. Let the gentlemen be seriously and benevolently cultivated, and the cultivators may as confidently reckon upon good results as the cultivators of the soil may reckon for a good harvest after the application of good husbandry.

I fear, however, that many who use this paper will think his teaching quite Utopian; but if those who have the power will act as here suggested, I have neither fear nor doubt of very happy results.

In the course of a long and most active and varied life, I have always been rewarded by religious converts. I have often said, in my early youth, I endeavoured to select for myself that kind of religion which would best satisfy my own convictions. I read the question put to the Saviour, "What shall I do to be saved?" and the answer—"Love the Lord your God with all your heart, with all your mind, and with all your strength; and love your neighbour as yourself; these two hang all the Law and the Prophets." "Then," I exclaimed, "this shall be my religion!"—and to this I have hitherto endeavoured to adhere, and hope I shall ever hereafter adhere; but I know no so efficient mode of cultivating one to God as by the honest cultivation of love to my neighbour. Without this honest cultivation I know not how I could have happiness here, or hope for my hereafter.

AN OLD SOLDIER.

PLAYS, PLAYERS, AND CRITICS.

We return to the contemporary comedy, or motleyd play, of the Haymarket, not for the purpose of objecting to its form, but of showing the kind of influence it exercises upon the stage. There is no reason why excellent plays should not be written in three acts; although valid reasons, which we will not now stop to consider, might be assigned why they do not admit of the high elaboration of five acts. Whatever may be the merits of the controversy between them, it is at least unreasonable to close the theatre upon its medical solution. There are some who are so much in the habit of the theory of three acts, as to the practice which effectually rules that there shall be nothing else. It may have been very proper, whatever we may think to the contrary, to abolish the monopoly of the old five acts by the patent houses; but what is to be said of the soundness of a revolution which, in abolishing one monopoly, has substituted a worse.

Our present inquiry, however, carries us in another direction—the relations between the stage and the existing hybrid comedy, which we must take for granted as the representative play of our time. When the structure, dialogue, or farcical extravagance of any of these pieces happens to fall under critical censure, large allowances are usually claimed on the ground that the piece was written with a view to particular actors. The apology aggravates the offence. To write for particular actors is avowedly to make the play subordinate to the players. It is a complete inversion of the whole intention and design of the drama. Instead of going to society for originals to put upon the stage, the dramatist goes to the stage for originals, and then writes. When he wants a character he studies Mr. Buckstone or Mr. Bolson. He finds his "humours," as old Shadwell used to call them, in the green-room. He writes up, not to the real life of the time, but to the artificial life of the lamps, which habitual audiences are already prepared to appreciate and applaud. Out of this nothing new is produced, but the imitation of old and familiar personal peculiarities put into new shapes. It is sometimes a quaint country lawyer, sometimes a loose fish-dabbler in troubled waters, sometimes a *globe-muscle*, and sometimes a busy-body; but it is always Mr. Buckstone, or always Mr. Bolson, or always somebody that is recognised at once, and whose specialities are remembered, and looked for, as a matter of course. The only novelty in the *rité* is to see how cleverly the actor can adapt his miserable eccentricities to new conditions.

This is a consideration altogether independent of the popularity or merits of the actors. We estimate not the full value of the talents of such comedians as Mr. Buckstone and Mr. Bolson; and what we desire is, not that they should not hold prominent positions in new plays, but that their prominence should be relative, and not absolute. This is not much to require, remembering to what small parts the Muses and the Emerys condescended before the "starring" came into vogue, by which a single performer is made to swamp a whole company. If we had the power to reform the stage, we should restore the old mode of casting every actor for every part that fell legitimately within his line, whether the part happened to be conspicuous or obscure, as they do on the French stage, where the slightest pieces and most critical in the plays are as carefully acted as the most important. Thus, and thus only, can a complete representation of the human mind be obtained.

The writing for particular actors is a vice of the modern stage. Such things have, no doubt, been done before, but they were on a different scale, and with a larger group of dramatic objects; and they were never done by the critical dramatists. For whom did Lord Shakspeare write his *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*? Those parts, as all the world knows, were acted by men; and if Shakspeare had ever thought of accommodating himself to the stage, and bringing out its best actors into strong relief against the rest, he would assuredly have dwarfed and toned down his finite characters. But he thought of nothing of the kind. He thought only of the play, and being paramount over everything else, and he developed his characters, not according to his actors, but in spite of them.

Dramas constructed on this principle must sacrifice symmetry and probability to an exigency which, in the present state of the stage, cannot yield. The actors are to be set off for deformed plumes and elaborate costumes, and the strength lies in our comedians, not in the technical term, our comedians. We are rich in a few peculiar harmonists, and may yet pride ourselves upon having some unquestionable artists left to us. But the very excellence we possess in this way—or rather, the way in which we possess it,—creates a weakness in our comedians, and the weakness is not in the technical term, our comedians. The complete and powerful companies established in London. The two Kembles, Palmer, Sutti, Wroughton, King, Bannister, Dowton, Elliott, Lewis, Emery, Mr. Jordan, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss Duncanson, Miss Farrow, and a dozen more of high pretensions, might be found on the same night collected in the play-bills of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket. That brilliant monopoly is gone with the corn laws and the rotten boroughs. The consequence of what, to carry out the analogy, we may call our free trade in theatres is, that the actors who enjoy special popularity are scattered over the metropolis; so that the dramatist who undertakes to fit himself to the stage as it is, must build up his play, not with several strong parts, but with one that shall pre-eminently over and top all the rest, and instead of having a comprehensive and diversified cast, he must be content with a particular actor. The difference to the dramatist himself is enormous between a play carefully worked out in its details, and a play in which all other considerations are sacrificed to the character of one actor. Nor is the strength of our stage lies in our comedians, there, too, must lie the strength or weakness of our drama. The text must be adapted to the interpreter, and the interpreter by nature and custom a very comical fellow, the prevailing tone must be comical also, and furthermore it must be vulgar and low. The humour of the hour is the humour of the day, and the cloth must be cut to measure in every case. It is evident, without citing examples, that pieces produced on this plan, instead of presenting general pictures of life, must, of necessity, be confined to particular portraits, and that however marked may be the personal peculiarities by which they are individually distinguished, certain broad family features must be common to them all.

The actor suffers by this mode of play-writing as much as the drama. He gets no new studies; and his range is not only becomes insensibly narrowed by being restricted to repeated variations on the same tune, but he ultimately sinks into a mannerist.

Another evil against which one constantly hears indignant protests in private, although it seems to be nobody's business to take it up in public, is to be traced to the theatrical criticisms in which the progress of managerial enterprise is chronicled from day to day. These criticisms are understood to be written, for the most part, by gentlemen who are in the habit of supplying the theatres with translations from the French, and "screaming farces." In referring to this circumstance, we do not in the least violate the reserve which is properly due to anonymous journalism, the authorship of these criticisms being so notorious that it is less caused to be regarded as one of the secrets of the trade. There are some who are some of the best critics of the day, and which, being stated, requires no further elucidation. This is one of them. To say that the critic and the playwright are two single gentlemen rolled into one, is to state the case and to point the moral in the same breath. It represents a state of things in which the exercise of unfettered judgment by individuals of any value whatever must be almost, if not quite, impossible. We may nothing about the quality of the criticisms. They may be good, or they may be bad; but whatever they are, or whatever may be the qualifications of the critic, the relative position of the two parties directly concerned in the matter is such, that the result is almost certain. We do not concern in the result taints the whole process with serious consequences. We do not intend to insinuate that a critic is ever wilfully bribed into panegyric, or that he ever avails himself of his power, in a fit of jealousy or disappointment, to take his revenge upon anybody. We do not suppose that the fact of having a piece accepted or rejected at such or such a house, influences his individual opinion of the management of that particular establishment. But we know that critics are human, and we infer that they are liable to human infirmities; and as it is a very common thing for the human mind to be biased by motives of which it is unconscious, or to which it believes itself to be superior, so the writer of "screaming farces" may persuade himself that he is incapable of being warped in his opinions of actors and actresses by personal considerations, in spite of a thousand evidences to the contrary. The fact is, that it would be unreasonable to look for strict integrity of judgment from a person in his position. How can the critic, who is not made of diviner materials than other men that live by their brains or opportunities, be expected to speak freely of the productions of his employers? He is not to be expected to speak in higher and more respectable station; that disdains endeavor when they can, to play one office into another; and why should not the face-writer, who can command the critical column

of a newspaper, do the same thing? There may be more heroic virtues in the world than our observation of life justifies us in crediting; but that men who maintain such close relations as critics and managers, and between whom there must be a large balance of obligations somewhere—past, present, or in prospect,—should act with perfect independence towards each other, is a speculation not to be entertained by any rational individual who has reached years of discretion.

But even if they could—even if we can suppose a state of critical incorruptibility which would enable the author and the censor to carry on his two employments irrespectively of each other, and to pass sentence upon plays and players with irreproachable impartiality, an insurmountable objection would still remain against committing the function of criticism to the hands of a class of playwrights whose tastes and sympathies have an inevitable tendency to lower and depress the character of our dramatic literature. We are not insensible to the importance of light and shade in the play-bill. The force is, in a certain aspect, as essential as the play; and, great as our admiration may be of Shakespeare, we would not suffer him to swamp the merry rogue who winds up the night with roars of laughter. But what is to be said of the merry rogue when he is constituted dictator, and invested with a power of surveillance over the stage? It is all very well while he is making us laugh; but the moment he begins to criticise, we tremble for high art, its examples and professors.

The remedy is difficult, but not impracticable. Reforms founded in reason and justice may be slow, but they are generally sure; and we do not despair of seeing the function of the theatrical critic elevated to its proper dignity. Nor is there any class in the community so deeply interested in this reform as the players and managers themselves;—and they know it. Liberal, honest, and open criticism is what they want, and what they most desire, because it would relieve them from that heavy oppression of favouritism, jealousy, and intrigue under which they labour at present.

ON SOME CONSPICUOUS EYESORES IN LONDON.

WHEN the people of Great Britain their Emperor an equestrian statue the other day, that illustrious potentate at once declined the honour. He observed, that this description of monument should be a posthumous mark of national gratitude, and hinted that his modesty had been much shocked when the Bordeaux lately set up his effigy on horseback without consulting him on the matter. We are now so accustomed to take our faithful ally's words at the "foot of the letter," that it may perhaps seem gratuitous and impertinent to imagine any *arrivé* pende behind the plain superiority of his meaning. Still it is just possible that, in the palace of truth at the Tuilleries, the materials from which the imperial private secretary made his modest and graceful *résumé* may have derived from the fountain of inspiration in bonnet perches, as it were thus:—"See you, my secretary, these brave Bretons have imagined themselves to make me ridiculous to horse in bronze. Few of statues to horse are possible at conditions the most favorable; and it is to fear one goes to consign me to a talent lack. Let us go, then! Say them politely, I wish not of it! I have enough of it at Bordeaux! Let them wait that I am dead, by blue! you conceive their your affair, my secretary!"

The true Briton (not of Great Britain, in the solemnity of the witness-hood, defined respectability as an attribute generally inherent in the man accustomed to drive his own gig, might very likely have sacrificed dignity as an equally inherent attribute of the rider of his own park hack. Indeed, a good seat on a haudonne quadruped in swift and easy motion, has something graceful and noble in its outward show, and chivalry originally meant horsemanship. Dagobert considered he was giving his sons a gentlemanlike education when he taught them to ride and speak the truth. Let us hope, under the able tuition of Dagobert's present successor, the little Prince Imperial may become proficient in both these liberal arts.

But the above-mentioned princely accomplishments are very differently adapted to sculpture representation on pedestals.

We are accustomed to see men in high places (on the hustings for instance) speaking, if not actually the truth, at any rate such an approximation to it as they reasonably conjecture may suit constituents ears pattered round the rostrum;—and a speaking likeness, as of Pitt on his bracket in the Abbey, or Canning on his block in the gardens, are proper enough monuments of orators. There might be some show of reason in erecting a yearly statue to the horse which wins the Derby; and the animal would of course be represented in the full stride of the gallop by which he overtook him. But what have the clumsy chargers, beset by our equestrian heroes and kings on our metropolitan monuments, done to deserve so much of our regard? For, if a given amount of metal is to be devoted to an illustrious individual's memory, why should his alacrous horse have nine-tenths of it? If your horse is simply used as a mere natural substitute for a pedestal, well and good. But then the horse should stand on nothing higher than he could spontaneously have got upon without aid of cranes and pulleys. There is something intensely absurd in a great floundering beast pretending to curvet at his ease on a few square feet of granite platform between heaven and earth. Not only absurd, but hideous. If you look up, the view which meets your eye is not the aspect of a hero, but one small corner of a hero's cocked hat emerging from a huge balgunged silhouette of horse-belly. A horse is a beautiful animal when you see him on the level; but the arch of his neck, the prick of his ears, the general contour of his body, and the flourish of his tail are lost when you see him from below. The only circumstances under which one ever really sees a living horse from below occurs when he is leaped, with his belly in a sling, off a quay on to ship-board; and how wretched and undignified the poor brute looks when his legs are lifted off their natural level, no one who has seen the operation can forget. What a horse would practically do if he suddenly found himself landed on the top of a pedestal it is difficult to conjecture. He would probably either jump off at once, or lie down to groan and howl himself in aghast terror. As respects the horse, it cannot be true art to place him in a position totally foreign to his nature; and as regards the man, if he is high enough placed not to receive a horse's back to lift him above the crowd, he is much better seen without the horse. The annexed engraving of the statue of George IV., in Trafalgar-square, will show what we mean; and our

readers—if they have ever looked at the statue—will agree that our representation of it is not a caricature.



A horse being an appliance of locomotion is a totally inappropriate accessory of a statue which mounts its pedestal with a full intention of standing there for several centuries,—unless, at least, it were the statue of some life-guardian who had become celebrated by sitting in his saddle an unprecedented length of time in one of those equestrian sentry-boxes at the Horse-Guards. Nobody but a life-guardian man sees a charger for a chair. When any other man gets on horseback, it is with a view of going somewhere. Would that our equestrian statues were going somewhere. If some magician of the Board of Works, with his wand of office, would only switch the halting abortions off their pedestals, and send them trotting in procession towards Jericho, or any other obsolete city of dust-heaps and rain-mounds, all the bellies of London ought to wag their tongues of kindred bell-metal with one peal of universal jubilee. The huge Iron Duke should lead the way, the biggest, and ugliest, and highest-mounted of his kind; the apothecary of mounted cock-pigeon. George the magnificent, with plumper-distended cheeks, anubial wig-curls, and stirrups, dangling, long-stocking legs, would fall in with his smug old bog-wigged sire from Cockspur-street. Think of the greeting between those nearly-related but unsympathetic images! And with what disdain disgust their pompous lachrymational ancestor in the peaked beard and Yaschyk collar would have to come down from his quaint medieval stand at Charing-cross, to ride in the direction of Jericho, or even Coventry, with such a pair of decedentals.

POST-OFFICE PROSECUTIONS.

On Thursday, the 12th, a Post-office servant was tried before the Lord Chief Baron, at the Central Criminal Court, for stealing a money-letter, containing two half-sovereigns. His employment was to *sort and deliver*; and the letter in question was a trap-letter, written and posted on purpose to test his honesty, upon which some suspicion had been cast. He fell into the snare; but aware that they marked coin when used for detective purposes, he, adroitly enough, took care to change the money before he got home or returned to his office, and only forgot (so imperfect are clever precautions in general to conceal guilt) to throw away the bit of card which protected the coins, and prevented them from slipping about. On the contrary, he had put it in his pocket,—it was found upon him, and, of course, he was convicted. This man had been eighteen years in the service of the Post-office, and this was his first offence (*detected and exposed*). He had a wife and six children, and his wages were a pound a week—to lodge, board, and clothe eight living souls. His duty was to walk twenty miles every lawful day, in heat or cold, sunshine or rain, fair weather or tempestuous, and he was in great poverty and distress. We believe that the authorities expect the judges always to pass sentence of penal servitude for this offence; but it seems that the learned Chief Baron, on this occasion, saw some reason to depart from the extreme severity of the punishment, as he sentenced the criminal only to eighteen months imprisonment with hard labour—a comparatively mild infliction, and, as far as we can call to mind, the first mitigation of the accustomed doom.

When an eminent lawyer, a distinguished judge, and a conscientious and humane man, takes upon himself to quit the hideous leather pack, it will occur to thoughtful observers that there must be some reason for it. On making inquiry into the statistics, we learn that forty or fifty individuals, rather more than fewer, are found guilty of breach of trust and theft in this manner every year. The expense of these prosecutions amounts to from £1,500 to £2,000, and the cost of keeping the prisoners in confinement, food, or public works (their labour being worth very little) about as much more. Now, if they would lower the charge on Post-office orders to one penny per £1, instead of threepence—a heavy mulet, especially on small fractional parts, and refuse to convey money-letters (sending them back when put into the post, with a notice that they would not be forwarded), it would be the saving great accumulating expense, and great misery and desolation would be

avoided. The poor wretches who are persecuted are generally married men with families. Money in a letter can always be felt distinctly, and, as it is a mere temptation to a man with a strong family, a pious wife, and children culling on him for bread, to feel the money in his hand with no other protection but a flimsy envelope! Without apologising for dishonesty and crime, something ought to be allowed for the weakness of human nature. Surely, the prevention of crime, if need not be reported, is of far more importance than its punishment. The present system of the Post-office appears to be to get the maximum of labour for the minimum of pay—a fair maxim, if the new be not put on too tightly; but when carried on in strict form, it cannot be too much to require that as little temptation as possible should be pushed into the notice and within the power of the recipient of a man's wages.

The tempter and the average appear "ugly" in one demanding justice; and especially if, as we think, the system may be improved so as to do away with the temptation, and with it the call for retaliation on the offence. We dwell not on the hapless destiny of wife and children, for, in Economics, as labour should be paid according to the value, and not in proportion to its encumbrances, and the married can expect no more than the single, it is but little worth while to calculate how much they must cost the parish and the country; yet when we add their sufferings to the amount of the husband's and father's, who can help dropping a tear on the destruction that has overwhelmed them?

POLITICS IN THE CONCERT-ROOM.

Two modes of political agitation are not yet exhausted. When we think that we have seen and tried everything in a heated debate of six years in the House of Lords, to the rude vigour of an "open-air" meeting on a Lancashire common, some daring and inventive genius comes before us, and shows in a novel combination that we never dreamed of. The latest novelty of the present season, in advertising phrase, is that of a political lecture mixed up with a morning concert. The genre is now credited with this invention is a lady known in fashionable circles as the Contesse Montemeri.

To those whose pleasure, whose interest, or whose duty it is to attend political gatherings, it must be painfully evident that a certain class is always absent. The kind of inquiry which may say the air—may denounce a wrong, a principle, or an opponent, with upraised finger—may flume with his notes, or plunge his hands alternately in the folds of his waistcoat, he is cheered on only by rough pulses and masculine voices, and never by long rows of crinoline, kid-gloves, female lace. The aristocracy—especially the female portion—is never present. His words may penetrate to the *boudoirs* of Belgrave and May-fair, but only in the passionless form of print and paper. The living voice, the platform attitude, the physical excitement, are not there to give force to the logic, and fire to the eloquence. What is to be done? The mountain of crinoline will not go to the political bazaar, so the political Mahomet must go to the mountain. The mountain is easily shocked, is easily offended, so the advances of the political Mahomet must be made with caution. The Contesse Montemeri is doubtless quite aware of this, for she is not only an inventive, but a discerning woman. She could select a morning concert of the highest merit, and a richly distinguished patronage—would afford a capital opportunity for instilling into not very seductive poison. So she organised a musical gathering of this kind at Campden House, Kensington, on Monday, July 10th; obtained the names, as patronesses, of four duchesses, six marchionesses, three countesses, and six baronesses; and invited, as soloists, the ladies, and one duke—his Grace the Duke of Wellington,—and she wrote a lecture, in French, upon the "Sympathy of the English towards the Italians, and the Duty of England towards Italy," which she read between the melodies of Meyerbeer and Adolphe Adam, in faultless white kid gloves, and spotless white muslin.

The audience was mostly composed of ladies, as is usual at all morning concerts, which take place at the hours, between two and five, when gentlemen are engaged at clubs, at committees, or in business. The place of meeting was hot, as it is also usual in morning concert-rooms about July, but it is satisfactory to state that no persons were observed to be groping for air on the staircases or in the passages. The theatre at Campden House is a regular theatre, with boxes, pit, stage, orchestra, and gallery, and, like all theatres, it is very dark in the daytime. The gallery audience, now and then, showed a tendency to recognize and speak to friends in the pit, as gallery audiences do at the minor theatres, and to leave seats and make a protest of attention to the soprano. This subdued tone—the mild dulness of refined society, or society acting a character which is supposed to be refined—was spread over the whole meeting. The singers were toned down, as they generally are at a morning concert—perhaps, from a want of applause.

The proceedings were opened by Bonietti, with a quartette from "Don Pasquale," and one of the "accompanists," or conductors, was called to the chair. This was the only approach to anything like the "order" of a public meeting during the whole morning. When Rossini, Martini, and a few others had had their musical exit, we arrived at the great speech of the morning—the Contesse Montemeri's lecture. She read in her discourse. Her companion in the audience she was addressing; careful not to offend their ears by any loudness of voice, and seated on a chair by the side of a small garden-table, that she might not offend their eyes by any energy of gesture. Her sentiments were sufficiently liberal, and prettily expressed, and she elegantly reserved the name of Garibaldi for the last word in her discourse. Her comparison between the Italian and the English character was comprised in that approved see-saw style which Blair and Lindley Murray so much admired:—"The Italian has vivacity, the Englishman calmness. The Italian has perception, the Englishman thought. The Italian is a creator, the Englishman perfection. The Italian finds the road, the Englishman makes it practicable. The Italian is all imagination, the Englishman all reflection. The one allows himself to be regulated by chance, the other rules himself by the most profound calculations," &c. What might be these two races accomplish if properly united, each one having exactly that quality which the other most requires! I thought, then, that unreasonable, but I had French interference in my ears, and your Italian friends and fellow-citizens! This was the burden of the Contesse Montemeri's lecture, and her sentiments, or the language in which they were

conveyed, were occasionally received with ruffled kid-glove applause. That lady was especially marked with approval which the Contesse quoted from the *Faust* of Christianity—"All men are brothers!"—the subject of the song, and the shaking of programmes may not, perhaps, have been quite so loud as when three of the vocalists sang a comely-true from one of Adolphe Adam's operas; but, no matter. It is something to have such sentiments applauded at a morning concert by an aristocratic audience, although they were delivered in the French language.

At the close of the lecture, as there was no chairman, no resolutions could be put to the meeting, and no decision could be arrived at. The majority of the audience went away, after another feast of music—in all probability, with the idea that their duty towards Italy had always been, and always would be, to spend as much money as possible in the hotels of the capital, and to skulk all its severity, to rumple at its carnivals, and to idle on the borders of its lakes. For all this the experiment of mixing politics with a morning concert was very promising, and will doubtless lead to many repetitions, that will be varied to suit the occasion. We may yet live to hear a new Reform Bill advocated by a violin solo by M. Scintato, and a fantasia by Mr. Pratten; or, after an opera, instead of seeing the ballet, we may be called upon to listen to an election candidate, who may insist upon stating his opinions.

Rebivus of Books.

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS.*

PARLIAMENT is nearly up. By no political necessity, or ministerial ingenuity, can its existence be spun out three weeks longer. The gross question imperatively summons the representatives of the people to a distant Conference, and the importance of the issue, the importance of the subject, is absorbing interest the settlement of the constitutional rights of the Commons. Patriots, whose willingness to make any sacrifice for their country up to the 12th of August it would be the height of ingratitude to doubt, are already turning their faces towards the moon. Regent-street is betraying the usual symptoms which indicate its intention of going out of the town. The time is come when preparations are set on foot for projected tours; when trusty alpenstocks are taken out of dusty corners, and poised and tossed in the air with exulting anticipations; when young ladies gather round *Pastorals* with that touching appeal to the blue skies of Italy, or the sunlit ups of the Jungfrau, which few know, at his cost, to be irresistible; when hand-books are explored, travelling wardrobes discussed, and arrangements entered into about dates, conveyances, and hotels. The moment is appropriate for the publication of tour-books; and Professor Tyndall has not only chosen a subject that is seasonable, but treated it in a spirit which invests it with permanent attractions.

The valuable narratives and journals of Alpine excursions published within the last two years have created an entirely new race of travellers, who undertake an infinite variety of routes—upon the map, and make the most perilous ascents—in their arm-chairs. A year hence the Alps will be as familiar as the Thames; but, unlike the River, they never can be exhausted. Mont Blanc is not the same for two seasons together. A single night may change the whole aspect of the mountain; and the guide who went up last week, and knew perfectly the state of the snow, and every step of the track, may find himself utterly at fault to-morrow. Everywhere, the character of the Alpine range of the Alps, and the variety of the phenomena produce similar incertainties, and surround every fresh expedition with fresh excitements. The utmost that can be expected from the observation of the most experienced mountaineers is a general knowledge of the ground; and even that may be baffled by the condition of the weather. Consequently, we never wear out the first charm of the Alps. They possess the fascination of eternal variety. We can never be conscious of any monotony in books that describe with fidelity personal adventures on their frozen and sublime summits. Each new romance of exploration seems with increasing power upon the imagination; for the more we extend our acquaintance with the reality of the peril, and the letter we understand it, the more intense is the interest we take in the description.

Professor Tyndall holds a prominent place amongst the distinguished men of science who have penetrated the passes of the Alps, and questioned Nature in her profoundest recesses, under the most hazardous circumstances. His contributions to the charming popular science last year by the Alpine Club was remarkable for that combination of picturesque beauty and scientific clearness of detail which constitutes the highest merit of that kind of writing; and the volume before us, in which he describes several independent excursions, is marked by the same qualities, developed more fully over a wider field of inquiry.

The visits to the Alps, of which descriptive accounts are given in this volume, were made in the years 1857, 1858, and 1859, and they comprise features at once the grandest and most difficult of access to which the attention of the traveller can be directed. Passing over the Oldenian, the Tyndal, and the Tyndal, he comparatively tame and serene, he comes to the Chaumont district, where the Mer de Glace furnishes the persevering investigator with a multitude of curious details. Every feature of the surface is explored, and the reader who has never seen a glacier cannot fail from these verbal pictures to comprehend very clearly its aspect and formation. From Montanvert Mr. Tyndall made his first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1857, which was followed up by a second ascent in 1858; and although, out of deference to chronology, these two chapters are separated from each other in the book, the marvels of that wondrous district, and the nature of the dangers encountered by the traveller, will be brought more vividly before the mind by reading them in sequence than if they were separated.

This is the first ascent of Mont Blanc in 1857, which was made in 1858, in addition to an ascent of the Finsteraarhorn, and two ascents of Monte Rosa, the first of them with a "guide"—if he can be properly called so who had never been up the mountain before. Every one of these sections contains materials over which the reader will linger in breathless eagerness, apart from the scientific particulars which are here thrown into a popular form,

* "The Glaciers of the Alps. Being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the Origin and Phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are Subject, by J. A. Murray, London, 1860."

and those extraordinary day and night scenes which are peculiar to the High Alps, and which Mr. Tyndall knows how to paint so effectively. The book abounds in adventure, which is tracked with a thrilling interest. The hero of the adventure is a man of more than ordinary pluck and physical endurance. He is prepared for the fatigues and risks of the mountains by much training, a strong will, and a thoroughly fearless nature. Yet with all these advantages, he frequently finds himself in situations which, if they did not alarm him, appear suddenly appalling in the most graphic description, to us who know something practically of these gigantic scrambles.

We have not much space for extracts; but we must let Mr. Tyndall relate, in his own words, a passage in one of his many perils. Starting for the ascent of Mont Blanc from the Grands Mulets, the party made the serious mistake of crossing the fields of ice too far, and keeping too close to the Dôme de Gouté, which brought them to a perilous slope, up which it was necessary to cut steps. A slip on this steep mountain of ice was death,—there being a slightest precipice below, down which the unfortunate traveller would be dashed to pieces. Mr. Tyndall's companion grew giddy by merely looking at the precipice, and a cigar, which tranquillised his nerves, saved his life. The guide, who began to cut steps, became exhausted; Mr. Tyndall, who was usual, was the boldest and strongest of the party, took the axe himself.

"I heaved sixty steps upon this slope, and each step took a minute, by Hirst's watch. The Mur de la Côte was still before us, and on this the guide-books informed us two or three hundred steps were sometimes found necessary. If sixty steps cost an hour, what would be the cost of two hundred? The question was disconcerting in the extreme, for the time that I had calculated on reaching the summit was already past, while the chief difficulties remained un-compared. Having been on my way along the harder ice, we marched more. I again resorted to stamping to secure a footing, and while thus engaged became, for the first time, aware of the drain of force to which I was subjecting myself. The thought of being absolutely exhausted had never occurred to me, and from first to last I had taken no care to husband my strength. . . . While stamping forward through the ice, I felt my strength ebbing away at short intervals, then would set out again apparently fresh, to find, however, in a few minutes that my strength was gone, and that I required to rest once more. In this way I gained the summit of the Corridor, when Hirst came to the front, and I felt some relief in stopping slowly after him, making use of the holes into which his feet had sunk."

The reader must realize the surrounding scene—the height, the solitude, the terrible difficulties of movement, and the danger of remaining through the night at that elevation,—if he would fully appreciate the desperate position of the adventurer, who, under such circumstances, finds his strength giving way. The will, as Mr. Tyndall truly observes, cannot draw beyond a certain limit on muscular force. "The soul, it is true," he adds, "can stir the body to action, but its function is to excite and apply force, and not to create it."

Here is another scene. We are this time ascending Monte Rosa, and Mr. Tyndall is attended, not conducted, by a guide, who, as he advances, betrays alarm at the hazards of the ascent, and finally stops, and refuses to go any farther, leaving Mr. Tyndall alone on the mountain. Alone he perseveres, there being a party some hours before him, whose track, wherever he can find it, he is determined to follow. At last he hears a cheer, and sees the party at an immense height above him.

"A precipice of ice was now in front of me, around which I wound to the right, and in a few minutes found myself fairly at the bottom of the Kamm. I paused here for a moment, and reflected on the work before me. My head was clear, my muscles in perfect order, I felt just what I wanted, and I was ready to proceed. I passed the Kamm, and went up slowly but surely, and soon heard the cheer which announced the arrival of the party at the summit of the mountain. It was a wild, weird, intermittent sound, swelling or falling as the echoes reinforced or subdued it."

At last he reaches the summit himself. But he stands upon it alone.

"A world of clouds and mountains lay beneath me. Switzerland, with its pomp of summits, was clear and grand; Italy was also grand, but more than half obscured. Dark cumulus and dark crag vie in savagery, while at other places white snows and white clouds held equal rivalry. The scooped valleys of Monte Rosa itself were magnificent, all gleaming in the bright sunlight,—loosed and torn at intervals, and sending from their rents and walls the magical blue of the ice. Ponderosa *névra* lay upon the mountains, apparently motionless, but suggesting motion—sluggish, but indicating irresistible dynamic energy, which moved them slowly to their doom in the warmer valleys below. The thought of my position: it was the first time that a man had stood alone upon that wild peak, and were the imagination left loose amid the surrounding agencies, and permitted to dwell upon the perils which separated the climber from his kind, I dare say my curious feelings might lead me to exclaim, 'But I am alone!'—and I might have thoughts which might lessen my strength, or interfere with the calm application of it. Once, indeed, an accident made me shudder. While taking the cork from a bottle which is deposited on the top, and which contains the names of the persons who have ascended the mountain, my axe slipped from my hand, and slid some thirty feet away from me. The thought of losing it made my flesh creep, for without it descent would be utterly impossible. I regained it, and looked upon it with an affection which might be bestowed upon a living thing, for it was literally my staff of life in these circumstances."

Professor Tyndall has divided his work into two parts—the first containing the narrative, or what may, for distinction, be loosely called the popular account of his excursions; and the second, the results of his scientific researches examined and classified. In both parts the style is so lucid, and the method of treatment so felicitous, that the individual designated the "general reader," who is commonly supposed to possess the smallest possible amount of accurate information on any subject, will find himself quite as much at home with the phenomena as with the story. We have not attempted, in our narrow confines, to do more than indicate the character of the volume generally.

CEYLON.*

MANY persons who hear of these volumes without reading them, will express surprise that so much can be said of general interest about an island which seems, on looking at the map of Asia, to form but an insignificant portion of our Indian Empire. Do Bengal, the Panjab, Mysore, the Carnatic,

and a dozen other Eastern provinces, afford materials for histories as copious? If so, must facts not be repeated in this work which properly belong to a general history of India? Sir Emerson Tennent anticipates these questions. He tells us that Ceylon, although placed at the extremity of Hindustan, forms no portion of that peninsula. It does not bear to it the relation of the Isle of Wight to Hampshire, or Tierra del Fuego to South America. It is not a fragment of the Asiatic continent, isolated, by the sea or volcanic eruptions, from the Indian peninsula; although many of its rocks, and its geological continent, as is ascertained by native traditions. Much misapprehension prevailed on this subject, and in attempting to correct it, we shall best and, perhaps, most briefly, enumerate the various topics discussed in these important volumes. In the first place, then, the mountain-chains of Ceylon are not prolongations of those of the Indian peninsula; they neither correspond in direction, nor in their geological character, with the Eastern or the Western Ghats. The crystalline and metamorphic rocks which form the mountain-knot, rising in the centre of Ceylon, differ in their outward physiognomy from similar strata, not only in India, but in all parts of the globe. There is something fantastic in their shape; they are contorted into huge arcs,—the very nature of a medieval fable, or cut into blocks mountain themselves in size, which seem great boulders thrown down upon the land. All round the highlands of Ceylon there runs a strip of low alluvial plains, formed of the debris washed down from the mountains. In one respect Ceylon resembles India: the monsoons blow regularly, and at the same period over both countries,—in summer towards the heated plains of Asia, in winter towards those of Southern Africa, dividing the year into a dry and a wet season. The climate is more equable in Ceylon than on the mainland. The droughts come on towards the end of spring, and gradually increase in intensity. The great winds, the parched soil cracks, every pool in the island becomes a pit filled with leopards' red mud, and the trees, which are laden with dew, deposited upon the drooping leaves and thirsty brushwood, till every twig and spray seems charred or turned to stone. Then, the serpents, despite their dread of man, crawl up the drains to his abode; and the farmers, who quit the silted roads, and prowl around the village wells. When man himself begins to feel the effects of the drought, the weather changes at last comes. Huge dense clouds of cloud suddenly rise at sea to the eastward, and spread in a few hours over the sky. They have no sooner completely enshrouded the island than a tremendous tempest begins. The thunder rolls, and the lightning flashes among the hills, and with a crash which of old sent terror into the hearts of the natives, and even of the navigators, the monsoon bursts over the land in one close deluge, battering upon the trees and houses with a roar which drowns the human voice, covering every slope with torrents and cascades, and converting the plain into a vast sea. The trees do not hide its surface into a widespread sea. But the extreme fury of the storm lasts only a few hours, and the sun, after a few moments of intermittent pangs of less violence, the murky sky begins to clear away. For a day or two a few clouds alone survive the tempest, gathering round the evening sun, and lighting up the heavens with tints of incredible splendor. The response of nature is miraculous in its rapidity. In a single night, sunset comes, and dawn, and sunset, and dawn, and sunset, and dawn, and the red mud of the saturated ground, and the trees exhibit new shades—pale-yellow, pink, crimson, and purple, which, seen through the older and darker foliage, give, at this season, a peculiar charm to the woodland scenery. The great annual storm there succeeds a tract of balmy weather, lasting till the middle of June, and during which the island is covered with a dense forest, which climbs to the summits of the hills, and grows in over-arching mangrove thickets, far over the sea-mud and the ripple of the waves. There are fields, of course, cleared by man for cultivation, but a constant effort is needed to stem the advance of the trees, which would otherwise spring up like weeds in a neglected garden, and drive man from his business hours. There are spaces, however, over which the forest does not and will not gather, called "pataenas,"—sunny glades of open greenward, round which the trees disappear, not by sinking into a growth of underwood, but by stopping abruptly and at once, like a close-clipped hedge, as if they "enclosed an area of stone." In the magnificent woods which lie within the enclosed boundary, stopping the progress of the thorn and briar, the deer, the elks, buffaloes, elephants, bears, and panthers, congregate, as the sun goes down, and they no longer require the shelter of the woods. Strange, indeed, is the scene at dusk, when the beasts, through cave-like openings, come forth to feed, and the deer, and the panthers, and the bears, and the elephants, kind, abandon themselves to sports and uncouth games, which raise the everlasting echoes. Willingly would we follow the author into his account of animal life in Ceylon, abounding, as it does, in facts more startling than any recorded by Buffon, Goldsmith, or White of Selborne; and we commend to the reader, as the most interesting part of his work, the chapter in which he has, for the first time, described the instincts and habits of the elephant with the fulness which the importance of the subject demands.

The plants and animals of Ceylon differ from those of India, and so do also the human inhabitants of the island. The aborigines, who still survive in small numbers amid the recesses of the woods, are a race of dwarfs, and repulsive savages, wandering from spot to spot in a state of nudity, with locks of unkempt hair hanging down to their waists, armed with iron ketabets and longbows, which they pull with hands and feet, and use unskillfully. Without settled abodes, without any idea of marriage, often without even the family speech, they abate intercourse with strangers, and in bartering deposit their goods by night in an open space, where the articles given in exchange are placed by the merchants, and left to be carried away when they can again creep stealthily forth from their hiding-places. These, however, form but a trifling portion of the population. The Singhalese, emigrating from the plains of Bengal, who colonized Ceylon as early as the sixth century before Christ, form the great body of the population. In their hands the island became one of the gardens of the earth, and rapidly rose to an importance which it retained until the great maritime discoveries of the fifteenth century opened new routes to the East.

At describing the century little has been known of the early history of Ceylon. There were old records in the possession of the Buddhist priests, which were said

* "Ceylon." By Sir Emerson Tennent. Longmans. Fifth Edition.

every possible topic that will bear decoration, from garlic and cucumbers up to the passage of the Jordan. But there is a little too much familiarity, and it is likely to breed its usual consequences in the mind of the reader. The natural history of the Bible is a legitimate field for scientific illustration; but look at the red-legged parrot, quails, and coats of the Cassid Bible, and you will cease evermore to risk a device for that class of picture representation. As to higher subjects, which depend, more or less, upon the fancy of the artist, wherein battles, and trials, and sacrifices are to be depicted, the familiarity which the reader acquires with the text in these cases is not precisely of a desirable nature, and of the proceedings of mankind under the edification of the actions in which they are engaged. Left to his own imagination, he would collect from the text a certain solemn and reverential idea of the Lord speaking to Moses out of the Tabernacle; but he opens these pages, and his idea is dissipated to the winds. It will be well, indeed, if his previous conceptions of the Divine nature, and of the proceedings of mankind under the old dispensation, be not lowered and degraded beyond redemption by studying the Scriptures in an edition where his sense of the ridiculous is perpetually called into play in direct connection with the most sacred subjects. The vulgarity of the art, as art, is no less offensive, even to the least cultivated taste, than its application to Holy Writ is revolting to the mind of the least affected by religious sentiment. In this, we confess, lies our main hope of seeing the faint of such publications confined to a narrow circle; for we cannot imagine any part of the community likely to be drawn into the contemplation of biblical history by such coarse and monstrous caricatures, except that impressionable class who are the victims of the illustrations which adorn the street-ballads and the literature of the kennel.

FRENCH MEMOIRS ON LOUIS XIV.*

If there is a sovereign whose personal qualifications have been overrated, that sovereign is certainly Louis XIV., king of France. In the history of his country he has the honour of giving his name to a whole century; but this may be accounted for when we remember the many illustrious literary men associated with his reign. We are nevertheless surprised at the exaggerated amount of flattery bestowed upon a monarch who, although endowed with a certain amount of natural vigour, was degenerate, ignorant, and so abandoned to his passions that to the laxity of his morals may be traced the degeneracies which discredited the court of Louis XIV. and of the Regent. In later years history has been more carefully investigated, and the "Grand Monarque" has not escaped the scrutinizing eye of diligent research. Victor Cousin, Sainte-Beuve, the *Journal de Trévoux*, published for the first time, and many other writers, have patiently explored the public records, and thrown a new light on the era of Louis XIV. The public mind has been brought to acknowledge that until now it had only seen the surface of what is called history, and that the time and labour bestowed on a closer investigation of facts have been amply repaid.

It is well known that a national habit has existed for many centuries among the French, of throwing ridicule and censure on political measures and men by means of satirical songs. The French minister Mazarin formed a collection of these which filled forty-four volumes in 4to, and which the French press intends republishing. These expressions of popular feeling and opinion were important at a period when the nation had no other newspaper than a *Gazette Officielle*, which was of course entirely under the control of the director-general of police.

These manuscript collections give us a very bad opinion of the morality of the upper classes under Louis XIV., and we should be inclined to suppose that satirical literature had existed for long, did not the work of St. Simon, and the voluminous correspondence of the Duchess of Orleans, sister-in-law to the Grand Monarque, more than confirm the statements they contain.

The "Mémoires" which Monsieur Charles Dreyas has just published, include all the manuscripts attributed to the king; but whoever may be the real author, the private information they give on political events is very interesting, and it would be almost impossible thoroughly to understand that important period of French history without consulting them. Our object being more to make a few observations on the work itself than to analyze its contents, we will present to the reader some of the pregnant facts found in a clever Introduction occupying the half of the first volume.

These "Mémoires" include the space of three years, from the beginning of 1666 to the end of 1668. The author takes care to say, "Les auteurs que Louis XIV. n'a pas écrits sont dictés par lui," he also adds, "Il parait avoir été étranger à la trinité partie qui présente seule une ordonnance belle et harmonieuse." The fact is that the king, who was not a writer, did not actually write the Introduction; and to M. de Périgny, reader to the king, and preceptor to the Dauphin, may be attributed the remainder.

It is curious to observe what may be produced by collaboration in literary works. The greater names in the "Mémoires" absorb the lesser, and Louis XIV. is mentioned, while Périgny and Pellisson are merely recognized as the amanuenses of the king. Private history, however, gives us an insight into the truth, and it is a well-authenticated fact, that one perhaps not generally known, that, besides his official secretaries, his Majesty retained a secret scribe whose occupation and merit consisted in imitating exactly the royal handwriting. The *Président de Rose* filled this post for nearly eighteen years, from 1661 to 1678; and in the department of Historical Manuscripts at the *Bibliothèque de l'Assemblée* in Paris, there is, under No. 110, a quarto volume written by De Rose himself, which gives us some curious information respecting the peculiar duties of his office.

The author of the "Mémoires" under consideration, although he speaks highly of the talents of the king, acknowledges the difficulty of verifying the writings of him he claims the authorship, for the *Président de Rose* not only made all the necessary corrections while employed under the dictation of Louis XIV., but he composed whole pages, of which his master only suggested the idea. We must not be surprised, therefore, if *Le barbe-bleue*, after the death of a certain Secretary of State, said that the king, since this misfortune, "no longer wrote French, nor in a style becoming a sovereign."

It even sometimes happens that the writer of the "Mémoires de Louis XIV. pour l'Instruction du Dauphin," copies clumsily out of other books. Colbert

has written on "The Financial State of France," and in the memoirs of the king all the details of the year 1663 are copied from Colbert, in happy ignorance that in the original work they belong to the year 1662. With all these facts before us, can we fault the justice of the title "Les Œuvres de Louis XIV.," given by Gravelle to six octavo volumes, published in 1806?

The "Mémoires," now produced by M. Ch. Dreyas, contain the same materials, but with the addition of numerous historical notes, and an Introduction, in which are given the full particulars of the manner in which the work was written, and some very curious details of the public and private life of Louis XIV. The whole is taken from three manuscript volumes, splendidly bound in red morocco, in the Imperial Library at Paris, but they are wanting in chronological and historical arrangement.

Voltaire is the first who made any use of the information contained in our "Mémoires de Louis XIV.," since the year 1757, several editions of extracts from these papers have been published, of which the most important is that of the Abbé Millot, given to the public in 1776; 6 vols. 12mo.

To M. Charles Dreyas we are much indebted for his excellent notes, and for the correctness of a text the orthography of which is very peculiar. Kings at that period were not supposed to be bound by the rules of spelling, and Louis XIV. has not failed to avail himself of the royal prerogative.

To complete these "Mémoires de Louis XIV.," and bring them down to the eve of the French Revolution, or to the period specified as the *Régence* in French history, the best chronicle is the "Journal de M. de Matignon," a manuscript at the *Parlement de Paris*. This interesting work has been until now unpublished, but an edition is forthcoming in Paris, and will soon be available to the curious reader. We have already numerous publications narrating the events of the latter end of the seventeenth century; there still remain, however, many curious and hitherto unknown details respecting the manners and customs, private and public, of the period succeeding the death of Louis XIV. The five volumes which form the "Journal de M. de Matignon," will be invaluable for the information they afford on these points. Monsieur Tscherning, the Director of the Imperial Library in Paris, has already given in the "Revue Retrospective," some extracts which have excited much interest. The first volume of the manuscript of Matignon was considered as lost, but it has since been found, and the whole "Journal" will be published without any suppression. We shall take care to give our readers an early critical review of this curious work.

THE WORK-OUT PEN.

| I. | II. |
|---|--|
| Old stump, overgrown By toil severe, Fruit and forlorn, Wilt linger here? | Men understand A plough or wheel, A driver's whip, A mill or loom here? |
| Thy light is faint, Thy victory's won, Thy work is wrought, Thy day is done— New dawn, old sun, Have brought new men, And thou must rot, Abandoned, useless, and forgot. | But pens are things Which high and great And popes and kings Agree to hate; And when the crowd, Earth-born, earth-bored, Can scarcely know For constant food of toil and woe. |
| III. | IV. |
| In earlier time, To mould an age, Thy words sublime, On freedom's page, Made nations start With patriot fire, Or touched the heart To pity's tear. | But yet (maybe) A century later, Men who can see With keener scan May chafe to dig Thy relics old; And looking here, May cry "Behold! The pen of Might!" That leaved the light!" Thy tie reversed! Rot! poor old pen! Die! Haystack band! |

THE BATHON STAR.—We regard as an event of no slight political significance the publication in London of a new journal in the Greek language. London, as the centre of information, of political life, of wealth, of commerce, is fittingly chosen as the point from which a journal may be issued to convey information, and to spread liberal ideas in all parts of the globe where Greek is spoken. Although the prevalent language in the East is the Greek, and in some places where it is spoken there are Greek newspapers still, we believe, all are in size contemptible, in information scanty, and in the topics principally descended upon them purely local or factional. We are not aware that there ever has been a newspaper in Greek, published with a view to general circulation, nor one profusely adorned with illustrations, until the appearance of the newspaper which is entitled *The Bathon Star* (Ο Αστὴρ τῆς Βαθόνος), and should be issued to convey information, and to spread liberal ideas in all parts of the globe where Greek is spoken. Although the prevalent language in the East is the Greek, and in some places where it is spoken there are Greek newspapers still, we believe, all are in size contemptible, in information scanty, and in the topics principally descended upon them purely local or factional. We are not aware that there ever has been a newspaper in Greek, published with a view to general circulation, nor one profusely adorned with illustrations, until the appearance of the newspaper which is entitled *The Bathon Star* (Ο Αστὴρ τῆς Βαθόνος), and should be issued to convey information, and to spread liberal ideas in all parts of the globe where Greek is spoken. Although the prevalent language in the East is the Greek, and in some places where it is spoken there are Greek newspapers still, we believe, all are in size contemptible, in information scanty, and in the topics principally descended upon them purely local or factional. We are not aware that there ever has been a newspaper in Greek, published with a view to general circulation, nor one profusely adorned with illustrations, until the appearance of the newspaper which is entitled *The Bathon Star* (Ο Αστὴρ τῆς Βαθόνος), and should be issued to convey information, and to spread liberal ideas in all parts of the globe where Greek is spoken.

CHEAP NEWSPAPERS.—The boast of our time is cheap publications, cheap books, cheap newspapers. We have daily pennyworths of *Telegraphs*, *Standards*, *Stars*, &c., and, by the by, *The Star* was the title of the first daily evening paper; and it is the philosophical Dr. Tilcock and the poetical John Mayne were the principal writers. But there were cheaper things about a hundred years ago, now forgotten. The intelligence agencies appeared, and though not less numerous than those of Dean Swift and his friend Dr. Sheridan supported it, only twenty numbers were issued at "the small price of one half-penny." In 1730 they were reprinted in a volume.

* *Mémoires de Louis XIV. pour l'Instruction du Dauphin d'après les textes originaux, avec une étude sur leur composition par Ch. Dreyas. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Didier & Co., 1860.*

STEVENS'S PATENT BREAD-MAKING
MACHINES, adopted by Government, East-India

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THE NATIONAL DEFENCES.

TO "make things pleasant" at all hazards, is not the only policy of the Government. Upon the question of the National Defences, the Premier has spoken out, like a brave citizen and a sound statesman, and will rally around the Government the support of Parliament, and of every unprejudiced and thoughtful man in the country. No such thing as panic enters into the consideration of this question, whatever may be said by the cowards or rizzards, or amiable zealots who "cry peace when there is no peace." The man who, when bad characters are known to be about, bolts his doors, draws the chain across his shutters, appeals to the local police, and sees that his revolver or his rifle is loaded and in proper order, is no more liable to the charge of panic than the people and Parliament of this great country are in looking to their defences at a time when all Europe is armed, either for defence or for aggression, and when no man can tell what terrible tempests of evil passion may burst forth at a day's notice. The British nation cannot be justly accused of precipitancy in this matter. We have been slow to act; and panic, as all the world knows, is as rapid as a conflagration. The illustrious Wellington, almost with his dying breath, warned his countrymen in vain of the perils they encountered, and prayed that his living eyes might not behold the catastrophe which an apathetic people refused to take the most ordinary precautions to avert. Even when the overthrow of the French Republic in 1851, and the installation of a stuporous military autocracy upon its ruins, might have opened the eyes of the people of Great Britain to the altered circumstances of Europe, as regards our island, they obstinately refused to see the peril, though day by day it loomed more ominously on the horizon. They desired to cultivate friendly relations, not only with France, but with the whole world; and judging of the feelings of others by their own, they were slow to imagine evil. Warning after warning was raised by men only less illustrious than Wellington himself, whose business and whose duty it was to study the bearings of the politics of the world; but their voices might have been lifted up in the great Desert of Sahara with about as much effect as in the Parliament or the Press of this country. No one heeded them, unless it were the pugnacious apostles of "peace at any price," who misinterpreted their motives, and denied their sanity or their honesty. But the year 1859 wrought the long needed change in public opinion, and the ostrich took its head out of the hole. The Emperor of the French, winking and manipulating an army too numerous to be necessary for the purposes of legitimate defence, plucked a gratuitous quarrel with Austria, for his own aggrandizement and the "glory" of his arms. The pretence was the liberation of Italy: no doubt a highly popular and available cry—but, in reality a matter with which France had no more right to intermeddle than with the liberation of India or of Gibraltar. Then, and then only, the shrewd and slow people of this country saw the danger, and were no longer to be deceived by false pretences, or lulled into a baseless security. Although they felt and admitted that the presence of Austria in Lombardy and Venetia was a great and increasing nuisance to Europe,—and although their warmest sympathies were excited in favour of the Italians, they were not to be hoodwinked any longer. They desired that Italy should become truly free and independent. They did not care under what king or banner,—whether it were Victor Emmanuel, or any other sovereign whom the Italians might select,—even though that sovereign might be Joseph Garibaldi, or any other brave man whom

the fortune of war might place upon the apex of the pyramid. With either of these they would have been equally satisfied. But they could not recognise the right of the French Emperor to make an unprovoked war upon Austria on such a pretext; and began to speculate upon what their own condition might be if so mighty, so irresponsible, and so capricious a potentate should unexpectedly resolve to enact the part of Liberator of India, or even of Ireland. The answer to the question was prompt and decisive. Athelstane the Unready was convinced at the eleventh hour. The Saxon intellect had grasped the position in all its bearings, and, unready no longer, called upon the youth of the country to arm for the defence of a land which, with such a neighbour, with such a policy, and with such a history, might be liable to invasion at any moment. The Volunteer movement was the result; and the speedy creation of an army of 130,000 riflemen, equal to the regular army in bravery, and almost equal to it in discipline. This army costs the nation nothing—is daily increasing in efficiency—will speedily reckon a quarter of a million of men—and, on the first day of real danger, will tread itself without difficulty.

The adoption, sooner or later, of some system of National Defences was the necessary completion of this admirable movement. Some may deny or disguise, and others may deplore the fact; but it is nevertheless the unfortunate necessity of our contiguity to France that we should be, at least as strong at sea as that nation; and that her numerical superiority in soldiers should be counterbalanced by a corresponding strength in men and in fortresses on our own soil. There is no escaping from the position. We cannot dictate to the French what form of government they shall adopt. If it please them to elect a military Emperor and irresponsible autocrat, to barter their liberty for "glory,"—to raise and maintain an army of upwards of 600,000 men without an internal or domestic necessity,—to build and equip a steam navy as effective as our own, though without colonies to protect,—and to expend a sum of nine millions sterling upon such a place as Cherbourg—which is either required for purposes of defence or aggression against Great Britain, or is worse than useless,—we have no alternative but to do as we are doing, and be prepared for all contingencies and emergencies. Those who live in close proximity to a powder-mill must pay an extra premium of fire insurance. The public law of Europe is altogether unsettled and lapsing into anarchy; and whether we like it or not we must pay the charges of the police to maintain order as long as it is possible.

Lord Palmerston only enunciated a palpable truth on Monday evening, when he declared that a Government who, with the full knowledge of the circumstances, and with the Report of the Commissioners before them, failed to ask the House of Commons for the means of defraying the necessary cost of a system of defences, would be guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour, and would deserve to meet the penalties of treason. We say nothing in this place of the particular means of defence that have been recommended by the Commissioners and supported by the Government, or of the mode in which it is proposed to pay for them: upon these subjects we shall doubtless have ample occasion to discourse hereafter. We but express for the present the general satisfaction that the Government, and a large majority of both of the great parties in the House of Commons, have at length seen fit to stir in this mighty matter; that they have remembered that we are not living in 1820, but in 1860; that the wind is no longer the sole propelling power of ships of war, and that a representative body is not the governing power of France;—but that steam is

the ruler of the waves; an autocratic Bonaparte the popular chief of the French nation; and that all Europe bristles with bayonets, and labours in the throes of a general convulsion, which may be postponed, but is not likely to be prevented.

Let not the apostles and friends of peace grieve too sorely at this result. They may find consolation in the reflection that if the Emperor of the French be really our friend, and be sincerely desirous of cultivating with this country those relations of amity and commerce which are the surest supports of his throne and dynasty, he will not take umbrage at our determination to run no further risks. The stronger we are the better he ought to love us, if he have a due appreciation of the benefits of a firm alliance with our Government, and of the friendship of our people. Ally or foe, it is equally our duty to be as strong as he is.

THE DEFENCES OF LONDON.

[In the foregoing article we have expressed our hearty approval of the policy of the Government and of the speech of Lord Palmerston in the highly-important matter of the National Defences. As the debate upon the subject will be resumed on Monday evening, we think it desirable, as a contribution towards a fuller knowledge of the task to be undertaken, to present to our readers the following observations from the pen of an officer in Her Majesty's service, who claims to speak with the authority derived from long study, and from professional opportunities of forming a correct judgment. We do not pretend to support all his views, but believe that in what he has to say, he deserves an attentive hearing.]

IN organising the defences of any country it is necessary, in the first place, to consider what are the most vital points to be guarded from attack;—secondly, what are the national means of resistance which may be made available;—and subsequently, having made the vital points the kernel of the system, to connect all the artificial barriers by which it may be deemed necessary to strengthen it, in furtherance of the one primary object; that attained, outlying strongholds may be created. But, even then, they should all lean on, and directly form outworks of one great plan.

To be convinced that London is the heart of our empire, and that with the cessation of its pulsations the entire country will cease to breathe, we neither required the ominous warnings of Lord Overstone, nor the military opinion of Sir John Burgoyne. It must simply, as the former said, "never be," unless we are prepared, as the latter tells us, to accept any terms which the generosity of an invader may choose to dictate.

On these grounds, then, we consider that any system of defence in this country which does not place the safety of London beyond doubt to be not only a gross misconception in engineering, but a misapplication of the public money. Of what use is it to raise mimic Sebastopoles at Portsmouth and Plymouth, or to fortify Portland, Pembroke, and Cork, if London is to be left to the mercy of any marauder who may effect a landing on our shores? He will not turn aside to run his head against those strongholds; he knows full well that the loss of our chief dockyards, heavy as it undoubtedly would be, could not make us surrender; but he also knows as well, that with a foreign foe in Downing-street, the only thing left for us, humiliating as it might be, would be to buy him out at his own price—unless we were prepared to make a second Moscow of the metropolis, which would be but a sorry, and in all probability an ineffectual, alternative.

Strangely enough, the attention of the "trusty and well-beloved" who formed the "Defence Commission" was directed to every point but the right one, as will be seen from the 16th paragraph of their report, where, in speaking of the defence of the capital, they say:—"There can be no doubt that the main object of an enemy invading the country would be, to push for the capital;" and, further on, "the defence of London, however, has not been brought under our consideration."

Now, though we should be rejoiced to see the scheme of the Commissioners carried out in all its integrity, we cannot agree with them in the statement that the dockyards and arsenals are the vital points of the empire, although the destruction of Portsmouth or Plymouth would be a terrible blow. The vital point is London; and on this assumption the following ideas on the subject of national defences may be found worthy of attention. The first and obvious line of defence for England is that which Providence has placed between us and our friends, and which our ancestors wisely made the arena wherein to settle their differences. That steam has in a measure operated to our disadvantage in the protection of our shores we are not inclined to deny; but of this we are certain, that it ought to be our paramount object to grapple with our enemies on our own element; and this can only be attained by a powerful navy, thoroughly organised in conjunction with a standing reserve of seamen, the whole officered and commanded by active young men of the present generation, and

not by old men of a bygone era. Then, and then only, may we hope that our homes, as of yore, will be spared the horrors of war.

But, should a landing be effected, we consider that our first object should be to raise such defensive works round the metropolis as would place the safety of the capital beyond a doubt. Of their nature and area we have not space to dilate; but a system of detached forts, with lines of earthworks traced between them, which might be easily completed by contractors, and defended by Volunteers, seems not only the cheapest, but most available. It is scarcely necessary to refer to Silbistra to exemplify the virtues of mud and musketry; and when it is considered that instead of Redifs and obsolete firearms, we should have our Volunteers and Enfield rifles, supported by heavily-armed forts, there would not only be no fear for the result, if the attempt were made, but we might be morally certain that it never would be made.

As for the cost of such an undertaking, it ought not to exceed the sum the Commissioners propose to expend on Portland and Pembroke, which is little short of a million and a half, and is three times the amount estimated for similar works in the scheme propounded for the defence of London by a distinguished officer, in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Where the expenditure is most demanded it is not necessary to state; but, cost what it may—what is expense to the state at issue? On the one side we hazard national degradation and ruin; and, on the other, we deem about a sum which, compared to a Caffre or Chinese war, is a trifle, and that at a moment when we are about to expend ten millions in the defence of our seaports. For these reasons, then, we hope soon to see the Government set about the defence of London in sober earnest, relying on our Volunteers to man the works, and fostering and encouraging that body by all the means in their power, and giving their officers, to whom the country owes so much, the same rank as their brethren in the militia.

The capital being secured from the sudden assault of an invading army, the next thing is to secure the immediate approaches. We therefore consider the next most important object to be the strengthening of the fortified places on the banks of the Thames,—viz., Sheerness, Chatham, and Woolwich, which latter place the proposed arsenal at Cannock Chase will not abolish, and which must not only be within the lines, but form part of the defence of London. Subsequently the outlying dockyards may be placed in a position to defend themselves without the aid of the fleet, which might, temporarily, have other duties to perform. Portsmouth and Plymouth should be made, comparatively speaking, impregnable, before we commence with the minor ports, which the Commissioners deem necessary to fortify.

But, before all things, it is necessary to maintain a powerful Channel fleet; and we fervently hope that our Volunteers may soon number, as we firmly believe they will, a quarter of a million of men, embodying not alone the intelligence, but the bone and sinew of the country, and forming a nucleus round which thousands of others may rally in the hour of need. Should any enemy effect a landing, we might fearlessly entrust the safety of the capital to men like these, leaving the regular army and militia to take the field, or defend the fortified places, as necessity might dictate. Thus, by preserving the heart of the empire, and enabling the country to breathe, we should gain time to cut off the retreat, and destroy the invading army, leaving to it nothing of the soil of Great Britain—but a grave, or, some—to cover it up for ever.

THE "OPPRESSED NATIONALITIES."

THE diplomacy of a constitutional government must necessarily be conducted upon principles widely different from those which regulate the foreign policy of a nation that has been contented to place the administration of its affairs at home and abroad in the hands of a single man. We are not disposed for a moment to depreciate the advantages of our own institutions, much less would we desire to see them in any degree assimilated to those systems which obtain upon the continent of Europe, and which are in some countries undergoing a reform tending to widen rather than to narrow the basis of government; but all human institutions have their drawbacks, and it is impossible for us to be blind to those which are incidental to our own. In seeking to point out their evils and correct their abuses, we are actually endeavouring to reform our system of administration. It is, unfortunately, too often the fact that the highest questions of state policy are subordinated to party considerations, and that our ministers are apt to sacrifice the interests of their country to their desire for office. In foreign affairs especially this is a most dangerous and fatal tendency, and one which cannot fail, not merely to discredit the government which is swayed by such unworthy influences, but to imperil the safety of the country itself. The cardinal principle of a successful foreign policy must consist in the right appreciation of full and accurate information of what transpires abroad, and of the various secret influences at work to produce certain contemplated results. It is evident that the Foreign Office alone can obtain these details, and apply to them earnestly. Unfortunately, however, under our present system, the Foreign Office has to consider not merely what course will best ensure for the govern-

ment the attainment of the ends it proposes, but what view the country is likely to take of that course. Now, inasmuch as the country cannot possibly be supplied with all the information upon which the Government acts, the popular view of a foreign question is as likely to be wrong as right. Indeed, considering that the public is more or less impulsive and biased by general sympathies rather than by profound considerations of international policy, the view commonly entertained is perhaps more likely to be wrong than right. The only remedy for this would be open diplomacy, by which every person who could read would be as competent to judge of the best course to be pursued as the Government itself. We are not going to discuss here the merits of such a change; we merely indicate the disadvantages which attend the system now in vogue, in dealing with governments where the directing will is not subject to popular influences. It is evident that an entirely irresponsible authority, invested with great prestige, backed by enormous material resources, and evolving in secret, combinations formed upon the best information, must possess an important vantage ground in the conduct of its foreign relations over a government composed of men of conflicting opinions, temporarily guiding the helm of state dependent for their position upon the popular will, and liable to be called upon to enunciate in public the reasons which have influenced their policy. It often happens that it is impossible, in matters of so delicate a nature, to give those in detail, and the result is that the public are called upon to judge upon half the case instead of the whole, and come to an erroneous conclusion in consequence. Under such circumstances diplomacy, in the sense of skilful intrigue and elaborate *finesse* becomes impossible. It must be conducted upon certain broad general principles, comprehensible to all the world, and consistently acted upon. Any departure from the established rules only tends to involve us in complications from which it is impossible to escape with credit. It has become of late a somewhat favourite theory, that those principles should be embodied in the word "non-intervention," but it is worth while to consider in what "non-intervention" consists. If it means, to abstain entirely from taking any cognizance of the affairs of Europe, we must dissent from any such general principle. We do not think that twenty-eight miles of salt water are sufficient to justify this apathy in the affairs of the continent to which we appertain, more especially while we own dependencies which are actually upon it. We are still old-fashioned enough to maintain that there is such a thing as the "balance of power," and that if Gibraltar and Malta were in the possession of France, that balance would be materially affected, as regards this country, even though no hostilities were landed upon our shores. In any European war, therefore, which threatened to disturb the balance of power, so as to imperil our European position, it would be wise to intervene before any one nation had acquired such an ascendancy as to render it impossible for this country to resist her overwhelming strength. The intervention of a government influenced by motives, not of aggrandizement, but of prudence and of the necessity of self-defence, would be limited to this. The policy of an aggressive government is widely different. It consists in intervention not merely as between one country and another, but as between the people and their rulers. The cardinal principle of such a policy is "intervention in the internal administration of foreign states." When the Emperor of France assumes himself to be the "champion of oppressed nationalities," he constitutes himself the exponent of this policy, though the formula is expressed in a more popular guise. It is evident that the position thus assumed involves a principle which, if widely adopted, would be entirely incompatible with peaceful international relations. If every despotic ruler is to be permitted to decide when, in his opinion, a neighbour misgoverns a portion of his own dominions, and to consider himself justified in interfering in its behalf, there is an end to all political confidence.

We are told that the freedom of Hungary is a darling project of the Emperor Napoleon; probably, if the Emperor of Austria was powerful enough, he might consider the freedom of Algeria an equally desirable object. Poland is an oppressed nationality, and in the opinion of the Czar of all the Russias, India is, doubtless, another. That antecedent disapproves of the mode in which the Sultan governs a portion of his subjects; but we question whether serious commands itself more highly to an enlightened civilization.

We have been somewhat blinded to the danger and injustice of this principle in the present, by our sympathies with the cause of Italy; and although Great Britain refrained from making war in its behalf against a Power with which it had no cause of quarrel, the British people regarded the interposition of France with the utmost satisfaction. The effects of that interposition have now become painfully evident: the greatest enemy to Italian freedom, at this juncture, is the Emperor Napoleon. The man whose determined opposition Garibaldi has most reason to dread, is that victorious General to whom Lombardy owes its deliverance, and Savoy and Nice their slavery. French interference in the political events which are now transpiring in Italy is embarrassing the efforts of the patriotic party to a degree which those only can appreciate who are in constant communication with its leaders. The abrupt dismissal of La Farina, an imperial

agent, is an indication of their determination to resist this interference; but we doubt whether the high-spirited Dictator can make head against French ambition and intrigue. The motives by which that Government is actuated are transparent. The paramount influence which has been acquired over the Cabinet at Turin is to be extended to Naples; but this cannot be done if Naples owes its freedom not to the Emperor but to Garibaldi. Hence the plan of a constitution under Bourbon auspices. Naples is a mis-governed state, which must be reconstituted and then protected. Turkey is another, and 20,000 men are to be landed in Syria by way of a commencement. With an army of French labourers making a canal in Egypt, an army of another description garrisoning Jerusalem as well as Rome, with French influence dominant as it has been for some years past in Greece, with Cavour as a French prime minister at Turin, and the Bourbon as a French viceroy at Naples, with Spain under a deep debt of obligation, and on cordial terms with its powerful neighbour, we shall find our Mediterranean possessions somewhat endangered by the success of this "oppressed nationality" policy.

Perhaps the most insidious feature in it is the appeal which it makes to the liberal sentiment of those who are only capable of taking a superficial view of foreign politics. Thus we are all anxious to see Venetia freed from the Austrian yoke—this is the stereotyped phrase; the price which the luxury is to cost is the Rhinish Provinces. Liberty is sold at rather a high figure by our ally; but then, it is such an inestimable blessing. There is an old proverbial rubbing given to pay Paul; but if our sympathies are all with Paul, what does Peter signify? France will have a natural boundary and a passport on the Adriatic. Before this event takes place, we shall have two blue-books full of protestations that France has no intention whatever of annexing the Rhine Provinces—that the Powers are to be consulted first, and the populations afterwards, together with a profusion of polite professions, which must be read by the light of our former experience, and considered so far complimentary as being the homage which successful vice pays to virtue. For it is quite evident that the champion of oppressed nationalities might continue, so far as we are concerned, to exercise his sympathies in their behalf, without for a moment considering our feelings in the matter. Sooner or later, however, the day must come when we shall be called upon to intervene to prevent this description of intervention. While sympathizing deeply with misgoverned and oppressed races, whether in Austria or China, we can neither enter upon a crusade in their behalf ourselves, nor permit others to do so from interested motives. There is in all countries a sacred right of revolution, and where the oppression becomes intolerable, the populations may rise and assert themselves without the assistance of foreign despots. It was as unjust in the last Hungarian war for the Emperor of Russia to interfere in behalf of his brother of Austria against the Hungarians, as it would have been for us to have interfered for them. The relations between a Government and its subjects are as sacred as those between a man and his wife, and are no business of anybody's except the parties concerned. It is a broad and simple doctrine, and one which should guide us in our foreign policy. Let us set our faces against all meddling, more especially when, as in the case of the Marouites, we have proof of a deliberate plot on the part of French agents to create a disturbance, for the purpose of rendering intervention necessary. Meantime, so long as other nations persist in interfering, we are reduced to the alternative either of remaining passive while they acquire political influence and perhaps territory, or of interfering also. In either case, a feeling of mutual rivalry and jealousy will be engendered, from which we augur consequences the most disastrous to the peace of Europe.

THE INDIAN ARMY BILL.

THE activity of Indian legislation, which we have witnessed within the last few days, is only to be accounted for on the hypothesis of a sudden thaw, which like that which released the tines frozen up in Munchausen's bangle, and sent them forth, one after another, in a spontaneous series, to the astonished world, has dissolved a considerable congeries of congealed Indian Bills, and alarmed both Houses of Parliament by their sudden extrusion. Last week, two new Bills burst unexpectedly forth from the ministerial well-instrument; and scarcely had their tines died away in the air, when three more were trumpeted out with a prodigality of utterance unparalleled in our experience. And in the meanwhile, two other Bills—one of which has made and may still make a noise in the world—have been waiting an audience, and obtaining it only at odd times, in intervals of more interesting business.

Of this Bill we purpose to speak. The others have either perished a few days after their birth, or are not of sufficient importance to demand from us any remarks. The one exceptional case is that of the Bill, which is modestly described as a "Bill for the Suspension of Enlistment for Her Majesty's Local Indian Forces." It is, in reality, a bill for the abolition of the local European army in India; and, as such, is too important to be passed by without serious consideration.

A few words of preliminary explanation may, however, be demanded. The Indian army question, briefly stated, is simply this:—When the superintendence of our Indian relations was placed directly under the Crown, what had before been the Company's army became a part of the military establishment of the Queen. The troops thus transferred, or sought to be transferred,—for many resisted the transfer—were called Her Majesty's Military Forces; by which name they are at present known. They are divided into two parts, European and Native; but both are strictly local troops. The service of the Europeans, like that of the natives, is strictly confined to India; and the practical question now is, whether these European forces of Her Majesty shall remain on their present footing, as an integral establishment of a purely local character, or whether they shall be incorporated with the regular army of the Crown;—in professional phraseology, whether these European troops shall continue to be local corps, or shall be converted into regiments of the line.

This may not, at first sight, appear to be a question which much concerns the people of England. It may be said to be an Indian, or a professional, rather than a popular question; and as such the discussions which it has elicited in Parliament have been passed over, except by the interested few. But although it doubtless is a question vitally affecting our Indian empire,—indeed, we believe the very stability of our rule in that country—it is easy to show that we all have a national interest in its solution. The very cogency of our military authorities to expedite a measure which will have the effect of considerably augmenting the standing army, without immediately throwing any additional burdens upon the country, is enough in itself to indicate, clearly and distinctly, the direction in which the danger lies. A vast accession of power and patronage must necessarily be thrown into the hands of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War, if the Indian local army, the affairs of which are now administered, not by the Imperial, but by the Indian Government, becomes a part of the Line. It is easy to understand the avidity thus displayed in ministerial and courtly circles to annihilate the local army of India. No sooner, indeed, had the East-India Company ceased to exist, than His Royal Highness the Commander-in-Chief began with eager adroitness to inculcate the small end of the Horse Guards wedge into the administration of the Indian army. It was his anxiety to set aside all intermediate authorities, and to bring the influence of the Horse Guards to bear directly upon the Indian army. Lord Stanley, who then presided over the Home Government of India, resisted the attempt; but ever since that time the usurpations of the Imperial authorities have been steadily progressing, and they will not cease until the whole of the European army of India, its patronage, and its administration, have been fairly grasped by the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary at War.

During the old days of the East-India Company, there was an occasional outcry against the "nepotism" of the Court of Directors. The directors, of course, provided for their own sons and nephews. They would have been "unnatural parents" and "cruel uncles," had they neglected the claims of their own kindred. But the appointments thus given to the family connections of the directors were few in proportion to those bestowed upon strangers, the sons of military and other officers in India, and of professional gentlemen in England— orphan children of deceased Indian officers coming in for a large share. On the whole, the patronage was very fairly distributed among the middle classes of England—among those who had no interest at court, and none with ministers selected mainly from the aristocracy of the land. The government of India was in those days emphatically a middle-class government. The men who made their way to the front in that great nursery of heroes, were members of the middle classes—men, who but for the East-India Company would, in all human probability, have drowned away life in some obscure country town. The Malcolms, the Mauros, the Ouchterlonyes, the Pottingers, the Lawrences, the Brookes, the Nicholsons, and the Edgeworths, all spring from the middle classes. They were pushed forward, not by brilliant connections, nor by parliamentary influences, but simply by the motive power of the good staff that was in them. The system not only secured to India a constant supply of able, energetic men, but provided an admirable field of employment for the middle classes of this country. It could not be said that those classes were not fairly represented, whilst they held the principal offices in our great Indian empire. The social balance was thus fairly preserved. It was ignorantly imputed as a defect in the system, that the patronage thus bestowed was personal patronage, and that personal considerations influenced its distribution—for it was no small merit that it did no harm—that it was not employed for purposes of corruption. Parliamentary votes were not purchased by the bestowal of Indian emoluments.

We confess that we do not feel quite so secure with respect to the future. The conversion of the local European forces of India into a component part of the regular British Army can scarcely fail greatly to aggrandise the power of the Court and of the ministry of the day, and to create, therefore, a considerable disturbance of the constitutional system of the country. The House of Commons, drawn principally from the landed aristocracy, has a direct interest in the

contingent change; and, doubtless, will vote by a large majority in its favour. Many, perhaps, regarding it as a purely Indian question, which they do not quite understand, and which they look upon as one by no means bearing upon the interests of their constituencies, will vote on the side of Government, in the hope of not hearing more about the matter. But, if we are not greatly mistaken, it is more an English, more a constitutional question, than is commonly supposed. Not assuming to ourselves the possession of that preternatural power of vision which consists in seeing things out of sight, we do not pretend to know the conditions under which the Indian Army will be amalgamated with the Line. A commission of experienced officers will be appointed to determine and to report upon the best mode of procedure with respect to the internal economy of the amalgamated army, and perhaps, to some small extent, to the manner of its future administration. Upon this question of administration, including the administration of patronage, the beneficial or injurious working of the new system will entirely depend. But, judging by the avidity which the imperial authorities have already exhibited, we have very little doubt that they will contrive to sweep the patronage into their ready hands.

"MY GOOD FRIEND."

THE highest title is the absence of title. When we address a king or an emperor we say "Sire"—a mere variation in the spelling of "Sir;" and when we address the Queen, we say "Madam"—a word that any one would use to the lowest and humblest of women, if he wished to show her the respect and deference which are due to her sex. When my lord the duke treats my lady the duchess with the greatest love and affection, he does not address her as "Your Grace," or "Your Ladyship," but as "Mary," "Jane," or "Gertrude," as the case may be; for, if he were to give her all the titles that her footmen, or a begging letter writer, or the secretary of a Church-building Society might employ, the duchess might suspect that the duke was angry with her, and desired an excuse for a quarrel. When Her Majesty Queen Victoria had to write to the President of the United States on a subject so interesting as the visit of her eldest son and heir, to the North American Continent, it was doubtless a matter of grave debate, by what title and in what mode she should reciprocate the kindly courtesy of his invitation to the Prince of Wales. The Republican President had graciously acknowledged the conventional title of the Queen of England to be styled "Your Majesty." He was Her Majesty of England to reply to the man without title! To have said "Your Excellency" would have looked formal. To have said "Sir," would have appeared unfriendly, or if not unfriendly, ungracious. To have said "My Cousin," or "My Brother," as is the fashion among the kings and potentates of Europe when they have occasion to write to each other, would have appeared to recognize the President as a quasi-king, which all America would have resented as a mockery. The Queen, in her excellent letter, with a rare tact and discretion, steered clear of all these difficulties, and addressed Mr. Buchanan as "My Good Friend," a phrase neither haughty nor condescending, neither polite nor unpolite, but truthful and plain;—for good friends the two potentates and the two peoples are ought to be. Such letters as these interchange between the President and the Queen reflect honour and confer dignity upon both magistrates and upon both nations. Followed, as they will most assuredly be, by a reception of the "Baron of Rouffev" worthy of the Americans to give, and of the Prince of Wales to receive, they will, we trust, teach both Americans and Britons that, of all the alliances possible among the great potentates of the earth, theirs is the most natural and the most durable.

THE LEBANON MASSACRES.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—I have read with interest the letter of "An Eastern Traveller" in your last number, and as it contains much truth, while it arrives at what I believe to be a very safe conclusion, I venture to request insertion of a few remarks on this subject.

As I believe the "Eastern Traveller" is mistaken in saying that the *vor Dei* expressed by popular opinion is invariably wrong, so I acknowledge that no proposition can be more self-evident than that interference of Foreign Powers in the internal administration of a country must result in anarchy. But the state of things which renders interference possible is, if it be not a sufficient excuse for the meddling, at least the condemnation of the Government which has brought it about. We can now only sigh over the needless waste of blood which the Crimean war involved, and accept our losses in money as a wholesome warning for the future not again to attempt a hopeless task. In seeking to arrest the decay of the Turkish despotism, we neglected the advice of Machiavelli, who, in his withering language, stigmatizes the short-sighted folly of seeking to tide over difficulties rather than looking them boldly in the face, and settling them once for all. We felt and still feel the inconsequence which must result from the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and we gave it a support, which could not save it from ultimate ruin, but which might put off the evil day. We vainly flattered ourselves that day might be a distant one, but events march rapidly in the nineteenth century; our palliatives have lost their efficacy, and we now see that we only shut Russia out of the Danubian Provinces to open the door of Syria

for France. We neither understood the impracticable stupidity of the Turks, nor for the incurable corruption which pervades every branch of their Government. The one blinds them to their real position in Europe, that of a tolerated evil, the other makes them as hateful to the Mussulmans as to the Christian populations of the provinces. Both are equally victims of the rapacity of the Turkish pashas, and the venality of the Turkish judges; and the Mussulmans, to his hatred of his oppressor adds a theological hatred, even more bitter than that with which he regards his Christian neighbour; in his eyes the Christian is a blasphemer, a blasphemer against the Prophet, and many acts of apostasy, which are not even excused by the fact that those concessions exist only upon paper, and were never intended to do more than throw dust in the eyes of Frank ambassadors. Here again the "Eastern Traveller" is right. The Turks and other Mohammedan races are as disaffected to the Government as the Christians themselves, and, as he remarks, their condition is even more helpless, for they have not even the hope of being able to change their position. But there is a wide difference between this state of things and the pleasing dream of the imaginary Christian walking in his Turk.

The Hatti Humayun has had the effect of exasperating the Turks, but not one article of its provisions in favour of the Christians has, or ever has had, force beyond the walls of Constantinople; nay, more, the position of the Christians is now harder than it was before we undertook to obtain guarantees for their wellbeing. To give an example of what European diplomacy has accomplished, the *harach* or poll-tax, which was formerly a *hereditary* or capitation tax, which was insisted upon preliminary to the Treaty of Paris. The *harach* was a mark of inferiority which the Christian Powers insisted should be removed from their co-religionists. It was the reason which the Prophet authorized the victorious Mussulmans to impose on the infidel, and it was a mark of inferiority which the infidel could not bear. Death they were otherwise condemned to. As this subject race they have always been treated, and as a natural consequence of their position, they were not allowed to bear arms, either as soldiers of the Sultan, or even for self-defence. Now that they are declared the equals of the Turks themselves, they are still to be treated as inferior, and to be subjected to a poll-tax, or conscription. This was also urged upon the Turkish Government, and conceded, for the representations of the allies were commands to which verbal submission was imperative, it being always understood that the joke should not be carried further than mere words. The Sultan therefore repudiated military life, that they were positively frightened of fire-arms, and that in consideration of this he should exempt them from the service, in return for a small tax. He then calculated the contingent they should give him at twice the real number required, and fixed the price of a substitute somewhat higher than the value of the Government service. The result was that for every 1000 of his lives, the Christians now pay twice as much to avoid the conscription, which they do not object more than their Mussulman fellow-subjects; but these latter, more logical than their rulers, see in all this one fact—that the Christians no longer pay the legal ransom for their lives, which are therefore forfeit. The Christians of the whole of Syria, have seen the practical commentary on the Hatti Humayun.

The fatal distinctions have not their origin in religion; the difference of faith is merely the badge which distinguishes the two parties. On the field of Flodden the Scotch cry was, "Down with the Heretics!" but it was not religious zeal which led to the war—it was national hatred. So with the Maronites and Druses. But these feelings of hatred, sternly repressed by the Government, are not the cause of the present disturbances. It is the Turkish Government, which sees in them a means of bringing within its feeble grasp the hardy mountaineers who, for so many centuries, have defied their efforts to obtain more than a nominal sovereignty over them. It is singular, but true, that in proportion as the Turkish Empire has become weaker, the Druses have become stronger. They have been the cause of more tribas within its nominal limits who had resisted the attacks of its more warlike and wiser princes. Thus, in African Tripoli, a Turkish pasha has now replaced the boys who had ruled for 300 years. The last was literally kidnapped some twenty-five years ago, and England applauded, probably commiserated, and certainly did not interfere. The same has happened elsewhere, been, of course, annihilated, and each year sees partial rebellions. In Arabia, the descendant of the Prophet, whose family even the savage Selim had recognized as Princes of Mecca, has been recently deposed, and the rule of the successor they have given him has been illustrated by the massacre of Jidda. In Egypt, the Mamelukes, who have been the cause of so much trouble, have been carried on by the functionaries of the Porte to upset the (avowedly absurd) arrangement entered into after the deposition of the Emir Eschur Shehab, and to substitute for the divided rule of the Christian and Druse Emirs, imagined by the ambassadors of England and France, the authority of a single ruler, and to real to demonstrate to their Indian protectors the necessity of so salutary a measure. Governor-General Buxtehude, Damascus, encouraged by the ministers at Constantinople, have omitted no opportunity of inflaming the animosities of race, and encouraging their manifestation. The participation of the Turkish soldiery in the recent massacre of the Maronites, and the murder of the Mosamedean governor and his family, referred to by the *Standard*, have done more to excite the notion of the suspicion which exists against the Turkish Government itself. That governor, if the accounts be correct, was a member of the Shehab family, which ruled so long in the Lebanon, and therefore a probable competitor for the principality in case any new settlement were conspired to. The

In 1840, an Italian was among the first of the outbreaks which followed the deposition of the Emir Bahkr, and the evacuation by the Egyptian troops. I saw the blackened ruins of many a village, as well as of solitary cottages, the vineyards trampled down, and the mulberry trees destroyed. I spent some little time in the Turkish camps, and saw the Maronites brought in and sent to the Turkish islands, and the Christians of the Lebanon and Syria. These latter are not dangerous to the Turkish Government. They have no sympathizers in Europe; their religion is idolatry; the very tenets of their sect—their sole learning—are known only to a single member of each sect, family, and they have no arts but the simplest processes of agriculture. They are, in ritual, very similar to that of Rome, are easily duped, supporting the sultan,

tion of Europe, and this respect is far in advance of the Turks even of Constantinople. They are, therefore, a dangerous population—dangerous, I mean, to dominant barbarians; while the certainty that their complaints would find a ready hearing in the Cabinets of Europe, left the Turkish Government no way of curbing them but by the means they are now using, a means which has led to these last days being several of these outbreaks, but none of the serious nature of the one which has just occurred at the Lebanon, while this has found the Musulmans in all the cities eager to imitate the example of Candour and Jidda. It has been long in preparation, and it is no excuse for the Turkish Government to say that its troops were not sent to defend or pacify another part of the empire. The present outbreak was foreseen, and the Government ought to have been found in the consular reports to the Foreign Office; and if our consuls were alive to the danger which threatened the Christians so long beforehand, much more must it have been known to the Turkish Government. It is not surprising, that, if there were really only 400 Turks in Syria, they should be known to the consuls, but it is not surprising that they should be known to the consuls.

It can admit of no doubt in the minds of those who know the Turks, that they are instigators and abettors both of the Druses, and of the fanatical population of Damascus. It is no answer to this saying that the blow they have provoked will recoil on themselves. Their cunning has been so often successful, that they will not be deterred by a single failure. In sixty years, they might well think they could do so again. They count upon stupidity which can discover no other hand to hold the balance of the world than an Ottoman Sultan enthroned in Constantinople. The integrity of his empire has been proclaimed an article of our political creed; it is therefore a principle of our policy to support him against all his enemies. They calculate, with some reason, that a few more such massacres as those of Jidda, Der El Kaur, and Damascus, will render the Christian population unwilling slaves, as of old, and they trust to the mutual jealousies of Europe to bring forth in multi-storied possession of the advantages they have never known.

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ANOTHER EASTERN TRAVELLER

RISKY NAVIGATION THE RUN OF THE "LEISTNER"—What may be called an advance in steam navigation was shown on Saturday last in the trip of the *Leistner*—one of the new mail-boats for the Holyhead and Dublin line, which runs down from Tilbury, beyond the Nore and back, with a great number of members of both Houses of Parliament, and many professional scientific gentlemen on board her. The *Leistner* was built by Messrs. York, D'Aguilar, Samuda, and Co., with engines by Messrs. Hawthorn and Co. She is 350 feet in length, 35 feet in breadth, and carries 2,600 tons. Her engines are nominally 700 horse-power, and she is capable of making 24 knots an hour. She has a diameter of 21 feet in diameter to extreme edge of flutes, which are 12 feet by 4 feet 2 inches, and on this occasion were inserted 7 feet from the water-line to the outer edge of flut-boardings. Although the weather was rather rough, with a wind two or three points before the beam, her speed was most satisfactory. The greatest velocity of the paddle-wheels was 26.82 miles per hour, the engine making twenty-eight double strokes and the pistons travelling at 364 feet per minute; the speed of the ship under these circumstances was above 21 miles per hour. With twenty-six strokes per minute, when her paddle-wheels were going at the rate of 25 miles per hour, at one knot in five minutes, the speed of the ship, tried at the measured mile, was 17.73 knots in 3 min. 23 sec., or 17.73 knots per hour. At 24 strokes per minute, the speed of the ship, tried at the measured mile, was 17.39 knots in 3 min. 40 sec., or 17.39 knots per hour. At 22 strokes per minute, the speed of the ship, was 16.97 knots in 3 min. 42 sec., being 16.97 knots per hour. At 20 strokes per minute, the speed of the ship, was 16.35 knots in 3 min. 42 sec., being 16.35 knots per hour.

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UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON AND SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON.

In an early Number of "THE LONDON REVIEW" (by the kind permission of the owner of the manuscript) the suppression of the W. Hamilton, will be commenced the publication of a series of limited Letters, of extraordinary interest, from LORD NELSON to SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, with Sir William Hamilton's Replies, together with other Documents relating to the same eminent persons.

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Tuesday's Periodicals, &c., on Monday Evenings.

CRYSTAL PALACE—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, AUGUST 3d.

MONDAY, Open at Nine, Display of the Great Foundation and Entire Series of Waterworks.
TUESDAY to FRIDAY, Open at Ten. Admission, one Shilling; children under twelve, Sixpence.

SATURDAY, Open at Ten, FLORAL PROMENADE CONCERT. Admission Half a Crown; Children One Shilling; Season Tickets free.

SUNDAY, Open at Half-past One, to shareholders gratuitously, by Tickets.

THE PICTURE GALLERY IS OPEN.
The Room is now covered with vases, and other objects in full bloom; and the ornamental beds on the terraces and slopes are brilliant with thousands of geraniums and other flowers.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.—By some accident, for which we are unable to account, we had not received up to the moment of going to press, the letter from our special correspondent in Spain, on the drawings and photographs of the Great Eclipse as seen in that country, which he undertook to send us in time for our present publication.

THE LONDON REVIEW

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1860.

The latest news from the United States afford proof that splendid preparations are making in all parts of the Great Republic which the Prince of Wales is expected to visit. Within the past week the papers have published the correspondence between the President and the Queen of England, in which the former invites the Prince to visit the United States, and the latter accepts, on behalf of her son, the invitation. The correspondence affords a curious specimen of courtly epistolary etiquette. The President addresses his letter—"To her Majesty Queen Victoria," and concludes "Your Majesty's most obedient servant, James Buchanan," and Her Majesty addresses Mr. Buchanan, as "My good friend," and concludes, "I remain ever your good friend, Victoria R." One happy result may, it is hoped, be derived from all these courtesies and compliments; namely, to unite in still closer bonds of amity the two greatest and freest communities in the world.

In Canada the preparations are still more enthusiastic, for in that country to respect and deference is added—loyalty. Not even the British Isles themselves are more loyal than Canada, or more fervent in their attachment to the British crown, under the protection of which they enjoy a far greater degree of liberty, and at a less cost than any part of the American Union. All Canada was alive with excitement at the date of the last advices.

In our last number we referred to the deadlock to which Parliament has been reduced this session by the absolute impossibility of disposing of the measures brought before it. Lord Derby called the attention of the House of Lords to the subject on Friday last. "There were," he said, "a great many measures originating in the House of Commons which could not, considering the present period of the session, become law, while not one of the measures sent down to that assembly by the House of Lords had yet passed through committee. Surrounding circumstances had, in the present session, been favourable to legislation. The Thames has this summer been as offensive than had of late been its wont. The temperature had been such as to enable the members of the House of Commons to go through their labours without the feeling of absolute exhaustion. But with all these incentives to work, it is too much to suppose that a large number of independent members could go through six weeks of slavery, sitting from ten to fourteen hours daily." The only remedy Lord Derby could suggest was, that a prorogation should only be looked on as an adjournment, and that measures which had been discussed, and not passed, should be re-introduced in the following session in

the same stage in which they would have remained had the House been adjourned instead of prorogued. Mr. Ewart has since returned to this question. He would have the House for the future to be contented with a discussion on the second reading of a bill, and not to debate any question afterwards. He proposed that the majority at any time should have it in their power to decide when the arguments on any question had been exhausted, and to close the debate. His last proposal was to commence morning sittings immediately after Easter. Lord Brougham said, *apropos* of Lord Derby's speech, that a joint committee of the Lords and Commons should be appointed, to discuss the subject calmly, and to endeavour to arrive at some practical and useful result. "Parliamentary government," he said, "was on its trial at present, and never till the present session had it shown itself so incompetent for the discharge of its functions." It is unfortunate that no active measures have been taken to discover a remedy for this growing evil; but it is to be hoped that as the vast importance of the subject has been recognised, some vigorous effort will be made before the next session to restore the elasticity of our institutions, by the abolition of rigid and immaterial forms of procedure, for which there seems to exist in some minds such mistaken and absurd veneration.

On Tuesday Lord Palmerston proposed, in an admirable speech, to carry out the recommendations of the Fortification Commissioners, with a view to secure our dockyards and other vulnerable points from the attacks of all possible enemies. It was impossible to say that the future, charged as the horizon was with clouds, was free from the danger of French invasion. "If ever we lose the command of the sea," he asked, "what becomes of this country? Let us consider how dependent we are for everything that constitutes national wealth—ay, and a large portion of national food—on free communication by sea. We import about 10,000,000 quarters of corn annually, besides enormous quantities of coffee, sugar, tea, and cotton, which last is next to corn for the support of the people, by enabling them to earn their food. Our wealth depends on the exportation of the products of our industry, amounting to £100,000,000 annually. Picture to yourselves, for a moment, such places as Liverpool, Bristol, London, and the Thames blocked by a hostile force. What would become of the wealth and industry of the country in such a case?" If the French or any other enemy should succeed in landing upon our shores, Lord Palmerston thought that a large contribution might be levied upon the metropolis, or a sudden attack made upon our arsenals and dockyards, by which our naval power might be destroyed. The last operation was the one most likely to be attempted. If London should be in danger, what would be wanted was the means of fighting a battle in the field with the largest possible army. Fortifications at the dockyards would set free the regular troops, whose places could then be taken by a militia. The sum required to carry out the recommendations of the commissioners would be £11,000,000, including about £1,500,000 for armaments. He proposed to raise this amount by terminable annuities for the period of thirty years, spreading the sum over three or four years, £2,000,000 being all that would be required before next July. Lord Palmerston did not wish to take the House by surprise. He did not ask them to give their immediate assent to his resolution, and he has therefore allowed a week further for deliberation on the report, as elucidated by his own speech and that of Mr. Sidney Herbert, which followed.

Perhaps the most interesting statement in Mr. Herbert's speech was his allusion to a doctrine recently very much in vogue, to the effect that earthworks lastly erected may take the place of stone-walls in fortifications. Sebastopol had been quoted as a case in which a successful defence was made behind such erections. But the earthworks in this case were not suddenly erected. There were sea-defences—regular fortifications—which we were never able to force. He believed that had Sebastopol been defended by permanent works on the south side, to which we went, because there were stone-built fortifications on the north, it would never have been attacked at all. "Our fleets," Lord Palmerston remarked, in adverting to the same subject, "could not get near enough to Cronstadt to attack it, so effectual were its fortifications." They have been carefully strengthened last winter, during the whole of which two thousand carts were employed in conveying across the ice immense masses of stone, to the extent of 14,000 cubic fathoms, of 16 tons to the fathom, so that when the thaw came they might sink, and render the barrier in front of Cronstadt still stronger and more effectual. Similar operations were going on all over Europe, showing the faith placed in stone walls in fortifications.

A Committee of the House of Commons on the question of military organization, which had been sitting since March last year, has issued their report. It has elucidated several important questions. It shows that the Secretary of State is responsible for commands-in-chief for the nominations to colonelcies of regiments, and for all promotions. The Horse Guards have, however, the patronage of first commissions. The Duke of Cambridge wishes this system to be abolished. He proposes that there should be only one entrance to the army, and that through study at a military college. The report besides contains curious information about the manner in which Sir William Armstrong has been remunerated for his generosity in handing over his patent rights to the public. It appears that his guns are of a construction so peculiar, and depending so much on the mode of putting them together, that it would not be safe to contract for them in open market. They are all made under the superintendence of the inventor. At Woolwich, 3,000 men are now employed in manufacturing them, Sir William receiving for his services as superintendent £2,000 a year. He also makes them at a

factory of his own at Elswick, and thus contrives to manage two great concerns 300 miles apart. It is evident that there is mismanagement somewhere, and the dynamite fact comes out that there are at present only two rifled cannon in the British navy, while there are 600 on board the French fleet.

On the same evening, "the condition of the navy" was made the subject of a motion by Sir John Pakington, at one time a First Lord of the Admiralty. The motion was for a royal commission to consider the present system of promotion and retirement in the royal navy, with a view to such changes as might be considered desirable. The motion was opposed by Lord Clarence Paget, and rejected, upon a division, by a majority of 89 to 56.

An illustration of the distrust which pervades the country with respect to the administration of the Poor Law was afforded in a debate which took place on Tuesday in the House of Commons. The Government had proposed a Continuance Bill for five years. This proposal was at first met with an amendment to limit the duration of the Bill for one year. That amendment was withdrawn at the suggestion of Mr. Deedes, who proposed an amendment limiting the operation of the Bill to three years. This amendment, although strongly opposed by Ministers, was carried, 147 members voting for it and only 92 against it.

A remarkable meeting took place last week at Manchester, on a subject not even second in importance to the question of our national defence; the cultivation of cotton in India and other British dependencies. From a speech made by Dr. Forbes, who has superintended the experiments made by Government to cultivate American varieties of the cotton plant at Dharwar, it appears that they have been attended with perfect success. Already there is a great quantity of cotton produced in India, which is quite equal to American produce, and which brings a good price in England. Old habit, routine can, he says, alone explain the neglect which this cotton meets with in the market. It has not obtained a reputation, and is undervalued in consequence. The fact is certain that cotton can be produced with care in India quite equal to the best American staples, and in any quantity. All that is wanted is fair encouragement for the native cultivators. They can do the work better and cheaper than labourers placed under European superintendence, as has been found in the case of the native contractors employed on the Great Indian Peninsula Railway. Surely it is time that a serious effort should be made to direct British enterprise into this channel! Nearly half a century ago the Reverend Sidney Smith said that the vocation of the Anglo-Saxon was cotton-waving. How much more truly might he have said that now! But the Northern States of America are entering into competition with us. They can already supply their own wants with manufactured goods, and for years back they have competed with us in coarse cottons, even in our own dependencies. When labour becomes more plentiful, when the transatlantic railway system becomes more highly developed, there can be little doubt that a Lancashire will spring up in America, and that our great rivals in commercial activity will have the power of wresting from us, by stopping the supply of the raw material, the great branch of industry on which our national prosperity depends. It is to be hoped that a bigoted adherence to any formula of political economy will not prevent the legislature from using active measures to open the great cotton fields explored by Livingstone, and to encourage the investment of capital, and the formation of joint-stock companies for the organisation of native labour, and the cultivation of cotton in the Indo-Gangetic plains and the highlands of the Deccan. In all these districts a fertile soil and a numerous and apt population are brought into contact with the seaboard by railways and river navigation, and seems to await the advent of English enterprise.

An important meeting took place on the 27th instant at Toplitz, between the Emperor of Austria, the Prince of Prussia, and the Kings of Saxony and Bavaria. These potentates are the mid-European parties of the old German Empire, and upon their consultations and unanimity may be said to depend the lives of thousands—the happiness and security of millions. Let them be true to each other, and to the people over whom Providence has placed them as rulers and protectors, and they may set at defiance all the ambitious designs of crafty neighbours. It is reported that a treaty of alliance between Austria and Prussia preceded the conference.

While Mr. Gladstone was proposing his second Budget in this country, the *Corps Legislatif* was debating the French Budget. It was strongly objected to by many of the members. "If 600,000 men are asked for," said the Marquis de Pierre, "it is not, assuredly, to guard against invasion." People talked of the success of the last war, but he considered it as a proof that the army had no need of being so numerous, since, in a very short space, it obtained successes so great that Europe became alarmed. Prussia had but 150,000 men; why should France have 600,000? These remarks show that there are persons of acknowledged loyalty to the imperial régime who cannot reconcile pacific assurances with an army and navy maintained on a war footing.

We learn from Lord Palmerston's speech on the fortification question, on Tuesday, what is the actual proportion between our army and that of France. "We see in France," said he, "an army of six hundred-and-odd thousand men, of whom four hundred-and-odd thousand are actually under arms, and the remainder are merely on furlough, and can be called into the ranks in a fortnight. The army is greater than France requires for defence. No nation in the world unprovoked would think

of attacking France. But is it only on land," he continued, "that the arrangements of France are disproportionate to her necessities for defence? We know that the utmost exertions have been made, and are still making, to create a navy." Mr. Sidney Herbert completed our information on this subject on the same day. "The total of Her Majesty's forces," he said, "including 150,000 of the local European forces in India, was 245,000 men. If, then, the largest number of troops which, it was reckoned, could be required in India were maintained there, namely, 100,000, the average number required in the colonies and our military stations abroad being 30,000, that would leave a force of 125,000 regular troops in this country." In this state of matters, can we wonder at the remarks made by Lord Palmerston on the position by which we are reduced by the hostile attitude of France? "Our interests," he said, "are spread over the whole surface of the globe. Agents in every quarter are at all times liable, through an excess of zeal, or a mistaken sense of duty, to lead the nations they represent into difficulties; and no one can answer from day to day that something may not happen in some part of the world that may lead to disagreeable communications between different powers. With the utmost desire that these matters may be amicably adjusted, yet, if one country is obviously the strongest, and another country greatly the weakest, it is very difficult for any arrangement to be made."

Under such circumstances, concessions made in the absence of means of defence will be visited by the bulk of the nation on the heads of the Government, who must succumb. If this is now the state of matters, we can explain many recent events. We can explain the timid way in which we have interfered with French intrigue in Eastern Africa, in every state from Egypt to Zanzibar. A correspondent of the *Times* has directed attention to a fact which will not pass unobserved by those who have read Mr. Lyons McLeod's "Account of his Stay at Moumbyne," Dr. Krapp's "Missionary Adventures in Abyssinia and Zanzibar," and Mr. Weston's "Reunion." It was announced a week ago, that a French frigate, being refused some concessions, fired upon the town of Zanzibar, and landed marines, and that the Sultan or Imam of Muscat, a powerful Arab sovereign, whose dominions extend from the latitude of Madagascar to the Persian Gulf, and under whose immediate predecessors an important legitimate Arab trade has come into existence, has surrendered to these French intruders. The writer asks what protection there now is for British property at Zanzibar? and asserts that the Government of Queen Victoria have opposed the appointment of a consul on the African coast, without, as it seems, any better reason than that they were again receive official information of the iniquitous traffic that is carried on there clandestinely by the French and Portuguese. We know what the results were of the "excess of zeal and mistaken sense of duty" of Mr. Lyons McLeod, and we can now scarcely doubt that Lord Palmerston refers to such cases. The *Times* remarks that the present state of affairs in Syria recalls fact connected with the overthrow of the Indian railway and telegraph projects, *videlicet* the Emphrates. The consent of the Porte was obtained to these projects, the capital was subscribed under the most unequivocal assurances of support from the English Cabinet, and the shareholders commenced the requisite outlay. The scheme would have been completed in a year. "Just at that moment, however, when operations were begun, the Emperor of the French paid a visit to Osborne. The Turkish Government suddenly refused to fulfil their pledge to grant a concession, and the Company at the same time found that the English Government, which had previously stimulated them to action and expenditure, and which had, even in a Treasury minute, recorded its sense that it would be highly improper to allow the Porte to break faith in this matter, were determined to withdraw all support. This fact suggests inferences," adds the *Times*, "that the present outbreak is not merely from a wild or accidental impulse, but may have received, indirectly, no small preparation from those who are about to show such extraordinary force in putting it down." If a telegraph line had existed from Bassorah and Aleppo to Constantinople, it would not only have brought us into close contact with the races of Syria and the Syrian Desert, but, like the telegraph from Delhi to Calcutta, have saved Damascus and the villages of Lebanon from the fate which has befallen them.

Eight thousand men, with artillery and horses, are about to leave French ports for the Levant; eight thousand men are to follow; thus making a total of sixteen thousand. Marseilles and Toulon are in a state of bustle they have not known since the Crimean war; an activity which extends even to Nîmes, to which a railway is in rapid process of construction. In sending forces to Syria, the Emperor Napoleon has received the approval of the English Government; but we trust that he is not to be allowed to march his army to Aleppo and Damascus, and retain as well the ports of St. Jean d'Acre, Jaffa, and Tripoli. If so, and if a pretext is formed to remain in permanent occupation, a severe blow will be struck at our power and influence in the East, and in the Mediterranean.

The Porte has announced that a peace had been concluded between the Druses and the Maronites, on the 10th instant; but of course this will not prevent France and England from proceeding to the scene of the civil war, and from taking such precautions that such scenes shall not be repeated, either in Syria, or in the other provinces of the Turkish Empire where similar attacks are threatened. The Druses and the Maronites have no more right to proclaim peace than they had to declare war.

Under the influence of the French measures which have alarmed England, Brussels and other Belgian cities have recently been the scene of very striking demonstrations of nationality. On Saturday the Chamber of

Deputies presented an address to the King, expressing their loyalty. His Majesty's reply was received with great enthusiasm by the Chambers and Provincial Councils. Intrigues have been going on along the frontiers which have provoked this address. The hiding newspapers of Lille and other Flemish towns already absorbed by France, have asserted that although the upper classes wish to perpetuate the Belgian kingdom, universal suffrage will annex the country to France. There are French agents along the frontier who have done their best to persuade the Belgian merchant and the manufacturer that it is their interest to be admitted within the cordons of the French customs-house, and to convince the poorer class of workmen and peasants that the Emperor has a special regard and care for the "Belgians." How well the Belgian press, both Flemish and French, has protected the population from the blandishments of these intrigues has been shown in the enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty which took place last week in various places, and more particularly at Brussels.

The King of Naples has sent orders that all Sicily shall be evacuated, to avoid the horrors of civil war. Messina, Melazzo, and Syracuse are deserted by the royalist troops, who have left for Naples in steamers. Letters of the 21st announce that Garibaldi had left Palermo with from 8,000 to 10,000 volunteers. He was expected to effect a landing on the island, and the chiefs of the revolutionary movement had caused an illumination of the whole city to take place, and crowds of people filled the streets, shouting "Garibaldi for ever." With the exception of a riot, caused by the military, on Sunday last, Naples has remained quiet since the old police were disbanded.

THE GOUFFY PHILOSOPHER.—No. IV.

MR. WAGSTAFF EXPLAINS, ON THE AUTHORITY OF GENERAL SQUASH, OF CONNEXITY, THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN "CRITTERS" AND "CREATURES."

When I travelled in America some years ago, in search of new scenes and a newer people than the blue or France offered, I made the acquaintance of a very excellent gentleman from Connecticut. His name was Reuben Squash, and he was both a general and a judge. He was very tall, lean, and sallow; he was seldom without a quid of tobacco in his mouth, except at dinner and other meals, and I suppose, when he slept. He was a marvellously accomplished adept in the great art and mystery of spitting. I verily believe that in pacing about a room he could spit through the key-hole without impinging upon its sides, and land the deposit safely upon the outer door-mat; and that, if he took aim at any particular spot on floor or carpet within six or eight paces, were it no bigger than a parched pea, he could cover it with more than the accuracy of a chasseur de Vincennes or a Wimbledon rifleman. I have heard him deliver his judgments in open court—judgments worthy of any chief justice or lord chancellor that ever adorned Westminster Hall or Lincoln's Inn—in the midst of a shower of his own disparaging—the attorneys, the witnesses, the spectators, and even the prisoner at the bar, equipping from time to time with unconscious imitation; and thinking no more of it than of the act of respiration. General Squash— for he preferred his military to his judicial title—had no other defect, that I am aware of, and was not only a very learned but a very shrewd and sensible person. The particular Yankee dialect of the New England States was not so strongly marked in him as to attract the notice of a travelling stranger like myself, except now and then in the undue emphasis and pronunciation which he gave to the letter *I* in such words as Italian, which he pronounced *I*-talian; and engine, which was always engine-; and in the constant use which he made of the word "critter," as distinguished from "creature." The word was so often employed by him—to mark his contempt of people he did not like,—that I asked him one day to explain the exact shade of difference between the two. I was so pleased with the utility of "critter," as something less noble than "creature," that I have ever since been of opinion that, on this side of the Atlantic, we might adopt it with advantage. The General explained himself somewhat after this fashion:—"The word 'creature,'" said he, "implies a certain amount of goodness, beauty, respect, and love—as when we talk of any of God's creatures; whereas, 'critter' is always associated with some idea of inferiority in the person so designated; and of good, or even ill-natured contempt on the part of the speaker. Thus, when I tell you that Miss or Mrs. A—— is a creature, you will learn, if you do not interrupt me before she finishes speaking, that I consider her lovely either in her mind or person, or both. But were I to call her a 'critter,' and no more, you would be justified in believing that, in my opinion, she was either a slut, a scold, a scandal-monger, a fool, a tippler, or a flirt, and that I had no respect for her. If I said to you in the street, 'Look at that lovely creature!' it would probably be to direct your attention either to a fine woman or a beautiful child. But if I said, 'Look at that pretty critter!'" the words might apply to a pet poodle, or a prancing horse. If I say that Mr. B's grandmother is a good old creature, I mean that she is and has been good in the highest sense of the word, and that she is still in possession of those faculties of heart and mind which inspire respect and affection; but if I say that she is 'a good old critter,' I imply some deficiency of character or intellect which may have prevented her all her life, or be the result of old age and infirmity. So, when I call a man a 'critter,' you may be sure that I think him a cheat, a fool, or a mean fellow,—a man that I could not fight with if he challenged me, but whom I could treat, in case of need, to a taste of a cowhide. Ours is a great country, sir—a very

great country, but it swarms with critters, as you will see, if you travel much amongst us, and open your eyes as you go. They are the unwholesome growth of our overripe civilization, and of our too much liberty."

At this point I interrupted the General, and noticed that the Americans showed their own country and countrymen, but that they would not allow Englishmen to breathe a disparaging syllable. "May I say," I added, "that in my opinion you have really too much liberty?"

"Certainly not, sir; Englishmen don't understand us, and never can, until they have lived twenty years amongst us, and ceased to be Englishmen. They talk of us out of the fulness of their ignorance, and only submit upon the truth by accident; and when they have got it, hurt their shins over it, for they don't know how to turn it to the slightest advantage. But to return to our critters, who are useful in their way, no doubt, like everything else that God has created—for even snakes must be good for something if we could but discover it. In every country there are critters in private life, for every country has its shallow-pated fools, and mean or dastardly cheats, humbugs, and false pretenders; but our country has the unhappy privilege—the consequence of our ever liberty—of poisoning an amount of public criticism known to no other nation under the sun. I will cite a few examples.

"For instance: there is amongst us a class of persons, male and female, who pretend to have a mission. Now, a man who thinks he has a mission is a bore as well as a critter; but when a hundred or so of these bored and critters get together, and commence talking upon such a question, for instance, as the abolition of 'nigger' slavery, which is the favourite 'mission' of a great many of our people, who have more tongue than brains, and who are too plentifully endowed with what I call the pernicious gift of the gab—criticism is rampant and triumphant. They pretend to live nigger slavery so intensely (I am one who hate it sincerely) that they talk as if they would set all the slaves free to-morrow, even though a general massacre of the white population of the South were to be the certain result. They are so smitten with their monomania, that they not only call the black man their brother, but exalt him in speeches (though in nothing else) to a superior dignity to that of fraternity, as if a black skin were better than a white one, and to be a nigger were to be something like an unchanged. Yet these same gabblers won't let a nigger go to church with them, or dine with them; neither will they marry their daughters to them, or even allow them to sit in the same omnibus or the same theatre. The effect of such speeches, if the niggers could hear or read them, would be to create a civil war, and dissolve our glorious Union. Some would call these people 'wicked creatures,' and thus recognize, by the strength of the epithet employed, a certain amount of dignity in them, and respect due to them. I call them silly critters—critters that talk without meaning what they say, and for this reason call us much critters as mocking-birds.

"But if such critters, who think they have a mission to abolish slavery, or anything else, are distasteful to us, the women with a mission are absolutely odious. From such critters my kindly fist protect me! What business has a woman with a mission? A mission implies a sender, and she sends women out of the sphere of their families and the care of their little children—or of their old fathers and mothers—to civilize savages, to prate to their countrymen, who are not savages, on the iniquity of drinking *loggier*, or Bourbon whisky; and upon the superiority of cabbage, as an article of diet, to beef and mutton! Who sends them to preach and lecture on the reform of society in its eating and drinking, its believing and its disbelieving? Why don't they reform their own households? If they make every one happy within that little sphere, they do a great work—greater, no doubt, better than any mission they can undertake beyond its boundaries. A woman with a mission is a bore above all bores—a critter to be avoided—*ere* whose husband and children are to be pitted, and one who, if she be not married, is not likely to be married, makes the best use of her time in a prudent secret, until the unhappy victim is safely tied to her. When a woman lectures and preaches to gain her livelihood, I don't so much object—and she ceases to be a critter. But when she sports in public, in pursuance of what she calls her mission, I object to her—avoid her—desist her. She is a critter, and one of the most rampant *eris* of our free and enlightened country.

"You in England have established free trade, but we in this country (or in that benighted part of it called Ohio, for, thank Heaven, we have not yet arrived at it in Connecticut), have endeavored to establish what is called Free Love. The Free Lovers have their annual, if not monthly, meetings, and their own particular organ or newspaper, published daily or weekly. They maintain the doctrine, with much pulser, that marriage is a slavery worse than that of the niggers, and that as soon as a woman has grown weary of a man's society, and finds him too poor to pay her hoarse, erudite, and other trash, it is a strictly moral and proper act, ordained by Heaven and Nature, and only disallowed by the foolish prejudices of a spurious Christianity, that she be divorced. I suppose that in your country the police would interfere with the meetings of any shameless critters, male or female, who should have impudence and folly enough to get up in the face of day, and maintain such atrocities as these! But in our country we allow the critters to talk, and even to act, and there is no remedy, except in public opinion, for which they don't care a straw.

"Less offensive than these, but very disagreeable in their own peculiar way, are the female disciples of a critter called Bloomer, who walk about the streets in trousers, with petticoats hanging no farther down than their knees, like

after member got up and adjured him to withdraw the Bill, intending, after a certain cry, to give way. But Mr. Disraeli sat still and made no sign, and so one who took the initiative. There was "no pressure brought to bear in favour of the withdrawal of the Bill." The pressure which Lord John, it is argued, should have seen and recognized, was the pressure of time and the fair claims of other measures. That work occupied in the discussion whether we should go into committee on the Reform Bill lent us the Blackwell Bill. If Lord John had made an early and a handsome surrender of his measure, instead of waiting for Mr. Disraeli as Lord Gladstone waited for Sir Richard Strachan, the House might by this time have surrounded the non-trader classes with all necessary safeguards, and have sent this non-sensical bill to the Upper House of Parliament.

I must compliment our Noble Viscount on the way in which the public business has been conducted this Session. The latest example is the postponement of the vote on the National Defence. If the measure which had been agreed to by the Cabinet upon the National Defence had been published a day or two before in the Votes the House would have agreed to it on Monday night, and the postponement for a week would have been unnecessary. The result will be that members will have a week's time to prepare elaborate speeches, and it will be a mercy if we are not visited with the elaborate debates. This is of a piece with the rest of the Session. The Session of 1860 will be known as the Session of Adjourned Debates. One day the Budget gave way to the Reform Bill; and then, when the Reform Bill in turn gave way to the Budget, the repeated adjournments made the debates languid and desultory to the last degree. Members had time to forget what was said before, and did not hesitate to repeat the arguments that had been more forcibly urged by others. Nothing was settled out of hand, but we had half a dozen little scattered on the table that were only put into the Speaker's possession to be taken out again, and hung up for a week or two. This is not the way to get through work of any kind, and House of Commons work least of all, which requires to be served up hot, like an *olette soufflée*, or else it becomes heavy and wearisome. The Budget was again to be considered, the second reading, at the end of April, and the third at the end of May. The Paper Duty waited for a third reading (another adjourned debate), the repeal of Sir J. Harcourt's Act (prohibiting time-bargains on the Exchange) stood for a second reading (in adjourned debate), and the various other measures, and the various changes, and related bills are still to be considered, which have only just struggled into legislative existence.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

Lord Palmerston's programme of the Defence talks exactly with the view that I presented last week, namely, the enlargement of the outworks of the naval works on the southern coast, and the creation of an arsenal for warlike stores in the centre of the kingdom—Canooch Cause, in Staffordshire, being the point selected, where land is to be taken and iron stores, and where access to the rail is easy from all points. It is not likely that any substantial opposition will be offered to these propositions in the House of Commons, more especially as the money is to be raised in the least onerous manner—by loans upon annuities—and taken by instalments.

There will be only one sharp fight here in Parliament, and that will be on the small question of equalizing the Customs' Duty upon Foreign Paper to the Excise tax upon home-made, the difference being only the cost of the Excise collection beyond that of the Customs. The English papermakers object to this equalization, on the ground that the material is done here that it is abroad. Mr. Gladstone and his supporters, however, contend that the proposed change is for the benefit of that great body, the consumers; and that, in fact, it is also in accordance with the true doctrines of political economy, which soon equalize prices at home and abroad. But the main feature of the discussion will be the correct reading of the Treaty with France, to which the House of Commons has given its formal assent. This point will naturally be dwelt upon by Lord John Russell, and will probably decide the question against Mr. Disraeli and the papermakers. The Government will be guided by the opinion of the law officers on this point.

That part of the Ride in Hyde Park, lately opened into Kensington Gardens, was stopped up yesterday, and the twenty-six yards of crossing which is so much complained of by the neighbouring inhabitants, is to be closed to children and yachtsmen, is for the moment closed, and will probably be discontinued as a ride. The equestrian interests have begun to make a stir, and have got up an organization in favour of the extension of the Ride. Forms of petition are left for signature at all the Clubs in St. James's, and at other public places. It is astonishing, when one goes to see the "grand" of contention, what a small matter may excite so much local activity. It is probable that Mr. Corwer will be obliged—as we anticipated last week—to give way, and to withdraw the intended privilege from the rising community.

A more unexpected removal of the First Commissioner of Works is the withdrawal of the iron fences from the public statues. The lively little equestrian statue of George III. in Pall Mall East, looks much better since the iron palings have been removed. Workmen are now engaged in removing the "defences" from the statue of King Charles "that" at Charing Cross. If the cumbersome pile itself were removed, it would be a great advantage in every way. It could be put back in a line with George IV. (see *noble fratrum*) in Trafalgar Square, and make way for the opening of the Strand into the Mall in St. James's Park, which are in a direct line with each other. The destruction of two or three old houses would open this most necessary communication, and greatly improve the appearance of the whole neighbourhood. If this is too much at present, the opening into the Park from Spring Gardens ought to be widened by the abolition of a single house, which is Crown property, and only held by a lease of some half-dozen years.

If Mr. Corwer will effect these improvements, and finish Carlton Terrace, by pulling down the old stables of the Prince Regent, he will do much to make his edifice popular. The stables of the First Gentleman (and roof of Europe) have had a sufficiently long spell of freedom from demolition. The statue of King Charles need not be so proud of "the divinity that doth hedge a

king," seeing that it was buried during the Commonwealth, and dug up again after the Restoration. In his hot indignation against the Lords, for their recent refusal to repeal the Paper Duties, Mr. Whalley, M.P., threatened a statue of Cromwell by public subscription. Such a monument should be of bronze, at least, if not of iron-jawed. It is not likely that any site for a statue of the Great Republican (as Lord Lyndhurst called him) would be granted upon property appertaining to the Crown.

Talking of monuments and street obstructions—the Grand's Memorial at the bottom of Waterloo Place, is evidently too massive a piece of stonework for the situation. It is evidently not "the right thing in the right place." Feelings of gratitude naturally gave way to taste and public convenience, when the beauty and openness of that great thoroughfare was permitted to be destroyed by this imposing monument or mausoleum. The figures of the three generals—Trafalgar—seen on the side looking towards the Park, are decidedly full of character—hard, massive, and decisive—worthy representations of the men of the three battles who held the hill at Inkermann for ten solid hours against the whole Russian force. But the other ornaments promise ill, and report speaks any thing but favourably of the figure of Glory that is to crown the summit.

A feature has been added to dramatic affairs this last week. And, in regard of this, a pertinent—certainly not *superfluous*—question may, perhaps, be hazarded. In all gravity let us put it; since we are ready believers with even a few assurances. Are the "Zouaves" now playing at the Princess's Theatre, to certain expectations interfere of their own, presented amidst the firm of Sebastopol—same of might—of duty, to many minds!—genuine combatants, or "men in blackmen"? We would, for obvious reasons, much prefer that those were the "true men." For, besides the easy assurance that they can come thus amiably to amuse us, simply in their grotesque and calibrating manner, we have the advantage of discovering that, after all, those renowned and dreadful warriors really do not spend all their time amid rifles, crooked swords, and wild cuts; but that they have a dulcet side to their dispositions. However, apart from this reassuring assurance that these, after all, are the real men—and therefore that the Londoners have to welcome and not repel them—*ceteris*, there seems something mysterious—something of the unaccountable—in this transference of their ardour, dexterity, and dash from the battle-field of the Crimea actually to the theatres of capitals, *now* along with pleasure-courting carriages! This contemplation of Comus and of comely, instead of caricatures, is a positive relief, only less assuasive than the diversion which we may contrive to obtain here in town, out of these very unexpected exploits of our ferocious friends. We suppose we must call these representatives of the "Zouaves" a success. At all events, it is a very curious and novel exhibition, and the enterprise of Mr. A. Harris has been distinctly displayed in an importation so provocative of that very valuable commodity—wonder. Wonder, in truth, is the lower which lifts all our senses into being. From the carriage of the Gurkhas, conquering by a name alone, to an advertisement of emeralds or calicoes, *wonder* is the true talisman, leading—through the very force of the mystery—to victory.

Last week we made some general observations relative to an excellent design which, by the Council of the "Crystal Palace Company," has been laid before the public. We call, this week, earnestly, the attention of all lovers of art—and their name is not million, but millions—to the fact that, on the 31st of this present July, the lists of members will be closed.

The really great feature in these "Art Union" is, in the estimation of the "Crystal Palace Art Union," arrived to its most proper and perfect extent. We mean that of self-education. Each one chooses for himself—trusts his own taste—pleases his own fancy. And there is really a wilderness of beautiful objects to choose from. To us it appears that the difficulty will be in selection. Prizes of all kinds are doubtless delightful things; first, inasmuch as we have the surprise of success, where failure was a thing possible; secondly, because the inherent value of the thing carries its own conviction of pleasantness in the possession. Thus chance itself becomes an added element of gratification.

And at how cheap a rate do we procure that which may possibly prove to be a most agreeable chance! Each member, for every guinea subscribed, will acquire the right of selecting for himself one of the productions.

It is something in these hard, dry, barren times, to have the resources of Grecian and Roman Art, the graces and glories of sculpture, and the achievements of painting, brought, as by a lucky touch, within the reach of every one. Each person, we think, found how even a slight thing has evolved a pleasant thought. The eye, resting for a moment on a beautiful encaustic disc, will relax of its severity.

Photography and stereoscopic views, and examples of chromo-lithography, are included in the "Presentation Works," from which subscribers have the right of immediate selection.

The series of Prize Works already completed and on exhibition, comprise some very remarkable productions. They include some clever pictures, groups, and statues in marble, by W. C. Marshall, R.A., Charles, Munier, &c., of high excellence. But it is in the Art Manufacturers that this Art Union has evidenced its greatest success at present; and this is sufficient to establish its claims to public patronage.

The specimens of the modern Majolica, by Minton, both for importance in size, and merit in execution, are the finest works yet produced in this branch of Art. The large Pucella vases of the same manufacture, in the Serres style, are also that in which the Parisian ware is combined with porcelain, are remarkable examples of selectivity in design, and of the English hand. The same, Copeland's reproduction of the Limoges enamelling, is of the highest order of art.

The vases executed on the Worcester channels by Kerr and Bians uphold the reputation of that firm, and Elkington has enriched the collection by some fine works in electro-aid and gold. The fac-similes of some of the Greek vases, —earliest specimens of fertile art, by Iktanon and Son—evidence the fidelity and artistic feeling which characterize their reproduction.

But probably the greatest impulse has been given to English glass manu-

facture, as evidenced by the examples from Pellati. These are, in the highest degree, admirable, both for purity of form and refinement of style in the engraved decoration. There is a delicacy in these works quite unique. This beautiful material, whose fragility has been made the excuse for heavy and clumsy forms, is here proved capable of realising outlines of the most classical shapes, and lying in lightness with the famous products of Venice.

The concert given at St. James's Hall, on Friday evening, July 20th, in aid of the Brough Fund, was not a financial success. The finest orchestra in England—in the world,—a long list of leading vocalists, and a programme embracing numerous specimens of every school of music, vocal and instrumental, were powerless to draw an audience sufficient to pay much more than the working expenses. The ladies and gentlemen brought together by the kind exertions of Mr. Alfred Mellon, all of whom gave their gratuitous services on this occasion, represented an amount of talent which could not have been engaged under two hundred pounds. There was no deficiency of attraction, as far as we were concerned; and, unless concerts have gone out of fashion, or have lost their hold upon the general public, the thin attendance at the Hall must be attributed to had management on the part of the committee. They did their best, no doubt, according to their experience, but there must have been some errors of judgment in fixing the price, or placing the entertainment before the public. The concert alone, without any appeal to charitable feelings on behalf of the widow and children of a popular author, ought certainly to have drawn a far larger attendance.

The mixed professional and amateur dramatic performance at Drury-lane Theatre, on Wednesday evening, the 26th inst., in which services quite as valuable were freely given, produced a more favorable result. The large house was fairly filled, at advance prices, by a patient and distinguished audience. The working committee of five (acting and stage managers, secretary, and treasurer), aided by a body of volunteer check and money-takers, succeeded in getting the doors open about ten minutes after the appointed time. Those who know the height and breadth of Drury-lane Theatre, its number of bewildering staircases and tortuous passages, will understand how a small staff of amateur officers, unfamiliar with the place, had to run, and order, and shout, before the great bolts of the outer-doors could be drawn. Literary gentlemen and artists were shut up in those stifling prison-houses devoted to money-takers, to check sweepings and shuffle silver, the lookers' clocks, for several hours, and give out superfluous check-rolls, in all colors, bearing inscriptions drawn up in an unknown tongue. These are the amateur services that are purely charitable on these occasions, for no applause or publicity is obtained for them. On the stage, the complicated arrangements were carried out without any hitch or delay; the management and company of the Princess's, the Strand, the Adelphi, the Olympic, and the Haymarket, did their work charitably and well; the addresses were feelingly received, and loudly applauded; the amateur baroque was got through, aided by popular professional actresses, and the curtain fell after a full five hours' entertainment. It is impossible to say, at present, what the receipts amounted to; but they will be published, no doubt, in due time. The net proceeds to be carried to the Fund may amount to £100.

On Saturday evening next, the 28th inst., Mr. and Mrs. German Reed, in connection with Mr. John Parry, have generously volunteered to give a special performance in aid of the Fund; and there is a talk of a theatrical performance, and a subscription at Manchester; and an amateur repetition of the "Forty Thieves," by the "Savage Club," at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. In the mean time an account has been opened at Messrs. Coutts & Co., the bankers, in the joint names of Messrs. Francis Talford and John Hollingshead, the honorary treasurers; and donations are said to be coming in slowly, but favourably. Amongst the subscribers are Mr. Charles Dickens, Mr. Dimech, and Mr. John Leech, with many other gentlemen honourably distinguished in literature and art.

The late Robert B. Brough is worthy of more eulogies than these, on behalf of his family, if only that he possessed the virtue of writing nothing that he did not believe in.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.—No. I.

SIR HANS SLOANE AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

It is always interesting and generally instructive to trace back an event in history, an important discovery in science, or a great national institution, to its early origin, and connect it with the man to whom it first presented itself as an idea. This idea he may have thought capable of great development, but its future has generally been veiled in obscurity, as, indeed the future of every human aspiration must be. It happens, however, more frequently than is often supposed, that the character and history of the originator or inventor throw great and useful light on the after condition and history of the invention. His intentions are sometimes expressed, his expectations announced, his hopes indicated,—and we may judge from these how far he was worthy of his suggestion, and how completely in some cases the whole of the real value and excellence of what he had discovered were forgotten in some trifling and temporary result anticipated. With a view to illustrate this, we propose to offer to our readers, from time to time, a sketch of the early advocates and pioneers of knowledge, in connection in each case of some one subject or department, in advancing which they were especially remarkable. We begin with SIR HANS SLOANE, whose private collections formed the basis of the BRITISH MUSEUM; and we may safely say that very few men could be named whose personal exertions have produced larger results, or whose intentions have been better carried out for the benefit of their country.

He offers a remarkable instance of the advantage that may arise from the careful and intelligent accumulation and wise disposal of those various objects of interest which, in the hands of the mere collector or the careless inheritor, are so often useless to every one, but which, properly placed, and serving as a nucleus, have, in his case, grown into our national Museum. We

can assure our readers that this institution, still too little appreciated by many, contains an amount of treasures, daily increasing, compared with which almost all foreign establishments of the same kind must already be regarded as secondary and unimportant.

Hans Sloane, born in 1660, in the north of Ireland, very early devoted himself to the study of Medicine and Natural History. As a young man, he became intimate with Robert Boyle and John Ray, two of the most eminent pursuers of natural science of his day. After studying for four years in London he visited France, making an extensive tour through that country before returning to London; and shortly afterwards (in 1667) he went out to Jamaica with the Duke of Albemarle, who had been appointed governor of the British possessions in the West Indies. The duke dying almost immediately, Sloane's stay in the West Indies was limited to fifteen months; and the result was the accumulation of an enormous mass of useful objects, which he worked up and made the foundation of a great work in two thick folio volumes, admirably illustrated, containing very complete account of the whole Natural History of the island, with figures of all new species. Of these two volumes, one was published eighteen years, and the other thirty-eight years, after the date of his return. It is only fair to say that in these volumes, besides the descriptions of special objects of Natural History, there is a full, clear, and accurate account of everything that came under the notice of the author, and that very little seems to have escaped his notice. In the preface of his first volume he makes the following remarks on the advantage of such books as that he was publishing, and we quote the passage because we think it useful and applicable, not only with reference to his own book, but to the great national collection which has arisen from the foundation laid by him:—

"It may be asked to what purpose serve such accounts. I answer that the knowledge of Natural History, being observation of matters of fact, is more certain than most others, and in my slender opinion less subject to mistakes than reasoning, hypothesis, or conjecture. The great advantage of this knowledge, which I have reported of Gabriel Naude that he used to say he acquired in the Ecclesiastical History, doubted the Civil, and believed the Natural. There are things we are sure of, so far as our senses are not fallible, and which, in all probability, have been ever since the Creation, and will remain the end of the world in the same manner. They are things which they affect great number of causing the power, wisdom, and providence of Almighty God in creating and preserving the things He has created. There appears so much contrivance in the variety of beings preserved from the beginning of the world, that the more any man searches the more he will admire, and conclude them very important in the history of nature who say they were the productions of chance."

We may give a further proof of the intelligent and instructed eye with which Dr. Sloane examined the objects that came under his notice, both at home and abroad. Living at a time when the true nature of fossils was hardly admitted, and when the possibility of their being the extinct representatives of a world of vastly anterior date was not even suspected, he yet finds "another advantage" in the study of the Natural History of foreign countries, which, he says, "the knowledge which we produce from a naturally brings, namely, the consideration of the causes of some very strange but certain matters of fact. It has puzzled the philosophers of all ages to give an account, how parts of vegetables and animals, real sea-shells, and substances, should be found remote from the seas, wherein they seem to have been produced and bred. This is a phenomenon which will appear strange, when it is made out that many of the substances, as for instance, corals, *echini maris* (sea eggs), the palates and tongues of fishes beafter described, and which now live and breed in the seas adjoining to Jamaica, and no nearer than some few degrees on this side, are found in as great plenty in the inland parts of England, imbedded in the earth, clay, and sand, as if it had once been the natural place of their production and increase. This I was very much surprised to find." He adds that some of the new ferns he describes and figures, "may be discovered upon some of the stones or slates which lie in plenty in the strata over the coals in many parts of England." It is true that no absolute identity can be traced, but the diligent study of an observant naturalist, and suggests an escape from a difficulty founded on sound natural history principles as then understood.

Dr. Sloane had been admitted a member of the Royal Society in 1684, and on his return from the West Indies (in 1696), his collections, really astonishing for the value and variety of them, were deposited in a museum presented to the Society by Ray, and published in their Transactions.

Before that, however (in 1693), he had been elected secretary of the Society, and distinguished himself by continuing the publication of the Transactions, which had for some time been suspended. He continued to hold the office of secretary till 1718. In 1706 he was elected a foreign member of the Royal Academy of Paris—then, as now, one of the highest honours that a man of science can receive; and in 1716 was created a baronet. In the same year he was elected president of the College of Physicians, which position he held for sixteen years. Eleven years afterwards, on the death of Sir Isaac Newton, he became president of the Royal Society, an office which he resigned in 1740, on attaining the age of fourscore. Immediately afterwards he retired to his country-house at Chelsea, of which place he had purchased the manor about twenty years before, distinguishing the occasion by presenting to the Society of Apothecaries the statue of Trebolen of their patron saint. "He did not, however, pass into that kind of solitude which excludes man from society: he received at Chelsea, as he had done at London (in his house at Bloomsbury) the visits of people of distinction, of all learned foreigners, of the royal family, who sometimes did him the honour; and what was still more to his praise, he never refused admittance or advice to rich or poor who came to consult him concerning their health."

Although of weakly constitution, and confined to his chamber for three years, from the age of sixteen, by a spitting of blood, which interrupted the regular course of his studies, and to which he was always more or less subject, "he managed, by extreme care and temperance, to live for beyond the limits prescribed for the age of a man, being himself an example of the truth of his favourite maxim, that sobriety, temperance, and moderation are the best preservatives, and the most powerful that Nature has vouchsafed to mankind." It was not till he had entered his ninetieth year that he began to complain of pains, and to be sensible of a

universal decay. The approach of death, however, brought no terrors, and he expired, after a short illness of three days, on the 11th January, 1752.

Sir Hans Sloane is in the highest sense of the word a collector of curiosities. Nothing seems to have come amiss; and during a long and active life, having abundant means, and gifted with a large amount of intelligence, he was enabled to bring together a series of the most extensive and remarkable objects then known, in almost every department of science and art. Aware of the great value of his collection, which was admirably arranged and catalogued in thirty-eight volumes folio and eight quarto, and which, he states in his will, had cost him 50,000*l.* in money, and with his usual liberality—he he had been throughout his life liberal, not only by large benefactions in money to almost every public institution in and about London, but also by distributing from his rich stores duplicates wherever they could be most useful—he bequeathed the whole (including his manor house at Chelsea) to the British nation, on condition that the Parliament should pay over to his estate the sum of 20,000*l.*—considered to be scarcely more than the intrinsic value of the gold and silver medals, the ores and the precious stones found in it.

The country, as represented by Parliament, accepted the legacy, giving up the manor house to the trustees of his estate, and nobly fulfilled the conditions of the will, thus becoming possessed of a nucleus round which has since been accumulated those other stores placed with his original collections in the British Museum. The list of objects brought together is worthy of mention. It includes 22,000 medals and coins, 542 precious stones, 700 canoes, and infinitely more than 10,000 specimens of minerals, about as many shells, about half that number of conchs, sponges, crustaceans, and other marine animals; 1,555 fishes, 1,172 birds, 521 reptiles, 1,884 quadrupeds, 5,430 insects, 12,600 vegetable preparations, 750 anatomical preparations, upwards of 50,000 volumes of books, a large number richly illustrated; 3,506 manuscripts, 510 pictures and drawings, and between two and three thousand miscellaneous.

In the year 1753 an act of Parliament was passed for the purchase of this collection, and also of the Harleian manuscripts, and "for procuring one general repository for the better reception and more convenient use of the said collection, and adding thereto." A sum of about 100,000*l.* was raised under this act by a lottery; and, after paying the purchase of Sir Hans Sloane and of the Harleian collection, and also for the purchase and repairs of Montagu House,* there still remained a sum for investment, to provide for the supervision of these treasures.

There was, however, a condition added to them the Octonarian library, recently bequeathed by Major Arthur Edwards, who also left a reversion of a sum of 7,000*l.* The collections being moved to Montagu House, the Museum was opened there for study and public inspection on the 15th January, 1753.

It is curious to contrast the regulations of the trustees on this first occasion of rendering the collections publicly available. The Museum was to be open every day, except Saturday and public holidays, a week also being excluded at Easter and Whitmaside. "Persons desirous to see the Museum must, in writing, give in their names, condition, and place of abode, as also the day and hour they desire to see the Museum, before the day preceding the morning, or between four and eight in the evening, on the same preceding day, which he will enter in a register, to be laid every night before the principal librarian; and, if he shall judge proper, he will direct the porter to deliver tickets to them, on their applying a second time for tickets."

No more than ten persons were allowed to be present for each hour of admittance; the under librarian attended five, the assistant in each department the other five. One hour only was allowed for the whole visit, and the party must keep all together. No children were admitted. This system of admission by tickets, with some modification, continued till 1810.

Fast indeed have been the additions made within the first century, now just concluded, of the Museum's existence. The largest and most important of the single additions was undoubtedly the library of George III., presented in 1823, by his successor, and considered to have been formed at an expense of little less than £200,000. With this and other additions, the library of books and manuscripts has already become one of the largest in Europe, and is increasing at such a rate as to render it necessary to look forward to the need of increased accommodation. The collection of antiquities from Asia Minor, Egypt, and the East is altogether unapproached, and also require more space. The Natural History collections in every department are equally remarkable, and increasing in like manner, while the collection of coins and medals, and of drawings, if not occupying so much room at present, are for that reason unseen by the majority of the visitors, and for the most part are unapproachable.

Although a new and gigantic building has been constructed of late years at vast expense, yet such is the plethora of objects, that the question of the most important question has arisen among the trustees and the Government as to the mode by which increased space, now urgently needed, shall be obtained. It has unfortunately happened that the majority of those with whom the decision rests, take as active part in the management of the institution, and are altogether unacquainted, except by hearsay, of the real requirements of science and natural history in the matter. It has been proposed and recommended by a majority of the trustees, that the Natural History collections shall be separated, and shall be removed from the present site of the Museum to some new building to be erected at South Kensington. Admissible as this institution at South Kensington is, while the objects of the very different interests of art, there could hardly be a more unfortunate event for Natural History than this to remove the collections from their vicinity to the great library of reference by whose aid they are studied, and the conclusions drawn from their study brought to bear on exact science, and plant them at a distance, where they could be little more than mere objects to gaze on.

Utterly opposed to the spirit of Sir Hans Sloane's bequest, and to the experience of naturalists of all ages and countries, it would be an act of the most mischievous, if not suicidal character, to cut our national collection thus in half—to sever the present from the past—to detach literature and history, science and art, from the scenes of the very objects which have given them value from the objects themselves, which are not less valu-

able for what they once suggested than what they now suggest,—and to sever the tie between the naturalist and the philosopher. Destructive equally to the advance of philosophical Natural History and the right consideration of pure literature, such a movement, were it proposed, could not fail to be recognized and denounced.

During the century that has elapsed since the Museum was founded, the pursuits of Natural History have become elevated from a comparatively low to occupy the very highest place. Their utility has been recognized, their material results appreciated. An amount of accuracy has been introduced into their study which was scarcely dreamed of when the Museum of Sloane, and which he, not being himself able to accomplish it, not only left behind the means, but pointed out by a great example the only right way. In art, in science, in literature, and in natural history, to divide is to lose and be defeated, to combine is to conquer. The principle of Hans Sloane in collecting was living together from distinct parts of the earth all objects remarkable and interesting, and to place them in such way that they might admit of comparison. He had in his own house together the collections and the library, and each helped to explain, and illustrate, and give a natural interest to the other. For this he laboured, and with what success his memoir and the subsequent history of his collections will show. It would, indeed, be a melancholy spectacle to see that collection, the honour and pride of England while in its integrity, broken asunder, part of it carried away and separated from all means of utilizing it, and the rest—*disjecta membra*—left behind, to receive perhaps fresh accumulations from without, but having lost that vitality which can alone be communicated by the continued union of all the members in one growing body.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SEASHORE.—No. II.

THE SEA BEACH.

We have thrown out a few thoughts upon the sands, but there is another kind of shore—the Beach—which is much worse for bathers than the sands, but much better for curiosity-seekers, and particularly for pebble-hunters. Of the Pebble-Beach we shall now treat.

It might at first be supposed that all pebble-beaches were alike in their constituent pebbles, as they are in their collective appearance. It is, indeed, commonly thought that the finding of good and valuable pebbles is a mere matter of chance, and that the chances are as good on one coast as on another. Actual search, however, soon convinces us that this is an error, and that pebbles, like peoples, have their nationalities and localities; and we shall understand the cause of the fact if we consider how a beach of pebbles is aggregated together.

Daily examination of any such beach, and of the adjacent cliffs and rocky strata, shows us that the materials of the former are to a great degree derived from the latter; so that where there are flints in chalk cliffs, many flints more or less water-worn, will be found on the shore below. Where the cliffs or adjacent strata are of limestone or sandstone, the beach will mainly be of the same character. Yet there are many foreign importations among these native stones. The sea is always conveying its freight of foreigners, and unloading them upon our coasts; and probably more or less in proportion to the strength of currents and their direction and sweep. Thus it happens that we find pieces of granite and of primitive rocks on shores bounded by the later geological formations. At Yarmouth, for instance, and along the Norfolk coast, where the low cliffs are amongst the more modern formations, we have picked up rounded fragments of the earliest rocks. In such instances geological extremes meet—the oldest and the newest come into rough and rolling companionship. While, therefore, every pebble-beach possesses a certain prominence of character which is never altogether obliterated, yet every such beach is in part modified by the daily tidal contributions of the roving wanderers. It is in such maritime nations the mass of such a people is of one country and tongue, but a multitude of others is interspersed among them. At Plymouth, at Narbonne, at Genoa, and at Leshon, the people are nationally English, French, and Italian respectively; but the very cries and conversation in the streets and on the shores will attest that foreigners are scattered here and there amongst the natives.

It is by a far more remarkable process than we might suppose, without study, that a pebble-beach is commenced, and the result is equally remarkable. Underneath our feet we have here the produce of thousands of storms and the toys of millions of waves. There are specimens of many and massive rocks, reduced, rounded, selected, and partly sorted as if for a mineralogical museum. Had I gone, bannier in hand, amongst all the original sources from which these stones have been derived, I could not have produced the effects which the waves, and the collisions with other stones, have produced for me. They have been my best friends in furnishing upon this open floor specimens of every variety of native rock among them. They have likewise furnished me up the best natural breaker, and have furnished man with a model which he can never surpass. Each constituent stone is most easily moved, while the whole mass of stones is immovable at one and the same time. I have stood upon Plymouth breaker during its construction, and marvelled at the powerful masses lowered into the sea from depths with so little apparent effect. But Man can never, by all his engineering skill, equal Nature's pebble breaker. As you stand upon it beside a rough sea and an incoming tide, observe how a whole broadside of heavy sea dashes in with mad impulse upon the strand, and yet disappears but an inconceivable portion of it. The billows being loose and easy, movable in parts, the shock of the waters is met—not with unyielding resistance, but with easy compliance, and a rapid distribution of the broken billows takes place between the crevices of the rounded and rolling pebbles. The huge incoming mass of waters is divided and subdivided into a thousand little streams, which penetrate between the solid and round stones, and lose themselves in the deep sand beneath. Thus the billows that would, were they in the sides of a stream, and make up of man's bulks and bulwarks, and overturn piers and projections, though bound with iron and clamped together with strong

* The present Museum was constructed on the site of the old house.

chains, all pour themselves harmlessly upon that unmoted, yet unequalled, trophy of Nature's engineering—a pebble-beach!

One of the very best natural breakwaters is to be seen at the Chesil Bank, on the Dorsetshire coast. It extends for about seventeen miles from the mainland, which it connects with the well-known Isle of Portland. In most places it is nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. The fundamental rocks upon which the shingle rests are met with merely at a few yards below the level of the sea; but the pebbles themselves, which are chiefly siliceous (flinty), and are loosely aggregated, rise to a height of from twenty to thirty feet above the common high-water mark, at that part which lies nearest to the Isle of Portland. Probably the formation of that part of the bank which joins Portland to the mainland is due to an original shoal or reef, or to the set of the tide so acting in the narrow channel as to arrest the pebbles always travelling in from the westward; and it is a singular proof of this course that throughout the Chesil Bank the pebbles gradually diminish in size as we walk westward,—that is towards the quarter from which they are derived. All the calcareous stones (composed of lime), rolled along from the west, are now ground into sand, and in this form they pass round Portland island. We must presume that the velocity of the waves, due to the combined influence of the winds and tides, gradually increases from north-west to south-east, and this is the direction of the beach itself.

It is curious that human art is attempting in this very vicinity to imitate Nature's work. The great breakwater near Weymouth (visible from the steam-cruisers which ply in this direction) is designed to be nearly a mile and a half in length, to afford shelter for more than 2,000 acres of Portland Bay, where the depth varies from two to upwards of five fathoms at low water. The first stone was laid by Prince Albert in July, 1839, and the quantity of stone dropped in the sea during the year 1854 amounted to 565,450 tons. Since the commencement of the works the quantity dropped has been no less than 1,743,327 tons! The total cost of this imitation of Nature has been nearly half a million of money, yet, after all, the whole will be but a mere minute minority of the long Chesil Bank. Who shall conjecture how much time has been occupied in its seventeen miles of pebbly accumulation—pebble, not block by block, every tide a little, and thus finally making the moving multitude of rounded stones an impassable barrier to the breakers of the raging Atlantic!

The pebble-hunter will now be freely prepared to admit that he must study the character of particular beaches before he can fix upon any one as likely to afford him or her the kind of pebbles generally sought after for subjects of the lapidary's art. The adjacent rocks must be known, and the set or direction of the breakers beating upon them, which will give the line of search for pebbles derived from the rocks.

If we were writing a pocket-guide for pebble-hunters, we should specify the geological character of the cliffs and strata upon most of our sea-coasts, and thus indicate the principal constituents of the several sea-beaches which loosely girdle our wave-washed island. As, however, we are only at present able to afford hints, we shall content ourselves with describing the most valued pebbles of some principal marine resorts: and we may first treat of the Kentish and Sussex coasts and their chief watering-places.

Wherever chalk cliffs and chalk deposits prevail, the greater proportion of the pebbles upon the adjacent beaches will be flints in several varieties. Large beds of flint run along the elevations of the Upper Chalk formation, and are familiar to nearly all Londoners who have at one time or other trod the shores at Margate, Ramsgate, Brighton, and Dover. Along the whole of our south-eastern coast the pebble-beaches are very much alike, and if their stones be broken, they will be found, in nine examples out of ten, to be the black flint of the chalk or some other variety of flint. With such we have nothing more to do at present.

There are fossils in flint, and, indeed, according to the notions of some geologists, every flint has an organic origin. But be this as it may, the only pebbles that will detain us here are those which contain organic remains. Formerly very few of these were found, but about forty years ago, a gentleman resident at one of our Sussex watering-places, Bognor, began to subject a pear-like kind of fossil to examination, and then to the lapidary's slicing machinery. The beauty of the pebble when polished was so remarkable as to attract much attention, and gradually this variety became a marketable commodity, appeared in curiosity shops, and finally in brochures on jewellers' counters. Diligent and continual search was henceforth made along all the Sussex shores, and numerous very fine specimens of this fossil were frequently discovered. We shall now attempt to describe it particularly, and to illustrate our description from specimens in our own cabinet.

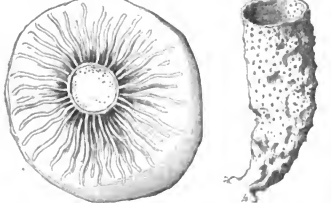


FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

Fig. 1 is a pebble polished outside and all round, instead of being sliced, as is generally the case; and it is seen to include a singular petrification of a radiating form. The centre of the fossil is nearly that of the pebble; but this circum-

stance is accidental, whilst it enhances the beauty of the specimen. Every radiating fibre is distinct, and pursues its course nearly without interference to the edge or outer circumference of the stone. Other fibres, but much finer, are visible between these, and seem to be cut off and across as they come to the surface. The more we look into the stone the more numerous and beautiful do the fibres appear, and we are led to imagine that we have here the petrification of a sea-anemone, with all its multitudinous feelers extended, and caught and enclosed in the siliceous at the moment of its fullest outspreading. For several years it was thought that this really was the petrification of a sea-anemone, at least by ordinary people, and such is even now the opinion of many. But a little geological knowledge is sufficient to dispel this illusion. The soft parts of an animal like the anemone do not become fossilized, but perish and vanish before petrification can take place. It was only when many hundred specimens had been collected, and polished, and carefully examined, that the true shape and character of this fossil was ascertained. It is simply a fossil sponge, which originally had a root or basis by which it was attached to stone or rock. The shape of it appears to have been like that of a funnel; and hence the scientific term given to it—*Chonites*, which is from the Greek word for a funnel.

We have endeavoured to obtain a recent sponge of a similar form, and such an one is represented in Fig. 2; but no recent sponge has the peculiar and exquisitely siliceous arms or feelers which form the distinctive features of the *Sussex chonites*. From many specimens we are inclined to think that no existing sponge is exactly like the fossil, but that the *chonites* had a central cavity or one which ran through the whole, and that the feelers were most numerous about the head or mouth of this cavity, and that Fig. 1 exhibits this head or mouth; the feelers issuing from it and leading downwards. Hence we seldom or never find these feelers so densely assembled in more than a small thickness of the pebble. If we can cut just across this thickness, or pebble, just round it, we get a fine specimen; if not, we miss the main beauty.



FIG. 3.



FIG. 4.

In Fig. 3 we have obtained a section across the feelers, and cut off a slice of the pebble that includes the central sac, which is therefore here unseen.

In Fig. 4 we have this cut-off slice with the central sac, showing its course, and the way in which the feelers are attached to it, as seen when held up and viewed by transmitted light.

There is in some specimens a curious spiral tube winding around the central cavity, the section of which is seen in two or three specimens in our collection.

Chonites are not confined to the beach; they are also found in the chalk-pits inland. We have found a few at Lewes, some in flint and some in chalk itself. When the flints containing them have been much weathered (or worn down by exposure), the *chonites* itself is often fully exposed, as to shape and structure, and it is in such cases that we discover its true character and form. Once we have seen the spiral tube winding round the central cavity, as shown in section in some pebble-beds. But in few of the *chonites* found in the chalk-pits is there the beauty and colour so admired in the beach-pebbles. In the latter the coloring so much valued by lapidaries and jewellers is due to infiltrations of iron in the siliceous, often producing a moss-like form, and accompanied with rich red or brown hues. The merely plain and uncoloured is not so much valued for sale, although it is even more interesting to the naturalist.

The very numerous and continually increasing searchers after pebbles of this kind have greatly diminished the chance of finding good examples on the Sussex beaches. Of late years we have only found one or two in our parties in these directions. It may save much time to hint to all workers that their pursuit is hopeless in the immediate vicinity of Brighton. They may find a few near to Rottingdean, and still further away. But it must be told as a secret, that not many of the best specimens now found come from any part of our coast. In winter-time the opposite coast is resorted to by lapidaries, and along the beaching from Brighton, one or two vagrant Englishmen may be found, "out of season," diligently gathering the pebbles, in hopes of pouncing upon *chonites* and "landscape agates"—(of which more in one of our following papers). These, if found, are carried home, and in due time appear in our shops as "Brighton pebbles,"—perhaps it may be ascertained "picked up yesterday upon the beach below the Battery," or, possibly, "just below the bathing-machines."

One or two old hands at this kind of thing now patronize the lapidaries, and purchase the finest examples of *chonites*. High prices are given for very superior specimens; and we know a collector who has expended £200 in one morning amongst the Sussex lapidaries. If a remarkable example is found, he is telegraphed to, and he gives coin for *chonites* forthwith; but it must be a very remarkable example to attract him now. You and I, gentle and perhaps fair reader, must be content with more ordinary specimens, and even they are not so abundant as once they were. Good pebbles, like good people, are scarce. Some few, however, may still be found in the less frequented beaches of the South-Eastern coast and the Isle of Wight.

CABS AND CABBIES.

This moment we turn our backs upon four teams as are deservedly punished for our folly. When we cease to rely upon open competition—upon unchecked, unstimulated commercial energy, and put our trust in government inspection, in government regulated prices, and in the licensing system,—we are badly and unwillingly served, and involved in endless alterations. The history and progress of gas-legislation is one proof of this; the present condition of cabs and cabbies is another.

The London cab is a vehicle upon four wheels or two, as the case may be, within the meaning of the act, and that is all. It is an abuse of language to call it a carriage. In the distribution of licences there must surely be some mistake, for cabs that are allowed to carry four persons are built to carry two, and cabs that are licensed to carry two passengers are built to carry one. It is not a question of meddling against the costume of our grandmothers; it is not a question of Daniel Lambertism against the figure of our grandfathers. The four-wheeled cab will not accommodate more than two average passengers with any degree of comfort; and the Hansom cab will not accommodate more than one.

The four-wheeled cab is not a slightly vehicle, when viewed from the outside; and it is even less slightly when examined from within. Its furniture consists of a little monthly mat, a table of fives, and a handful of damp straw, or a piece of ragged padding. Its roof is low; its seats are high and narrow, and so constructed that the sudden stopping or starting of the horse will jerk a passenger forward and his nose. At what periods they are cleaned is it difficult to imagine. The dust of summer often clings to their shabby window-frames in winter, and the mud of autumn is sometimes on their flooring in the dog-days. They are often flavoured with stale tobacco-smoke, strewn with fragments of sandwiches, walnut and pepper-kernel shells, cherries, and broken tobacco-pipes; and are frequently well supplied with those rampant insects, whose presence may be felt, but never politically acknowledged.

Though surrounded by restrictions as to the fares their drivers shall charge, the days they shall be driven, and provided at every stand with a police-woman, whose pay is fifteen shillings a week and his clothes, there is no regulation as to the passengers they shall carry; and the consequence is, that drunk or sober, healthy or sick, living or dead, all are welcome, as long as they are paid for, or can pay. The dying patient, in the last stage of a dangerous and infectious disease, is taken from house to hospital, or from hospital to house, at sixpence a mile and a little over, without a murmur, a fine, or a prohibition. There is no horror of typhus fever at two shillings an hour, and corpses are not objected to, if mixed as "extra" passengers. The driver sits outside, secure in the fresh air and his disinfectant tobacco-fumes; and the effects of such reckless carrying fall entirely on the public. No passenger is ever in a pleasant ride, but always with a full feeling that his vehicle was a sort of vomited condemned cell, into which he had been packed by Government and stern necessity. The horse (itself is always a fruitful source of anxiety to a man of sensitive humanity. It is not pleasant to feel that the creature that is to be pained by the rudely pedestrans, to hear the criticisms of unkind boys upon your cranky equine, and to account for your slow progress by seeing your cabman abandoning driving, to hold the animal up upon those forelegs that have three times as many knees in them as they are anatomically entitled to. If you blame the driver for coming out with such a vehicle, he will tell you what is generally true—that he has no choice in the matter, and is forced entirely by his employer, the owner. Dirty and feeble as the cab and horse may be, the driver contracts to pay twelve shillings a day for his team, besides all expenses, before he makes anything that he can call his own. This "day" extends from nine o'clock in the morning till about eight o'clock at night, during which, if he requires it, he is allowed another horse. If he drives a night-cab, he goes on duty at seven or eight o'clock in the evening, and works until seven or eight o'clock in the morning with one horse. These night-cabs have even more spectral cattle in their shafts than the worst of the day-cabs, as any one may see who is abroad, like state policemen, at day-break.

The Hansom cab which we are content to accept as the highest product of street-travelling-bird-hackney-governance-inspected-taxed-and-regulated-luxury, is, perhaps, always the vehicle, short of the old waggons, that a patient conservative pirate ever endured. Its wheels are high, to put on inferior horses, and to force them into a compulsory speed, and to increase the consumption of hay or corn; but what may doubtless be economy on the part of the owner, is productive of inconvenience to the unfortunate public. The floor of the cab is raised so much by the height of the axle-tree, that it requires a good stride and leap to mount in springing question, if a passenger be a lady, her dress is snared by the dirt of the wheels.

When you stand upon this narrow platform, that stretches out beyond the hood of the vehicle, it is no easy matter to open the two sticking apron-doors, and when you have difficulty in drawing back so as to allow sufficient room for your legs to turn to fall back on each side. In one large provincial town, such as Birmingham, you have no such struggle to open your vehicle, because it is much larger and the entrances are at the side. In a London Hansom your fortune is if you gain your seat without crushing your hat against the top of the hood, or leaning your forehead against the back of the seat, or a sudden starting of the horse. If you wish to direct the driver, you have to lift up a trap-door over your head, which often falls down and pinches your fingers; and when you wish to be protected from the rain, a clattering, double-jointed, hinged window is let down from the roof, dropping sometimes on your hat, passing always within a inch of your face, and never making the vehicle water-tight, after all this noise and preparation.

These things may appear small to grumble about, but life is made up of small things, and he who endeavours to make such trifles pleasant, London is not so much, where the greatest happiness of the greatest number. The cab question in London regulated vehicles are let actively loose upon the streets, the number were smaller, however, it would still involve a great principle. We have tried Government protection, as applied to hackney carriages, and this is all it can give us. It is now time, so it seems, to let this branch of human

industry loose, and see what cab owners and cab drivers can do for us, with the liberty of fixing their own prices. Manchester is able to produce a far better vehicle at about equal fares; and finds no dreadful anarchy in a system where every coach proprietor makes his own charge, the simple machinery of appeal being the Town Hall and the arbitrator. We have been taught many lessons in free trade by Manchester, before now, and it appears that it is necessary for it to teach us another.

THE ECLIPSE OF THE 28TH JULY.

For the purpose of securing full and accurate observations upon the total eclipse of the sun on the 28th of July, the British Government despatched the *Himalayas* to Santander, with several able astronomers, scientific gentlemen, artists, &c. An event so important and so interesting as a great solar eclipse is one which can in its duration be but very brief, and it is therefore necessary that persons in various places, and under different circumstances should have the opportunity of remarking it, each confining himself to that department of science in which he is most deeply versed. And yet, with this distribution of labour, the time for the observation of each must be limited—and it may be added that without the aid of others, his information must be incomplete. Amongst the peculiarities arising out of a total eclipse are the effects produced upon animals, as well as upon inanimate nature itself. Some persons are engaged with thermometers, others with photometers; others in marking the alarm and confusion of the inferior animals when the light of day is suddenly obscured and sinking into misty darkness.

A correspondent, writing from Santander, makes the following remarks:—

"The totality began at 2h. 56m. 24s., and lasted until 3h. 1m. 44s. At 3h. 1m. of the thermometer fell upon the grass had fallen from 71. deg. at 3h. to 64. deg. 5 min., and there was a perceptible chill in the air, increased, perhaps, by the wind having risen almost dead calm at 2h. 56m. During the totality the following phenomena were also observed:—At the moment in which darkness began to descend rapidly, consternation seemed to seize nature; pigeons flew about in clusters, confused and scared; poultry sought their roosts; my dog whined at his feet; small birds fluttered and twittered excitedly, as if heark was in view; a cow moaned loudly; and the deer gathered like swarms on the flowers as they dropped and closed their petals. But the most impressive moment was yet to come: as darkness deepened, and the winds grew hushed, man and beast were struck dumb with awe."

Another correspondent from Tuckers states:—

"At 4 minutes past 3 an unearthly, ghastly glow, once seen never to be forgotten, covered the whole scene, and was most evident upon the gravelly ground of my lot. The light rapidly decreased; but with the exception of this glow, which was very conspicuous upon the city hills, I could see no particular change of colour in the trees or landscape."

"At 5 minutes past 3 the western horizon was lost in darkness, and the conical hills to the north-west were invisible, while the clouds towards the east rose to form a bright glow of light, from the light of which the sun shone at this moment bright waving lines of light flickered one after another over the ground parallel to my line of sight with the sun. On looking upward from these clouds, I found that the sun had already disappeared, and that I had missed the formation of the rainbow. The black crescent of the moon was seen, and the last of the crown of glory; two stars shone brightly a few degrees from the sun; and so magnificent was the spectacle above, so glorious the spectacle below, that I could not help looking for a few moments from the one to the other. A bright light, I think of a greenish-yellow colour, which appeared to emanate from the base of the sun, shone with a brilliant glow. The darkness was not intense; the light from the corona and the distant refractions far surpassed the brightest moonlight. It would have been easy to read the smallest type."

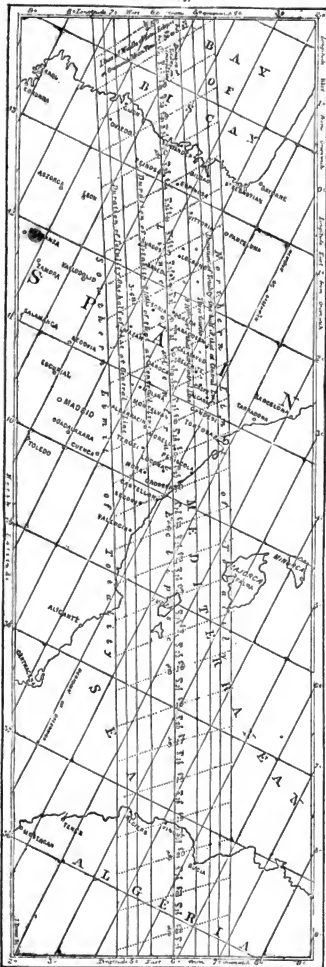
Correspondent from Parnes del Mar observes, with respect to the rapid changes in colour upon the landscape, as well as the effect on animals, caused by the eclipse:—

"Before totality commenced the colours in the sky and on the hills were magnificent beyond all description; the clear sky in N. assumed a deep indigo colour, while in W. the horizon was pitch-black (like night). In the E. the clear sky was very pale blue, with orange and red like sunrise, and the hills in S. were very red; on the shadow sweeping across, the deep blue in N. changed like magic to pale sunrise tints of orange and red, while the sunrise appearance in E. was changed to indigo. The colours increased in brilliancy near the horizon, overlaid the sun, whose white rays, as the darkness deepened, brought round, and assumed a warm yellow tint; the darkness grew deeper, the thermal rays could not be read. The countenances of men were of a livid pink. The Spaniards lay down, and their children screamed with fear; fowls hastened to roost, ducks clustered together, pigeons dashed about the sides of the houses, fowls closed their wings, and the sun shone early at 2h. 56m.; at 2h. 56m. the sun began to grow (coming at 2h. 57m., and commencing at 3h. 56m.). As darkness came on many butterflies which were seen about flow as if drunk, and at last disappeared; the air became very calm, so much so that the grass felt to one of the observers as if recently plaited up."

A correspondent from Tarragona gives the following as the result of his observations:—

"At 1h. 42m., local time, the eclipse commenced, and it was curious to observe how rapidly the sun's rays lost their power, though the light did not at first sensibly diminish. At 1h. 47m. the thermometer (dial) stood at 71° (centigrade scale), and from this it gradually went down to 10° at 2h. 57m., the centre of the eclipse. The sun was uncovered during the whole time, with the exception of a minute or so, five minutes before the totality. At about 2h. 56m. the last limb of the sun disappeared, but though the total eclipse was completed, no hot limb for 3 minutes and 30 seconds, the time seemed too short to notice all the wonderful effects, and my attention was chiefly directed to the disc of the sun, which presented a magnificent spectacle. The instant the sun was shut out, most of the men present, who were standing round the moon's circumference, which presented an orb of jet black, and almost immediately, numerous exclamations seemed to shoot out like small jets of fire from the rim of the sun. These were not constant, but seemed to keep changing; but this, probably, was the effect of the men's eyes passing over them. Two on the sun's rim were visible all the time, but one on the eastern limb soon disappeared, and the one succeeded by one on the north west limb of the sun, the most conspicuous of them all. The colour of the sky was a very deep blue, but not black, as it was clearly seen against the moon's disc; and at least three or four stars were visible to the naked eye—Jupiter and Venus, and two nearest to the sun, shining almost as brightly as on a summer night."

Path of the Moon's Shadow over the Earth during the Great Eclipse of the Sun on the 16th July, 1860.



The times at which the most important phases of the eclipse happened at the large towns within the above parallels were as follow:—

| Places. | Beginning of the Eclipse. | Beginning of Total Eclipse. | Middle of Eclipse. | End of Total Eclipse. | Ending of the Eclipse. |
|-----------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------|-----------------------|------------------------|
| At Gijon | h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s. |
| Sancti | 1 30 7 p.m. | 2 33 56 p.m. | 3 35 30 p.m. | 2 37 5 p.m. | h. 44 32 p.m. |
| Burgos | 1 30 15 " | 2 48 13 " | 2 44 53 " | 2 46 33 " | 3 53 9 " |
| Bilbao | 1 30 20 " | 2 45 45 " | 2 47 23 " | 2 49 0 " | 3 55 37 " |
| Barcelo | 1 30 26 " | 2 48 84 " | 2 50 37 " | 2 51 40 " | 3 58 24 " |
| Saragossa | 1 46 31 " | 3 14 7 " | 3 5 " | 3 23 " | 4 10 2 " |
| Valencia | 1 55 18 " | 3 7 60 " | 3 8 58 " | 3 10 7 " | 4 15 43 " |
| Orleans | 1 57 10 " | 3 8 48 " | 3 10 31 " | 3 12 16 " | 4 17 4 " |
| Torres | 2 10 5 " | 3 10 5 " | 3 11 10 " | 3 13 16 " | 4 17 31 " |
| Algiers | 2 18 45 " | 3 20 43 " | 3 30 45 " | 3 31 46 " | 4 25 40 " |

In England the magnitude of the eclipse may be judged from the following considerations:—If we consider the diameter of the sun to be represented by 100, then, at all those places situated on or near a line joining London and Liverpool, 83 parts of the diameter of the sun was obscured. At places situated near lines parallel to the above drawn through Dublin and Edinburgh respectively, 87 such parts were obscured on the former and 79 on the latter; and at intermediate places the magnitude was intermediate. The greatest eclipse in the British Isles was therefore in Ireland, and the smallest in Norfolk. The point of the sun's border on which the moon first impinged, was situated on the right hand, and a little below a horizontal line drawn through his centre, and the last contact was a point on the left hand, or eastern border, above the horizontal line passing through his centre.

The following were the times of the beginning, middle, and ending of the eclipse in local time at each place:—

| Places. | The Eclipse began. | Middle of the Eclipse. | The Eclipse ended. |
|-------------------|--------------------|------------------------|--------------------|
| At London | h. m. s. | h. m. s. | h. m. s. |
| „ Oxford | 1 38 0 | 2 48 0 | 3 53 12 |
| „ Cambridge | 1 30 54 | 2 41 28 | 3 47 6 |
| „ Dublin | 1 37 36 | 2 47 12 | 3 52 6 |
| „ Edinburgh | 1 30 | 2 43 48 | 3 51 6 |
| „ Edinburgh | 1 16 12 | 2 25 6 | 3 30 6 |

Although the phenomena of this eclipse in England fell far short of those in the line of totality, yet it was the largest of any solar eclipse that will happen here till the 22nd day of December, in the year 1870; and the next and only large one in this century will be in the year 1887, on August 19th, which will be nearly total.

Prior to the eclipse of 1860, the "annular" eclipse of 1868 was the last most remarkable eclipse of the sun seen in this country. The following list of eclipses visible during the last century may be interesting at this moment to some of our readers, and will serve to render conspicuous the rarity of total eclipses:—

VISIBLE ECLIPSES OF THE SUN FROM 1700 TO 1860.

| | |
|---------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1705 May 12, 10 a.m. | 1755 March 21, 2 p.m. |
| 1708 December 14, 8 a.m. | 1756 August 16, 5 p.m. |
| 1709 March 11, 2 p.m. | 1766 August 5, 7 p.m. |
| 1710 February 28, 1 p.m. | 1769 June 4, 5 a.m. |
| 1711 July 15, 9 p.m. | 1770 November 17, 10 a.m. |
| 1715 May 3, 9 a.m. | 1772 October 26, 10 a.m. |
| 1722 December 8, 3 p.m. | 1773 March 23, 5 a.m. |
| 1724 May 22, 7 p.m. | 1774 March 12, noon. |
| 1726 September 25, 6 p.m. | 1776 August 14, 5 a.m. |
| 1727 September 15, 7 p.m. | 1777 January 9, 5 p.m. |
| 1733 May 13, 7 p.m. | 1778 June 24, 4 p.m. |
| 1736 October 4, 6 p.m. | 1779 June 14, 8 a.m. |
| 1737 March 1, 4 p.m. | 1780 October 27, 6 p.m. |
| 1739 August 4, 5 p.m. | 1781 April 23, 6 p.m. |
| 1739 December 30, 9 a.m. | 1781 October 17, 8 a.m. |
| 1748 July 25, 11 a.m. | 1785 February 9, 1 p.m. |
| 1751 January 8, 9 a.m. | 1787 January 19, 10 a.m. |
| 1752 May 13, 8 p.m. | 1787 June 15, 5 p.m. |
| 1753 October 26, 10 a.m. | 1788 June 4, 9 a.m. |
| 1758 December 30, 7 a.m. | 1791 April 3, 1 p.m. |
| 1759 June 24, 7 p.m. | 1792 September 16, 11 a.m. |
| 1759 December 19, 2 p.m. | 1793 September 5, 3 p.m. |
| 1760 June 13, 7 a.m. | 1794 January 31, 4 p.m. |
| 1762 October 17, 8 a.m. | 1794 August 25, 6 p.m. |
| 1763 April 13, 9 a.m. | 1795 July 16, 9 a.m. |
| 1764 April 1, 10 a.m. | 1797 June 35, 8 p.m. |

We hope next week to lay before our readers the results of our own correspondent's observations upon the eclipse, as seen by him in Spain.

The diagram in the preceding column shows that part of Spain and the Mediterranean over which the eclipse was total; the central line shows the central eclipse, and the duration of totality; the boundary lines show respectively the northern and southern limits of totality. At each boundary the totality was only of momentary duration, increasing in time towards the centre. The diagram in other respects explains itself.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER.

THERE is nothing like leather. Some years ago we might have given the preference to spelter, or rather spelter warrants, but now the immortal J. Winkle Cole has been outdone by a few leather merchants. Shrove-day says that a tanner will last for about ten years; and it seems that a hide merchant, fed upon accommodation bills, will last about the same period. A trade in hide, it appears, is a trade of hide and seek—the hiding being performed by the debtor, and the seeking by the creditor.

The estate of Messrs. Streetfield, Laurence, Mortimore, & Co., is carried into an unformed Bankruptcy Court, to be torn to pieces by hungry officials. It represents with its collateral branches, an amount of debts and liabilities, exceeding a million sterling. Its assets are about two hundred

the First, through the medium of a red-breathed fraternity, looking it in Egypt.

But were the grey French cloud dissipated by the afore-mentioned sacrifices, there is yet that far blacker one, represented by the Quadrilateral, which, is and must ever be a standing menace, so long as it remains in the hands of the Teleschi, to the freedom and happiness of Italy, united or divided. The hour of Austria's most dire adversity has perhaps not yet arrived, and the House of Hapsburg, as of old, is biding through its difficulties; and by the resurrection of the Hungarian constitution, may yet regain its power in Europe, especially, as at the present moment common danger is drawing the German and English Cabinets into kindred alliances in maintenance of their individual existence. Considerable events are therefore tending more than ever to throw Italy into the meshes of French diplomacy, for it cannot be counselled that the only hope they have in indulging in their beads' idea, the emancipation of Venice, must be through the (magnanimous and material aid of the French Emperor.

Whether an Italian Government would be able to check an Italian nation, headed by Garibaldi, supposing him to carry out his programme in the south, from attempting to expel the Austrians from these provinces, time only can show. As it is, whatever influence the French Emperor has used at Turin to thwart the expedition, it is now almost out of the power of favour, if he wished, to control the national movement which "The Great Captain" has carried into Sicily. But there is little doubt that Victor Emmanuel and his Minister, who, whatever may be his shortcomings, has piloted North Italy into its present position with consummate craft, are heart and hand with Garibaldi. For it is idle to imagine that this crusade against the Bourbon is not sheltered and protected by the Sardinian Government, as whether French there may be between Victor Emmanuel and Cavour—who is openly cursed by his master—the former freely open his private pore to Garibaldi, and maintains a direct and frank communication with him, and the latter employs Sardinian men-of-war to convey the transports laden with volunteers and munitions of war, which are daily starting for Sicily, their cargoes being entered at the custom-houses under the head of *chiusieria*, and *ferrocini*, which soda, trinkets, and old iron, being interpreted, means saltpetre, rifles, and muskets, their passengers receiving their regular passports, though many are deserters from the Piedmontese army; the officers, nearly all, are either on leave from, or have served in, the Sardinian army, and are clothed in uniform under the noses of the authorities in the port of Genoa. Perhaps not the least remarkable amongst the numbers that are swarming south are Swiss deserters from Rome, who, having received their bounty of forty scudi from the Pope, cross the Tuscan frontier, and join the Garibaldians at Palermo or Genoa.

The chief practical difference, then, between Cavour and Garibaldi is, that one works openly and the other secretly; the former wishing to annex Sicily at once, whilst the latter desires to postpone it until the remainder of Southern Italy is in a similar position,—the latter rightly believing that with the Sardinian Government, and himself would be controlled by the former step; and it is to this which has led to the summary banishment of La Marina, Cavour's agent, from Sicily, at half an hour's notice, as he persisted in endeavouring to force the annexation.

Cavour appears evidently under diplomatic apprehensions, or, for once to have forgotten the old proverb which has hitherto carried him through safely:

"*Chi va piano va sano,
Chi va sano va lontano.*"

As for the Turin Cabinet, whatever pressure might now be brought to bear on it, with the view of checking the national crusade, no Government could exist for an hour that attempted it; and besides, Garibaldi has no present intention of relinquishing his grasp to men of the quill, and will doubtless ere long extend the area of his operations. So far from there being an alliance between Turin and Naples, the former has been waging a clandestine war with the latter for a month past, but it has not suited the Bourbons to present it; and as for a confederation, in which Austria is to be represented by Naples, Jesuitism by a bankrupt Papacy, civil and religious liberty by Piedmont, it requires no great sagacity to foresee that such diametrically opposite elements could not unite. Piedmont has determined never so far to degrade herself, or abandon her honour; and this, in the absence of French intervention, will soon be developed in a United Italy—namely through the national confidence in the honesty and ability of the foremost man in Italy—Giuseppe Garibaldi.

Reviews of Books.

PATRIOTS AND FILIBUSTERS.

A somewhat difficult task in Morals would be accurately to define the difference between a "Patriot" and a "Filibuster." In common parlance, a patriot is one who zealously defends his own country; a filibuster, one who makes an aggressive attack upon another's. It will, however, frequently happen that the most effectual method of defending one's own country is to become the aggressor—in which case, are we to consider the invader a patriot or a filibuster? When the war before us came to land, we anticipated being called upon to discuss the question in the one or the other; but, in the direction of an experienced guide. Mr. Oliphant's qualifications for such an office are well known and appreciated. He is a shrewd observer and an agreeable writer. What he sees he understands—what he understands he has the power of making comprehensible to others. Above all, he appears to be strictly veracious, possesses the art of saying what he knows, and knowing something of the subject on which he treats, and is free from conceit unduly characteristic of travellers who write their experiences.

The first portion of the work Mr. Oliphant devotes to a description of his tour in that little-known Circassian chain which, as he tells us, has so

long presented an insurmountable barrier to Russian aggression upon Persia and Turkey; a mountainous district, intersected alike by the levellers of the seas and the importance of its geographical position. After a brief disquisition on the condition and political importance of Circassia, Mr. Oliphant takes us off on a visit to Prince Michael (Hamed Bey), at Soukous, and thence upon an expedition into the interior of the country. The party, throughout their whole journey, met with the greatest civility from the inhabitants, who appear to have been warm and cordial in their hospitality; the most distressing circumstance our author has to complain of being the long period that usually elapsed between their arrival at a place and the appearance of dinner. The custom of the host was, after he had seen his guests comfortably squatted on their carpets round the fire, and had interchanged a few expressions of civility, to make a dignified exit; and then, and not before, to order a sheep to be caught, and killed for dinner. The Circassians are an isolated people, and consequently very ignorant. Many of them suppose the Sultan is "king-maker-general throughout the world, and that the origin of the late war was the consummation of one of his vessels, to wit, the Emperor of Russia, who was attempting to throw off the authority of the Padishah; and that it was to punish this powerful rebel that Turkey called in her liege subjects, the Emperor of France and the Queen of England." Their language is the most "impenetrable dialect which unfortunate travellers ever attempted to acquire—consisting of scraps which bear a greater resemblance to a succession of sneezes and coughs than to words." The last two chapters of this part treat of the progress and policy of Russia in Central Asia, and are at once interesting and instructive. The conclusion at which the author arrives is—

"That the extension of the frontier line of Russia to the east of the Caspian, must be regulated entirely by its progress to the west of that sea;—and that by transferring the war from the Crimea to the Transcaucasian Provinces, and preserving Circassian independence, it would have been in the power of this country during the last war to have checked that progress at once, and thus nipped in the bud long-continued designs upon Persia, and her dependence on the appropriation of those sources of wealth and power in the East, which have so materially contributed to raise this country to her present high position among European nations."

In the second part of the work we are taken to America—to the land of Filibusters—in the footsteps of the angelic—reverse the great patriots—cross the Delta of the Mississippi—thread its immemorial Bayous, and arrive at a land beautiful

"—with its prairies and fruit-trees;

"Under the shade a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens

"Resounding above, and resting its head on the walls of the forest."

We are a rice plantation—hear negro melodies—take part in conversation with a slave who prefers his present condition to freedom—visit New Orleans—get into the same boat with a band of Filibusters there—hear their adventures from their own lips—arrive with them at Georgetown—and, at last, find ourselves comfortably installed with our guide as guests on board a British man-of-war. We become acquainted with the character of the man, and get a good account of his antecedents and personal character, and, judging from our author's statements, are inclined to a much more favourable opinion of that individual—a respectable representative of his class—than we have hitherto had. Patriots and Filibusters is, altogether, one of the pleasantest and most instructive books of travel we know, and, as such, recommended to all our readers.

THE TEXT OF SHAKESPEARE.*

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

A CRITICAL edition of Shakespeare's plays, by an editor who has been able to impress a stamp of his own upon the work, is no ordinary contribution to modern literature, and demands a discriminating and generous examination. By this publication Mr. Staunton has taken a high place among the commentators. No recent editor has done so much as he, in disentangling the perplexities in the phraseology of the great dramatist that have come down to our time; and to him the honour is pre-eminently due, of introducing new readings, which are both important and indisputable. On the other hand, he has gained the respect and confidence of all Shakespeare scholars, by a scrupulous adherence to the old copies, and by the same, as far as possible. The first success that attended the publication of "Notes and Emendations," was a strong inducement to a merely clever and ambitious editor to tamper perpetually with the text of Shakespeare. We could point to many instances in the work before us, in which Mr. Staunton has resisted temptations to innovation in the text, and only a few of the most critical could have overruled. The corruption was so probable, the change he has proposed so simple, and the effect so satisfying, that remembrance was not to be anticipated, and the credit of discovery was all but secured. There can be no doubt that conservatism, in the cases alluded to, was the right—the only right—policy; and, in a few of the instances, a few of the editors who have noticed heretofore, will, we think, be abandoned in a second edition. But if the suggestions are really worthy of adoption, they will make a way for themselves soon enough; and the frequency with which Mr. Staunton himself has drawn new light upon archaisms and forgotten modes of thought, that have puzzled eminent scholars, and added to the value of his work, is a sufficient security for preserving untouched whatever is not repugnant to sense, in the expectation that further investigation will explain what is now doubtful, and clear up much that is obscuring. The new emendations and the proposed substitutions thrown out in the progress of the work, and, as we think, wisely confined to the notes, are so numerous, that, if followed, would make a place a selection will sufficiently show the ability and critical acumen which the editor has brought to the performance of his task,—a task that, besides much patient industry, requires a thorough knowledge of what has been attempted, an extensive acquaintance with the literature of the Elizabethan era, and great aptness and ingenuity in applying the acquisitions of a cultivated intellect.

To begin with the new readings actually incorporated in the text. In this list we include a very remarkable emendation, effected by the simple process of indicating how a passage should be read. Errypbody acquainted with the

* Patriots and Filibusters, or, Incidents of Political and Exploratory Travel. By Laurence Oliphant. W. Blackwood & Sons. Edinburgh & London. 1860.

* The Plays of Shakespeare. Edited by Edward Staunton. The Illustrations by John Gilbert, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. 2 vols. London: George Routledge & Co. 1860.

"old copies," knows the prevailing absence of marginal or stage directions, and the perplexities that constantly attend the reader, until they are supplied. A short scene in "Timon of Athens" (act v. sc. 3), all spoken by a soldier before Timon's cave, and commencing—

"In all description there shall be the place:
Who's here? Speak, he!—You answer? What is this?
Timon is dead, who hath outcried this spot:
Some hearer, read this, there does not live a man."

contains, in the fourth line, taken in connection with what follows, an enigma, that in its original form, has hitherto defied solution. No commentator has been able to improve upon Warburton's emendation,—

"Some hearer read if this—"

an emendation which, as our editor says, is merely error upon absurdity. Mr. Staunton happily perceived that the second couplet should be printed with the prefix *11 lines*, to show that it was an inscription by Timon to indicate his death, and point to the epitaph on his tomb. The effect of this little light is astonishing. "Who," in the third line, has now the sense of "whoever;" all difficulties vanish, and a passage, till now in meaningless obscurity, assumes characteristic force and piquancy,—

"By all description there shall be the place
Who's here? Speak, he!—You answer? What is this?
[Edw.] Timon is dead—who hath outcried this spot—
Some hearer—read this, there does not live a man."

There can scarcely be two opinions about the propriety of an alteration of the text in "Antony and Cleopatra" (4, 3). No little ingenuity was necessary to discover an intelligible meaning in the word "*chafe*" in Cleopatra's playful ridicule of Antony's herosies. In North's "Pintarch," from which Shakespeare took the principal incidents of the drama, Mr. Staunton found an allusion to Antony's ostentatious imitation of Hercules as the chief of his house, that gave a pretty certain indication of the true reading. Retaining the old word, a meaning may indeed be extracted from the passage; but any signification that it has yet received is feeble and pointless, compared with the appropriate rallery conveyed by Mr. Staunton's well-grounded emendation—

"—Look, pyrrhic, Chastian,
How that Hercules Roman does become
The chief of his chief."

One reading, appearing in these volumes for the first time, in the "Comedy of Errors," has achieved a great success; it has already made its way into some recent editions of eminent contemporary editors. We give the lines in which it occurs, and Mr. Staunton's remarks upon the emendation:—

"Sing, boys, for yourself, and I will do:
Byrdal or the other way the play shall be,
And so a brace I'll take thee, and there be—Act iii. sc. 2."

"For byrdal I am responsible. The authentic copy reads *bed*, which was transformed to *bed* in the second folio, and this has been followed in every edition since."

The poetic refinement of this lection is evident at a glance. It is only necessary to read the scene, and the "illustrative comment" to the first act, to be convinced that the new text is as Shakespeare wrote it; and indeed the emendation seems now so easy and indispensable, that, in writings subjected to such minute and unrelenting scrutiny, it is surprising it has so long been overlooked.

In the same comedy (v. 1), Mr. Staunton has inserted a departure from the authentic copies which will not be so universally welcomed. It has long been suspected that the line,

"And therefore these errors are mine,"

contained "a small error," and it has been suggested that the word in italics should be converted into "all." Mr. Staunton's conjecture, "*mine*," is much more ingenious, and much closer to the original. If the disputed word be, as he thinks, "an incontestable misprint," he has no doubt hit upon the word that best supplies its place. As, however, up to the period of Mr. Collier's "Notes and Emendations" nearly all the best critics, Mr. Collier among the number, had decided that no change was desirable, Mr. Staunton's reading may not find a ready acceptance. It will probably be argued that the original, though somewhat grotesque, has a great deal of vigour in its unqualified simplicity, and that it is one of the irregular modes of speech of which we have another, though not exactly similar, example in "Coriolanus" (iv. 3): "You had better heard when I last saw you; I'll your favour as I self appeared by your language." The same may be said of the line in "The Merchant of Venice" (ii. 3), "Whence," in the courtier's speech (Comedy of Errors, iv. 4), and "betime" (Love's Labour Lost, iv. 3), both heretofore printed as two words, will be received as undoubted restorations. The same may be predicted of the substitution in "Timon of Athens" (iv. 3)—

"Baiter me this hoggar, and dead that lead."

"Demit," says Mr. Staunton's note, "of old spelt *demit*, is from the Latin *demitto*, to deprive or cast down." It is easy, by paraphrasing the line with Mr. Singer, to bring the old word *demit* into a kind of legitimate construction—"*Raise me this hoggar to great demit, and demit it to that lord.*" Who will rest content with this slurring of the sense, when a word is given scarcely differing in form from the original, and perfectly adapted to the antithetical necessities of the sentence? Timon did not pray for any mere denial of wealth, but for a complete reversion of condition. What he desired is compressed into the succeeding couplet:—

"The senator shall bow contempt here lying,
The hoggar shall be demit."

We must pass from this head, merely observing that the troublesome line in Polonius's "precepts" (Hamlet, i. 3), of which there are no less than four forms in the old copies, has been transformed by Mr. Staunton into—

"Are of a most select and generous shew in that,

and supported by very pertinent quotations from Ben Jonson. It is not easy to admit any proposal to remedy an error that the mind has long regarded as ineluctable; considerable favour has nevertheless been shown to this emendation since it was promulgated, by those whose opinions are entitled to the greatest deference.

The suggested emendations in these volumes are extremely numerous, and of various character. Some are estimated by the editor as unnecessary, and are merely thrown out as preferable to other unaltered suggestions; many

are regarded by us as highly valuable, and sure to gain early adoption. There is one that deserves particular notice, if, as we believe, there attaches to this elucidation much more significance than belongs to the explanation of such an unimportant passage. It occurs in that part of the short speech by Duke Vincentio, in "Measure for Measure" (4, 1), that has given rise to much discussion and many conjectural emendations: some editors thinking that a meaning was to be got only by supplying a considerable omission; others finding it in transpositions; and the "old emendator" cutting a way for it by most merciless mutilations.

COMMON READING.

"Of government the properties to unfold,
Would seem to me to affect speech and discourse;
I am put to blush,
Proceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you: then so more remains,
But let your audience, as just words will able,
And let them work."

What could be more hopeful and gratifying than to find all disturbance of the text highly to be deprecated, and an ample explanation afforded by Mr. Staunton's interpolated stage direction, as here given,—

"But that [folding his commission], to your sufficiency."

It seems almost certain that if the word "that" in the disputed portion had been "this," the direction would have been supplied by the early edition, and to question of corruption ever would have been entertained by anybody familiar with Shakespearean phraseology. In such a case, a phrase a few lines lower would have been "Here [just done] is our commission." Mr. Staunton's ingenious conjecture is fully substantiated by the prominence given in "Promos and Cassandra" the play on which "Measure for Measure" was founded—to the Sovereign's *letters patent*, which conferred "rule and power at large" on the deputy, had to be formally "read out; and were" layre written in connection with some great personage, it would be scarcely plain enough. Kestus required no instruction for governing in the Duke's absence: he could not, however, continue the government without the "sealed commission," like that given by Pericles to Helianus; all that could remain for the Duke to perform was the investiture of power. We regret to find that Mr. Staunton thinks a transposition also necessary. There is, no doubt, to modern ears, an incompleteness, as well as oddness, in the phrase—"as your worth is able." In Shakespeare's time these qualities probably did not belong to it, as would appear by the way in which one nearly identical is used by Anthony Munday: "But it happened to me far contrary to my desire, and I am persuaded that his favour counts him more victorious than his own force is able."

We have already noticed two important emendations in "Timon of Athens." Mr. Staunton proposes another (iii. 3), and supports it with such convincing argument, that we are persuaded it will soon displace the very inefficient attempt of the second folio to correct a palpable mistake. In All's Well that Ends Well (iv. 3), Helena's accidental response to Diana's derided protestations,—

"Yet I pray you
But with the word, the time will bring us summer,"

is, in our estimation, not improved by Sir W. Blackstone's suggestion,—"*Yet I pray you*," although some great authorities have given it their approval. It was surely in the highest degree improbable that Helena's promises of "recompense" and "dower" for Diana's easy services, accompanied with the intimation that "something" still remained to be done, could be spoken with the intention to frighten; and the eager readiness with which assistance was proffered, could not suggest to Helena the idea of fear in Diana's mind. Mr. Staunton supposes that "Yet" here has the signification of *Now*, and that "pray" is a misprint for *praise*. This slight change, produced by the expression of a single letter, makes the phrase perfectly harmonious with what precedes and follows; and the sentence so amended and interpreted is in strict conformity with old conjecture; as in the "Merchant of Venice" (ii. 9),—

"Yet (i. e. till now) I have not seen
So likely a husband of love."

The proposal to amend "The quality and hour of our attempt" (1 Henry IV., iv. 1), by transforming "hair" into "*down*," and that for correcting "Elvied against the people" (Coriolanus, iii. 3), by substituting "*inveighed* against the people," appear the more tenable the more the mind becomes familiarised with what precedes and follows; and the sentence so amended and interpreted is in strict conformity with old conjecture; as in the "Merchant of Venice" (ii. 9),—

AFRICAN EXPLORATION.*

AFRICAN exploration, within the last few years, has been prosecuted with so much vigour that the interest of the subject is becoming diminished to some extent by the rapidity with which one discovery follows another, leaving little new to be known of the once-mysterious continent. Barth, Petherick, Livingstone, Burton, and Speke are among the names most familiar to us in connection with this subject: some of these gentlemen are still engaged in pursuing the dangerous but attractive vocation to which they have devoted themselves. We may look forward to an uninterrupted series of reports as they return, and from different sources, of the progress of their journeys. The enterprising Swede, Anderson, pushing north-eastward from the Oranjo, has last heard of from the banks of a river which he had descended for some miles in the direction of Lake Ngami, but the ultimate destination still remained doubtful. Unfortunately the account which this penetrating traveller gave of his own health leads us to fear that he is not likely to prosecute his interesting discovery. Livingstone on the opposite side, but in about the same latitude, is opening up one lake after another, ascending rivers which he describes as navigable, and investigating the natural resources of this unknown country, which he paints in most glowing colours. Petherick, whose journey into the interior of Africa are equal to ours in point of interest and novelty, is about to start again, to push once more up the White Nile, until he shakes hands with his old friend Captain Speke, under the equator. That hardy and energetic officer, in company with Captain Grant, is now on his way to Zanzibar, with the view of entering the continent from

* The Lake Regions of Central Africa. By Captain R. F. Burton. London: Longman & Co. 1860.

that point, following the route already traversed by himself and Captain Burton, as far as Kaeh, in the 32nd parallel of longitude, thence running almost northward to the great lake Nyanza, which he had the satisfaction of discovering two years ago, and from whence he now anxiously hoped he will be able to sail down the White Nile to Cairo. Captain Burton's book, which has just made its appearance, has come out at an opportune moment, and will enable us to appreciate more accurately the difficulties to be encountered, and the nature of the project proposed to be achieved by his late companion. Beyond the interest which must always attach to every account of unknown people and country, there is very little of a really attractive character in the scene of these explorations. There are no great features of scenery, no striking peculiarities of barbarism or an unknown civilization. The climate is detestable, the people are extortionable and impracticable, but not dangerous, and the practical obstacles to progress in the last degree trying. It took Captains Burton and Speke eight months to reach the Tanganyika Lake, a distance of 600 miles through almost unexplored country, and when they arrived at this much-longed-for result, one of them had partially lost the use of his limbs, the other of his eyesight and hearing, both had been repeatedly prostrated by fever, and had surmounted incredible hardships to attain this sin dilute *triumph* of African discovery, a sheet of water about 250 miles long with an average breadth of from twenty to thirty miles.

The country through which our traveller passed is inhabited by a great variety of tribes differing immaterially in manners and customs from each other. In the maritime region, which intervenes between the seacoast and the East African continental chain, the principal tribes are the Wamamora, the Wakho, and the Wado. From Captain Burton's graphic description of the former, a general idea may be formed of their neighbours. A Wamamora outfit must be effective. "The thick wool is plastered over with a cap-like coating of ochre and micones clay, brought from the hills, and attached to the remaining honey-combed surface of the head by the use of the carter's loam. The pomatum, before drying, is pulled out with the fingers, to the ends of many little twists, which circle the head horizontally, and the mass is separated into a single or double line of knots, the upper being above, and the lower below the ears; both look stiff and matted, as if affected with some phlegmatic ailment. Some of the Wamamora train along in their head-rises above the region of their countenances, and very exactly simulate bears' ears. The face is usually lousenage-shaped, the eyes are somewhat oblique, the nose is flat and patulated, the lips turned and everted, the jaw prognathous, and the beard, except in a few individuals, is scanty. The sebaceous odor is overpowering, the expression of the countenance wild and astringent, the features are coarse and harsh, and the gait loose and lurching." This is a very fair sample of an East African tribe, and is described by our traveller as one of the most prepossessing. The Wado, for instance, add to their elegance of toilet various inconvenient habits. During a late struggle with a neighbouring tribe "the prisoners, in protest of the ransom to be demanded, were cut from the bodies of the fallen. The manœuvre was successful. The Wakamba could dare to die, but they could not face the idea of becoming food. They are wild in appearance, dress in softened skins, drink out of human skulls, which are not polished or prepared for the purpose; are buried almost naked, but retaining the ornaments of a narrow girdle, and so that the forefinger can project above the ground. With each man are interred slave and a female slave, the former holding a bilbock, with which to cut fuel for his lord in the cold death-world; and the latter, who is mated upon a little stool, supports his head in her lap." Passing over the Ugogo chain, which attains the height of seven thousand feet, and affords some fine scenery and a refreshing climate after the miasmatic influences of the plains, our travellers descend into the country of Ugogo, inhabited by the Wagogo and Wambania, and more healthy but less fertile than the maritime region. The estimation in which the people of the country stand may be gathered from the following graphic speech of the leader of Captain Burton's caravan—"Listen, O ye Whites, and ye children of Sayyidi Majidi, and ye sons of Ramji! Hearken to my words, O ye offspring of the night! The journey enteth Ugogo—Ugogo [he onrth threw out his arm westward]. Beware, and again beware [he made violent gesticulations]! ye don't know the Wagogo: they are a bad and a [he stammered]! Speak not to those Wadwadi pagans; enter not into their houses [he pointed grimly to the ground]; have no dealings with them; show no cloth, wire, nor beads [speaking with increasing excitement]; eat not with them, drink not with them, and make not love to their women [here the speaker became a scream]. Winoagot of the Wamawendi, restrain your souls. Suffer them to stray into the villages, to buy and sell of you, to sell their produce, to release their beer, not to sit by the wells." Traversing this inhospitable district, our travellers enter the Unyamweini—the far-famed land of the Moon. Here they rest to recruit, at Kaeh, a station which has become a centre of commerce since the Arab merchants have fixed upon it as theemporium of their merchandise.

But the physical obstacles which the country presented were not the only ones with which the explorers had to contend. The most extravagant reports had been circulated about them. "They had had one eye each, and four arms; were full of knowledge, which in these lands means magic; they came rain to rain in advance, and left clouds in their rear; they could vanquish winds, and throw away the seeds, thereby generating small-pox; they beatened and harried milk, thus breeding a murmur among the cattle; and their wire, cloth, and beads caused a variety of misfortune; they were kings of the sea, and therefore white-skinned and straight-haired," &c. Arrived at the Tanganyika Lake, our adventurous explorers embarked upon its waters in the rude bark of the natives, and spent a month in investigating its unknown mysteries. The opposition of the tribes which inhabit its shores prevented them from reaching its extreme limits, either in a northerly or southerly direction. They ascertained the important fact, however, that no river descended from the lake, but that the level of the water was almost constant, which flowed both from the north and south. The head of the lake is encircled by a chain of mountains, which seem to form spurs of the range which have been popularly called by geographers the Mountains of the Moon.

The most effective explorers of these regions at present are Arab traders, who carry away ivory and the products of the country, such as ostrich feathers, beads, precious goods, and other objects of barter. The establishment of stations by these enterprising merchants will greatly facilitate the progress of future

travellers. Meantime the native companions of Captains Burton and Speke became impatient to return. These consisted of Bedoch soldiers, furnished by Sayid Majidi, the ruler of Zanzibar; some slaves which had been supplied by a merchant of the same place; and a party of porters gathered from the native tribes. With the exception of a few donkeys, our party was entirely dependent upon their own shoulders for transport—camels, oxen, or other beasts of burden being entirely wanting. This inconvenient arrangement retarded their progress very materially, the more especially as the chief of each tribe passed through demanded a large tribute in the shape of black mail, involving the portage of great quantities of beads, cloths, &c., for the purpose of satisfying the native rapacity of these tribesmen. Retained at Kaeh, Captain Speke determined to strike off to the north, for the purpose of reaching, if possible, a great lake said to be in that direction. After three weeks of hard travel, his exertions were rewarded by the discovery of a large lake, more extensive and important, on geographical grounds, than that which had already been previously visited. This lake he has named the Victoria Nyanza, and, in the opinion of its discoverer, it in all probability gives rise to the waters of the Nile. Captain Speke's success in reaching this magnificent sheet of water, the extent of which is not yet known, is an unparadiseable sin in the eyes of Captain Burton, whose book is tainted by a most unworthy jealousy of his more fortunate, and, as he himself invites the comparison, we must say, more enterprising companion. On the Tanganyika Lake Captain Speke jeered his explorations further than Captain Burton, although suffering from severe illness. "My companion," says our author, "who, when arriving at the Tanganyika Lake, was almost as 'grubby' upon his person as I suffered from, passed the night in a hut, and, in the morning, at the distention of face, which made him sideways, like a rumbler." In this condition he spent a month exploring its unknown shores, suffering great hardships, and overcoming many difficulties. "During my twenty-seven days of solitude," says Captain Burton, "the time sped quickly; it was chiefly spent in eating and drinking, and in the pursuit of the mission of this time Captain Speke returns. 'The Masika had done little or nothing upon him; I never saw a man so thoroughly moist and mildewed. He justified even the French phrase—wet to the bone. I was sorely disappointed: he had literally done nothing.' Probably Capt. Speke would have considered eating and drinking and doing nothing as the best mode of proceeding to discovering Lake Nyanza, he returns, having done something, our author on this occasion having spent six weeks idly at Kaeh, his indignation vents itself in an energetic protest against the White Nile, Lake Nyanza, and Captain Speke, who, he contends, "has stultified the results of the expedition by putting forth a claim which no geographer can admit, and which is at the same time weak and flimsy that no geographer has yet taken the trouble to contradict it." Considering that the Government, at the instance of the Geographical Society, have granted Captain Speke the sum of £2,500 for the purpose of verifying the truth of his suggestion, and with express instructions to enquire whether the White Nile has its rise in the Nyanza or not, this assertion of Captain Burton may be classed with those native reports which he finds so much fault with his companion for believing.

Mr. Petherick, who has ascended the White Nile to within two degrees of the equator, is so strongly of the same opinion as Captain Speke, that he expects to meet that distinguished explorer by pushing further up the river. We should not be inclined to the supposition that Mr. Petherick, who is one of Burton's book had not Captain Speke been absent from the country, and unable to defend himself. Although the journal of this officer has already appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, he scrupulously abstains from any discreditable allusion to his brother officer. It would only have been generous, under these circumstances, in Captain Burton, to have stated his grievances while Captain Speke was still in England, instead of tampering him in a work likely to become of standard value, and stating facts which Captain Speke will not be able to deny for two years at least, if, indeed, he ever returns to us at all.

Fortunately for Captain Speke, Captain Burton's general tone of ill-humour is not confined to him alone; he accuses Captain Playfair of "three distinct and wilful deviations from fact in five lines"; and insults Captain Richy, our consul at Zanzibar, by comparing him to a native called "Seedy Mubarak, whose honest face appeared at that moment by contrast [with that of Captain Richy] peculiarly attractive." Captain Frost is incidentally accused of having contrived to procure the materials to Captain Hamerton's death, as well as of having buried despatches; while the East-India Company is roundly abused at every convenient season. This is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, considering the severe rebuke administered to Captain Burton in a despatch from the Secretary of State for India, relative to some pecuniary transactions which our author has unwisely included in his narrative. As to our friend on finishing the perusal of Captain Burton's work, not to feel that his talents, no less than his disposition, fit him rather for a barometer than a civilized state of society, where, to use his own words, "post offices do not exist," where those courts martial to which he so feelingly alludes as having nearly wrecked his reputation, have not yet been instituted; and the standard of morality, if not lower, is, at all events, founded upon different principles. We should had with pleasure every new work from his graphic pen if it was dated from the centre of Africa, and congratulate ourselves upon being able to enjoy the advantages of his versatile genius, without having to endure from the inconsistency of his unfortunate temper.

Dr. Beke, a gentleman who has been engaged for some time in African exploration, and whose opinions are therefore of the highest value, has recently published an interesting compilation of the most recent information upon the history of Nilotic discovery. The conclusion to which this distinguished African geographer arrives gives great weight to the hypothesis of Captain Speke that the waters of the White Nile have their origin in Lake Nyanza. As Dr. Beke dates his work from the Mauritius, he does so apparently in ignorance of the more recent discoveries of Mr. Consul Petherick. It is a singular and most remarkable fact, in the absence of the more strong and confirmatory testimony of Mr. Petherick, Dr. Beke should have arrived at so nearly the same result with reference to the much-vexed question of the Sources of the Nile.

*The Sources of the Nile; being a General Survey of the Basins of that River, and of its Head-waters, with the History of Nilotic Discovery. By Charles T. Beke, Ph.D. London: James Macmillan & Co. Leadenhall-street, 1860.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE.*

THE desire to see celebrated people, or to learn something about their personal characteristics, habits, and associations, is common, under different modifications, to all mankind. The eagerness with which the ladies of Bologna forced their way through the crowd, at no little risk of being trampled to death, in the hope of obtaining a glimpse of Victor Emmanuel, is one of the many forms of the same instinct which leads the antiquary to delve in dusty libraries, and the art-student to make pilgrimages to galleries and cathedrals. The lore of sight-seeing may be considered the vulgar development of the universal desire of exploring things that are out of the reach of every-day experience. The difference is only in degree between the curiosity of the idle gossamer that gather upon the pavement to see the ladies step out of their carriages at the door of the Opera, and that of the chess club, when its members rose en masse to greet Mr. Morphy, or of the thousands of educated and sentimental travellers who pay reverential visits to the birthplace of Shakespeare.

Of all the celebrities to whom the homage of popular curiosity is paid, authors, perhaps, receive the largest share. Distinguished generals, statesmen, and politicians are surrounded for a time by a certain amount of public interest, arising, in most cases, from their notoriety rather than from any certain or special knowledge which the world at large possesses concerning them; and kings and people of rank "draw crowds" by the sheer force of that attraction which has in all ages resided in the glitter and pomp of station. But the author is a widely known as his language, and known too, not by vague report, but by the actual achievement of his work, entered into the house of all classes of the people; he has instructed, amused, and delighted young and old. There is nobody so secluded to whose retreat he has not penetrated; nobody so lofty to whose height he has not reached; nobody so humble to whose depth he has not descended. He is the familiar of the domestic circle—the friend of the scholar, the playfellow of the companion in retirement; he is constantly talked of, quoted, and discussed. Everybody knows him in his public function as a writer of books; and everybody is anxious to know more about him, to know what manner of man he is in his private relations, what sort of life he leads, how he is, and his peculiarities, and whether he is like or unlike the ideal that had been formed of him from his works.

The materials by which this curiosity is to be gratified are to biography what descriptions of the in-door and out-of-door life of the people, their passions and occupations, customs, and usages, are to history. Like them, they must not be rendered, and care must be taken to subordinate them to the higher purposes of the narrative. The wood must not be hidden by the leaves. The general fidelity of the portrait must not be sacrificed to a microscopic detail of noles and freckles. The whole value of small personal items lies in their illustrative significance. It affords no help, for example, towards an estimate of the great Duke of Marlborough, to be informed that he carried a green pane; but we see a long way into his character when we learn that he used to walk alone at night from parties, to save the expense of a chair. We collect nothing which can be turned to profit from the fact that Pope thought he looked best in a wig; just it is something to reflect upon the fact that the Duke of Devonshire did not add up a column of figures. Swift lives in that description of his "particular eyes" which tells us that they were "quite as azure as the heavens;" but we are in no way advanced towards a closer knowledge of Marshall Turenne by being informed that he used to have a new pair of stockings every week.

The literary habits and occupations of the great writers of the past; although the results rarely yield the expected clue to the secrets of inspiration. After we have ascertained that Swift always lay in bed till noon, that Scott wrote his novels before breakfast, that Waverley used to read himself to sleep, and unconsciously initiate in the morning what he had read at night, that Young wrote nearly the whole of his "Night Thoughts" at night, and the rest on horseback, the mystery of genius remains as great a mystery to us as it was before. The contrasts that may frequently be found to exist between the personal traits of the author and the character of his works, suggest a wider and more fruitful field of investigation. Like the French comic actor who, while he made everybody else laugh, was himself consumed by melancholy, the dispositions of the writer are not to be judged by his works. The satirist may be a man blushing over goodnature and kindness; the grave historian may be one of the pleasantest dinner-table wits; and the humorous novelist may write a most serious work. It may turn out in conversation to be the dullard of mankind. The Grammarian who dictated the pleasantest and most agreeable of all gossiping books, is described, at the very time when he was composing it, as being cross and unpleasant in his manners, and out of all reason besides. To be sure, he was then old, and infirmities may be excused in old people. But remember how Addison kept up his character on his deathbed; how gracefully Keats appeared, with his vanity in full bloom; and how euphuistically the last words of Chesterfield marked the man of form and etiquette.

Stenhouse and Sterne, in different ways, came to ends strangely at odds with their literary characters. Stenhouse, the poetical and moral poet, whose imagination kept company only with the flames and Phidias, is known to have held relations with his housekeeper which threw his domestic life into shadow. Notwithstanding his verses to the contrary, it was not all rural felicity between the poet and his mistress; and the lady was sometimes too much for him. On one occasion, being offended with her, he went out of the house in a fit of vexation, and cast himself up in his postchaise, where he passed the night. The consequence was he caught a cold, which brought on worse ailments that terminated in his death. Sterne shed under circumstances hardly less at variance with the promise of his life. He who had displayed so much tenderness and sympathy in his writings, expired in a mean lodging in London, without a single friend to close his eyes except, all honour to his craft! Becket, the publisher, who was the only person that attended the author of "Tristram Shandy" to his grave. More remains to be told. Sterne was buried near Tyburn, at that time a defenceless situation; and the resurrection-men having noted the spot, disinterred the body at night, and carried it to a private anatomy at Gower-street. A gentleman who was present at the dissection recognised the face of poor Yorick!

No man ever disappointed the expectations raised by his writings more completely than Dr. Hawkeworth, who flourished in the Johnsonian period. Hawkeworth, indeed, may be regarded in some degree as a literary impostor. By imitating the manner of Johnson, he rapidly got credit for the elegance of his diction and the purity of his sentiments. Even Johnson himself was taken in for a time, and concurred in the general opinion that Hawkeworth was a sound moralist, and a master of English style. His "Almonar and Humes" had a great success; and Archbishop Herring, on inspecting his papers in the "Adventurer" and elsewhere, that he conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. This sudden elevation to a position of honour which he was unable to sustain, led at once to the exposure of his pretensions. He was so swollen with conceit that he put on airs of affluence as a result of letters, which rendered them almost insupportable so long as he kept still, all went well; but, thrown off his guard by having been created a Doctor of Laws, he seems to have begun to defend himself to what he had all along known very well he was not. The fact is, that Hawkeworth was an utterly illiterate man. Anecdotes are related of his ignorance which might not justly regarded as incredible, if they had not come down to us on respectable authority. He was originally a watchmaker, and never appears to have received any systematic instruction whatever. That he should have written so skillfully as to deceive the public into the notion that he was a scholar and a thinker, is marvellous enough; but a careful examination of his writings, by the light which the discovery of his real deficiencies throws upon them, will dispense a good deal of the wonder. Their modesty will be found to be as shallow as their structure is artificial; and the want of scholarship will become conspicuously apparent. But the essays were written for the sake of seeing what excellent imitations they may be made of; the first object of the writer was to show that he was a critical power. This estimate of the value of his writings determines the true place of Hawkeworth in English literature. He bears the same relation to the Addison and Johnsons as that clever mimic, the late Mr. Yates, bore to Keble and Young.

With a taste of genius, a comparatively slender amount of research often answers the purpose of large stores of knowledge, and sometimes does better. Hume was a remarkable example of the great results that may sometimes be produced from a small capital; and in this respect he offers a striking contrast to Gibbon. Hume took very little trouble about ancient chronicles or records; he seldom looked into them, and never went through any display in the way of investigating or collating old authorities. He had a certain facility in dipping for what he wanted, which was in reality nothing more than some vivid materials here and there, to help him to build up an agreeable narrative. His actual acquisitions in historical knowledge, excepting only what related to the Statute, which he was never weary of collecting out of a kind of inexplicable habit, were neither extensive nor profound. He is said to have been extremely companionable and unaffected before he went to Paris as secretary to Lord Hertford; after which he became a literary reclus. It is not to be overlooked in such a man that he could not resist Shakespeare; and that thought as ill of him as George II., who could not read him, "he was such a *bonnet fellow*!" Hume did not look altogether like the historian of England, for although he gave you an idea of vigor and strength, he wanted elasticity of movement and brightness of expression. He was a very large, tall man, close upon six feet in height, with a vacant face.

His mind was in some respects the reverse of all this. He was crammed with learning, and his passion for enlarging his wealth of knowledge grew with what it fed on. It was probably because of his studious habits that he never married, but continued to live amongst his books to the last. But he had none of the usual marks of the book-worm upon him. He was fond of cards and company; and, without possessing much conversational power, he had a special talent for telling anecdotes effectively. He did not particularly relish literary society, because it generated discussion, and had a tendency to impede the flow of general enjoyment; and, like Congress, he desired to be received rather as a man of the world than as a scholar, and consequently did not care to make any display of his erudition. One very obvious reason for his reserve on this point was his dislike to arguments, in which few men were less qualified to engage, either by inclination or habits of mind. He cannot be said to have failed in Parliament, for he never spoke there. In his appearance there was nothing remarkable, except his head. He had a very large face, about which an anecdote is related, with a blind lady for the heroine, more grotesque than true.

Place in opposition to these bold and stalwart figures the diminutive person of Pope, and you get the extremes of the scale. Sir Joshua says: "one once; it was at an auction, and the people were so much attracted by him, that he went along, dressed in a black coat, with a tiny sword, bowing like a Lilliputian king. He was not more than four feet six inches high, and was hump-backed; but his dwarfish stature acquired force from his large fierce eyes, and long handsome nose, features in which we suspect he closely resembled the late Edmund Kean." Pope's mouth betrayed the constant and painful straining of the muscles, like cords, which are peculiar to deformed people. Boscawine, who made a bust of him, said that he should have known how much he had suffered from headaches by the contraction of the skin between the eyebrows. He was the most irritable of all men, the most easily offended at trifles, and the most intolerant of anything coming in the way of them. He was, however, far from being so malicious, nor so unkind, as his generous instincts, it is to be found in that poor crazy body which was the theatre of almost every physical calamity.

FOREIGN LITERATURE, ARTS, AND SCIENCES.

IT MAY afford another example of the utter impossibility of preserving the vitality of human intelligence under restrictions of liberty of thought and conscience. "Car la première chose que Dieu enlève aux hommes avec la liberté c'est le bon sens," says M. de Montesquieu, in his last philosophical work. Since the yoke of Austria has been put upon the Italian mind, and since Italy has been ruled by the French, Italy has again awoken to literary life. King Victor Emmanuel, desiring of giving a helping hand to this intellectual movement, and being warmly seconded by his minister, Mamiani, has within these few days reorganised the Universities of Bologna and of Milan. Prati and Mercantini, men already well known by their

* The Table Talk of John B. Alden. Third edition. 1860.

Samuel Rogers's Recollections. Edited by his Nephew. Second edition. 1860.

Memoirs [of Edmund Malone]. By Sir James Kaye. 1860.

literary labours, have been appointed professors, the first of eloquence, the latter of history, at Bologna, and Auguste Voss, the commentator on the Philosophy of Hegel, who published last year divers works in English and in French, on his favourite topic, is appointed professor of philosophy at Milan. In Tuscany, the Abbé Tugri has published a beautiful volume of *Conti Popolari*. A cleric and learned introduction to the book explains the nature of these compositions, which differ entirely from the national songs of our country. They represent the *"Bisbetto di Sordani,"* *"Stornello,"* or *"Romanzetto,"* and *"Stornello,"* originating in Sicily, but now become quite popular in Tuscany, are all successively represented in this collection, where their source and origin are explained. The author has not forgotten to mention the contemporary celebrities who have published poetical effusions of the same nature, Cantù, Tommasi, Carrara, &c.

The late political changes in Italy have also been a theme of inspiration to two excellent Florentine poets, Endrio Frullani and Gisone Carducci. If impediments are not thrown in the way, to stifle the existence of *il regno Italiano*, we may soon expect to see arise under the inspiring atmosphere of political liberty, worthy successors to the great Italian authors of old.

The recent discovery of a painting in oils of the fifteenth century, on the walls of the old meat-market in Ghent, has again raised the long *querita* question of the origin of this style of painting. A very legible inscription tells us that this mural work of art was executed in 1448—some years, therefore, before oil-painting by John Van Eyck, who is generally acknowledged to be the first who attempted and succeeded in mixing oils with colours according to our modern system. Mr. Edmond de Busscher, in an able article in the *"Messager des Sciences Historiques,"* examines with much care all the data collected with this picture, and arrives, through authentic records, at the conclusion that it is the work of Netherland Masters, or of John Martin. The article affords valuable information, not only on the Painters' Corporations during the Middle Ages, but also on the actual period at which oil-painting was first introduced, between the years 1339-1353, at Ghent, and of the rapid progress of this art from 1411 to 1434, before the two brothers Van Eyck made their first great conquest in this style of painting.

While we are speaking of Belgium, let us mention a history, just published, of Charles V.—the most complete that has yet been written.

English, French, and German authors, in latter times, have lauded themselves much with the eulogistic ring of this extraordinary monarch, on whose dominions, according to the well-known saying, "the sun never went down," and who, after a noble abstinence, died miserably in a monastery, pining for his lost power. The author has employed fourteen years of his life in collecting documents for his work, which presents a very faithful picture, historical, political, and literary, of the long reign of Charles Quint. The influence of oligarchy of York, and of Marguerite di Austria, on the young prince, is carefully portrayed. The rivalry between Charles V. and Francis I. of France, and the various incidents connected with the election of the former to the Empire, are given in more detail than in any other history of that period. We regret that the author should not have followed up the subject to the end. The life of the Emperor is a picture of interesting and philosophic study, after his abdication, than while he was in the zenith of his greatness.

A notice of the various modern works on his monastic life would have made a more complete and satisfactory book, but this omission is fortunately supplied by the able notices of that time, written by Mr. W. Stirling, M.P., and by Monsieur Schacht. The Spanish records published by the latter form the archives of Symonides, which have until now remained almost unexplored, prove how the weakness of human nature asserts its rights even in those whom the world called great.

Among the important works just published in Paris, one of the most useful and at the same time the most carefully-edited, is the *"Annuaire Encyclopédique,"* in which is given a sketch of the history, literature, politics, commerce, arts and sciences of all nations, from the beginning of 1850 to May, 1860.

It is difficult to convey an idea of the vast amount of information contained in this volume. One point especially worthy of mention, is the general accuracy of the statements, all written by men residing in the country which they describe, and consequently much better able to afford reliable information than is generally the case in books of this nature. Each article, arranged in alphabetical order, gives an excellent résumé of the actual position of the nation of the world, as to their government, institutions, statistics, and commerce. We may form an opinion of the exactitude and impartiality of these statements by the long article on England, which is very able, and comes from the pen of Monsieur Esquiade, already well known in this country as a political writer.

All the statistical portions are taken from official sources, and comprise seven columns. The article "France" has some interesting details on the daily and weekly newspapers, and the number of copies issued.

Then follows a sketch of twelve columns on the political history of England during the last eighteen months, with worth reading, for its completeness, and especially for the spirit in which the writer expresses the utility of a good understanding between France and England.

The article on English literature is far from being satisfactory: it is superficial and imperfect, although written by an author who has published many pleasant works on England, Monsieur Philastre Chasles. Among other desiderata, it is rather surprising not to find the least mention of the history, the most elaborate and remarkable books published in the last five-and-twenty years, Darwin's *"On Species,"* and *"The History of Civilization,"* by Buckle.

In the biographical notices on deceased English celebrities, there is neither both for blame and praise. The sketch of Lord Macaulay, by Monsieur Esquiade, is a most judicious and well-written appreciation of the political and literary career of this great historian; but many eminent persons, among others Lady Morgan, have been altogether omitted. Notwithstanding these defects, the *"Annuaire Encyclopédique,"* is a remarkable compendium, where every department of human intelligence finds its place, and which may be consulted as a book of reference, not only for the great progress of political and literary science, but also for the intellectual existence of France at the present day cannot fail to strike a calm observer. Irregularity is acknowledged to be rapidly on the increase, and yet by a singular contradiction, works on

Religious Philosophy are published every year by the best writers in France, thus proving how unsatisfactory to their restless minds are the systems laid down by Voltaire and Rousseau, and yet how unwilling they are to adopt Christianity itself. "Ernest Renan," who at first declared that religion was only useful for the ignorant or *à pitié*, returned afterwards to a more rational way of thinking, and his *"Etudes d'Histoire Religieuse,"* are based on a true belief in the moral necessity of a religious creed. After Renan came "Edgard Quinet," who refuted the Hegelian theories and dispelled the system of Strauss, but was nevertheless not more disposed to accept Christianity. Year by year the same conflicting discussions go on, and Monsieur Alaux, a learned French professor, feeling all the importance of this religious question, has just published his *"Essai sur l'Avenir de la Philosophie,"* in which he examines the facts of the history of religious belief in France. The object of his system is to achieve certain reforms without touching the basis of Christianity. Religion in M. Alaux's opinion, is Catholicism in its true sense, that is to say, universal dogma; but he denies that the adoption of this dogma necessarily precludes development and progress.

The delusions drawn by M. Alaux in his system of religious philosophy are not always clear, but they must be welcomed as showing a desire to resist the current of paganism so prevalent now in the country for which he writes.

THE LITTLE SNOB.

"There's nothing right but what I think,
"There's nothing good but what I want and drink,
"There's nothing to compare with 'clink,'"
Said the dirty little snob.
"And won't be the greatest 'how' I know,
"And learning's dirt, and school's a bore,
"So, fast shall be the road I'll go!"
Said the dirty little snob:
Devil of sense,
The sun intense,
And dirty little snob.
"I'd like to know the use of friends,
"Unless they serve one's pleasant ends;
"The best is he who gives no hands,"
Said the dirty little snob.
"Your learned men are heavy 'awfuls,'
"Your moral youths tremendous 'sells,'
"And shan't the only speech that 'tells,'"
Said the dirty little snob:
The smirking slave,
The homeless knave,
And dirty little snob.
"However chaste and pure she be,
"And bright and beautiful to see,
"No woman can say 'No' to me,"
Said the dirty little snob.
Is there no husband, son, or sire,
To dare this creature thrust his mire,
And kick it till she too shall tire,
The dirty little snob?
The fool and crass
Conceited ass,
And odious little snob?

POST-OFFICE PROSECUTIONS.—Our remarks last week upon Post Office prosecutions seem to have hit a critical time. On Friday, William Wyatt, a young man, and a Public letter-carrier, was placed before the magistrate for having stolen a "test letter," and the marked copies being found upon him, he was committed for trial. He had nineteen shillings a week, had been a year in the service, and married six months. John Juce, another, whose locality for delinquency was at Camden Town, was caught by a similar process of temptation, the appropriation of the marked gold, also proven by being found in his pocket, and he, too, was committed for trial. His indictment to be dishonest might be somewhat more promising, as he had been married a year, and had a child just born. On Saturday, William Woodcock was brought up on the charge of abstracting two half-sovereigns from a letter which he (in his round of duty) had taken from a pillar-box in Stepney, and which, after getting of the money, he had re-deposited in another pillar-box in the same quarter. Upon him, too, the marked coins were found; and here, already, unless the honest precedent of the Lord Chief Baron is followed by other judges (as we trust it will be), are three more pitiable cases for penal servitude and utter misery. Now, we have to repeat that we are no apologists for breach of trust, or palliators of theft or dishonesty of any description. We respect the poor man who steals his bread, and his honesty, and prefers it to the law. (However hard and ill-requited) with constancy and integrity. But we cannot resist the emotion of pity which flows upon us when we look upon the fate of those who fall, and who, in the conditions obvious before our eyes, appear not to be treated as they ought to be, but to be exposed to greater temptation than any other class of the community, and to be entangled by contrivances of a very miserable and unworthy nature. So strong, indeed, is our impression of the error of the entire course of employment, remuneration, and action to detect and punish the guilty, that we almost forget the victim in the victim. The Post Office should remember the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation." There is something odious and repulsive to good feelings, in the idea of guaranteeing the public security by no other means than the heaviest sacrifice of so many fellow creatures per annum—fairly misled by want (for no other causes are assigned, no other disincentives, no other lapse from the right path), to break the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." It has been forcibly said that "an empty stomach has no conscience." We will not impute all these offences to the Post Office, but we can readily believe that most of them are induced by pressing necessities. And in this belief we would respectfully insist, as there is a large surplus revenue from the department, that the pay of Post Office servants should be augmented, and their condition improved; and that the Post Office should refuse to employ or bank-note in letters, and give facilities at a penny for conveying Post Office Orders for sums under twenty shillings. What remedy might this be applied, we cannot decide; but if this we feel assured, that clearly insufficient pay, exceedingly laborious duty, and the vile consequences of a "test letter" system, to tempt wretched creatures into crime, are alike ill-judged economy, practical injustice, and unchristian policy.

* Two vols. sew., of 400 pages each, by Alexandre Brasseur. Brasseur's 1/6.

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THE EMPEROR'S LETTER.

IT is a great thing to be strong. No man so often escapes insult, and goes through the world so peacefully, as the strong, true man, who is able to punish aggression, and who never courts it. So with Great Britain. Lord Palmerston's patriotic speech, on the introduction of the scheme for the National Defences, has elicited a letter from the Emperor Napoleon, which might have been written long ago, but which was not written until Lord Palmerston's speech made it clear, alike to the most daring ambitions and to the obtusest intellects of the Continent, that the British nation was thoroughly in earnest in preparing for all contingencies of European warfare. It is no small triumph for any man to have extorted such a letter from such a potentate as the Emperor,—one of the most remarkable letters ever written, both for its matter and for its manner,—and which cannot fail to have a weighty influence upon the politics of our time. We present it in *extenso* :—

“St. Cloud, 25th July, 1860.

“MY DEAR PERSIGNY,—Affairs appear to me to be so complicated —thanks to the mistrust excited everywhere since the war in Italy —that I write to you in the hope that a conversation, in perfect frankness, with Lord Palmerston, will remedy the existing evil. Lord Palmerston knows me, and when I affirm a thing he will believe me. Well, you can tell him from me, in the most explicit manner, that since the Peace of Villafranca I have had but one thought, one object—to inaugurate a new era of peace, and to live on “the best terms with all my neighbours, and especially with England. I had returned Savoy and Nice; the extraordinary additions to Piedmont alone caused me to resume the desire to see re-united to France provinces essentially French. But it will be objected, ‘You wish for peace, and you increase, immoderately, the military forces of France.’ I deny the fact, in every sense. My army and my fleet have in them nothing of a threatening character. My steam navy is even far from being adequate to our requirements, and the number of steamers does not nearly equal that of sailing-ships deemed necessary in the time of King Louis Philippe. I have 400,000 men under arms; but deduct from this amount 60,000 in Algeria, 6,000 at Rome, 8,000 in China, 20,000 gendarmes, the sick, and the new conscripts, and you will see—what is the truth—that my regiments are of smaller effective strength than during the preceding reign. The only addition to the army-list has been made by the creation of the Imperial Guard. Moreover, while wishing for peace, I desire also to organize the forces of the country on the best possible footing; for, if foreigners have only seen the bright side of the last war, I myself, close at hand, have witnessed the defects, and I wish to remedy them. Having said thus much, I have, since Villafranca, neither done, nor even thought anything which could alarm any one. When Lavalette started for Constantinople, the instructions which I gave him were confined to this:—“Use every effort to maintain the *status quo*; the interest of France is that Turkey should live as long as possible.”

“Now, then, occur the massacres in Syria; and it is asserted that I am very glad to find a new occasion of making a little war, or of playing a new part. Really, people give me credit for very little common sense. If I instantly proposed an expedition, it was because my feelings were those of the people which has put me at its head, and the intelligence from Syria transported me with indignation. My first thought, nevertheless, was to come to an

“understanding with England. What other interest than that of humanity could induce me to send troops into that country? Could it be that the possession of it would increase my strength? Can I conceal from myself that Algeria, notwithstanding its future advantages, is a source of weakness to France, which for thirty years has devoted to it the purest of its blood and its gold! I said it, in 1852, at Bordeaux, and my opinion is still the same—I have great conquests to make, but only in France. Her interior organization, her moral development, the increase of her resources, have still immense progress to make. There a field exists vast enough for my ambition, and sufficient to satisfy it.

“It was difficult for me to come to an understanding with England on the subject of Central Italy, because I was bound by the Peace of Villafranca. As to Southern Italy, I am free from engagements, and I ask no better than a concert with England on this point, as on others; but, in Heaven's name, let the eminent men who are placed at the head of the English Government lay aside petty jealousies and unjust mistrusts.

“Let us understand one another in good faith, like honest men as we are, and not like thieves who desire to cheat each other.

“To sum up, this is my innermost thought. I desire that Italy should obtain peace, no matter how, but without foreign intervention; and that my troops should be able to quit Rome without compromising the security of the Pope. I could very much wish not to be obliged to undertake the Syrian expedition, and, in any case, not to undertake it alone: firstly, because it will be a great expense; and secondly, because I fear that this intervention may involve the Eastern question; but, on the other hand, I do not see how to resist public opinion in my country, which will never understand that we can leave unpunished, not only the massacre of Christians, but the burning of our consulates, the insult to our flag, and the pillage of the monasteries which were under our protection.

“I have told you all I think, without disguising or omitting anything. Make what use you may think advisable of my letter.

“Believe in my sincere friendship.

“NAPOLEON.”

We thoroughly believe that the Emperor means exactly what he says,—that for the present he desires peace, that he is loyal to the British alliance, and that he sees in that alliance and in the consequent development of the vast internal resources of France, the surest support to his throne and dynasty. He knows England well, and understands the English people better, perhaps, than any living Frenchman, unless it be M. de Persigny; but we are nevertheless afraid that he cannot see or understand why and how it is, that since the Italian war, the English people have held it to be their imperative and immediate duty to arm themselves, and to defend their coasts and their soil against any and all comers. It is not Louis Napoleon Bonaparte the man, in whose word and in whose honesty the British people have ceased to feel confidence. On the contrary, they believe that as a man and a gentleman he is anxious to maintain and perpetuate the most amicable relations with them. But it is the Emperor Napoleon, the irresponsible military chief of an aspiring military nation, separated only by twenty-two miles of water from our shores, of whom they are distrustful. They know that the chief of an ambitious nation, which was defeated and humiliated in the last great European convulsion, may be compelled by the spirit of his army and his people to undertake projects which he might scorn as a statesman, but accept as a soldier. They know,

moreover, that such power as he wields is not safe to its own possessor; that in undertaking all functions and all responsibilities, even to fixing the price of the poor man's loaf and the rich man's cigar, he overtaxes human nature, and that the brain may give way under the pressure, as that of the Emperor Nicholas did when, on his sole responsibility, he undertook the dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Without disrespect to the Emperor, they feel that the system of government of which he is the representative, is neither stable in itself, nor safe as regards the nations which are geographically near to him, and they reckon it incumbent upon them to be prepared for the commotions affecting all Europe, which must inevitably follow any break-out of the Imperial system beyond the line of the French frontier. If England had been without 130,000 Volunteers, an increasing fleet, and a system of fortifications and defences to be immediately commenced, would Napoleon III. have written such a letter? Or would he have thought it worth his while to parody, through M. de Persigny, with Lord Palmerston and the British people?

We rejoice that the Emperor has written and published so excellent an epistle; but we rejoice to know, at the same time, that the scheme for the National Defence of Great Britain will not, in any way, be affected by it; that our navy will be placed on as effective a footing as if these great thoughts were still enshrouded in the secrecy of the imperial mind; and that not a single British Volunteer will abandon his drill or rifle, in consequence of the praiseworthy sentiments so timely expressed.

THE SYRIAN AND TURKISH QUESTION.

THE letter of the Emperor of the French to M. de Persigny has not changed the aspect of the Eastern Question. The French Government, in direct terms, as well as through its recognised channels in the Press, is loud in the expression of its satisfaction at the view taken, both officially and popularly, in England, of the Syrian massacres. It is rather to our credit that there is no difficulty in luring the great British public, with the Government at its head, into any trap, so long as it is baited in such a manner as to appeal either to our humanitarian sentiments, our religious opinions, or our commercial interests. The Commercial Treaty, and the insults at different times offered to the Pope, were incidents in French diplomacy peculiarly gratifying to our national feelings; and now we are called upon in the name of humanity to "cut up" the Sultan; and our leading journals and our Foreign Minister do not hesitate to applaud the preliminary measures of the principal career. The Emperor, in defiance of all treaty-rights, has resolved to invade the territory of a friendly Power with a force of 20,000 men, in spite of the earnest supplications of the Turkish Government to be allowed to manage its own affairs; and the British people and Government, so far from protesting against a measure not one whit more justifiable, morally, than the crossing of the Pruthi by the armies of the Emperor Nicholas, announce the intention of partially co-operating with him. Did we do this with an army of 20,000 men also, we might compensate ourselves for this outrage to international law which it involves, by sharing the spoil. But we are either too innocent, too honest, or too timid for so decided a line of action; and, blinded to all questions of justice or policy by our sympathies, we assist the Emperor of the French in the development of that policy which was plotted at St. Petersburg not long since, and which is contained in a convention similar to that signed at Plombières, by which the fate of Turkey is settled, as that of Italy was, there. The existence of this convention has never been officially denied by the French Government; nay, more, the French Government could not deny, if they adhered to truth, that simultaneously with the outbreak planned by them in the Lebanon, and which has just terminated so disastrously to the Maronites, a rising of the Slavonic populations, instigated by Russian emissaries, was to have taken place in Servia, Bosnia, and Montenegro. The Turkish Government better informed with reference to the latter part of this arrangement than the former, although aware that 8,000 mine rifles had been forwarded by France to the Lebanon, despatched so large a share of its troops, many of them drawn from Syria, to the provinces, that it succeeded in keeping order there, at the sacrifice of leaving the Lebanon undefended. The consequence was that the Belgrade plot ended in a *fiasco*, and the Maronites, encouraged by the absence of troops, and relying upon their superior numbers, attacked the Druses sooner than was intended, and were massacred accordingly.

Let the public mark our words. The Slavonic rising is only postponed, and not renounced. The presence of European troops in Syria, and the humiliating treatment to which the Sultan's Government is now exposed, will encourage the population of the provinces to such a degree, that we may safely prophesy an almost immediate outbreak. We shall then have a repetition of the old story of the creation of a Slavonic empire, to form a barrier to Russian aggression. A train of gunpowder to arrest the progress of a fire, would answer the purpose about as well. We seemed alive to this fact six years ago, and sent thousands of the bravest of our sons to be slaughtered in the Crimea in consequence. Either they were

uselessly sacrificed, or our present policy is fatally wrong. A more skilful diplomatist than the late open-hearted Emperor of Russia has planned this "crossing of the Pruthi," and has gained our moral support, while he reserves to himself the material advantages. It is useless to appeal to the principle of non-intervention now in the affairs of Turkey. It is true that it is the only one which could save her, and the withdrawal of every foreign agent from the empire, from an ambassador to a vice-consul, might yet restore the "Sick Man" to health; but we have to deal with the question as we find it, and have ourselves interfered, and allowed others to interfere, so much, that we venture upon resisting foreign intrigue in this manner, while we cannot counteract it. We made a treaty under pressure in 1856, admitting this radically false principle, when we undertook to arrange the affairs of the Principalities. We have all along proceeded upon it, and there is no alternative but to look the disagreeable necessity boldly in the face, and take all we want of the Turkish empire, without a moment's delay. Either our Government should protest at once against the French expedition to Syria, or accompany it by one to Egypt on an equal force. There is a small political section of Turks in Constantinople who call themselves the "party of despair;" their view is to make the best possible bargain with the Russians (whom they regard as likely to be more easily satisfied than their professed friends), and to evacuate Europe altogether. It would not be a bad party for us to join, under the circumstances. We might yet appeal to the Christian religion which Russia is so fond of invoking, and beg her to return good for evil, and to remember us in the partition of the spoil.

If we expect to hold our own in this progressive age, we really must look about for an "oppressed nationality" somewhere, which we could monopolize. As no treaty made with a country which contains more than one nationality is held to be valid, there would be nothing immoral in it, according to the latest interpretation of international law. We would suggest the Jews, for instance, as a nation pretty widely scattered, and suffering considerable wrong under various governments. A Jew proconsul would open a wide door for our intervention, and would have the advantage of contributing a religious element, without which a thoroughly aggressive policy loses half its charm. A very long article appeared on Saturday last in the *Journal des Débats*, openly announcing the policy which the French Government intends to pursue in the East. "This policy is, as we know, very impartial, and thoroughly disinterested. It seeks to concentrate nationalities everywhere, to develop them, and to make states of them more or less dependent upon the Porte." Probably rather "less" than "more." The writer concludes by saying that France would prefer European co-operation in pursuance of this policy; "but if European concert becomes embarrassed and delayed, we are happy to know that France has decided upon acting alone, calling upon everybody, but waiting for no one, because, where blood flows, humanity cannot wait." In other words, whether the disorders are put down or not, there must be a French occupation; and to prevent any immediate pacific termination, only a few weeks ago the Maronites, at foreign instigation, refused to sign the treaty of peace with the Druses, and rejected the terms which the latter, at the instance of the Turkish Government, had offered them.

The "humanity" to which the Emperor alludes in his letter to M. de Persigny, and which, in the shape of 20,000 French soldiers, is about to sail for Syria, will cause far more blood to flow than if it "waited" altogether, and we shall soon have more massacres to record. Two years ago, when the Montenegrin Christians massacred and roasted Turks alive, neither France nor Great Britain had any sympathy with the victims. The Christian nations of the West can regard a roasted Turk with equanimity, but "humanity" cries aloud in behalf of a massacred Maronite. To a certain extent the British public are not to blame for this. They obtain their information through Greek sources, sometimes even descended for intelligence to the French newspapers—both thoroughly polluted channels. The Turks not being in the habit of reading the newspapers, much less corresponding with them, have no means of defending themselves. It would be an endless task to detail the various fabrications which are now going the round of the French papers, with reference to the Syrian massacres. That Abdel Kader is at the head of 3,000 Algerians is at this moment firmly believed, though how he came by his Algerians in Syria remains a mystery. Abdel Kader is to provide over one of the new nationalities, under French protection—that is understood to be settled. Indeed, we seem to be in a fair way of carrying out the programme sketched in "the Map of Europe in 1860." It is there proposed that the King of Hanover should reside at Constantinople; considering the black chaos which is likely to reign there, we could not have a better man. Our Government appears to have resigned itself to accept the new geographical arrangements to be imposed by the arbiter of the destinies of Europe. Indeed, our policy may for the moment be best defined by the word "resignation." Unfortunately, the day will come when Great Britain shall have but too much reason to regret that it did not, by a timely remonstrance, avert the calamities which a bloody and protracted struggle must sooner or later involve.

THE APPROACHING COLLAPSE OF THE EUROPEAN SYSTEM.

EUROPE, through all its length and breadth, has been haunted for years by a vague fear of some great approaching convulsion. Nobody seemed to know exactly what was wrong, or where the pent-up mischief would first explode; but every one saw the dark shadow that brooded over the Continent, and filled the minds of kings, emperors, and smaller potentates with unguessed alarm. Rulers, both temporal and spiritual, were at their wits' end to know what was best to do, or to leave undone. "They reeled to and fro, and staggered like drunken men," and had, waking as well as sleeping visions of vindictive multitudes clamouring for equality and fraternity, and repeating over again the ghastly spectacle of hygienic days, when Liberty degenerated into lawlessness, and Terror became the great and sole Anarchus of the world. With the exception of the fifteen halcyon years between the final overthrow of the first Napoleon and the enthronement of Louis Philippe as the *locum tenens* of the third, there has been no period during seventy years when the Continent has really been at peace with itself, or undisturbed by the fears and the omens of change. What are the reasons of this state of feeling? They are twofold. First, the approaching death of the long-ailing "sick man," and the fall of the Turkish power in Europe; and second, the unnatural system of military despotism under which the people of Europe all groan, with no less or less of reason—except Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Portugal, Spain, and the Hanseatic towns of Germany.

The first of these difficulties broke out with violence in 1855, when the Emperor of the French made his unavailing claim upon the Sultan for the protectorate of the Holy Places of the Latin Church in Judea,—a claim that led to a similar proceeding on the part of the Empress Nicholas for the protectorate of the Greek Holy Places, and consequently to the unslayable and bloodless war in the Crimea. Europe has had no peace since peace was made at Paris after the taking of Sebastopol. The "sick man" has grown worse instead of better; and within the last few weeks a new sore has broken out in Syria between the Druses and the Maronites, which, if not very tenderly and skilfully treated will kill the patient outright. Friends and enemies seem, by an unhappy fatality, to be able to do nothing for the Sultan except to damage and weaken him. If they attack, they imperil him; if they support, they imperil him still further. He can neither be knocked down nor propped up, without injury to himself and his neighbours, and his empire has become so rotten—even while still alive and breathing—as to enable all the cultures of Europe to "nose" it from afar, and to wet their beaks in anticipation of the final partition of and feast upon the carcass.

This is the immediate evil that now threatens the world. The second evil is scarcely less imminent. All that is taking place on the Continent shows that the Printing Press and all the other great agencies of civilization are engaged at this moment in doing for the continental nations the work which they accomplished for Great Britain in the seventeenth century. France, Germany, Italy, and Austria are a hundred years in arrears. Russia is still farther back in the gloom of antiquity. The Continent may have made as much progress in the various arts of life, and in all the external graces and adornments of civilization; but the principal nations have not attained that amount of constitutional liberty which was won for Englishmen by their forefathers in the days of Hampden and Cromwell. Old and effete forms of government are at war with a new civilization; and though there may at times be a truce between the combatants, there never can be peace until one or the other becomes the conqueror. Europe must either be governed by the strong and relentless hand of a military despotism, or it must achieve the civil and religious liberty of which England and the United States of America have set the example. The strife may appear to relax, from the exhaustion of the combatants; but it is as certain to be renewed as the sun that sets to-night is to reappear in our skies to-morrow.

It is a mistake for kings and emperors, popes and cardinals, diplomats and generals, to imagine that the mighty Revolution inaugurated in 1789, and rolling over the Continent ever since that time with greater or less velocity, has run itself out. Its original force is not spent, and whirls it along with a rapidity which, though it seems slow to living men, will seem fast enough to the eyes of historians three hundred years hence. We, in our day, who live in the very midst of the commotion, are apt to mistake the apparent quietude of the axle on which we stand for the normal condition of the spokes and the tire, and all that lies between. But even the men of this living generation are startled at intervals by the roar of the great whirlwind. In 1847 the European world was asleep, and dreamed of no evil; but in 1848 it was aroused from its security, and made painfully aware that the Revolution was still running. The year 1852 gave Europe another startling shake, by replacing upon the throne of the first Napoleon the inheritor of his name, his principles, and his mission; and by taking up the real history of the French Revolution of 1789 at the point where it was cut asunder by Wellington and Blucher on the bloody field of Waterloo. Disguise it as we may, this too to the condition of the Ottoman Empire, is the

real danger of the world at the present time. The knot has been re-tied, and the entanglement is worse than ever. The Emperor of the French—despot as he may be, *quod* the people who elected him to power and who maintain him in it—is the representative of the Great Revolution of 1789; and his accession to the chieftainship of the French army and nation was as much a signal of liberty to Germany, Italy, and Austria, as the abdication of Louis Philippe. It is the misfortune of France to prefer military glory to domestic liberty; but that preference, though it adds another danger to the many which beset the continental sovereigns, in no wise tends to lessen the magnitude of the peril which they incur in resisting the righteous demands of their subjects. Far more than the dissatisfaction of France with the settlement of 1815—with her actual boundaries—and with herself generally—it is the dissatisfaction of the European people that affords perpetual aliment for the unconscious which prevails in every part of the Continent, troubling the pillows of kings, and inspiring the multitudes with hopes of a deliverance—long promised and long withheld, but yet inevitable.

Napoleon III. uttered no idle boast when he said that if France was satisfied Europe might be at rest. The questions for kings and statesmen to consider are, whether France can be satisfied; and if she cannot, whether she can be again created and bound over to keep the peace. If neither of these things can be done, it surely behoves the several nations of Europe to consider whether there be not something so rotten and dangerous in their own internal condition, and in their relationship to each other, as to invest France with a factitious influence over them. If France has such power for mischief, the cause must lie in others as well as in herself. A nuisance may run about the streets of a great city with a lighted torch, and do no great evil; but if he run about with it into the parlours, and penetrate into the very recesses of gunpowder magazines and vaults of naphtha, there is no knowing what calamities he may not occasion. France is in this position. When she brandishes her lighted torch, the danger arises not so much from her behaviour as from the fact that all her neighbours, great and small, are proprietors of powder magazines, and that a spark may at any moment fall upon one of them, and set the whole in a blaze. And it is because the neighbours of France, powerless as they are to wrest the torch from her hands, obstinately persist in keeping combustible materials within reach of such a dangerous visitor, that quiet people live in constant dread of an explosion. But with a free and constitutional Italy, a free Germany, and a free Austria, France would take her proper place in the world. The dangerous ambition of her people, her army, and her Emperor, would have nothing to feed upon, and it would be of as little consequence to Europe whether she were satisfied as it is at the present moment whether Spain is contented with herself or her neighbours. The influence of France in Europe is paramount; and Europe never can repose until that influence is kept within legitimate boundaries. This great result is not to be obtained by coercion. The world foolishly thought it was in 1815; but in 1848 the dream was dispelled. As long as France is the representative of Revolution on the Continent—in other words, until the revolutions of Germany, Italy, and Austria complete themselves,—no soul will the dictum of Napoleon III. be an absolute truth. There may be an occasional truce and cessation of hostilities, but the great struggle will continue to rage—sometimes between kings and their people, and sometimes between rival emperors and potentates. Great Britain, wiser than she was from 1789 to 1815, will hold aloof from the battle. Her business will be to throw the whole weight of her moral influence in favour of every king and every nation that desire to establish a government more in accordance with the spirit of a reading, thinking, and trading age, than a government of wasteful, savage, and unreasoning military power. Italy will be first to be free, and other nations will follow the lead. France herself, hopeless as her case now seems, will not escape the contagion of that liberty which she preaches but does not practise. And with true liberty and an increasing commerce, her thirst for military glory will disappear, and she will cease to be a trouble to herself or a danger to others.

THE MANAGEMENT OF PUBLIC COMPANIES.

EXCEPT as illustrations of the lives of remarkable criminals, it seems now rather late to inquire into the antecedents and connections of such men as Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger. To ascertain by what agency they obtained their responsible situations might throw light on their companions, but cannot alter the public opinion of their guilt. A contemporary, however, has mentioned us "a singular thing," that the chief auditor of the Great Northern Railway never saw Redpath, though he was absent the office for ten years; and this same gentleman was a director of the Union Bank, at which Redpath kept an account, and which Pullinger defrauded. We may, therefore, add as "a singular thing," disclaiming the idea of attaching blame to any parties, that the same solicitors were employed by all the three companies which were respectively plundered by Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger. Careless confidence is one

element of deceit, as unscrupulousness is the other. Violence and war are lessened—ultimately, it is hoped, to be annihilated—by armed resistance; in like manner, fraud can only be prevented by watchful suspicion, though irksome to generous minds. Our present intention, however, is less to urge on shareholders great caution, if they would be well served, than to call attention to the preventive machinery which honesty should employ to defend fraud.

The number of persons interested as shareholders, and the amount of their property are immense, and both are continually augmenting. Only about thirty-four years have elapsed since the obstacles in the way of forming joint-stock companies were removed, and facilities to form them were given. Now share companies are numbered by hundreds. The joint-stock banks of London alone have a paid-up capital of £3,961,303, and are entrusted with deposits to the amount of £40,000,000. In railways at home nearly £400,000,000 are invested. In our colonies, and throughout the civilized world, joint-stock companies, for the management of railways and other purposes, are numerous. They are necessities of modern society, and constitute one of its most remarkable features. They are the means of accomplishing great and new works, and should diffuse the advantages of increasing wealth over the multitude, if they succeed, without inflicting injury on any of their component parts. Embracing vast interests, and being essential to progress, the public has seen with consternation the frauds by which they have been disgraced. Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger, whose united plunder amounts to nearly three-quarters of a million, have been watched by the Schneylers and others in the United States, with the consequence so numerous almost as to be regarded as shameful, and to save the system, means must be found to prevent the recurrence.

It should be remembered that the continuance for a long period of restrictions on the formation of joint-stock companies prevented the public from gradually acquiring the knowledge and habits proper to form and manage them. When the success of the first railway hurried such companies into existence, neither shareholders nor directors were prepared to organize them judiciously, and the wonder is that they should have accomplished so much, not that examples of incapacity and fraud amongst them should have been numerous. As the rule, the shareholders chose for directors the persons chiefly instrumental in getting up a company, adding some gentlemen whose names and characters were public guarantees. These found their advantage in the success of the company, and almost nominal pay sufficed to remunerate them. The directors were at once so numerous as to destroy individual responsibility, and so poorly paid as to make retention of the office and attention to their duties a matter of indifference. Now that more knowledge is acquired, and companies can be regulated at leisure, the old system is continued. The directors are still too numerous, and not sufficiently well paid. It is necessary, therefore, to diminish the number of them, and by increasing their remuneration, secure efficient management for the vast interests embarked in joint-stock enterprise.

Conjoined, however, with this, there must be a complete change in the system of audit. The duties of the auditor should be continuous, and not capriciously exercised, as at present. It is impossible for shareholders to scrutinize all the accounts, but they can appoint an individual to perform this business for them, and to do so seems the most effectual way of escaping a Government audit, with which they have been threatened. A considerable number of persons have made themselves well acquainted with the working of joint-stock companies, and from them it would not be difficult for each company to elect an efficient auditor. He should be well paid, in proportion to the magnitude of the company, should be elected exclusively by the shareholders, and be removable by them; he should be responsible to them, and wholly independent of the directors. Such an officer, having no interest of any kind in mismanagement, would be a guarantee to the shareholders against it. He should have power to call them together whenever he pleased.

Companies have now an annual audit by professional accountants, with which the proposed auditor should not interfere. His audit should be continual from week to week, or even from day to day. He should have access to all the books of the company, and a seat at the board of directors; but he should have no right to interfere with the arrangements of the directors. They should continue on their own responsibility, to give motion to the machine; but he should observe, and, for the satisfaction of the shareholders, should record its action. He would, as their representative, be present at the secret doings of the directors, and they would be secret no more. He would in no degree fetter their movements, but would keep them alive to their responsibility. He would connect shareholders and directors, and keep them in harmony. Not hampered by the cares and responsibilities of management, yet with full knowledge of all the company's affairs, and ready access to every book and document, it would hardly be possible that such an auditor could fail to detect the slightest irregularity. He would be responsible that no wrong should be so shuffling between capital and revenue, and no tinkering of accounts. Stopping luxury at head-quarters, he would prevent the infection from spreading through the whole body. He would make such frauds as issuing shares of a

company without authority, or forging entries in a pass-book, for a continuance, impossible. Present at every board meeting, requiring from every subordinate department a summary of its proceedings or a balance of its accounts week by week, he would stifle irregularities in their germ. His services should, we think, be equally acceptable to directors and shareholders, and if the presence of such an officer could not secure the success of an undertaking, it would prevent it from being a dishonest or disgraceful failure. In some of the continental companies there is already such an officer, but he is called an inspector. We should prefer making him a continual auditor, and he would be the safeguard of the company.

"JAVELIN-MEN."

THERE is lamentation in Staffordshire for the loss of the "javelin-men," the high sheriffs of that county having determined to supply, by an equal number of active and efficient policemen, the place of those venerable servants "in buckram," bearing spears, and clad in fantastic costume.

The abolition of these useless "javelin-men" is a sign of the practical spirit of the age, and of the popular determination to abolish all unmeaning sham. The world is sick of idle pageantry and make-believe, and will tolerate them no longer, especially if they cost money.

"Javelin-men," "being chosen for the prince's watch," like the followers of Dogberry, are to be found providing about in every department of the state, and, from the favour they enjoy, they act with the prudence of "neighbour Seacole," "give God thanks, and make no boast of it." It was the "javelin-men" in high office who let a valiant army perish of cold, hunger, and sickness in the Crimea, because they did not know where fuel, food, and medicine were to be found. There is still a strong muster of "javelin-men" in the Admiralty, and they have proved their influential incapacity by rotten gun-boats, the appointment of crazy old admirals, and the frequent mutinies of men-of-war's crews. What a regiment of "javelin-men" exists in the Horse-Guards has been demonstrated by the Weedon Inquiry, the confusion of the military accounts, and the jobbing in soldiers' clothing.

The wholesale spirit displayed in 1832 cleared the House of Commons of the "javelin-men" who represented, not the people, but the "pocket boroughs" of a few plutocratic noble lords, and shattered the maces and other paraphernalia of hundreds of close corporations.

"The Black Rod" in the Lords is a "javelin-man." "The Sergeant-at-Arms" and "the Deputy Sergeant" are two lareafold "javelin-men." And then, if we look a little higher, what is to be said of "the Master of the Buckhounds," "the Gold Stick in Waiting," "the Silver Stick in Waiting," "the Lord Steward," "the Lord Chamberlain," "the Lords of the Bedchamber," "the Gentlemen in Waiting," "the Gentlemen at Large," "the Gentlemen Pensioners," "the State Trumpeters," "the Beef Eaters," and all the other parasites that gather and flourish around the throne? What are they all but so many "javelin-men?"

What were all our old Chancery, Ecclesiastical, and Law Courts, but nests of "javelin-men," in which offices without duties, and payments without services, were secured for generations of sinecurists and jobbers? What is my Lord Ellenborough—drawing between £7,000 and £8,000 for a sinecure in the Queen's Bench—but a flagrant "javelin-man?"

What is the London Corporation but a nest of "javelin-men?"—engaged in a struggle to retain its "javelin-men," its "men in armour," its luxurious feasts, its water parties, its "bridge" dinners, its self-elected guilds, their mysterious accounts, and their manifold mismanagement of "the Irish estates."

What was the Rev. Bryan King, just gone abroad for the benefit of St. George's-in-the-East, but a pertinacious "javelin-man," palming off upon the public other pet "javelin-men,"—"the choristers in white surplices, with bells, flowers, wax candles, altar-cloths, and inharmonious chanting?"

For what has Austria been wasting life, wealth, and reputation, but in the vain struggle to retain its Italian dominions, and those crowned "javelin-men," the princes and dukes of Tuscany, Parma, and Modena, upon the thrones they were unworthy to occupy?

And what is at this epoch the whole aim and object of the heroic Garibaldi, but to rid his beloved Italy, now and for evermore, of its effete and worthless "javelin-men," spies, police, Swiss mercenaries, Bourbon princes, king and kaiser?

It is a weary task—this war against the "javelin-men"; it is like battling with a Hydra; for no sooner is the head of one race of vipers sliced off by the sword of Reform, than the soil teems with a fresh brood. But though the task be weary, it is one in conformity with the feelings of the age, and must be gone on with until there is an end to all the Javelins.

Even then assassinations were taking place daily, and yet the Turkish authorities used no efforts to restore the public peace. The Christians of the Lebanon addressed a memorial to Kossab Pasha, complaining of the impunity with which these assassinations were committed, and more particularly adverting to the murder of several ecclesiastics which had then recently taken place. They reminded him that the Druses had not been punished for former outrages, and especially "for the horrible acts which Sheik Youssef Abd-el-Melek ventured to commit last year in burning and sacking dwellings, and killing innocent Christians, without being called to account." Warnings from the European Consuls followed this memorial to the Pasha, and yet he took no steps to restrain the Druses. Accordingly, on the 1st of June, the English, French, and Austrian Consuls at Beyrout repaired to the camp of the Pasha, which was within an hour's distance of the town. He seems to have treated his visitors with true Turkish insolence, declaring that, if they would check the intrigues of the Christian bishops, and put a stop to the incursions of a pretended committee of Christians organized and sitting at Beyrout, he would be responsible for the Druses. On the following day, the capture of Jbeil-el-Kannar, the chief Maronite town, took place, without any attempt on the part of the Pasha to interfere or even to prevent the Turkish troops from taking part in the foray against the Christians. By the 9th of June the towns of Rasheya and Hasheya were destroyed. "The male children," we now learn from an official report, "of six or eight years of age and upwards were sought out and killed, but the younger were spared." While these events were going forward, the European Consuls used every effort to induce the Turkish authorities to interfere, but in vain. "I repeatedly entreated the Pasha," says Mr. Brant, of Damascus, "to send out an escort to bring in the people of Rasheya and Hasheya, but he heeded nothing, though he promised he would. He waited until the catastrophe was consummated, and then pleaded its being too late."

The magnificent city of Damascus lies, as we all know, near the scene of these events. It has often been described—and by no one better than by the eloquent author of "Tancréd." Every one has heard that it is the richest and most magnificent city of the East. Every one has read of the beautiful and highly-cultivated country which surrounds it; of its rich corn-fields and olive-grounds; its gardens, avenues, canals, and rivers; its graceful palaces and sublime pyramids; its spacious streets and public buildings; and, above all, of its "five hundred palaces," magnificent beyond any private abodes elsewhere in the world. Travellers who speak without hyperbole, declare that the value of the furniture in one of these mansions often exceeds £25,000, and that even this sum does not include the ornaments and rich mosaics which adorn courts, terraces, and galleries. Damascus is situated in an oasis of the Syrian Desert. It lies amid extensive plains, the shade of wild Belonins, and wilder and fiercer Kurds. The city itself is inhabited, besides, by an outcast population, of whose depth of degradation the dangerous classes of European towns can give no adequate idea. It was feared, then, that as matters stood, these dangerous classes—the remnants of law being removed—would take the opportunity of plundering the city. The greatest alarm began to prevail when the conduct of the Pasha was known. It was, of course, ascribed to that insane and ferocious thirst of blood by which the Eastern Christians believe their Turkish persecutors to be actuated. It was reported that he meant to stir up a tumult in Damascus; and that in the event of the Druses getting possession of the city, he would shut himself up in the castle, and leave the Christians to the mercy of their assassins. How these forebodings were realized is now fully told. On Sunday the 28th, a mob of Moslem lads were seen near the doors of the Christian churches, making crosses upon the walls in chalk, and then spitting at them. No notice was, however, taken of these attempts to stir up the Christian population. What was the surprise, then, of the inhabitants when these very lads were apprehended and sent in chains next day, to sweep the streets in the Christian quarter. A riot was at once excited by this display. At two o'clock in the afternoon 300 Moslems of the lowest class rushed into the Christian district of the city, calling out, "Slay the Christian dogs!" The work of plunder then began. Before evening the whole Christian quarter, including some of the finest palaces in the East, was in flames. As the Christians tried to escape they were met by the bayonets of the Turkish soldiery, and driven relentlessly back among the burning embers.

"A sober-minded Englishman," who was present, says, "all the last fearful night Turkish soldiers and Moslems, men, women, and children, continued to pass my door in an unbroken stream, all laden with spoil, drunk with blood and rapine, and all blaspheming the name of Christ." The mob continued to shout out, "Do not spare one Christian dog; burn their houses, plunder their goods, dismember the wives, tear their children in pieces." Three thousand Christians took refuge in the castle, which was occupied by the Algerines under Abd-el-Kader, others sought refuge in the English consulate, which was not in the Christian quarter. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at more than a million sterling, while the number of victims is computed at from three to four thousand, but this may be an exaggerated statement. The terror which prevailed would not allow of its being verified. The Lazarist Sisters of Charity, and other women of Damascus, who had sought had arrived in safety at Beyrout, under an escort furnished by Abd-el-Kader. There were 500 regulars in the garrison and several field-pieces at their disposal when the insurrection broke out, but they have remained throughout either inactive or hostile. The new governor of Damascus has arrived

with 1,200 soldiers; but on the 13th anarchy still reigned, and the massacres had not been stopped.

In this state of anarchy on the northern and Asiatic part of the Turkish empire, an insurrection of a similar character has broken out in the north-western provinces. Official intelligence has been received at Vienna on the 1st of August from Constantinople, that in Bulgaria and in the neighbouring provinces massacres of the Christians have been organized, and that the Porte had taken all necessary measures for arresting in the most efficacious manner these criminal attempts.

The last accounts from Constantinople state that there is a general alarm entertained in that city of a collision taking place between the soldiery and Christian population.

On the 17th of last month the Schismatic Armenians had risen en masse to prevent the burial of a Protestant Armenian in a cemetery to which they claimed exclusive right. The greatest dread was entertained that an outbreak would be the result. For two days the body had remained unburied, and a crowd of five hundred persons collected to oppose the funeral; but the authorities abstained from interference, dreading the consequences of a collision. Under these circumstances Sir Henry Bulwer repaired to the Grand Vizier, and subsequently to the Armenian Patriarch, and with their assistance the body was at last interred by the police, two hundred of whom were present. The latest telegrams describe matters as being still critical. Great precautionary measures, however, have been used. The bridges of Galata and Pera are raised every night. The Sisters of Charity have dismissed all their pupils; and several Christians have been waylaid in the streets, insulted, and beaten.

Important news has been received from Sicily since our last publication. Garibaldi has gained a decisive victory over the Neapolitan troops at Melazzo, in which he displayed more than even his wonted heroism, and received a wound in the foot, which is not, however, serious. He had entered into a military convention, under which the Neapolitans were to remain in possession of the forts of Syracuse, Agostino, and Messina, there being at the same time a complete cessation of hostilities. Letters from Naples state that Garibaldi has refused to conclude the armistice advised by King Victor Emmanuel, and had replied that he himself could alone judge concerning the real state of things in Sicily and Naples. He asked, it is said, that he would not name until the cause of national unity had triumphed. The disembarkation of Garibaldi on the mainland was expected daily at Naples, where no attempt was made to check demonstrations in his favour, a Naples paper having assumed the name of "Garibaldi." The city was quiet, but there was agitation in the provinces, and the Minister of the Interior had issued a circular authorizing the functionaries to use all exceptional means for maintaining public order. Garibaldi is said to have more than 20,000 Italians enlisted in his army, without counting Sicilians, and volunteers are every day flocking to his standard. He has, besides, three steamers of the Transatlantic Company at his disposal. The king has resolved to make a vigorous effort to oppose the invasion, but desertions are constantly taking place of persons who hold offices of trust in both the army and navy, and it is very evident that neither service will do battle with much heart against the invaders.

A preparatory meeting of the ambassadors of the great powers took place on Monday, on the invitation of the Turkish Ambassador, who wished to explain that if the Sultan authorized him to adhere to the convention, under certain conditions, it was only because he did not wish to be the cause of a conflict between France and England. The essential reason which the Porte wished to make was, that before adopting the terms of the convention for regulating foreign intervention in Syria, mention should be made in it of the spontaneous desire of the Sultan to arrest the effusion of blood in Syria, and to accept the co-operation of his allies to that end. The convention having been greatly modified in consequence of this demand, the representatives will refer to their respective courts before definitively signing it. It has therefore been adjourned *sine die*, in order that all the ambassadors may be able in the mean time to receive full powers for the signature of the convention, which must necessarily precede the despatch of troops.

THE FIGHT AT MELAZZO.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

MELAZZO, July 31st.

On the morning of the 21st of July commenced the fiercest struggle which has yet taken place in Sicily. Seven thousand Neapolitan troops, chiefly Swiss and Bavarian, under Bacco—who has the reputation of being their fighting general,—had taken up their position in the fortress and town of Melazzo, distant about twenty-four miles from Messina, with the view of checking the advance of the columns, under Medici and Cosens, in that direction.

Situated on a rocky peninsula, the position is admirably adapted for defence, especially against any land attack. Partial skirmishing had taken place for two days, when, on the evening of the 20th, Garibaldi arrived from Palermo, reviewed his 2,500 followers, and prepared to attack the town at dawn, in which a large portion of the Neapolitans had entrenched themselves; the remainder, with the guns of the fortress, which thoroughly commanded the town, offered a safe retreat. As for the wretched inhabitants, they were all huddled together on the extremity of the promontory—some under tents, others in the numerous caves on the seashore.

Malenchini commanded the extreme left, Medici and Cosens the centre, the right being only composed of a few companies to prevent surprise in that direction. As for Garibaldi, he placed himself in the centre, rightly judging that there would be the hottest work. The fight commenced a short distance out of the town, where the Neapolitan advance-posts were well posted and sheltered by the many detached houses, walls, and large trees;—the former, individually, fortresses in the hands of resolute men,—against an enemy with nothing but musketry—for the Garibaldians had no artillery. Clearing the advance-positions, the right and centre found themselves opposed to about 6,000 men, whilst they did not number as many hundred, and, consequently, received a considerable check, and lost many men. Medici's horse was killed under him, and Cosens hit in the neck.

Finding it almost impossible to advance farther under this murderous fire, Garibaldi then placed himself at the head of the Genoese Carabines and his guides, and endeavored to take the Neapolitans in flank; but here he found himself face to face with a masked battery, which opened on his small column at twenty paces, and nearly all the assailants were placed hors de combat. The sole of Garibaldi's boot being taken away by a cannon-ball, and his horse becoming utterly unmanageable, he abandoned it, and with his six unscattered followers he was driven back, but only to organize a more successful attack. He then ordered Colonel Diani, commanding the Palermitan regiment, to make a flank attack on the battery, and, himself leading on foot, these *genies* of Palermo took the guns with the bayonet, but not without considerable loss. The ground being a little more open, a squadron of Neapolitan cavalry endeavored to retake the battery, and a temporary panic seizing these young soldiers, they cheered and rushed on, but finding themselves opposed to a double line of fire, they endeavored to retire.

However, in the narrowest part, Garibaldi, with Misori, Starella, and half a dozen old *Cacciatori*, barred the way, though on foot. The General leapt at the bridle of the Neapolitan officer's horse, and jarring his blow, cut him down, wounding another. In this death-grapple revolvers did their work, and few of this handful of cavalry escaped. The Garibaldians, now gradually advancing, though every foot of ground was contested, worthily seconded their noble leader, ever in the thickest of the fray, and ultimately, with the layonet, drove the enemy into the town. The Swiss and Bavarians made a good fight for it; but eventually had to yield to the extraordinary audacity and daring of the Garibaldians, of whom nearly every man seemed inspired by their chief.

Here the cannon of the fort came into play, and the scene of action was gradually transferred from the eastern side of the peninsula, where it had commenced, to the west, where the fort is situated. Here lay the *Talieri*, formerly *Falci*, and Garibaldi temporarily transferred himself to her deck, to direct the fire of her sixty-pounders. Having succeeded in drawing the fire of the fort on the steamers, he immediately landed, and placing himself at the head of the valiant and battered remnant of troops, led a general attack on the town. Here house by house was disputed, and towards evening the Neapolitans were all driven into the castle, which was then invested by the Garibaldians, who in this hard fight, lost upwards of a fifth of their number—they killed and wounded amounting to nearly 600 men. One of the singular features of this combat was that the only Sicilian officer on either side was Bosco, who commanded the Neapolitan; Garibaldi's Palermitan regiment being officered by Englishmen and Piedmontese.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The private letter of the Emperor Napoleon—made public by his friend and ambassador, to whom it is addressed—is the talk of all circles. Some late events have made the powerful writer more distressed than ever, in England and elsewhere, whilst there is so much to quarrel with him, or his dynasty, or his form of government, about which we have our strong opinions, but no desire to go to war for our "ideas." But whilst we do not wish to go to war, we are unanimous in providing such a defensive force as shall deter others from going to war with us. Lord Palmerston's speech on the National Defence has already borne good fruit. What is important for the nation to know is, that the National Defences will be carried on with as much vigour as if that letter had not been written.

And yet the letter is an excellent one in many respects. It is plain and unaffected—almost English—in its manner. In its matter there are many salient points. Chief amongst these are the complete accord in our non-intervention policy in Italy—which is all the Italians want—and in the more temperate propositions for the settlement of the Syrian difficulty, as well as the general expressions of good-will, and the sound appreciation of the value of the English alliance. It is fortunate that those professions can be subjected to an immediate test, in the affairs of Italy and the East. With regard to the more general professions, we have only to reciprocate them with good faith, and go on with the "Defences," which have already produced such gratifying results.

In the matter of the Defences, the Review in the Park at Holyrood on Tuesday next, promises to vie with that in Hyde-park, as nobly as "throughout did vie with Cumbus Kenneth." The "approximate numbers"—in the language of the War-office—in Hyde-park, were 21,000. Already the Scotch men—swelled from the Border counties, in friendly rivalry—comes up to 20,000 in round numbers, armed and resolute men.

The "Faction-fight," to which I referred in my last as likely to take place next Monday in the House of Commons, has developed during the week these events that "out their shadows before." There are strongnings about

serious results from so small a matter as the seven-eighths of a penny upon foreign paper. There is strong talk about a change of Government, a dissolution of Parliament, and other grave disturbances, rather out of place in the present state of Europe. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. D'Israeli are both brilliant men, but they ought not to be allowed to set Europe in a blaze. In the beginning of the week the political atmosphere was dark. It has brightened up a little during the last two days, in some degree owing to the state of "Foreign Affairs," and also—so they say—from some benevolent and patriotic influence in high quarters at home.

Trouble majeure venez. Municipal matters have made some progress in Parliament during the week. The Metropolitan Board of King Thwaites, and his minor divisions of the vestries, have had larger powers given to them, by the vote of Mr. Tit, which is allowed to pass, although considerably shrivelled. Danger is left, moreover, to take away from them all cause for not proceeding with the necessary improvements of the metropolis. Amongst these one of the foremost is the so long-neglected task of opening up the thoroughfares. Many existing routes require enlargement, and many new roads are urgently demanded, especially those running from east to west. Why not open the Turnstile from Lincoln's-Inn to Holborn, make a viaduct across Farringdon-street, and give us an outlet to the north-east of London? Why not carry a new thoroughfare from Covent Garden to the Post Office, using a part of the site of the old Fleet Prison, which will not be wanted for the Dover and Chatham Railway Terminus? The Metropolitan Railway, now secure, will relieve much of the traffic from Paddington to the Bank. But the Strand and Fleet Street are as crowded as ever. Some relief may be had by the prospect of the "Thames Embankment," which looks better since the Report of Sir Joseph Paxton's Committee, ordered to be printed on Friday last, but which has not yet emerged from the hands of the authoritative Mr. Haanard.

Every one asks if the two great guns on the "Guards' Memorial" are to be left in their present unsightly and ridiculous position? Ought they to be there at all? I am told that the cost is something like £150 a ton. Would not a *franc-tireur* in Mr. Gladstone's paper merit to be just as effective, and much more easily placed? But the whole thing is more fit for Salisbury Plain than for Waterloo-place. It looks scarce less enduring than Stonehenge. It is not ornamental, and certainly is not useful.

The publishing season has been very indifferent in London on the whole. It is by no means an easy task to trace the causes. There has doubtless been considerable dulness in readers. Little in the way of a sensation could be prepared for anything, except a sort of lively (or naively) wonder at the strange weather. Perhaps the universal gloom caused by the endless rain may have had more to do with this slowness. We are—the "Scylla and Charybdis"—of the circulating libraries, has worn, through the book-buying period, a distrustful, disaffected—even, altogether, infidel air! Small conversation had been made, in his literally incredulous mind, to even the best titles. Not that anything like a remarkable look, title, or, indeed, a remarkable anything else, has appeared this season. A strange literary sign is the sinking—almost cessation—of interest in the great "work of fiction," with which the reading campaign was supposedly inaugurated. What look should we mean but George Eliot's? Owing to unlocked-for adverse circumstances in the interruptions to public attention, we more than half fear that this name usually bristled with of the "Mall on the Floor" has been but a languid whiff, producing, for some reason to suppose, but half the golden measure of grist which were looked for from it.

But there is a new feature in the "circulation" of books every way worthy of notice, and which promises to work every way advantageously. In fact, authors and publishers generally are interested in its success, no less than the reading public. We allude to the new plan of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Sons to convert their stalls at all the leading stations, into so many circulating-library centres. The thought is "novel"—something new, we hope, in the sense of solid literature. Monopoly is odious at all times, and in all places. The interests of authors—and of publishers, as the middlemen of literature—will be consulted by thus multiplying the avenues of access to the great market of literature.

How is it that all our certainly many attempts at statuary, in the metropolis, should be so poor, and insufficient? We invite all our readers—in confirmation of our assertion that it is so—to notice carefully the so-called "drinking fountains," which, as our peregrinations about the streets, we are all assailing—certainly not pleasing—the sight. Niches, betraying crude notions, etna; attempts at idealizing, rough carving—all sorts of faults, in fact; these are our "fountains!" Mainly, they are stuck in walls, or they are raised in any odd and out-of-the-way position; sometimes under a gas-lamp—or where nothing at all—would seem more appropriate. Are Quakers the architects of these things, equally so, in many instances, they are the heretic individuals who donate them? A little heathen art—if it were good—would even assist the exorcism of the water. For regarding this latter point of the innocence of the water, we have, certainly, not the slightest doubt. In the interest of the masses—and no derogation to the cold water—we could wish that there might be certain special and enjoyable national occasions, on which these stony and unwholesome means of administration of the "water cure" might run with something bricker than that treble-virtuous, and "oldest of all" ale.

Opera—grand opera—has nearly retired its last, in London, for this season. Her Majesty's Theatre closed on Saturday night, with a continued musical entertainment of rare abundance, though not of distinguished excellence. For some reason—or, as we might say, to apply Mr. E. T. Smith's taste, that it should have been so—*Ballet* is a flower which has not flourished this season at the old, famous, choreographic house in the Haymarket. How is it? *Ballet* is always the lighter—and, we boldly say, the more daintily and successfully captivating—sister of Opera. We seriously suspect that the truth regarding all these mysteries of production, or of non-production, at Her Majesty's Theatre will be found in the fact that the manager has possessed such abundant, and even embarrassing, stage means, that he has not known how to expend them. Like Caslin, in the famous

cave of the "Forty Thieves," he has been so puzzled with the rival solicitations of his rich thieving, that he has missed the opportunity of presenting many. But, like a much-frequented door, the "Old Opera" only closes to open again. A brief breathing-time—a slight "folding of the hands"—and the great West-end musical establishment, like a versatile actor in a new walk, and in a new part, recommences. We doubt the policy of this so swift shifting of the scenes. We are promised "English Opera" on a grand scale, and the temptation, to the management of Her Majesty's Theatre, has been to rival the native operatic representations which have proved so successful—shall we say—dare we say—will we say—at a sister house? Under the circumstances of this operatic conflict, we fear that we can scarcely predicate such harmony as should prevail in this sisterly-feminine relationship. But the true tale of success, where Opera are in the field against each other, is not *Old* in the advertising columns, nor, we fear, in any "column," or "half-column," but in the empty or "containing" money-chest.

Convent Garden closes with this week, after a more quietly managed, but, we believe, a more successful—and decidedly more fashionable—season than the better-pleased house in the Haymarket.

Flowers and foliage are half of the Royal Italian Opera. And no slight or ignoble half, too, we may say. We are glad to learn that Mr. Gyo is quite satisfied with the results of his season. We wish him excellent speed.

One of the remarkable men of Brighton—the Rev. James Sartin—has closed his mortal career. Mr. Sartin was minister of Lady Huntingdon's Chapel—a preacher at Brighton for twenty-eight years,—and one gifted with eloquence so peculiar, so true and so genuine as to win for himself the attendance of all persons of taste and judgment who, for that long period of time, visited this celebrated watering-place. It is in contemplation to erect a statue in his honour.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. V.

MR. WAGSTAFF SPEAKS HIS MIND ABOUT "SLOP."

It always has been a fashion—it was so in Athens and Rome—it is so in London and Paris—for the living to accuse their own age of having degenerated from the high perfection of the past. If we knew anything of the private life that men lived three thousand years ago in Egypt and Euphratia, of the gossip that amused the idle in Nineveh or Palmyra, we might discover that philosophers and fools prattled pleasantly in the afternoon about a golden age of their grandfathers, and vilified their own as one of inferior metal—of brass, or iron, or, perhaps, even of mud and clay. But I am not daunted by that. I build my present theory, not upon any bygone theory, but upon the result of my own experience. Guided by that, I most emphatically declare that the actual age in which we live has palpably and visibly deteriorated and degenerated. I assert it as a fact. It is of no use for any objector to say that time has dulled my perceptions and blunted the edge of my enjoyments. I know all the force and the weakness of the argument. I know that peaches and grapes are not less palatable than they were, because old men, with jaded appetites or no appetites at all, do not enjoy them as vividly as they did when they were children or young men. That is not the point. The fruits always ripen; the seasons always follow in their order; and the voice of Nature ever sings the ancient music. What I assert is, that within fifty years, especially in our realm of Britain, there has been a great moral deterioration, a lowering of the standard of thought and life. The people of all classes and degrees have ceased to be the solid, proud, and honest people that they were. We have changed, in almost every respect, for the worse. I do not mean to say that gas, steam, railways, and electricity have done nothing to improve man and society; far from it. I am only sorry that I am too old to have any reasonable chance of living a half, or even a quarter of a century longer, to witness the further triumphs of these marvellous agencies. But what I affirm is, that there has been a sensible deterioration of thoughts and things, that the ancient massiveness and truth of character, which distinguished the Briton above all the rest of the world, have given place to false pretence and flaccidity. The nuggets of gold, so to speak, that formerly existed, have been hammered out into gold-leaf, covering a larger surface, and looking, doubtless, very shiny and showy, but lacking altogether the old intrinsic weight and value. Fineliness, and not strength, pervades everything amongst us, in us, and about us. We all strive to show the tinsel, to make believe that there is solid gold underneath it. The poor man takes a sheet of this very thin tissue, and spreads it out to hide his poverty of the real metal,—as if it were a crime to be poor. The manufacturer hastens to be rich by unfair practices, ashamed of his gilding, and desiring the solid gold, and not scrupling to do mean, cowardly, and dishonest things, that he may become a bigger man than his neighbours. The shopkeeper lies, cheats, adulterates, and gives false weight and measure for the same reason; and Slop reigns the monarch of our civilisation. Slop—the all-pervading Slop—is the lord of our trade and commerce, the genius of our time, the beloved of our people. Look around, and you will see slop houses, slop furniture, slop raiment, slop food, slop drink, slop philosophy, slop philanthropy, slop literature, slop criticism, a slop drama, a slop House of Commons; and if we have not slop judges, a slop House of Lords, and slop Royalty, it is only because the people have nothing to do with the nomination of judges, the creation of Peers, or the choice of the Sovereign. You deny these facts? I proceed to prove them.

First, of Slop Houses. There was, when a house was built to stand for two hundred years, and a church for five hundred—or a thousand. Ask any architect who knows his business and he will tell you, if your own eyes do not convince you, that the walls built by our forefathers were thick

and massive, and impervious to the elements; that the floors were of such solidity that if the hall or chamber were but large enough, a thousand guests might dance within it, without fear that their measured motions would shatter the edifice, and bring it down in fragments over their ears. But what is the case now? and what is the average duration of a house in London? Will it last for thirty years without continual propping up and renovation—amounting in the thirty years to about as much as the prime cost of the building? No: our houses are slop Houses, planned by slop architects, built by slop builders—showy enough, but thin and unsubstantial; tumbled of lath and plaster. In the palaces of Belgravia or Tyburnia, sitting in your study or your dining-room, you can hear paterfamilias on the right hand, whom you do not know even by sight, sneezing or coughing, or poking the fire; and materfamilias on the left, equally unknown to you, scolding her servants. You can hear Jones, on one side, striding over his carpet, out of temper with himself and with the world; and on the other, Smith's daughter, torturing the pianoforte, and running over the scales in a manner agonising to the nerves. An Englishman's house is not his castle. The proverb lies. There is no castle for the modern Englishman, unless it be a detached villa, with a large garden, orchard, or park around it: in which he can be entrenched from the abominable noises of his neighbours. Besides, if a man have a castle, be, as its undoubted lord, may surely be allowed to give a hall in it, if he be so disposed. But the modern Englishman dares not. He is forbidden by his lease, and by a regard for the lives of his guests, if he be a tenant; and if he be the proprietor of the lath and plaster shell, to which universal Slop has doomed him, he is forbidden by a regard for his property, and by common mercy, from allowing above a hundred or so of people to keep time to music with their feet, on the balancing, oscillating boards of his drawing-room. A ball of three hundred persons, all dancing together, would drag down not only a house, but a whole terrace in some parts of Tyburnia.

If you want to see the kind of structures that adorned England ere the age of Slop began, look at the ruins of Kenilworth or Rochester Castles, or at the noble cathedrals of Westminster, York, Canterbury, Worcester, Lincoln, and Peterborough. Compared with Windsor Castle, what is Buckingham Palace? A globe of crystal to a globe of soapstone. St. Paul's Cathedral, with all its beauty, has a slop dome, which, proudly as it rises, is a false pretence—a mere scaffolding of wood covered over with a thin integument of metal. Compare it with Westminster Abbey, if you would see the mighty difference between the honest architecture of our early forefathers and the slop workmanship of their degenerate sons. These glorious abbeys stand all the wear and tear of time and the abrasions of the atmosphere; but look at the Palace of Westminster, where sit the Lords and Commons of the realm, commenced only five-and-twenty years ago, and you will find that it is in a state of decay even before it is completed, and that it is mouldering outwardly ere it is finished inwardly,—old in its first parts ere its last have been cemented.

There was, not many months ago, a very large house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the south side, which was once inhabited by Lord Chancellor Erskine. The rooms were lofty and spacious, constructed to suit the tastes of an age which was guiltless of Slop, and of a man who would have scorned it had he known it. After fashion had left the neighbourhood the house was divided into two. One-half of it still remains in its ancient dignity; the other half, which was three stories in height, has been remodelled and reconstructed, and, without any great increase of altitude, has been converted into a dwelling of six stories; and Lord Erskine's library, dining, drawing-rooms, and bed-rooms have disappeared, and given place to little sets of chambers, neither half as lofty, half as wide, or half as long as the noble apartments which they have superseded. The lawyers of this age could not transact business in such magnificent rooms as lodged an Erskine. For smaller souls, smaller dwelling-places. A lawyer might possibly imbibe a great idea if offices were as large as the library of an Erskine, and as that might ruin his business, he does well to betake himself to a smaller den, like the soul of King Charles, that the poet affirmed to live in an alley.

As regards furniture, I know that in the days of my grandfather, nay, of my own youth, a fat man, such as Falstaff, could sit him down in an easy chair without breaking it by his weight; but I ask you, as observant Englishmen, if a man of Falstaff's rotundity of paunch and ponderosity of figure, can safely sit on a modern chair, without a previous guarantee that it came of an honest maker! Fat men and women in our days, must buy their chairs, their sofas, and their beds, of men they know, and not go loosely into the market, or they may break both their furniture and their bones the first time they sit or lie down. No doubt strong and durable furniture is made, but it must be to order, and of an assured maker. It is not to be had in the open market, where show, not strength, is the quality that finds most favour, both with the dealer and with the customer. The dealer loves the showy goods, because there is a large profit upon the inferior commodity; and the customer likes them because they please the eye, make no large immediate demand on his purse, look cheap, and will do for a short time for eye-service as well as a better article. And as with furniture, so with plate and jewellery. Who can tell, in this second half of the nineteenth century, the real jewellery from the sham! the solid silver from the electro-plated counterfeit! The spoons and forks of many a pretentious household are Slop, as well as the tables on which they are laid; and a plated epigone in the centre does duty for one of silver, or for the simple flowers in a vase, which would be cheaper and in better taste—alike more beautiful and more truthful.

Slop raiment is even a greater scandal. It is a robbery of the poor and

industries, into whose slender joints the anglers for huge fortunes dip with the tempting bait of a cheating champagne; and they catch what they fish for. But at what a cost to the public happiness and morality! Outlets, vests, trousers, shirts, and shoes,—what misery there is in the manufacture of every one of these articles, and what fraud and villainy besides. The manufacturer, determined that these commodities, all of prime necessity, shall be made as cheaply as possible, grinds the faces of the poor workpeople, drives them out of the market if they will not work at women's prices, and squeezes them down so ruthlessly, taking such advantage of their numbers and their necessities—all competing one with the other, and with their own wives, daughters, and sisters,—that the hard-working man can scarcely gain sufficient to keep himself at the point of efficiency or even of life. The tailor, who formerly earned twenty-four shillings a week, working ten hours a day, for making strong garments that would last a reasonable time, cannot in our day now alone eleven or twelve, working fourteen hours a day, and half of the Sunday besides, making garments that will scarcely hold together for a month. The master manufacturer, hasty to grow rich, pays as little as he can; and the workman, as a necessary consequence, does his work as ill as he dares. Long stitches supersede short ones, and buttons hold on for a week, instead of half a year, as formerly. I ask you, as candid Englishmen, if there were any Shop tailors in the days of Blake, MacIntosh, Nelson, or even of Wellington, at his last great battle? Be assured that honest workers make dare-die soldiers and sailors; and that a man who does such work, becomes in due course a sham fellow altogether, and loses his pith and his courage, in proportion as he loses his respect for the man who employs him, and the commodity he manufactures.

Nor are we better served in our food and drink than in our houses and our attire. Who knows what he eats in our result of England? It bread made of wheat?—or only of a medium of wheat, mixed with bean or pea-flour, and powdered bones, chemically whitened to deceive the eye? Is the poor man's beef really beef, or lard? Are his sausages not the product of the knacker's yard, made up of the stringy flesh of defunct cab-horses and donkeys? Is his butter not lard, flour, and oil? Is his porter not a filthy compound of drugs and treacle?—and his ale all but innocent of hops and hops, and largely guilty of intoxicating and poisonous chemicals? Does his tea not grow upon the hedges in the green lanes of his native land? and his coffee in Buckinghamshire—or any other shire where the cultivation of chicory will pay the gardener or the farmer? Oh for one twelvemonth of some wise and beneficent despot, armed with a threefold Napoleonic power, and tenacity of purpose, who should do us justice upon the smug villains of our large cities—the mean rogues who poison us in our food and drink! If there be anything good in Turkey or in Turke, or anything we might copy with advantage from Bagdad or Samarra, it is the excellent fashion of mailing the ears of such rascals to their shop-doors, with a label on their breasts setting forth their offence. In England, a man's ears were formerly cut off, if he libelled Queen Elizabeth. Pity that the ears of rogues cannot be cut off in our age, if they are guilty of the nefarious crime of adulteration of food, a crime that unites in it the meanness of swindling and the cowardice of assassination. Hypocrites that they are! They go to church or chapel—mostly by chapel—on the Sunday, and turn up the whites of their eyes—the humbugs,—striving to look holy, idolizing perhaps with their prototype Holy Willie, in Burns' immortal satire:—

Oh Lord, remember me and widow,
Wh' murtherers tempt, rail and din,
That I for pure and grace may shine,
Exalted by name,
And all the glory shall be thine,
Amen! Amen!

If a poor starving boy, driven to desperation by hunger and misery, robbed a shopkeeping Mawworm of his kind, of his pocket-handkerchief, or stole a fourpenny-piece from his till, the arch-knave and master thief would have him up at the Old Bailey, and prosecute him duly, for the sake of example. Example, quotha! Were I the depest that I have portrayed, and had power to manage these little matters, master adulterator and prime blackguard should hang as high as Haman, though not until his ears had been cut off, as warning to the age, and a befitting sacrifice to the Demon of Slop!

MODERN YOUNG-LADYISM.

THERE have been revolutions in all things—revolutions in travelling, in writing, in thinking; revolutions in kind and in present; revolutions in dress, in manners, in style; but no revolution has been so entire as that in women. The hearty, lusty maid-of-honour in Queen Elizabeth's time drank beer and ate breakfasts for breakfast, played coarse practical jokes about the court, and bantered jests, not always of the nicest, with the courtiers; her country cousin wrought even-handed with the serving-maids, and gave her mind to pickles and preserves; if inclined to learning, doing a little in the way of Latin and the Virgins; but, for the most part, content with the material duties of her station. Later, Queen Anne's ladies gave themselves up to play and patches, including the high family pew at church, where they slept through their religion with dignified indifference. So they went on, gradually softening as they progressed, until they culminated in the ultra refinement fashionable a few years ago, when a spouse was not a spouse, but something else; for non-embellishment were vulgar and only to be used paraplasmatically; and when the life of relaxed ease and beer, which without end the handling of the country cousin's nerves gave place to one of all nerves and sensibilities, wherein nature had to be assisted to live. And now the last change in the magic mirror of womanhood has been in this exquisite

refinement which could not away with honest Saxon, and which dressed vulgarity more than vice,—to the careless bonnet that rattles gossamer's slang like its native tongue, goes to Crenmore on the sly, and boasts of it afterwards; makes up betting-books for the Derby, and wins grapes on the Oaks; wears the shortest and reddest of petticoats in the winter, and the jumble of hair in the summer; jumps to the water's edge, and is never sent to the water; and apes from man his noise without his strength, and his fastness without his passion. This is the modern *belle*—the latest fashion in which the world's id is has thought fit to deck itself. But we cannot say that we think the fashion a good one, or hold the affectation of masculinity much higher than the affectation of femininity. Both are bad; and it is quite an open question whether coarseness in woman is preferable to weakness.

This kind of thing has gone into all classes, even the highest; and where we once had Lawrence's noble ladies, or Leslie's sweet and teaching beauties for our aristocracy of womanhood, we have now "stunning fine girls," with petticoats bordered from the Edinburgh fishwives, and hair from the Irish navvies, and hats from the renowned Jim Crow—wide-awake and angles as his. Of course this outside revolution must have a corresponding moral circumstance; and accordingly we find that never, since the time when Mary Wollstonecraft and Frances Wright first leached the subject, has the question of Women's Rights been in such full activity as now. The gradual driving of the male population to distant countries—to large cities, the colonies, the army, the navy, and the like—gives a greater weight to this question now than formerly, and the fact that more women are unmarried, and fewer are provided for by their parents than used to be, renders it doubly necessary that they should take out an active career for themselves, and set themselves fairly to right with Nature and Society. But Nature has run to form yet, and not a little to unlearn, both of folly and wrongheadedness.

The greatest barrier to the fit settlement of this Woman's Question is, it seems to us, her own want of guiding judgment. Does she ask for freedom and equality with man?—she is content if she be like him in the way of vests and short-skirts, cropped hair, jackets, and gloves, and in the use of and dainty cigarettes. When she has her outside paraphernalia cut on the same plan as his, can go to his special places of amusement, and adopt his special forms of social life, she has done what she had a mind for, and thinks she has attained her destination. Does she demand a higher mental and intellectual life than the mere drudgery of housekeeping, or the slavish care of a populous nursery?—straightway she renounces marriage as a humiliation, and speaks of the degrading conditions of maternity, finding an exaggerated notion between herself and the lower animals, and holding that Nature did her infinite despair when it laid on her the need of wifely submission and the previous burdens of a mother. Does she seek an outlet for her unsung energies, and an honourable subsistence by her own toil?—she is not satisfied until she can thrust the men out of the places which they have won by virtue of their manhood, and on which Nature has set the seal of exclusive sex; she must undertake work for which she has neither physical capability nor the requisite educational training; she undertakes work of which she has no own life upon her back, she must for ever aim at those which, when she attains, she cannot discharge either fully or satisfactorily. This is one reason also why she is always underpaid. She works without the previous training to which men have been submitted; taking up, as the amusement of leisure hours, the work to which men are put to which they have been subjected the same rate of remuneration as those who have bought their mastery by long years of apprenticeship. Women rarely study with real zeal. Look at them as artist-utensils: what hard work, as work, can be got out of them? Here and there, of course, is a noble exception and a bright example, but, as a rule, the female classes work with very little of this holding, serious application which is to be found on the men's farms. The reason is obvious. To the man it is his; all his hope of fame, of assistance, of position, of family, of independence; to the girl it is either a simple accomplishment which is to make her more attractive, or, at the best, but a professional profession, "if she does not marry." And what is true of art of literature, true of business, and true of mechanical employment. Women rush at all these things without previous training; then complain if they are set aside in favour of the superior qualifications of the perfected learner. In their frantic endeavours to liken themselves to men, they have not yet attempted to imitate the thorough, careful, steady education for any special art or branch of art which is the first requisite for success in life. However, when they have determined what they can best do, and set themselves earnestly to learn the best way of doing it, they will not find themselves so backward in the race as now. Meanwhile, they cut their silky locks close to their pretty heads, and stick their fingers into their jacket pockets when they speak, rejoice when, in the crowd that throngs their petticoats, they see their shirt-collars and black silk ties visible, they are addressed as "young sir" by old-fashioned fathers who have never seen an Emancipated Woman before, and believe that all these pleasant courtesies are substantial improvements in their condition, and that they want little more to make them perfect in the art of manhood.

These, then, are the two phases of the modern masculine young lady: the one which aims at the imitation of outward and material forms; the other which aims at higher game, and would borrow the circumstances of the inner life as well, seeking, though, to gain the prize without undergoing the sacrifice, to win the crown without the struggle. The latter is the crown, and another way out of the difficulty, which we hope to see fairly tried, and which will, we think, set at rest all the objections which have hitherto been made to woman's work and woman's rights; and that is, not to let her work interfere with her external position—not to let her rights blind her to her duties.

We want no special corps of Amazons, physical or intellectual; we want no women who deem it necessary to caricature their sex to fit them for their place in the world, or who find their womanhood, and all that this entails on them, a drawback and humiliation. Any work which demands this abnegation of natural conditions is, we may be sure, a tremendous fallacy. A woman's proper sphere is home; her proper life is the life of domesticity, maternity; and what outward duties never she may undertake should be subordinate to these primal necessities of her existence. It is not necessary that her marriage should include her slavery, or that the fulfilment of her holiest instincts and affections should shut her out from a full intellectual life. On the contrary, the mingled experience of the home and the world, the wider sympathies and a clearer insight into the hearts of others, for wisdom

is never so wise as when taught of love. Who would not rather take counsel of the grand large-hearted mother, full of the best experience and richest love humanity can know, than of even the most intellectual of the women who subordinate love to intellect, and hold as the sign and symbol of a curse that which nature gave them as a blessed privilege of their covering honour! The Emancipated Woman who despises the royal joys of motherhood, and would rather a lonely life of solitary thought than the gracious self-satisfaction of marriage, has set herself towards the carrying out of the dreariest falsehood which ever afflicted the human race. Come in what shape it may,—in young maidens full of talk and life,—in the assumption of masculine work and privileges,—in the practical denial of the peculiar gifts of womanhood,—it is equally a fallacy which can lead society to nothing wise or wholesome, and which must end in the still greater confusion of an already tangled skein. No; let women keep themselves distinctly womanlike, both in life and work. Let them be increased freedom in a wider influence, they must get it by their sex, and not in spite of it; they must get it by being women before all, not mock men; by uniting thought with love, strength with delicacy, work with duty, and such outside occupations as may be in their way with the most jealous regard for home, and the quiet, loving, unobtrusive charities of that sacred precinct. Fast women, manish women,—women to whom the cradle-side is no haven of peace, to whom household duties seem wearisome and degrading, women, in short, who seek to unsex themselves, and are ashamed of what they are, will never solve the problem now set before them, nor help forward the world's work in the way of nobleness and truth. The greatest blessing to the fullest, and an unwomanly woman is about the most misbegotten of God's creatures.

THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS.

THERE are few things that the general public are less acquainted with than the personal appearance, the numbers, constitution, and place of meeting of their representative governors. Thousands have paid taxes to no trifling extent, without ever seeing a member who helped to impose those burdens. Thousands have died, in different parts of the country, without ever looking upon the Houses of Parliament, where the metropolises are so few, and the hours of voting are so inconvenient for those who are tied down to certain hours of employment, that hundreds of men are prevented from recording the votes they possess, and their supposed apathy is artfully pointed out to excuse the disfranchisement of others.

In matters of parochial government the ignorance of the general public is even greater. A notion has got abroad that everything connected with a parish must necessarily be mean and small; and "comic" authors, with their allies, the caricaturists, have done all in their power to foster such opinions. Little Peggibon has been an easy subject of ridicule to writers who deal only with the surface of things, and thus have been danced round in their own until we cry aloud for a change of puppets. The evil of such writing is that it causes the best people in a parish to stand aloof from parochial business. They hardly know that they possess a vestry-hall; they seldom vote in a parochial election; and they never stand as candidates for a seat in the vestry. The result is that the whole management of such elections is left in the hands of a local and selfish clique, and representative government exists only in name. In the mean time the parishes grow in wealth and importance. In principle they were never very small; in power of taxation they become enormous. The local taxes of England are stated at from fifteen to twenty millions sterling, and the imperial revenues of the whole country were (excluding the interest of the national debt) in 1792—the reign of George III. The management of sewers, drainage, paving, cleansing, and lighting, seems so much contemptible thing, after all, when tried by the money-test. "The spouting cheeseburger," or the traditional "soap boiler," whom we are asked to listen to, may have for more power, for good or evil, than a hungry Grand Duke of Medling-Beggar-Seidlitz, or a ragged-coated Elector of Idle-Beggar on the Rhine.

In the autumn of 1855, an Act of Parliament was passed for the better local management of the metropolis, and under this Act was created that affixed, upper-parish Parliament called the Metropolitan Board of Works. The general public are familiar enough with its name, and that, perhaps, is all. They have paid extra sewer-rates, when demanded by its collectors, but probably without knowing very clearly who their rate-makers were, or to what purpose the money would be applied. A total ignorance of the nature, powers, destiny, and even existence of the body which local or imperial may be safely assumed as existing amongst the human race, is in which it gives courage to Chancellors of the Exchequer, and saddles the country with enormous budgets. We are not now dealing with the highways of legislation, but with the by-ways of administration.

At the risk of being considered bores by some of our readers, and of teaching many grandiloquent to much else, we are determined to give a short description of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

It is an institution entirely parochial, and must not be confounded (as it often is) with the Government Board of Works. Its members number forty-six, and are picked representatives sent by the respective vestries. As vestries are elected by the ratepayers, the root of its power is, or ought to be, representative. The City sends three members, the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Pancras, Lambeth, St. George Hanover-square, St. Mary Islington, and St. Leonard Shoreditch, send two each; a group of seventeen other metropolitan parishes, from Paddington to Woolwich, and from Camberwell to Hampstead, send one member each; and fourteen districts, including some fifty-five small or outlying parishes, send fourteen members more. No member can hold office, without re-election, more than three years, and once a year one-third of the board retires by lot. The chairman is chosen by a majority of his fellow-members, and may be turned out of office, at any time, by two-thirds of a specially convened assembly of the members. His salary is fifteen hundred a year, and he is assisted by a paid staff, chosen in a similar manner, consisting of secretary, engineer, solicitor, clerks, messengers, &c.

This is the constitution, in the main, of the Metropolitan Board of Works, and its powers may be best broadly to include a sewer, a water supply, a drainage, and metropolitan improvements. It takes the place of the old Commissioners of Sewers, in Greek-street, Soho, and something more. Its working offices are in the same building looking on to Soho-square; and here

it is that a select committee of its body sits and forms the only court of appeal from the general decisions of the Board. The Board came into its property when it started in business, and this property consists chiefly of the main sewers of the metropolis. These are all marked, described, and mapped out, with their numerous small tributaries, like valuable beds of coal; and it is to the preservation, enlargement, and improvement of these necessary veins of society that their energies are mostly directed. While they labour, however, in a useful way, underground, they devote to ornamental work on the earth above. When the proprietor of a dwelling-house wishes to run out a Grecian portico—like a four-post bedstead—on to the pathway, the Board often objects to it as an obstruction; and as they are incorporated with power to use it (a fearful power!) their objection sometimes means mischief. They may alter the names of public thoroughfares, so that the staunch Whig who fancy he was settled for life in "Fox-place," may wake up an angry mob, and find himself and his property in the middle of the street obstructions, caused by opening the roadway for laying down gas-pipes, water-pipes, and even railways, they have a voice, and they are often exhorted to use it. The injury inflicted on the trade of a neighbourhood by the slightest obstruction to the thoroughfare (as is the case now in Euston-road) is a matter of serious importance to the local shopkeepers.

This parish parliament hold their sittings for a few hours every Friday, in the Chamber of the Common Council at the Guildhall, City. They select there, upon suffrage until they get a building of their own, and are looked upon as troublesome interlopers by the corporation bodies. They assemble each twelve o'clock in the day—fair or foul, and in all weathers—into the House of Commons to a very peremptory degree. The hall in which they sit is fitted up with green leather seats, busts, and pictures; the Queen looks down upon their deliberations in oil and marble; and a stony-faced Nelson peeps at them from a corner. The chairman, Mr. Thwaites, sits aloft on a raised platform, behind a writing-table, and presides in a general way over George the Third. The King's arm is held out in a favourite oratorical position, so that Mr. Thwaites's short, calm, businesslike remarks appear to come from His Majesty. The average attendance of members is about two-thirds of the full number, and four or five men appear to be favoured with the gift of speech. The chairman, Mr. Thwaites, is a stout, middle-aged man, as good characters are bound to do, and the business of the meeting is despatched without much oratory. In this respect it forms a useful model for "another" and "a higher" place, and also in its gallery—open to the public, but thence visited,—where suits may be freely taken without opposition. In the House of Commons, however, the speakers or the non-speakers, to be honest, with a curl, a pernick, or a piece of paper in your hand, is to be expelled by a doorkeeper, as if the debates in that once popular assembly were private and confidential. The Metropolitan Board of Works—the Parish Parliament—have not yet got to the pitch of exclusiveness, and it would be better if they and the public if their proceedings were made more generally known. Few people know that they are doing better for some few people than can be known. London exists, the ugliest, the most crowded, and the most heavily-taxed city in the world, although it boasts of the greatest multitude of councils.

THE SPOTS ON THE SUN.

WHEN the sun rises all nature wakes up into life and beauty. Light and life seem linked together; darkness and death go hand in hand. Men, of old, worshipped the "glorious orb of day," and paid homage to it as a god. The moderns, however, are more scientific, and have sought to discover the laws for a few minutes of time, and we send our cleverest men some hundreds of miles to observe the effects of a world in darkness. What is that great luminary, equal in bulk to fourteen hundred thousands of earths rolled into one, five hundred times bigger than the totality of all the worlds that exist? It is a globe of fire and flames, or a great electric light! Ninety-six millions of miles extends the vast gulf which it is, and tremendous events extending over 50,000 miles of its surface are barely noticeable to educated, and unknown to the uneducated eye; the world goes on without a thought of them—flowers grow and bloom and fade, *Eucalyptus* trees, you may be, it is only seen and then you can endure its fiery glances. And yet there may be that upon its glorious face well worth your noting. Few of us have had not heard of the spots on the sun; we apply the facts as a simile in our daily talk, and yet how few of us have seen these sun-spots; and yet how few of us have seen them better than we see the spots on the earth, but a common-sense glass will show them, and sometimes you may see them with the eye alone. 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We figure a sun-spot—not a little one, either,—of the size it appears on a reflected image of the sun's disc, of about 8 foot in diameter. It consists of a central dark spot, or nucleus, and a surrounding penumbra of a pearly tinge, which seems to have but slight, if, indeed, any relation in its form to that of the central nucleus. If one had an orange wrapped in white paper, and were to cut into it a circular, or rather funnel-shaped hole, with a peaklike, paper wrapping, the thick rind, and the substance of the orange itself; so, if a cavity existed through the two atmospheres of the sun, we should see the general luminous envelope of the sun, the penumbra or rind of inner atmosphere, surrounding the central exposed portion of the sun's globe or central dark nucleus. Such is the familiar idea of sun-spots; for most astronomers are agreed that they are cavities or openings, and not projecting masses, or mountains, as was once thought, and as we find them delineated on the crumpled suns decorating some of the quaint maps of the seventeenth century.

Another curious circumstance respecting the sun-spots, is that the region of these singular phenomena is restricted within a band of about 35° or 40°



Fig. 1.—Nucleus, or Solar Spot, with Penumbra.

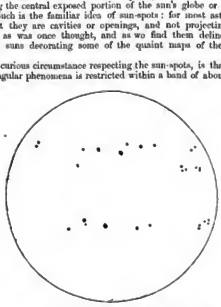


Fig. 2.—Zones of Macula, 10th Jan., 1857.

on either side of the sun's equator, and they have never been observed in either pole. To this, however, we shall refer again; but first, we would briefly draw attention to the size of some of the solar spots, as well as to the periodical maximum and minimum developments of the spots. The example we figure was observed by Herschel on the 29th of March,



Fig. 3.—Solar Spot of 26th March, 1857. Area equal to 3,740,000,000 square miles.

1857. A magnified image, accompanied and crossed by the black images of the threads of the micrometer (adjusted to zero of position and opened to five revolutions of the screw, or 2° or $23'$), was formed on a screen at a convenient distance from the eye-piece of a seven-feet achromatic, and brought to sharp definition by adjustment of the movable lens of the eye-piece. Now the area of these spots, and their penumbra, exclusive of those outlying, as the extremity of the figure, was nearly five square minutes. In linear dimension a minute on the sun is equal to 27,500 miles, and a square minute, therefore, 756,000,000. We have, then, in this one vast region of disturbance an area of 3,740,000,000 square miles. The dark spot of the 25th of May of the same year, which we have figured, to show the remarkable streaks converging towards its centre, would have allowed the globe of the earth to fall through, leaving a clear space of a thousand miles all round it.

Nor must it be imagined that these sun-spots, although comparatively dark and black, are in reality so; for, the brilliant light of quicklime, under the compound blowpipe, appears in front of the sun's disc as dark as the spots

themselves; and the deceptive appearance of a weaker against the stronger light may be easily tested by an ordinary lighted candle. The sun-spots, too, are variable and fleeting in character; many disappear from the face of the sun presented to us, that is, within the period of half a revolution, while few are, indeed, returned to our view when the same face is again presented after the lapse of the twenty-seven days, in which the sun has completely turned round on its axis. Some have appeared and disappeared in a day; others are believed to have endured for nine or ten weeks. Perhaps their most remarkable features are presented in their disruptive and disappearance. The velocity of motion exhibited by the surrounding luminous penumbra in closing over the spot has been in some cases truly enormous, and such as would be inconsistent with the known laws of motion of any merely fluid medium. A spot, of the apparent breadth of $90''$, or 41,940 miles, was observed by Mayer to close in about forty days, giving for the progressive contraction of the spot an average of 1,650 miles daily, or 44 miles an hour, a rate seemingly compatible only with an elastic gaseous condition. This rapidity of their disruptive was early remarked by Galilee. Wollaston says, in a memoir, in 1774, that, while observing the sun he saw a spot break up into small fractions, as when a mass of ice is hurled on the surface of a frozen pond, the different fragments into which it divides slide off in all directions. There are other and bright spots and streaks on the sun's disc which astronomers call *faculae* and *luculi*. These luminous spots were also observed by Galilee, who, in his letter to Welser, in 1612, says, "Sometimes we see at the surface of the sun various white parts, brighter than the rest of the surface."

The detection of the faculae was due to Scheiner, the discoverer of *lupulodant*. He noticed that, besides the bright spots dotted here and there, the entire surface of the sun was constantly covered with luminous points, or with extremely slender streaks of light and dark, crossing each other in every direction from east to west, and from pole to pole. It is these luminous streaks which are called *faculae*. We have referred to them because the faculae seem to be intimately connected with the dark sun-spots which form the subject of this communication. The bright faculae very commonly precede the appearance of the dark solar spots which often, subsequently, occupy the former luminous spaces. Derham records having seen through his telescope, in October, 1706, a black spot appear and disappear several times in the centre of a brilliant facula; and Cassini also states that spots are sometimes transformed into faculae, and again become spots. Wollaston, the elder Herschel, and others observed the like phenomena.

We have already referred to the limitation of the regions within which the solar spots appear, and that they have never been seen at the poles. The direct line of the equator seems to be usually exempted, at any rate, spots on the equatorial line are somewhat rare. Galilee assigned the twenty-ninth degree of declination, north and south from the solar equator, as the limit of their appearance, but modern observations have extended the "royal zone," as it was called by Scheiner. The spots appear also to be sometimes more conspicuously developed in our hemisphere than in the other, the preponderance being sometimes in the northern and sometimes in the southern portion of the sun's globe; while sometimes they are seen in two nearly equal belts at comparatively corresponding distances from the meridian line. These facts have formed the groundwork of an ingenious theory by Sir John Herschel, who regards all the phenomena of the solar spots as being dynamical. The fluctuations of our own atmosphere are clearly due to the external heating power of the sun; but fluctuations in the meteorological conditions of the solar atmosphere cannot be due to any similar external cause. We know of no external object or circumstances which could produce elevations and depressions of temperature, altering its specific gravity, and disturbing the equilibrium of the solar atmospheric strata. We must conceive all the solar meteoric conditions to be passive and equal, unless there be any disturbance due to internal forces.

Reflecting, then, on the possible causes which might, from what was known of the sun's economy, give rise to circulatory movements to and from its poles in the fluids or gases which surround it, Sir John has come to these conclusions: that if there be any physical difference in the constitution of the polar and equatorial regions tending to repress the escape of heat in the one and to favour it in the other, the effect will be the same as if those regions were unequally heated from without, and all the effects of the trade-winds would arise.

It has been a matter of doubt amongst astronomers whether, externally to the luminous envelope, there was still a transparent atmosphere around the sun. The deficiency of light at the borders of the disc, when viewed through coloured glasses, or in its image projected through a good telescope on white paper, and the extraordinary rose-coloured solar disc seen during the total eclipse of 1842, are, in Herschel's opinion, sufficient evidence of its existence, although to what distance around such an atmosphere may extend there are at present no means of judging. Upon the laws of equilibrium, such an atmosphere must form an oblate spheroid, the ellipticity of the strata of which would differ from each other and from that of the nucleus; and consequently the equatorial would be of a greater thickness than the polar portions, and therefore different obstacles would be presented to the outward passage of central heat, and the equatorial would be habitually maintained at a different temperature from the polar regions. The zones of solar spots, under this view of the subject, would be assimilated to those zones of our earth's atmosphere in which hurricanes and tornadoes prevail. The upper atmospheric stratum being carried downwards, would displace by its impetus the luminous and sub-luminous strata beneath, the upper or luminous being "affected to a greater extent than the lower, and thus wholly or partially denuded of the opaque surface of the sun below. Such processes cannot be unaccompanied with vertiginous motion, which, led to dissipation, die away by degrees, and dissipate, with this peculiarity, that their lower portions come to rest more speedily than their upper, by reason of the greater resistance below as well as the remoteness from the point of action, which lies in a higher region; so that their centre (as seen in our waterpots, which are nothing but small *cornues*) appears to retreat towards the nearest point, the space with which it is occupied during the obliteration of the solar spot, which appear as if filled in by the collapse of their sides, the penumbra closing in upon the spot and disappearing after it.

It will have been gathered from what we have already said, that there are maximum and minimum periods in the number of maculae on the sun's disc. The maximum periods occur every seven or ten years, and have been followed by some as coincident with periodical electrical disturbances, or magnetic storms;



Fig. 4.—Macula, with Penumbra, 25th May, 1857.

and although very much yet remains to be observed in those fields, a most interesting topic is here opened out for investigation. The minimum period is also dreamed, reckoned from each fifth year intermediate between the maximum periods. Some astronomers have also supposed that coincident with the maximum period of the development of solar spots there was a period of minimum atmospheric temperature on our globe; and William Herschel constructed a curious table, based upon the mean prices of the betel-nut of which the Ojibwa have considered, however, that there of an unusual equivalent period of heat at such times, and additional observations on this topic would therefore be very desirable; for small as the spots appear, in respect to the whole disc of the sun, yet as some are really of considerable magnitude, they may be the cause of a synanthropic connection in the thermal and meteorological condition of our atmosphere.

The present year has been very remarkable for the prolific development of the solar spots, and has certainly been equally, or even more singularly, marked by unusual atmospheric and meteorological phenomena, the average temperature of the air being much cooler, and the rain-fall much greater, than in many preceding years.

We present our readers, here, with the portrait of the sun's speckled face, as seen on the 18th July last, at the hour of the great solar eclipse, for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. R. C. Carrington, of Redhill. Since

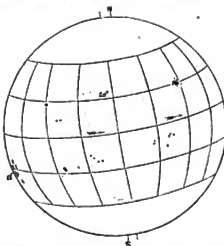


Fig. 5. Solar Spots, as seen at Redhill, July 18, 2 o'clock p.m. Geographical mean time.
Red flares were seen (4) during the eclipse of July 18.

that day the maculae have increased, both in number and size; and the group (d) represented by nearly straight lines at the eastern limb have, in the ordinary progress of the sun's rotation, come more fully into view.

We have already indicated the apparent connection between the luminous and the dark spots, and suggestions have been thrown out of the probable connection of the "red flares" observable during eclipses with the former, or faculae. Kutecki, in his notice of the total eclipse in August, 1859, says:—"I find, in this very observation at Honolulu, a circumstance which supports it, and may perhaps prove it positively. The east protuberance was so situated that the region which it occupied was necessarily brought on to the disc some days after the eclipse, by the rotation of the sun. I took care then to examine the disc of the sun, on the east side, for several consecutive days after the eclipse. On the 9th of August, in the morning, I thought I could trace on this east side, and, as exactly as it was possible to judge by the eye, on the part corresponding to the position of the protuberance, a large facula. The inspection of the telescope, which made it impossible to see the facula very distinctly, throws some doubts on the assertion."

Kutecki again saw the same facula advancing towards the sun on the 10th and 11th August, but on each occasion with too little distinctness to amount to positive conviction.

The recent observations in Spain during the eclipse, with others effected since, have tended to confirm his views. Space, however, confines us, on this interesting subject, to one other remark; namely, that the linear form of the maculae, when first brought into view by the rotation of the sun, or in disappearing, is the natural perspective effect produced by our looking at the near and opposite edges of the cavities at the same time.

THE REWARDS OF LITERATURE.

In all professions, it so happens that a few reach the top, and flourish greatly; a considerable number get to occupy middle places, more or less comfortable, as the case may be; and many fall short of that position, and sink slowly into the dead-level of disappointment and distress. Thus we have soldiers from field-marshal to private, sailors from admirals to ordinary seamen, lawyers from lord chancellors and titled judges to briefcase barristers and petty attorneys, medical men from eminent physicians and surgeons to struggling practitioners and starving apothecaries, clergy from archbishops and bishops to miserable incumbents and puerer curates (the hierarchy and the lower-archy of the Church), in short, the wheel of fortune rolls to and fro, and the various cottle, some fat and pampered, and many more lean and hungry. The literary class, of course, has to encounter its destinies, like the others—with this difference, that, so far as material elevation or wealth are attainable, there are no very high or profitable pinnacles within its utmost condense bounds. If fame is coveted, it is of an unsubstantial, usually a posthumous nature, and unproductive of worldly advantages; and if failure comes, it is attended by being suffering and wretchedness than can wound the humiliation and poverty of any other description of humanity. No doubt affliction is common to all, but the peculiar sensitiveness of the literary elements, education thrown away, aspirations humbled, and hopes and prospects

ruined, constitute an amount of sorrows hardly to be conceived under any other circumstances.

But ours is a great country. The English people are a noble, a civilized, an enlightened, and a generous people. They can taste the fruits of literature, they can enjoy the delights which talent and genius spread out for them. They revel in the luxuries; they benefit by the utilities; they are grateful to the providers, whether of intellectual ambrosia or physical manna. If the Government of this favoured land allows no less than twelve hundred pounds sterling a year in pensions, out of the Civil List, to succeed (as is said) the unfortunate beings who have been overthrown in the vain struggle to find, in the phantom pursuit of literature, Westminster Abbey or a crust of bread.

The appropriation of this small fund, between June 30, 1859, and June 30, 1860, has just been published. It is a saddening document, and yet we believe must have cost the First Minister of the Crown more trouble and difficulty to arrange with any degree of satisfaction than any measure of a thousand times greater national importance which comes under his consideration. The candidates are exceedingly numerous; the interest made for them is a politically puzzling; and the wants—even in some quarters the desolation—praying for this paltry relief, are of a kind that would fill the coldest heart with the warmest feelings of compassion. But, thinking well of this list on the whole, as creditable to the minister, we must observe that it cannot be right, and is, indeed, disgraceful, to divert any portion of this trifling annual sum from the purpose it pretends to fulfil. Yet, on perusing it, we notice that the first £50 are granted to three ladies, in consideration of their late father's services in the War Office. Then follow the daughter of a portrait-painter, whose husband was a consul, and performed good services at Naples, £100; Mrs. Beecroft, in consideration of her late husband's services for the suppression of the slave trade, £20; Lady Rigaud, the widow of the Bishop of Antigua, £150; two ladies, daughters of a person who made great improvements in the manufacture of iron, £100; a lady, for her benevolent labours among the seafaring population of London, £50; a daughter of Sir S. Besham, for services in naval science, £100; and here is one-half of the fund disposed of, no doubt, in a most judicious direction, with the smallest possible regard to literature. The remaining portion may be well earned and justly apportioned; but we confess to perfect ignorance of the literary claims of the recipients, whose very names here meet our eyes for the first time. The six sisters of Dr. Lardner, Mr. Atherton (who many years ago published an epic poem, *Miss Fardoe*, and the relatives of the late Mr. Rowcroft (to whom a royal debt was otherwise due), are the only cases distinctly connected with literature, and they have been rewarded with £375; while, a few years ago two several pensions of £500 each were given, out of the same sacred fund, to one person—the widow of the late Lord Chancellor Truro. Glorious country! Wonderful acknowledgment of literature!

SOCIAL BAROMETERS.

By the time your case is worn out, you know pretty well whether it is made of good cloth or bad; and this sort of acquaintance with woollen textiles is too common to rank you among expert dryers. Can you take it up in the piece, stretch it, rub the gloss off it knowingly with your thumb-knuckle, and say decidedly, "This is West Riding, not Saxony, and should not be more than stretched and washed one yard?"

You know the characters of your friends, as you know the cloth of your order; but the most difficult sample of new material to pronounce upon off-hand is a fresh piece of humanity. Its mixed fibre is a cottony-linsy-cwooley of passion, mind, and soul, in unknown proportions compounded. Its warp and weft, of nature and circumstances, of consciousness and experience, woven by the shuttle days in the loom of life, brushed by the teasles of trial, and smoothed in the press of business—who shall take up a chance corner of this magic web and say authoritatively, "This is such or such a quality of human being, good only for such and such use?" Who! why, no one save the Divine manufacturer. But the most grateful of all, a man is a faint and vague approximation to this kind of knowledge. The rapid power of discovering men's different values, marballing them into their right places, and getting the maximum of value to the commonwealth out of each member of it, is the Divine commission and signature of appointment for the man so gifted to rule over his fellows.

Some of our calm philosophers hold the comfortable creed, that the natural motion of the earth, under a judicious disposition of letting things take their course, is sufficient to shake men gradually into their right places. And no doubt there resides in the body politic a *vis gubernatrix* Fortune, which like the river and the sea in the physical frame, is a beneficent and wise providence of incompetent reformers, and brings the world (which they are always so busy squaring to their own Mercator's projection) eventually round again. Nevertheless, there is a vast proportion of the world's wealth of human faculties unemployed, misapplied, ignored and frittered away; what should be floating capital, equivalent to life interest. And this waste arises very mainly from our mutual enmities, clamourous and timidity in appreciating the mutual advantage we might derive from our fellow-men, if we only knew how to trust confidently, and how to make the most of their various gifts.

The proverb characteristic of men's thoughts about other men is, perhaps, their universal disposition, as far as in them lies, to shuffle out of the trouble of thinking for themselves about one another at all, and to take their fellow-men's characters only as a second-hand article. Opulent art purchasers, conscious of possessing neither taste nor judgment of their own, will give three times as much for a picture out of a celebrated collection, as they would for the same specimen of the same master at the sale of the late Mr. John Doe or Richard Roe, whose names are only connected with drawing so far as conveyances are works of art; unless, indeed, in the palmy days of those ancient worthies, a "View of Parkland" may have been some obsolete form of landscape.

What "collectors" do to the commonplace art purchaser "sees" are to the average appraiser of human beings. He is disposed to take them as he finds them, and treat them as he sees them treated. If he meets you at a dinner of wit, he laughs at your joke, without, perhaps, precisely seeing the point of it; for the blunt end of your joke is sharp enough to tickle him.

if he has quaffed laughter to start him and back him. If he finds you at the humble but hospitable board of Jones, whom in town he instructs as a country neighbour, and who, to say the truth, is only distinguished for his good-humour and choice old port (as well he may, for was not Jones *pare* a notable wine merchant of Bristol?), he extends a collateral patronage to you as the college friend of Jones. If he meets you next week coming out of White's, arm in arm with the Marquis of Mount Eban, he patronises him as a country neighbour, his reputation has not quite the same flavour. Still, you will never be quite the same man to him as if he had first met you in St. James's-street, and the Lord Lieutenant of his county had introduced him to you as "a man whose influence near Truckport is worth attending to—useful if you go down these directions, you know." These words are not supposed to be his Lordship's text, nor, your average man appraiser, but hearty footnotes for your private ear before and after what the A.M.A. looks on as a mere fashionable introduction in the simplicity of his aristocratic heart. He will be surprised when he stumbles on you canvassing in the High-street, Truckport.

But if you had first found him holding his county member by the button in the supper room at Cambridge House, and Mr. Estreat M.P. had grasped your hand, and welcomed you to the rescue on the wine list, or the international point of law touching Sardinia and the Sicilies, and had simulated great interest in your exposition, in order the more civilly to turn over his influential buttonholder to your conversational mercies,—that individual (as he parted with you murmuring complacently to himself, "My own views to a T—very clever fellow—rising man") would have hung you, the selfsame picture, on quite a different hook, and set you off with quite a different frame in his acquaintance gallery. Indeed, he might, on further acquaintance, have himself suggested the notice.

This is all very well, says anybody; but how do you happen to know your marquis and county member, and how do you get into the inside drawing-room dedicated to cakes and loaves in Cambridge House? *Tout arrive!* Perhaps Mr. Estreat, M.P., is my wife's first cousin once removed. Perhaps I shared my last letter with him as well as my marquis at Palmyra.

And it is no longer a secret, that Cambridge House encourages the Press. Almost all minerals crop out somewhere at the bottom of the sea, and many samples of soil are held in suspension where the shoal-waters are troubled, but only the rock-salt of the earth remains in permanent solution. So in the air of life, everybody has his chance, and those who are fit for good society mix with it and become a part of it, adding a particle to the favour of it. If society receives you *en vosseur*, well if not, you sink with the grains of sand. Indeed, I am sorry to say my cards from Cambridge House have been discontinued, and my marquis has not asked me to dinner since my last *flâne* at Truckport. Life has its ups and downs; you get on by accidents, and you fall off by accidents. Hardly any man's position remains at a regular static level. Nobody judges of us by what we are, but by the little temporary hits and misses of success and failure in the trifles we do or don't. It is perhaps lucky it should be so, that the stimulus to do one's best should never flag, even if we have no higher or other aim than social distinction.

Who precisely knows his own level in other men's estimation? Or how should a man learn it in order to treat himself at his market value.

There are, fortunately, social barometers of the hiped form, walking precociously, cold-blooded thermometers, who, by mercurial instinct, mark the variations of the social temperature. There are a class of men for whom there is no exact name or language. They need not be counted with the vulgar loud-enters, being, nevertheless, a sublimer and more gigantic variety of that tribe. If the huge batrachian were not extinct they might not despise labyrinthine outlets *à la chrysopage*. Their virtue is, that they systematically and designedly carry to its ultimate ratio that second-hand manufacturing process which society in general only falls into casually. They know the value of social accidents. They take great pains to walk with their marquis at the right time and place to meet influential persons who will be properly affected. Be neither civil nor uncivil to such a man. Look him in the face blankly, and observe the level of his esteem. If your reputation is at nought, he will cut you; if it is at changeable, he may possibly give you an insolent nod; if it be fair, he will lift his umbrella with a patronizing flourish; if it be set-fair, he will shake hands with you and make a remark about the weather; but if it be "very dry," he will stop you in a public place and tell you confidentially something he has just had from the First Lord of the Treasury in a manner which shows his dignity as a writer himself in living conversation, and take timely warning: for to this complexion it is tending, as long as he is carelessly and lazily continues to form his opinion of his fellow-men vicariously.

Reviews of Books.

DOMESTIC LIFE OF ENGLAND.*

AS account of our English civilisation, in the way of household habits and interior economy, compiled with care, and presented in a lively and familiar form, would be an acceptable contribution to a description of her which everybody likes, when it is pleasantly executed. The subject is attempted in the volume before us, in a manner which shows the writer's ability as a writer may fall with excellent matter, simply from not knowing how to do it with. The book is not wanting in information, but it lacks the essential element of success—popular treatment. The author has collected ample material for his purpose, which he has rendered so dry and dull in manner and arrangement, that his research will be unavailing to the work, whereas if his instruction or amusement it may be presumed to have been specially intended. Critical inquirers will find out faults of another order. Although, by beginning at the beginning, with the habitation of the Britons, and proceeding, with apparent regularity, through subsequent times, a certain air of historical sequence is imparted to the work, chronology is, nevertheless, utterly confounded, by the loose way in which dates are given or omitted, and the confused grouping into a single view of illustrative particulars that belong to different periods. These objections are not mitigated by the plan

or style, which are intolerably dreary. Throughout nearly 200 pages, the loose sheets of waxy type succeed each other without a salutary break. There is no attempt at a division into ages or subjects, or at any kind of relief in the way of episode or description. "We miss, everywhere, the pictorial hand, the vivacity of expression, the capacity for seizing upon the character of a period, and inspiring it with vitality—which are necessary to bring before us the domestic history of a people lighted up with the glow of life. The book is, in fact, the literary labour of a patient antiquary, and nothing more. We see the fire in the centre of the old hall, and the hole in the roof to let the smoke out, and we can strain our imagination to include the hounds lying about, and eating up the refuse flung to them by the guests; but there is no movement in the scene to enable us to enter into its reality as fully as we should desire to do. The method, we may catalogue as a failure."

The sources from whence notices of the early periods are derived must be, to some extent, of questionable value, and should be adopted cautiously. Many of them are of no more valid authority than a slight allusion in a barbaric poem. Such allusions are curious, and are entitled to be admitted in support of some evidence; but it is not safe to trust to them solely, and will less to draw general inferences from them. When Sir John Carr concluded that the peasantry of Ireland were red breeches, because he saw one man in that costume, he committed exactly the sort of error in reasoning into which antiquaries fall when they make universal deductions from particular facts, references, or suggestions. We suppose that it is by some such process our author arrives at the sweeping conclusion that "the drunken revel was almost a religious rite amongst the Anglo-Saxons, with whom to be drunk was to be godlike." It is curious that in a book which, to do it justice, abounds in references to authorities, there is no authority given for a statement which is not only a little more than a century old, but is inconsistent with the fact that, amongst the Anglo-Saxons, the average rate of mortality was remarkably high. The monks, whose bills of mortality are more accessible than those of any other class of the community, attained to almost patriarchal years. The united ages of two monks in the eighth century amounted to 120 years, and in the tenth century the average was 100 years; extraordinary; but upwards of 100 was of common occurrence. The religious rites alluded to are those of what is called *Pagan Saxondom*; but the time is indefinite, and the monks cannot be regarded as the founders of longevity in England.

Our authority which, in this case, is worse than worthless it is stated that King Alfred invented the lantern, being driven thereto by the great waste his candles suffered from the wind. Were there no lanterns in Rome? And what of China? Did the Celestials pirate King Alfred's patent? It is also said that glass windows were unknown to the Anglo-Saxon chiefs, and did not come into general use till the sixteenth century. Although it is certain, else we thought, notorious, that Benedict the abbot of Wexmouth, introduced them in the seventh century, and taught the Anglo-Saxons the art of making them, and of fabricating lamps and a variety of other useful articles in glass. Trades and handicrafts were cultivated much more extensively than by our author seems to be aware. Still, we can only say, that the prevalent character of the civilisation of the people, and was intimately mixed up with their home life. Dunsan was an excellent mechanic and draughtsman, and could work in metals, and make patterns for ladies' dresses—accomplishments which he taught to others; and the encouragement of practical industry was carried so far that there was a law by which every priest was compelled to learn a handicraft, and the monks were not only engaged in the work of making glass, and of fabricating it into drinking-vessels. But there were other shapes of drinking-vessels than that of the glass wood-cup, described by our author, as there were other drinks besides mead, such as ale, the knowledge of which came from the Germans; wine, which was imported; pigment, a sweet liquor; cider; and most, composed of honey diluted with the juice of mulberries.

The education of the Anglo-Saxons, however deficient in other respects, undoubtedly embraced a wider range of industrial pursuits than the people get credit for in this volume. Bakers, smiths, carpenters, millers, and other callings, connected chiefly with agriculture and the fisheries, were extensively cultivated; and weaving and embroidery afforded constant sources of employment to the upper classes. It excited no astonishment, says our author, for a queen to spend hours with her maids at the spinning-wheel. The remark would seem to imply that there was something to be surprised at in a queen doing a housewife's work, and it is hardly deniable that she was. The great families. The spinning-wheel was, in fact, the common occupation of the Anglo-Saxon ladies. Edward the elder had his daughter taught the use of the needle and distaff, and Alfred calls the female part of his family the "spindle-side," a term by which the women of a household were distinguished from the males, or "spear-side."

The minstrel's gallery was sometimes called the choir, says our author. By whom? Surely this is one of the cases in which the compiler finds a careless phrase somewhere, and adopts it as trustworthy testimony. The gallery where the minstrels played was built, probably without a single exception, on a plan exactly the reverse of the choir. Out of so inadequate a detail, we must make allowances for slips of this kind; but it is not the less necessary to enforce the importance of accuracy. There are many passages in the book, which, in spite of its archaeological dullness as a whole, will be read with interest apart from their connection with the rest of the treatise. In this description may be gathered some passages that relate to the social customs of the country, such, for example, as the old solemnity of laying the cloth for dinner.

"During the middle ages, the ceremony of spreading the cloth was one in the performance of which much curious etiquette was to be observed. Two servers entered the hall; they both knelt down, and, unfolding the cloth, commenced spreading it on the table as the Lord of the manor, who sat at the middle of the board, they again made a low obeisance; and on arriving at the top, they knelt a third time, with the most profound reverence."

The table-cloths were amongst the choicest treasures of the household, and were generally of costly material, the most prized being of diaper, a name which, our author tells us, was derived from the way in which they were manufactured, but the interstice that was at an early period carried on between this country and Flanders.

The bringing in of the dishes, which was not performed till after the guests were seated, is well designated as a "domestic pageantry."

* Our English Home, its Early History and Progress. With Notes on the Introduction of Domestic Inventions. London: J. H. and James Parker.

"The servants first arranged the dishes on a slab, called the 'dressing board,' or 'table of scrumptious,' usually placed behind the screen, and where they had received the approval of the steward or butler, the process was formed. The marshal of the hall led the train, holding the grace-cup and rice-pot of the lord, the almoner carried the alms-dish, and the assayer, holding the assay-cup, was followed by the carver, around whose neck was slung a towel—

To-day he is to eat that beef in his hole."

The cook or the server bore the first dish, decorated with a grand device. A body of yeomen followed, each carrying a savory banner, and the waiter with bears' heads in cutlets, and other wondrous 'entailies' of 'mobile corks' devices; increased and adorned the festive procession. It was welcomed into the hall with the music of chimes and bagpipes.

We traced our ancestors in the refinements of cookery. Fiancellini would justly consider himself ill-used to be compared with the artist who built up a boar's head into fortifications; but it must be conceded to the old barons that they knew how to give excellent dinners after a highly-imposing fashion. The very setting down of the guests, the lurch of expectation, the blowing of trumpets, and the march of the procession up the hall, gave a tone of magnificent emotion to the feast, which throws into condign shadow our tame way of dining. How insignificant is the descent of a flight of stairs, with a lullion of crimson on one's arm, and a formal movement into our chairs, conscious of a row of powdered lackeys behind us, contrasted with that grand ceremony of marshals, almoners, and carvers. But there is a grain of comfort in all things. If we are less sublime than our ancestors, we are more secure. We have not a death's-head at our banquet, in the ghastly shape of the assayer, whose business it was to assay every dish before it was tasted, as a guarantee against poison. With all their blowing of trumpets, our forefathers, from the days of the Norman Conquest to the sixteenth century, never sat down to dinner without the fear of assassination. We know that our modern dinner is shockingly prosaic; but it is something that we can eat our mutton with confidence.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE SIR R. PEEL.*

THE name of the late Sir Robert Peel is indelibly inscribed on a glorious page in the history of England. The study of his character is exceedingly important, whether considered with regard to his individuality or his political life—whether viewed as a man or a statesman. To us it appears that his near relative has here presented the public with a fair and impartial statement, from which it can form its own estimate of him in both of these capacities. There may be a natural leaning to the favourable side, and a liberal construction of disputed passages in party warfare; but if so, the comeliness of candour in narrating the circumstances and conditions of the case, and the sound judgment in drawing the conclusions, afford to equally candid and judicious readers a perfect assurance of the justice of the whole picture.

In his mid-career Sir Robert Peel was accused of duplicity and cowardice. He was said to be Bluff or Joseph Surface of diplomacy and intrigue. But his memory has never been despatched by such suspicions as were cast into his teeth in the heat and strife of the struggle in which he was so heartily engaged. The grave and steady course of his life, his calmness, his dispassionate and unexaggerated, and the Person and the Minister stand before us in a more sober and far clearer light than when looked at through the stormy clouds which enveloped no inconsiderable portion of the living presence. Sir Robert's posthumous memoirs have furnished his own explanation of his conduct while thus misrepresented; and the volume now given to the world supplements that publication so ably that, in our opinion, there can be little left for future writers wherein to vary the decision we may honestly arrive at on the premises before us.

The three grand events—the epochs within twenty-five years—which link the measures of the political with the destiny of his country, and having profound influence upon those destinies, were the readjustment of the currency, the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities, and the enactment of Free Trade. In the two latter, especially, he severed himself from the great Conservative body, with which he had previously acted not only in the most cordial manner, but with the real zeal of a leader, and it is to account for such striking changes of policy that the true character of the individual becomes so essential to be ascertained. We think Sir Laurence Peel's story affords a satisfactory solution of the question.

Sir Robert Peel inherited from his forefathers—and, as is commonly said, man in the blood—an insatiable self-love, and almost extreme caution. These were the elements of his greatness. "His mind," says his biographer, "was well gifted, but not richly endowed with rare gifts: a sound mind in a sound body; a fair jewel in a fine setting." His father educated him distinctly with the object of manufacturing him into another William Pitt, and the author observes, "Here, then, was the fortunate, it may be wise union, of high endowments with training. Next came the higher advantage of an early aim; culture steadily directed to one certain and not unreasoned end." That end was accomplished, but not without sacrifices. First of all was the "divorce from childish nature which is inseparable from all early culture severely applied. The mind treated as the hand of the artisan, and forced to execute the application of the faculty; and the mind, a more absorbing pursuit; a reason, in its infancy, put to man's work; a memory over-cultivated; a fluency of speech too early acquired, brought their ordinary results: an imagination starved, a diction correct and flowing, but without spots of varied beauty—the level laws of language." What, asks Sir Laurence, was to be foreseen from this condition of things? "What, lofty, nothing imposed—coolness, calculation, and changes, of course according as the weighing-machine varied, and the balance inclined one way or other. "Change, then, was inevitable; but in such a nature as his it was also sure to be timid and reluctant; to new birth or sudden conversion, but the gradual slow development of growing stature. An honest conservatism to a growing world." Outlast has had of him, "It naught Tory," and so he did; but it was in moderate Toryism, and his disposition was so deeply tinged with what is, perhaps, entirely deemed the opposite principle, that Sir Laurence draws his portrait with perfect fidelity when he says he was "tentative, labouring, cautious, slow in adopting, but steady in the pursuit of

a new course; fearful lest the new wine should burst the old bottles; standing in the old way; proud to be of the people—their friend, and never their better; justly sensible of the value of slow gradations in a new rule; clinging to prescription and ancient usage; a mixture in his origin and fortune of two conditions in life—a Tory and a Democrat in one;—and, adds our author, "no incommensurate unattractive union."

In a production of this class, where the chief bearing lies in the moral example and the political interest, we are not called upon to go into the family history and antecedents of the Peels. They were substantial statesmen—the writer's father was wont to "push" to himself over the super-scription of his letters, half playfully and half peevishly muttering to himself, "a pretty Equire, truly!"—and they sprung up and rose with cotton to be magnates in the land, to reform manners and prejudices, and to hold order, industry, sobriety, and integrity, to be above ancestry, and the noblest legacy they could leave to their descendants. Yet, observes the author, "I am unable to ascribe to industry alone all that the late Sir Robert Peel became. The raw material was more than commonly good—it was excellent. He was a quiet clever boy, and also a thinking boy, naturally observant and reflective. He was no prodigy, certainly. His parts and his promise were such as many boys have and give;—nothing, however, is more deceptive than the early promise of a youth. A girl commonly beats all her brothers in their early lessons, and I have seen no young people so quick of apprehension as the young Hindoo (could not a valuable application be made of this sub-stratum in forming our Indian Government?). though the after progress is not proportionate to the early excellence. Byron seems to have given a correct account of his school-fellow. He nowhere speaks of Peel as a genius, neither does he describe him as a boy of moderate capacity, and superior only by dint of fagging. He was so, and also always knew it, and never flattered himself with the idea of severe discipline had also some drawbacks. Peel seems never to have tasted the sweets of childhood, nor enjoyed the careless pastimes of boyhood. "The originality and freedom of his mind, though not destroyed, were impaired by it. He grew up graver than becomes a boy. His thoughts, as his manners, were cast into a groove, in an artificial and even tinged, by a certain formality." In short, geniality was wanting. His youth was overstrained, and his early induction into office confirmed his aptitude to become "a too much of a case statesman." Yet he was ever the friend to progress, and when once quite sure of his footing he advanced, even sacrificing, most painfully, his personal and party connections, for that line which a sense of his duty pointed out as a national benefit.

"I pique myself (he declared) on never having proposed anything which I have not carried." What a contrast to, what a commentary upon the session of our Parliament, now, it is to be hoped, drawing to a close, that the Cabinet should contemplate a Government of the Emperor of Russia, out of season. It would be very hard, after all the long sittings and interminable debates, to have that tavern bill postponed to "this day six months," or the first rating thrown overboard altogether. Surely, this would be worse than to have the exchange—

* Peel on Peel crumbled horribly.
"Convolving heaven and earth."

—shown up as the very converse of what has been done—or rather left undone—for the legislation of 1860. The beginning of Peel's personal knowledge of the Duke of Wellington is an anecdote, and may well be placed with more playful considerations. "One day, when the people were assembled in the hall to watch for the Emperor of Russia (1814), Sir Peel, who was on horseback, hearing that a crowd was assembled before the house of the Duke of Wellington, expecting him to come forth, exclaimed with eagerness, 'I never saw him in my life,' and rode off instantly to take his chance of a sight of the man with whom, of all statesmen, he was destined to be afterwards most intimately connected. There are few anecdotes in the volume. The following comparison may, however, pass among them for originality. The author is treating of the adage, 'De mortuis nil nisi bonum,' and says of the dead, "the 'primal sympathy,' the soothing thoughts that spring out of human sufferings, more in to enchain their memories, as bodies are enchaind by burying their offf, and by the application of sweet odours." But to return for a few minutes to our more immediate task.

Sir Laurence considers the decision on the currency to have been the redemption of a pledge to relieve the country from an abnormal condition, rather than a new measure to institute a system of security in economic policy. From the character we have described we have little to expect in his remarks and quotations, he contends that Sir Robert's defection from his friends and the great Conservative party on the Roman Catholic Emancipation and Protection Abolition or Free-Trade questions, was the result of his peculiar idiosyncrasy, or, if we may use the phrase, constriction of mind, evidenced by nature, and has never been, and built up. There are few anecdotes in the volume. He looked on every side, he pondered over every contingency; and on the balance of good to be expected, and evils to be avoided, including this way or that, he made his choice, like Hercules, and went to his labours. Apparently, he could not avoid. Lord Hardinge, one of his most attached friends, lamented his constitutional shyness, or acquired shyness, under the pregnant description of "Peel's uncommunicativeness," being very injurious to the party which he confided in his leading; and Croker, in like characteristic language, complained, "If it is delectation pass; and the unloquacious himself was a reserve which impaired his usefulness and hurt the Conservative interest." The separation of Peel from his friends, which was loudly and deeply wounded his sensitive mind, and his posthumous vindication is regretted, as "no happily" reasoned, by Sir Laurence. But, as we may reach, his mortification was grievously enhanced by several extraneous accessories. It was not that his recent convictions severed him from the creed of his father's religion and his church and his opinions as well as from the side of the vast majority of those with whom he had acted throughout his entire career, but there were personal considerations of a bitter taste mixed up with the parting cup. Where his closest and most valued intimacies had been cherished, his change was not only viewed as political treachery, but as gratuitously dishonest; the way in which he turned his back was more indignantly resented than the thing done. That reserve which the author has described prevailed in these instances, and led to the belief that matured perfidy was superadded to the betrayal of trust, in abandoning the principles

* A sketch of the Life and Character of Sir Robert Peel, by Sir Laurence Peel. London: Longmans, Green, Longmans, and Roberts.

* Thompson & Co. "reads" "read on Peel."

pillar of "Kirk," and lines from Chaucer and his Scotch imitators, undoubtedly the greatest of our poets in the period anterior to Shakespeare, and therefore very properly pointed to by Mr. Wyatt as a quarry for thoughts quaintly expressed and well adapted to modern illumination.

ROGUES AND VAGABONDS.*

HUMAN nature is the same in all countries and in all ages. The "Arabian Nights" is perhaps the oldest book of fiction in the world, yet, after discarding a few details which are mere matters of dress and scenery, the characters are the living men and women of to-day, and will be the living men and women of to-morrow. The barbers in that wonderful book are the same light, glib, glibulous beings who now cut the same true hair, shave us, and discourse upon the weather,—who cut our hair and suggest the purchase of restoratives. Shakespeare understood this, with true dramatic instinct. His mob in "Coriolanus"—his servants in the same play,—may always be taken for our barbers or our waiters. They are not wooden. They are not constructed upon any system. They have no "humour" of the author's brain about them,—no passing eccentricities of the hour. They were either drawn from actual life, or with a logical perception of what life was or must be, and the consequence is, that, instead of being pushed on one side by history and material progress, both these things, and especially history, only prove their enduring fidelity as portraits.

Books that have remained for centuries known only to small knots of industrious antiquaries, are often brought into the full glare of public reading by enthusiastic translators. If they place before us anything that we were not closely acquainted with before, they tell us nothing that we might not have arrived at by a process of reasoning. The first book at the head of this article is one of these. It is an account of German vagabonds and beggars, with a dictionary of cant language (the father of slang), edited by the great religious reformer, Martin Luther. Many well-meaning persons will be shocked to find the hero of the Reformation aspect even of touching a slang dictionary, much less of editing it; but Luther, like all great men of past times—as well as past times themselves,—has two characters—the real and the ideal. In the ideal character it is that he lives in the minds of most of his admirers,—an attitudinizing statue, cold and motionless, purified of most things that belong to every-day humanity. In the real character it was that he lived, and got his living, performed his work, and secured his immortality. Shakespeare was not always writing plays, and never stood in that ridiculous listening posture in which he has been represented, with one elbow on a short column, supporting the finger placed upon his brow, and with his body possibly bent like his own Orestes. This is the ideal Shakespeare; the real Shakespeare ate and drank, and poshed, and played at skittles; and so did the great Luther,—with the exception of punching. There is nothing marvellous in the fact, or supposed fact, that the old Reformer edited a "Book of Vagabonds," any more than in that of Chaucer being an excellent accountant.

This "Book of Vagabonds" (discarding the antiquarian details, printed at Wittemberg in the year 1529, shows us, what we might fully expect,—that the tricks of beggars and impostors, as practised in Germany in Luther's time, were the same tricks known in England a few years later, and still known amongst existing rogues and tramps. Whether we look to Thomas Harpman's book, which was a translation of Andrew Boorde's "The Booke of the Properties of Simple Medecines," or to Harriens's Description of England, prefixed to Holinshed's Chronicle,—to Greene,—to Decker, or Henry Mayhew, we have still the same record; there are the rogues with patched cloaks, who begged with their wives; those with forged licences and letters, who pretended to collect for hospitals; those afflicted with the falling sickness,—fresh-water mariners, with tales of a dreadful shipwreck; and many more who are now howling under our windows. It wants no elaborate discourse, no army of authorities, to prove that idleness, or that moderate industry which does nothing but tramp gently from place to place, will always be attractive as long as it yields a living. The number of beggars keeps pace with the population,—for begging is not an unprofitable calling. The "distressed family," who move slowly along the middle of the road, bellowing that intermittent port-song, as they glance upwards with the keenness of monkeys, at the windows, will visit a hundred London streets in the course of the day, and, perhaps, a penny from some kindly passer-by will keep them a year. This it is that nourishes beggars and vagabonds, and causes them to run neck-and-neck with the growth of civilization.

Luther's "Book of Vagabonds" begins by describing the Stabblers, or Bread-Gatherers,—who tramp through the country from one saint to another, with their wives and children, and their long hanging tails of signs of all the saints,—their cloaks being made out of a hundred pieces. They go to the peasants, who give them bread, and each of these Stabblers has six or seven knaves, and carries with him a pot, plate, spoon, flask, and whatever is needed for the journey. These same Stabblers never leave off begging, nor do their children, from infancy until the day of their death, for the beggar's staff keeps the fingers warm, and they neither will nor can work.

Next come the Lousers, or liberated prisoners,—knaves, who say they have lain in prison six or seven years, and carry chains with them wherein, they say, they were confined for years in infidel for their Christian faith.

Then follow the Klenkers, or Squeepers,—beggars who sit at church-doors, and attend fairs with sore and broken legs: one has no foot, another no shank, a third no hand or arm. Many a one ties a leg up, or besmears an arm with sulver, and all the while as little aids him as other men. They can run, when kicked, as fast as horses.

After this come Debasers, or chibb-mendicants—who "toech" for diseases; Kamseneries, or learned beggars—who (like Baupfield Moore Carew) are naught young men of good education, who have taken to a tramping life—vagrant strollers, or small conjurers; Grantners, or knaves pretending a deadly sickness; Deeters, or false pilgrims; Schepplers, or false begging priests; Guckiers, or blind beggars; Scheufelders, or false and shivering mendicants; Voppers, or pretended maniacs; and a hundred other impostors.

As the translator of this book observes (and he knows something of his subject, having compiled the best and most curious slang Dictionary ever published), "the Stroller, or master of the black art, is yet heard of in our rural districts. The simple farmer believes him to be weatherwise, and should his crops go wrong, he crosses the fellow's hand with a piece of silver, in order that things may be righted." The Withners, or finders of pretended silver fingers, are now a-days represented by the "famey diggers," who dig up counterfeit gold rings. Toners, or card-sharppers, are, unfortunately, still to be met with on public maces,—cozens, and the Over-Sonnen-goers, or pretended distressed gentry, who went about "neatly-dressed," with false letters, would seem to have been the originals of our modern "begging-letter writers." Those half-damned-looking impostors with white, and the bing, or carefully-brushed threadbare coats, who stand on the curbs of our public thoroughfares and beg, with a few sticks of sealing-wax in their hands, were known in Luther's time as Goose-sharers." Another class, known amongst London street-folk as "Shivering Jemmins," were found in Germany under the title of Schwanfilders; and men who main children, then carry them about to excite pity; borrowers of children for the same purpose; beggars who pretend to suffer from fits, with their mouths crammed full of soap to produce foam; travelling quack doctors, and tinkers who mend one hole in a kettle and make two, are all to be found in Luther's "Book of Vagabonds."

This volume is, in a great measure, an antiquarian book, and it got up with the most careful attention to binding and type; but the subject it deals with must interest a very wide circle of readers. In the former book, alluded to by the same author (the "Dictionary of Modern Cant, Slang, and Vulgar Terms"), those half-damned-looking vagabonds were called upon to write in cyphers, and used by tramps and thieves were carefully given. As shown in Mr. Rawlinson's "Report to the General Board of Health, Parish of Havant, Hampshire," the vagrant's marks and pantomimic signs, with the use of cant terms, form together a secret language extremely useful to rogues and vagabonds, who, as we have seen, are to be seen throughout our country, in streets, and house-steps, and they inform the initiated beggar of all he requires to know. A simple cross X means "no good; they are too poor and too knowing;" a mark like the prongs of a pitchfork means "go in this direction, there is nothing the other way;" a diamond Δ means "good, safe for a potato, if you like;" a triangle Δ means "spelt by too many tramps;" a square □ means "unfavourable—mind the dog;" a circle with a spile in its centre ○ means "dangerous—sure of a month in prison;" and a circle with a cross in it ⊕ means "religious, but tidy on the whole."

Since the above work was published, and its information circulated, many country gentry have placed the square upon their gates, and the beggar, who has once had a singular immunity from alms-seekers in consequence. Apart from the historical interest attached to such books, they appear, from this, to have a certain utilitarian value.

EARLY WRITINGS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD.*

UNDER the title of "Brownrigg Papers," Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has collected some of the scattered writings published by his father between 1830 and 1840. Its title is adopted from the *nom de plume* of Henry Brownrigg, originally attached to some of the articles, and, we think, to be regretted, as it certainly fails to convey to the public the slightest intimation either of the contents, or the authorship of the papers. It is a pity, especially, who would be eager to read anything that bore the name of Douglas Jerrold, will pass by the "Brownrigg Papers" with indifference.

The Papers, which consist of tales and sketches contributed to annuals and magazines, are strikingly characteristic of that special manner of verbal playfulness, with a purpose under it, which the writer afterwards cultivated more earnestly, but more successfully. We have here the germs of his wit and his taste; the first flavour of a style which subsequent practice sharpened and brightened rather than mellowed, and which, if it be advantage and less vivid in these early specimens than in later works, has the advantage, upon the whole, of being simpler and quieter. The difference is only the difference of age. Even without the assistance of the title-page it would be impossible to mistake the hand of Douglas Jerrold in these pages. The rapid seizure of grotesque contrasts and similitudes, the instinctive abhorrence of alms and pretences of all kinds, the prodigality with which brilliant word-paradoxes are scattered about, the tendency to eccentric ways of representing the virtues, and the sparkling and airy and cheerful pleasantness which a trait, or a nickname, or a mark of humorous scorn is burned in for ever, are as thickly sown in this volume as in almost any of its author's productions. But it is here that we discover, even more than in most of his publications, the secret of his peculiar way of writing.

Jerrold, as a dramatist—as a writer of the stage, dramatist,—who undertook for a salary to produce plays as fast as they were wanted, for a theatre-troupe establishment, in the days of rough-and-ready stage government. His first laborious experiences as a writer were in the production of pieces in which action was the predominant element, modelled over with the light and shade of local humour, and no less true to the scene than the scene itself, with a dialogue of corresponding variety. It might be supposed that this kind of training would generate a loose and disorderly style of expression. Quite the contrary. Dramatic language, if we may employ such a phrase, is an art in itself. They must be packed into such pieces as we have described an infinite deal of rubbish, so far as sentiment, truth, and common-sense are concerned, and the best of them, as literary exercises, will not bear the test of perusal. We are speaking of them not in this point of view, but merely as vehicles of dialogue, without reference to the quality of the matter. It is obvious that where the movement of the play is paramount to everything else, there cannot be much room for making long speeches. The talk must be dense within the narrowest compass consistent with clearness, and it must keep close to the actual business going forward. The first lesson, then, that the impatient dramatist learns is the art of suppression—a wholesome lesson in all crafts, and one which, in this particular craft, brings severe hardly less useful corrections to the truth. He has to learn to be absolute, and necessity of keeping within certain limits; of resisting all temptations to indulge in displays of eloquence that might disturb the equilibrium of the

* The Book of Vagabonds and Beggers. Edited by Martin Luther. 1529. Translated into English, with Notes, &c. by John Kemmer. London: Hotten. Modern Slang Dictionary. London: Hotten.

* The Brownrigg Papers. By Douglas Jerrold. London: J. C. Hotten.

plot; and, being thus restricted in what he is to say, of condensing what he says into the fewest possible number of words. He finds out precisely the profound meaning of the Shakespearean aim, that "brevity is the soul of wit;" and in the progress to this discovery he incessantly acquires a method of presenting his ideas with a degree of pungency and force unknown to him when he began. This is what may be called dramatic language. Not only is every superfluous word weeded out, but the structure of the sentence is framed with a view to get at the result by the shortest route. Every mode of expression that does not tend to this intention instantaneously is avoided. The habit of mind which is generated by the practice of this kind of writing drops unconsciously upon the key-words of a sentence, and comes at length to cast its ideas intuitively in this form. The ear of an audience must be carried at once, or all is lost. There is no possibility of remedying a blunder, no going back to clear up an obscurity, no time for reflection; the language of the dramatist must be explicit, dense, and brief. To accomplish his ends he cultivates assiduously all the figures of composition adapted to his purpose. No man knows so well as the dramatist the value of descending swiftly upon his climax, and hurrying it up for his last word, so that it shall not be anticipated by the audience, and the laugh come before its time. He is equally dexterous and cunning in the use of the antithesis, the most important of all devices in the architecture of stage dialogue. Sometimes these resources are rather overworked, as in Holcroft's "Road to Ruin," where the dialogue is the subtlest extract of expression, and in Sheridan's comedies, where the artifice of the writing is perpetually peeping out. As an instance of the extremity to which Sheridan carried his balance of sound in the formation of an antithesis, take the famous speech of Charles Surface to Sir Oliver. "Mr. Premium, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow, who wants money to borrow; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has money to lend; you and I, therefore, ought to give fifty per cent. sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are ready enough to take a hundred, if you can get it."

To the early study of this art of concise expression, of giving the pith and purpose of a sentence the necessary incisive effect, we apprehend Douglas Jerrold owed not only much of his literary success, but the success of his career. In the volume before us we have innumerable examples of the stage habit coming into play in prose, where writers who are not dramatists would consider it out of place. One or two instances will abundantly illustrate what we mean.

Here is a reversed doctor, in the country, writing to his former pupil, who has sunk his whole fortune; at the doctor's instigation, in the purchase of the appointment of gentleman-at-arms, which the doctor considers a military position of high rank.

"I cannot disguise to myself (writes the doctor) the pleasing fact, that it was I who fanned within your youthful breast the warlike spark with which the indolent Mr. Noddy, your father, endeavored to smother you. I will not shrink from the confession, it was I who, remembering your lady pension for scarlet morocco shoes, predicted your martial propensities; it was I who, anxiously watching the growing development of that preference, proposed that there was something in it and that you should be a soldier."

The passage is more expanded than it would have been had it been written for delivery from the stage; but the *method*, and the manner of marshalling the points, are entirely in the dramatic spirit, down to the telling climax on the word "leather." Nothing can be more unlikely probability than that such a passage should occur in a letter from a tutor to his pupil; and nothing can be more consistent with the extravagant and preposterous humor of a farce. The misuse of the means only shows in what grove the fancy of the writer was most accustomed to run.

Jerrold might have thrown off in conversation, as he did a thousand better things, the following joke on a cold-blooded journal that never praised anything—

"It is a positive fact that, even at Midsummer, the printers' devil, when the 'wet blanket' is 'got up,' save the copy, and, laying it upon the floor, shake over it."

In a more serious vein, but still rising up to its epigrammatic close, is what he says about Wieland, the famous actor of stage devils:—

"It is to be regretted that he ever

"To the physicians gave up what was meant for mankind."

"It is, and must ever be, a matter of sorrow, not only to his best wishes, but to the friends of the world at large, that those high qualifications, those surpassing powers of dactylic plagues, viracity, and impudence, which have made Mr. Wieland's devils the *chef-d'œuvre* of the infernal, had not been suffered to ripen in the genial climate of diplomacy."

The line above cited was a favorite quotation with Jerrold. He once applied it much more felicitously to poor Launton Blanchard, who at that time used to go out a great deal into society. Blanchard, said Jerrold,

"To parties gave up what was meant for mankind."

FRENCH LITERATURE AND RUSSIAN LITERARY SCANDAL.

In the French field widely in politics, manners, and customs, from the English, there is, at least, one field in which they have no superiority: the Epics of the Middle Ages, and in particular the traditions concerning King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table.*

For the space of three or four centuries, Chaucerian and the adventures of King Arthur have been the favorite theme among poets, and one to which they have indulged the full powers of their imagination, and the whole range of their poetical fancies.

But although it is clear, at first sight, that the various legends of King Arthur and his companions owe their origin to Great Britain, and particularly to Wales, the French writers, who to absorbing spirit of appropriation which characterizes them, have long maintained that this romantic history emanated from the brains of French poets.

In vain has Walter Scott asserted facts in favor of a Welsh origin; in vain has a learned Frenchman, better informed than his countrymen, affirmed that this legend was the most ancient and the least contestable

tradition of the Anglo-Britons,—the French would not yield their claim, and Raynoud, Danson, Faurel, and others, still denied that this epic owed its origin to the Cambrians, and all this despite the old and well-known historical and romantic history of Geoffrey of Monmouth—*Geoffrey of Monmouth's* *Historia Regum Britannie*.

It is curious that the German critics, W. Schlegel, Gervinus, and Wilmar, concurred in this opinion with the French.

The author of the work we are reviewing, well acquainted with the legends of Wales and French writers, has examined carefully the sources, and has proved most satisfactorily the Celtic origin of the history of King Arthur.

Foreign philology is generally a difficult study for the French, as they are not so well versed in languages as the Northern nations; but lately great progress has been made, and M. Housset, de la Villemarqué, has shown himself perfectly acquainted with the curious subject he examines. The Welsh author, Owen, was one of the first in the *Cambrian Register* and the *Cambrian Magazine*, to give a translation of some of the legendary tales, romances of the Welsh Britons. Lady Charlotte Guest, making use of the same manuscript at the beginning of the fourteenth century which had been previously examined by Owen, in *Jessu College*, Oxford, published the well-known "Mabinogion," wherein the manners, customs, ideas, and traditions are evidently all belonging to the old Welsh or Celtic literature.

The authenticity of these legendary traditions cannot be doubted, as they are attested from the beginning of the twelfth century by irrefragable witnesses.

The Welsh bishop, Gerald de Barry, the famous GILBERT CAMERON, mentions these tales as being written, even at that time, in the language of the country; "Cauldric scripta in libris eorum antiquis et authenticis." Marie de France not only confirms this, but her own history in Wales where she found the originals of these legends: it was in the unknown monastery of St. Asaph, in the town of Carleau, Glamorganshire. But even had they not been mentioned as so early a date, it would be sufficient to compare them with the oldest French tales, to demonstrate that they are much anterior to these. The legend of King Arthur, the starting point of the romances of the Round Table, was first put into French verse by Robert Wace, in 1155. At the same period appeared another version in prose, by Eilic de Borron and Rusticien de Pise. Since then it has been amplified and paraphrased in all the languages of Europe.

M. de Villemarqué proves, by comparing all the principal characters in King Arthur's history in the Welsh and in the French tradition, that long before 1155 the Cambrian bard had made this legend popular.

In "Myrridan" (Archæology of Wales), Falestin, one of the bards, is represented in the seventh or eighth century, as being the author of a poem wherein King Arthur already appears as the hero. It is well known, moreover, that centuries before the French *romances* and *trouvades* language had been formed out of corrupt Latin, the Armorican of Gaul and the Britons of Albion had a national idiom and a national popular poetry.

It is very curious and interesting to observe in M. de Villemarqué's book the comparison he draws between the various characters of King Arthur's story, according to their Welsh or Breton origin, and the French principal heroes, Gervais, or Gervaisier, wife of the king, is curiously enough represented by both nations as quarrelsome, haughty, and very unamiable, although beautiful.

In the "Myrridan" quoted before, there is a remarkable dialogue between the Queen and Arthur, written in the twelfth century, wherein the former makes a point of asserting at everything the King says, and contradicting him on every question, which is far from characteristic of the tender, loving Gervais who we have been in the habit of picturing to ourselves.

Arthur, on his side, appears under two different aspects. As late as the year 888, the Cambrian bard Neuen, who affirms that he has consulted the ancient traditions of the Britons, describes him as the son of "Ulther with the Dragon's Head," the invincible warrior, but somewhat Pagan in his ideas; while a little later he is represented as a Christian hero, who, predecessor of Geoffrey of Bouillon, visits the Holy Sepulchre.

M. de Villemarqué renders the period of all these different traditions very attractive, by long quotations from the various original works, so that the history of the principal personages of the mythological as well as of the poetical tradition relating to King Arthur, is passed in review, and gives us complete information upon every subject connected with them. The chapters on Merlin and Vivien, on Launcelot and Gervais, on Tristan and Isolt, are especially interesting, and so clear and English in style, that they would be very acceptable to the general reader, and might even elicit some new information on the popular subject of King Arthur and his court.

Prince Pierre Dolgoukoff, who published, some months ago, a book called "The Truth on Russia," a book which gave great offence to the *Usars*, has recently printed in London a pamphlet of six hundred pages, which contains many curious facts, and wherein he announces the publication of other works likely to be highly exciting to public curiosity.

This correspondence contains a letter from the Prince to Count Kisselev, the Russian ambassador in Paris, who had requested him to answer three questions:—1. If the prince objects to withdraw his work, "The Truth on Russia," from public circulation? 2. If he objected to leave Paris? 3. If he still considered himself a Russian subject? The prince replied that he neither intends to withdraw his work, nor to leave Paris, and answers in the affirmative on the last point. After having given his reasons for so doing, he announces, moreover, to Count Kisselev, his intention of publishing, as soon as convenient:—1. The History of Russia from 1847 to 1859; 2. Memoirs on Russia from 1832 to 1834; 3. A Biographical and Genealogical Dictionary of the Russian Families; and lastly, his personal memoirs, which he began in 1834, and which escaped the vigilance of the police, who, in 1843, seized all his papers.

Such a list of books from the pen of a man like Prince Dolgoukoff, promises a fine field of scandal concerning Russia and the Russians. There has also been an exchange of letters between him and the Russian consul-general in London, who, according to the instructions he had received from the emperor, invited the prince to return immediately to Russia. The latter

* Les Romances de la Table Ronde et les Contes des Anciens Bretons. Par M. le Vicomte Housset de la Villemarqué. Paris: Lefevre et Co. 1860.

* Correspondance du Prince Pierre Dolgoukoff avec le Gouvernement Russe. In 32mo. 1860.

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No. 6.]

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

THE GREAT POOH-POOH!

WE live in the age of the great PooH-PooH! Talleyrand's advice to a young diplomatist was, above all things, to avoid zeal. The Tories and Whigs—or Conservatives and Liberals of our islands—as represented by their leaders in Parliament, act upon Talleyrand's dictum. If they ever show zeal, it is in the struggle for office; and the earnestness which they sometimes display is not in the discussion of public questions, but in the desire to keep their places. Earnestness in the management of public affairs went out of fashion when, amid a burst of excitement too hot to last, the first Reform Bill was carried. Lord Melbourne—good easy man—set the example of PooH-curantism, and installed the great PooH-PooH on the Treasury benches, where it has ever since been enthroned as the guide and the exemplar of all our Ministers, actual or expectant. The last of the earnest ministers was Sir Robert Peel, and his earnestness ruined his party and saved his country. Nowadays, to elicit laughter in the House is the highest achievement of the governmental mind; or, if laughter be not always to be had, personal invective—keen and polished—supplies its place. But principle—or a real light in its support—is not to be thought of. Principle is troublesome. Its pursuit may involve personal or party sacrifice. It may make things unpleasant; and is it not wiser to adjourn unpleasantness to the Greek Kalends, and do homage to the great PooH-PooH, king of men and solver of difficulties?

Yet, even in this unearnest age, it is astonishing what an amount of work a little earnestness may accomplish. The country was earnest in its determination to crush the Indian rebellion—and it was crushed. The last Ministry was not in earnest in introducing a Reform Bill, and Reform was postponed *sine die*. The present Ministry cared as little for the question as its predecessors,—paraded a measure of reform before the country, and then abandoned it without a pang, in deference to the authority of the great and invincible PooH-PooH. The present Administration also introduced a flaring budget, about which no one but Mr. Gladstone, its unhappy parent, seemed to care a straw; and month after month the occupants of the Treasury benches held its principal provisions altered, neutralized, or defeated, by friends and foes, as if it were quite legitimate for any outsider to take indecent liberties with ministerial measures, and as if it were the sole business of Ministers to worship PooH-PooH—and keep their places. For want of a little earnestness on the part both of the Ministers and of the Commons, the House of Lords was allowed to introduce the wedge of a Revolution into the privileges and functions of the popular branch of the Legislature, and to assert a claim to open or shut the purse of the nation. Had any other principle than PooH-PooH been acknowledged by our Administration, battle would have been offered to the Lords upon this vital principle; a little wholesome energy would have been displayed throughout the land, and the Lords would have been defeated so thoroughly, as to have removed from their minds for fifty years to come the idea of any renewal of such an unwise and unconstitutional attempt.

Within the last two or three weeks, it would seem as if the great PooH-PooH had been losing favour in the ministerial ranks, and as if a conviction had been silently springing up in that uncongenial soil, that, after all, earnestness in the right cause is not only not a vice, but may actually become a virtue. Lord Palmerston took the lead, and upon the subject of the National Defence, spoke out as a

man of the seventeenth or eighteenth century would have spoken, or as William Pitt would have spoken in the early days of the nineteenth. The nation was and is indubitably in earnest on this subject, as its noble army of 130,000 Volunteers and Riflemen is sufficient to prove; and the Prime Minister, lighting his torch at this national blaze, waved it aloft in the face of Parliament and the world. No PooH-PooH entered into his speech or his purpose, on that occasion; and the result was that earnestness carried the day, forced the great Emperor of the French to speak out more plainly in favour of peace and of the British alliance than ever he had spoken before; and to exalt, by his so doing, the moral power and influence of this country, not alone in France, but in every part of Europe.

This earnestness having answered so well, the Ministry resolved to display a little more of it in another direction. Though the Lords had been foolishly suffered, on account of the deference paid to the great PooH-PooH, to mutilate Mr. Gladstone's Budget, and reimpose the Excise Duty upon Paper, which the Commons, in the exercise of their rightful prerogative, had abolished, it was resolved to make a stand upon the Treaty with France, and to abolish, in accordance with the spirit and the letter of that treaty, as well as with the recognized principles of Free Trade, the Customs Duty upon the importation of foreign paper—a duty not levied for the purposes of revenue, when it does not admit the principle of protection in any other article or commodity whatsoever. The hostile parties arrayed themselves in battle order. But as it was felt by every member that the Government had temporarily, if not permanently, renounced its allegiance to PooH-PooH, and had resolved not to be defeated without passing upon the House the sentence of dissolution—the Government carried the day, as a matter of course. If earnestness had been as much the rule of ministerial conduct at the commencement and in the middle of the Session as it seems to be at its close, the House of Lords would have been as easily dealt with as the House of Commons, and the Government would have stood much higher than it does in the estimation of the country.

Let us hope that the great PooH-PooH is not to be reinstated during the short remainder of the Session, and that we shall hear no more of him in the conduct of the affairs of this nation. Nero fiddled when Rome was burning, in honour of the PooH-PooH of that epoch, and history tells us the result. Louis XVI. and his advisers danced, and sang, and feasted, in 1787, 1788, and 1789,—all in honour of PooH-PooH; but a few short years made an end alike of PooH-PooH and of his whole system of Government, and inaugurated a terrible, but perhaps necessary earnestness in its place. There are serious times coming for Europe; states and kingdoms to be overthrown and created; and popular liberty and despotic authority marshalling their hosts for a sharp and sanguinary conflict. The two foremost men in Europe—the Emperor of the French and Joseph Garibaldi—are the two most earnest men in it. If one of them does not always mean what he says, he has a meaning in the depths of his mind; and when he acts, his actions have a more terrible earnestness than that of any other potentate of our time. Garibaldi, earnest alike in word and in deed, has made himself what he is by this great virtue. There is no PooH-curantism, or sham, about him. No postponement of the truth, to serve the purposes of the moment, is discoverable in his career. And without this earnestness neither of these remarkable persons would

have reached the pinnacle of power upon which they severally stand—the one the incarnation of pure patriotism as the other is of a lofty ambition. While such actors for good or for evil are playing their parts in the mighty drama of contemporaneous history, we must have earnest men at the head of affairs in this country, or mischief both abroad and at home will be the certain consequence. It will not do for the people or the existing race of statesmen to ignore great questions because they are troublesome. Such questions must be looked at face to face, and settled, not according to Poot-Poot, but by earnest and honest work, or the meanest amongst us may live to rue the day.

THE SYRIAN INTERVENTION.

EVENTS are marching rapidly towards the downfall of the Turkish Empire. The Emperor Napoleon has despatched his legatus to Syria, to aid the unwilling Sultan in the restoration of order, and in the punishment of the Druses for the massacre of the Christians. "A great cause precedes the French flag," as the Emperor says to his army, "and a great people follow it." The fine words are but too true; but it is a misfortune alike for Turkey and for Europe, and perhaps for France, that they are so. They inaugurate a new Crusade, the course and conclusion of which no man can predict or foresee; but which, to the imagination as well as to the judgment of all who have studied what is called the Eastern Question, look ominously like the precursor of the general war which will follow, if it do not precede, the expulsion of the Turks from Europe. A sovereign who requires the assistance of a foreign power to bring back the obedience of any portion of his subjects, commits both a blunder and a crime. His allies may prop up his falling power, for a time, by such an expedient, but the prop becomes, at a later period, the instrument of a mightier evil. The remedy is worse than the disease; as Austria found to her cost in accepting, in an evil hour, the assistance of Russia against Kosuth. It will be still worse with Turkey; for the Sultan is weaker than the Kaiser; and French aid will be more dearly bought. The happiest thing that could happen either to Turkey or to Europe, in the present menacing position of affairs, would be the punishment of the Druses by the Sultan himself, before the arrival of the French, and the restoration of peace and tranquillity to Syria, by means and measures under the sole control of the Ottoman Government. But such a result is not to be expected; and if the "sick man" do not go off in strong convulsions, it will not be for want of maladies in that decaying frame, or for want of expectant heirs or plunders to seize upon the estate, ere the breath is out of the body. Because Russia desired to protect the Christians in 1853, the Western Powers of Europe coalesced to support the independence of the Sultan; and because in 1860 the Sultan cannot himself protect the Christians, the same Western Powers combine to render his authority despised by his own people—to do for him what he ought to have done for himself—and to proclaim to Turks as well as Christians, and to all the greedy and insatiable Powers upon his frontiers, that his dignity is a sham—his throne not worth a straw—and his whole empire a falling house, which may be shored up to-day, but is certain to tumble to-morrow.

The partition of Poland was a mighty wrong, which has never yet been atoned for. What shall we say of the partition of Turkey? Nothing, at present, beyond stating the fact that the sanguinary and terrible conflict between the Druses and the Maronites was pre-arranged by cunning heads, to work out a foregone conclusion. These barbarous tribes are puppets, but the strings that move them are worked by dexterous hands. The downfall of Turkey may be salutary, and even necessary, but those who expel the catastrophe for their own selfish ends, are none the less conspirators and murderers.

FULFILLED PREDICTIONS AND HINTS FOR THE FUTURE.

IT is sometimes thought that the astuteness of the Emperor of the French lies in his habit of planning an enterprise with a secrecy that defies detection. There is truth in this supposition to some extent; but still it is not the whole truth. There are instances enough on record in which Louis Napoleon has let transpire not merely a general outline of the policy he intended to pursue, but has even allowed the whole secret of his ambition to lie naked before men's eyes. Even in his long ago days of exile he seems to have made this manner of proceeding a part of his very system. The *Ries Napoléonienne*, written by him when in banishment, and in which we can at present trace by far the greater portion of his subsequent doings, are a striking proof of this peculiarity. Those who know something of his former life in London, remember many of the *dicta* in which he clearly sketched out his future proceedings in matters where one might think he would have considered it prudent to keep silence. Thus he is reported to have foretold that if in power he would not rest until the city of Paris had been cut up into rectangular sections, divided by large streets on a broad statistical plan. The *overcrowded* class, he added, would thereby be driven, by the dearth of lodgings, to the outskirts of Paris, and thus the political character of

the turbulent city would be altered. We know that, since the *coup d'état*, nothing has been left undone to carry out this pet plan of his early musings.

The *coup d'état* itself is another proof of our assertion. How often had that event been predicted with boasting confidence by Louis Napoleon's own adherents! How often, from 1850 to 1851 was the public opinion of France startled by the ghastly spectre which the hand of the future Decembrists chalked on the walls of the Constitution! It is true, no sooner had a panic been created than Government hastened to discontinue itself from its authors. A moment of sudden terror was thus always followed by an increased movement of public confidence. Men became disgusted with their own anxiety. They voted their better political instinct a deception, and the "alarmist party" a bore. They fell asleep on the brink of a precipice; and when a sneaking at the sound of the booming cannon, were hurried into the abyss which engulfed the Empire of France. This, in fact, was the system of Louis Napoleon: so to wear out the alarm-ery of an impending *coup d'état* as to render it almost a subject of ridicule, and at the same time to take off, in prospective, the edge of public indignation for the real event whenever he should be able to bring it about. In this way, strange as it may seem, the very publication of his secret became, by its reiteration, the best means of rendering all the world incredulous to it. Men said—"If he really intended a *coup d'état*, would he bid his agents to tell us beforehand! No! Therefore the assertion must be absurd, and the whole thing a bugbear." But, nevertheless, the 2nd of December came in due time, and with it the answer to all that.

In foreign politics as well there have been remarkable predictions, which must be traced to a pronounced indiscretion on his part. So far back as January, 1852, there appeared in a continental journal, which from time to time has received early news from Paris, a sketch of the whole foreign policy as pursued since then by the French Emperor. We allude to the *Gazette de Cologne*. One of the Paris correspondents of that paper, in January, 1852, wrote the following remarkable communication:—

"If I am correctly informed, and I think I have every reason to believe that I am, Louis Napoleon intends (at home as well as abroad) to replace, by a more active policy, the merely negative one which is at present in vogue. For such an active and bold policy, Louis Napoleon thinks Lord Palmerston would be the only willing ally. The President, if enabled to be known, desires to press the solution of the Eastern question—to stand in this question on the side of England—then to claim England's support in Italy, where, in alliance with Piedmont, he intends to proceed against Austria. The Republic (France) will be augmented by Savoy and Nice. Saxony will be undertaken for it by the assistance of Prussia, the Emperor, Göttingen, Modena, and Lecce; and in order to carry out this plan against the opposition of Austria, no war will be avoided; whilst England will take care that the Italian war shall not enlarge itself into a European one."

Here, in 1852, a few weeks after the assumption of irresponsible power by Louis Napoleon, is sketched out the Lovatlette mission, the Anglo-French alliance, the Russian war, the attack upon Austria, the aggrandizement of Piedmont, the annexation of Savoy and Nice, together with the neutrality of England, and the localization of the Italian war—all this in the order as it happened!—surely a startling revelation, which may well set men thinking, now that the prediction has been fulfilled in its entirety. With such a guide at our elbow, in what light must we read the honeyed letter, full of peaceful asseverations, which the Emperor of the French has in the last few days addressed to his ambassador in London. Would that in the present juncture we had a similar reliable guide for his future movements!

However, if we carefully dig in the past, we may come upon some further remarkable hints, thrown out at an early time on projects the execution of which seems at present upon the verge of being attempted. Thus, as early as 1849, we find the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Louis Napoleon openly justifying the arrest and prosecution of the envoys of the popular governments of Baden and the Palatinate, by declaring that they were "the bitter enemies of that tendency of the French people to extend their frontiers to the Rhine!" This extraordinary statement was made in full sitting of the Assembly Legislative, and the words we have put in marks of quotation are contained in the official report of the *Moniteur*.

In Germany, the eyes of whose patriots are at present watchfully directed on the Rhenish intrigues of the French Government, a small pamphlet has recently been published, giving startling facts on this particular point. Amongst other curiosities, it contains an Appeal, written in 1853, of a pretended German Revolutionary Committee at Paris, to the German soldiers, urging upon these latter to make common cause with Louis Napoleon when he shall appear on the Rhine! We need not say that the so-called Revolutionary Committee was merely a sham—nothing but an affiliate body of the French Prefecture. The real German democracy never has dreamt of entering into the plans of the French Emperor. On the contrary, it has always been, as Louis Napoleon's Foreign Minister correctly stated in 1849, the bitter enemy of that tendency of France to "extend the frontier to the Rhine."

Remarkable, in the Appeal before mentioned, is the fact that it contains (in 1853!) a phrase which is to be found almost literally in

the Milan Manifesto of 1859. It is one of the favourite sophisms of Louis Napoleon, and runs to this effect—"He who is the enemy of your princes must needs be your friend." Of the text of that Appeal a translation may be found in *The Times* of March 24, 1853. We will only transcribe a solitary passage—"Support, therefore," says the writer, to the German soldiers,—"support that which at any rate you cannot prevent! Offer the hand of friendship to the *grande armée* of France, when, led by its august Emperor, it shall cross the Rhine, and drive over to its right bank those miscreant princes who are the enemies of your national unity!" This was written in 1853. The authors of that manifesto are renegades from their common country,—men in the pay of the French Government. Their names are notorious as those of spies and *agents provocateurs*, who write from "official inspiration." Perhaps their lucubrations will, however, one day become similarly significant with the prophecy above quoted, touching the wars of Louis Napoleon in Russia and Italy.

THE BADEN CONFERENCE—AND AN OLD PROJECT NEWLY REVIVED.

AFTER the preceding article was written, and in type, we received from a correspondent in Germany, who derives his information from sources of unquestionable authority, the following remarkable letter. Whether the statements it makes be true or untrue, they are worthy of anxious note, as showing the distrust of Germany, and the deep-rooted conviction that whatever may be said to the contrary in France or elsewhere, Napoleonism means in 1860 what it did in the days of its founder—a Rhinish frontier for the French Empire. The statement made by Mr Berlin correspondent will certainly be contradicted;—but let it be contradicted as often as it may, and by whatever authority, the Germans, we suspect, will believe it to be true, and act as much upon the defensive as if the fact were avowed.

"BERLIN, Aug. 2, 1860.

"Truly we are in the era of revolutions. Our history is like an old Spanish comedy of intrigue, of which every scene is a surprise. At every turn a *Deus ex machina*, which I think you call in English 'a devil-in-the-box,' jumps out upon us,—not to unravel but to complicate the plot. Mr. Kinkel edited the Parliament with details of the meeting of Verona; Lord Palmerston electrified it by his tardy-defiant speech; the male *béglés* of politics then comes forward to scold nervous financiers with one of his inimitable epistles, and still the tangled comedy has not reached its *dénouement*.

"The secrets of Fribourg and Vienna have transpired, and I am in a position to offer you some authentic details of the projects broached at Baden. The conference was initiated upon for the purpose of bringing that mesmeric influence—on which Louis Napoleon prides himself—to bear upon the Prince Regent, and thus to exert his assent to a more splendid offer than Prussian ambition ever dreamed of. The proposed dates from the late Baron de Böttger's journey to Paris, and it was made in the joint names of Russia and France. In turning a deaf ear to so magnificent an offer, the Prince proved himself either a hero or a fool, according as we estimate political rectitude to be a positive or a negative quantity.

"To Prussia was offered the whole of Germany, from the frontiers of Austria and Switzerland to the extremity of Jutland, on the simple condition of aiding Russia in the East, and of ceding the left bank of the Rhine to France. In the original it runs thus—'*La Prusse aura l'Allemagne (de la frontière d'Autriche et de Suisse jusqu'au bord de Jutland) l'Allemagne tout entière . . . peut être Vienne . . . mais elle aidera la Russie en Orient, et elle cèdera le l'Alsace et toute la rive gauche du Rhin à la France.*'

"There are many points to be remarked in these few lines, and each of them brings into relief the talent of their author. The Schopenhauer-Holstein question is set at rest by the words 'to the extremity of Jutland'—the chief cause of distrust which has kept the German people separated from Prussia is thus removed. 'Perhaps Vienna'—as once a liege and a menace! It is a grand idea to make Prussia cede to France the Palatinate, which belongs to Bavaria, proving how the real artist improves each time that he repeats a picture. Nicot and Savoy belonged to Victor Emmanuel when he promised them to his great ally. The poor Scandinavians will perhaps be astonished in their French syndicates at finding that bit of Jutland thrown into the bargain, but they will doubtless be compensated by recovering Norway, or seeing the rest of Denmark united to Sweden.

"All these arrangements have been brought to nought, or postponed, by the countess of the Prince Regent, whose old-fashioned dose of right is sadly behind his times. He saw in them only the means of gratifying his English friends by a reconciliation with Austria. It was at the suggestion of England that the meeting at Tübingen was agreed to—a meeting which alarmed the Liberal party here, and which threatens to be more fatal to the Prince's influence than the most serious mistakes in internal policy could have been. You do not understand in England that Prussia is stronger alone than in alliance with Austria. Such an alliance can never be sincere, for Austria cannot forget her prince were once sovereigns of Germany; and while her vital interests have ceased to be German, she still pretends to be the directing power. The German people has long been tired of this supremacy, and the mere suggestion of its revival would suffice to produce a general insurrection. Even the loss of the Rhine Provinces, with a compact Germany, would be more palatable than this. Yet our friends seek to push us back into this Austrian vortex, out of which we have been so painfully struggling, while our enemies offer us the imperial crown!"

A VERY IGNORANT TEACHER.

AN article published in the *Cornhill Magazine*, bearing the initials of "J. R.," known to be by Mr. Ruskin, is of such an extraordinary nature that it is impossible to allow it to pass unnoticed. Coming from a man of such high reputation, we hold it to be our duty to the public to expose some of its inaccuracies.

The great and continual prosperity enjoyed by England since 1842, when the principles of Political Economy were practically applied to commercial reform, is the triumph of that science. It has recommended more strongly than arguments, however forcible and eloquent, a similar course to other nations; and at present the principles of Political Economy have an influence in the councils of sovereigns which the works of the masters of the science never before obtained. Every kind of success, however, is followed by envy and detraction, and political economy is now more impugned by little minds, and more insidiously counteracted by some practical statesmen than ever.

Under such circumstances, Mr. Ruskin, by far the ablest of its assailants, has undertaken to discredit and demolish it altogether. Regardless of the testimony of facts, and of the high character of the men who, in every country of Europe, have devoted themselves to cultivate it, he does not hesitate to stigmatize "the modern *soi-disant* science of Political Economy" as "perhaps the most curious, and certainly the least credible," "among the delusions which, at different periods, have possessed themselves of the minds of large masses of the human race." Either this professed teacher of the public is grossly ignorant and grossly in error, or the legislation which the nation has of late most valued and most promoted is altogether wrong, and we must "sworn the economic principles taught to our multitudes," in order to avoid "national destruction."

We shall satisfy our readers, we hope, that this skilful writer presumptuously condemns a science which he has never studied, and which he does not in the least comprehend. He says that the "science of Political Economy is based on the idea that an advantageous code of social action may be determined irrespectively of the influence of social affections;" and that the political economist affirms "these affections to be accidental and disturbing elements in human nature, while avarice and the desire of progress are constant elements." Political Economy is not based on an idea, but on the great fact that life is sustained by labour. It is the science of industry and its consequences, bearing a similar relation to the whole of the affections and duties of society as the science of anatomy bears to the whole of animated nature. It is by no means perfect; but, considering that scarcely a century has elapsed since the first rationally attained, and that its losses are opposed to many prejudices and many sinister interests, it has made astonishing progress.

The economist assumes, because nature is at once harmonious and uniform, that the production of wealth, which includes food, and therefore includes the amount and increase or decrease of population, is an index to the general wellbeing; but he does not therefore disregard the social affections, any more than the chemist disregards the medicinal properties of matter, though he says nothing of them. All men, including legislators, regulate their actions by the widest possible survey they can take of all the circumstances of every case; but the scientific man expressly limits his attention to a special class of facts. By the consequences of the great fact on which the science of political economy is founded, the economist tests, and has tested, many political acts, and has pronounced them to be right or wrong. Some economists have advocated particular regulations, but no economist has ever said that a code of social action could be determined irrespectively of the social affections, or thought of eliminating them from consideration as disturbing elements. Mr. Ruskin's description of the science is a complete misrepresentation, born of a fancy so lively that it has been impossible to chain it to a sober consideration of the facts and principles he ignorantly and vehemently condemns.

He is "uninterested in the conclusions of the science," and has never studied it. He has in consequence fallen into a series of palpable errors, from which a knowledge of Political Economy would have saved him. In the interest of the labourers, for example, he asserts that "the natural and right system is that all labour should be paid at a fixed rate." Now, Political Economy has brought the fact very distinctly under the notice of the public that the workers in new arts, as they arise, naturally obtain higher wages than the workers in old arts. Gas-fitters, mule-spinners, and engine-drivers are everywhere better paid than agricultural labourers, handloom weavers, and vine-dressers. At present, higher wages continually attract men from the rural districts into the towns, and by that means those who remain behind are better paid. The gradual introduction, then, of new arts, which was notoriously the chief means of converting the serfs of Europe into free and well-paid artisans, has a constant tendency to keep up and to raise the wages of labour. A fixed rate—as, in fact, the legislator, by the Statute of Labourers, endeavoured in vain to fix—would have stopped this beneficent progress, and, could Mr. Ruskin's design be now carried out, it would prevent hereafter any rise in the rate of wages. However variable may be the produce of labour, all labour ought to be paid, he says, quite contrary to nature, "by an invariable standard." The

labourer is, therefore, never to have the benefit of improvements in art. A proposition more destructive of freedom, and more injurious to the labourer, stopping short of again reducing him to serfdom, which seems agreeable to the patriarchal ideas of this writer, can scarcely be conceived. It has not, however, the merit of originality; for it is nothing more, in substance, than the price-list of certain operatives which has doomed them, in Spitalfields and Coventry, to continued poverty and degradation in the midst of general improvement.

At the same time the proposition is an invasion of the rights of employers; and so much by mere fancy, that the passage in the Gospel of Matthew from which he has borrowed a text and the title of his article, is an emphatic vindication of the right he dears to invade. Our readers will remember the parable of the kingdom of heaven being like a householder who went out early in the morning to hire labourers for his vineyard. He agreed with them for a penny a day, but he gave a penny to those whom he hired, or was obliged to hire, at the eleventh hour, as to those who were hired at first. The first hired thought they should receive more, and they murmured against the good man of the house,—

"Saying, these last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us which have borne the heat and best of the day."

"But he answered one of them and said, Friend, I do thee no wrong; didst thou not agree with me for a penny?"

"That that thing is, and go thy way; I will give unto thee as thou shalt think."

"Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?"

It is scarcely possible to find the employer's right to agree with whom he requires, to help him, and to pay them according to the terms of his agreement, more clearly set forth. Mr. Ruskin quotes one line of this passage, and using the words "*unto this last*" as the title of his paper, founds on it—utterly disregarding every other part of the passage—his grand proposition that all labour should be paid at a fixed rate. Is not this to garble or pervert Scripture, in order to justify a gross invasion of the rights both of employers and labourers? At least, he uses Scripture to enforce a plan which Scripture condemns. He has obviously read the passage as he has read the writings of the Economists—so imperfectly, that he can only misconstrue and misrepresent.

Besides fixing the rate of wages, Mr. Ruskin thinks it desirable to establish means "of maintaining constant numbers of workmen in employment, whatever may be the accidental demand for the articles they produce." Now, Political Economy has ascertained and pointed out that the true and proper corrective for variations in any accidental demand for services are variations in the prices of commodities. These show at once the points where labour is and where it is not required. "Money price has been justly described as the nicely-poised balance with which Nature weighs and distributes to her children their respective shares of her gifts, to prevent waste, and make them last till reproduced. It is more even than this: it is the index to the wants of society, or the finger of Heaven indicating to all men how they may employ their time and talents most profitably for themselves and most beneficially for the whole society." Mr. Ruskin would substitute an artificial rule for this natural guide—would keep people in an employment which no longer paid, and prevent them engaging in some other employment which did pay, and where their service would be in demand. We have in modern times heard of many wild schemes, to secure for each and every man an equality of wealth and enjoyment; but of all such schemes, this of maintaining people in an employment where services are no longer required, seems to us the wildest. We reluctantly pardon or excuse something like it in the shape of compensation to an individual suffering from the suppression of a public office no longer useful; but this necessarily has very narrow limits in the comparatively small portion of society to which it can possibly be applied. To provide compensation for, or maintain every man in any thing temporarily thrown out of work, would put an end to the responsibility of individuals to provide for themselves—would dam up the running stream of labour in stagnant pools, and stifle the life of society.

Mr. Ruskin's extreme ignorance or perversity, which can now see no applicability in Political Economy to "the present phase of the world," after it has done so much to improve our laws, and when statesmen and public writers are everywhere looking to it for guidance, merely because it has "no solution for the difficulty" of strikes, is very remarkable. There are a great many other political problems of which Political Economy can find no solution. On this point religion and government are as "helpless" as Political Economy. It has, indeed, pointed out with great clearness and precision the evil consequences of strikes, and has trusted to the knowledge of consequences, as we all must trust—for nothing superior can be had as a guide of conduct—to correct the mischief; but it never pretends to reform the wrong-headedness either of individuals or of classes, whether they be workmen, masters, or writers of Mr. Ruskin's school. This duty is performed by Government and religion. The latter has had less influence over strikes than Political Economy; and the former, which has essayed continually and repeatedly to prevent them, has only succeeded by utterly destroying, as in several states on the Continent, the freedom of workmen, and extinguishing energy and

enterprise. If Political Economy recommends perfect freedom of competition as the best means of bringing both masters and men to a just view of their interest, and a faithful performance of their duty, it is simply justified by the success which has followed from acting in many cases on such a recommendation, and by the general opinion, that the best way of neutralizing the effects of impulses which cannot be ignored is, to let them come out freely, in whatever way may be their nakedness, face to face. Before they can be corrected they must be known.

Political Economy, which observes but does not dictate, has brought distinctly under the public eye the important fact, that, as commerce expands, it equalizes supply and demand throughout society; tends to make wages steady and profit regular and certain; to prevent alike gluts and famines; so that where it prevails most completely the community is most regularly fed, and is totally unacquainted with the hunger and the glutony that were frequently the lot of men before commerce was extensive. The gold discoveries maddened half the world, and reminded the political economist that the supply of all things, from wild animals, the food of hunters, to wheat, the chief food of civilized man, is, as we are convinced by the present unfavourable season, naturally variable and unequal. But those natural and inequalities are neutralized and corrected by those mercantile operations which cause the produce of Russia, America, and England, to sell at about the same price in the London markets. The daily provision for all is uniformly supplied almost without variation in price by mercantile operations. Thoroughly unacquainted with these important facts, however, and having an imagination inflamed by some special sufferings, Mr. Ruskin asserts that the "tendency of all modern mercantile operations is to throw both wages and trade into the form of a lottery, and to make the workman's pay depend on intermittent exertion, and the principal's profit on dexterously-used chance." He ascribes to mercantile operations the variations which they correct. All wages and all profit depend on what is produced; and the greater the quantity, and the more equally it is supplied, the greater will be the amount of wages and profit, and the less they will partake of the character of a lottery. Commerce both increases the quantity and the regularity of the supplies. We may charitably suppose that Mr. Ruskin, like many other men who look by fits and starts at the working of society, and catch firm hold of some petty details, has been affected by the temporary fluctuations lately caused by wars and political events, and has wrongly attributed them to those modern mercantile operations which are only successful as they lessen such fluctuations. His sweeping and erroneous statement shows the almost inconceivable presumption and ignorance with which he writes about great subjects in which he takes "no interest," and will not labour to understand.

We have devoted more space to this extraordinary paper than its intrinsic merits warrant, and must have many of its amazing statements wholly untouched. We agree with Mr. Ruskin that there must be a class to teach, as there is a class to defend, society; but the class which now teaches the multitude uses the press for this purpose, and for one of the most prominent of this class to be scandalously ignorant of what he ought best to know, is a public misfortune. Whether we are acquainted with mathematics, chemistry, natural history, and painting, or not, is comparatively unimportant. We may safely trust all these branches of study to those who take a peculiar interest in them; but we all have duties to perform to one another and to the state, and we cannot be ignorant or misinformed as to them without doing great wrong and suffering grievous injury. It becomes, in consequence, imperative on those who find a professed teacher profoundly ignorant of the very nature of the great science of industry to point this out; and it is the more necessary in proportion as the writer is popular, and puts forth his strange doctrines with all the presumption and fervency of a sincere enthusiast.

LETTERS FROM WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR TO KOSSUTH AND GARIBOLDI.

TO KOSSUTH.

THERE are now in existence two men whose glory will be eternal. I would not offend your delicacy by naming one of them; the other is Garibaldi. A portion of pride and self-complacency may fairly be allotted to the heroism who has once been permitted to converse familiarly with either; and the privilege, I trust, will be granted me in writing.

It is reported that you have recently left England for France. This is consideration to the last degree; for it is well remembered in what manner you were received in that country when you quitted your own, betrayed by a general in whose honour and patriotism you confided, and whom you raised to a chief command.

Half the world is carried toward the powerful and prosperous; the other half presses with all its weight on the fallen and unsupported. Mythology and fable, if well studied, may be as advantageous to the adult as they are amusing to the child, in whose hands they are usually placed. We read of a hero who was condemned to carry the world on his shoulders; we have seen a patriot who was called, and who consented to bear a weighty section of it on his. He bore it well equipped; he bore it steadily, and upright under it, until it was shored off by such malicious and irresistible Powers as riveted the chain round Prometheus

for bringing down fire from heaven. Twin stars are now in the ascendant which will guide Hungary with Italy through the tempest.

Man's arm is invigorated by labour, and his heart is fortified by adversity. Again the venerated name of Kosciuszko will be heard from the Vistula to the Carpathians; and the right hand of Italy will be extended to Sarmatia across the Adriatic. The spirit of Mainz rises over the Lagunes, and dispels the darkness of surrounding night.

TO GARIBOLDI.

You have little or no leisure at present to read those observations which come to you in the form of a letter; yet others may, perhaps, who speculate on your proceedings—past, present, and future. Your plans are wisely kept within your own bosom; every day, every hour modifies them. Yet there is scarcely a scribbler who lays not down other plans for you. It is only men of moderate capacity who think it commensurate with yours, which even the wisest gauge imperfectly. All acknowledge your military skill, your correct far-sighted views, your promptitude in taking every advantage of an enemy, your forbearance to retaliate, and, above all, in the sight of Humanity, your solicitude to alleviate, not only the sufferings of your own wounded, but also of your ferocious captives. Each of these noble qualities has been attributed to more than one commander-in-chief of all thrones to none. History shows us only two, Scipio and Frederick of Prussia, who performed such exploits with means apparently so inadequate. Deprived of your station, deprived of your humble domicile, deprived of your native land, you hastened with a few followers to rescue Sicily. And in whose name? In his who had tricked away these. All kings may be ungrateful, but all men are not. Some perhaps would never have abandoned the brave and faithful man of whose throne he had been the main support.

I have lived beyond the half-way between my eightieth and ninetieth year without any stopping propitiously towards royalty; but experience and reflection have taught me that royalty, in some respects and places, may be the best form of government; it is so in England,—it would be so in Sicily, with its modifications and restraints. The movements of a time-piece must have immovability to work in; it must be solid, central, upright, and independent. The genius and habits of a people are to be taken into consideration. We have an aristocracy, and we find it commodious. Few members of it are of ancient family, or possessors of large hereditary estates. Some have mounted from their money-bags, others from services to the state in the administration of the laws. Territorial possessions won by Norman chivalry constitute the Sicilian aristocracy. A descendant from it was that virtuous and patriotic Filangieri, whose writings should be its textbook. How different is that country who claims the leadership of the family, an associate of unwarlike, torturers, incendiaries, and traitors! When he is delivered up to you let him taste of freedom, although from others he has dashed away the cup; let him enjoy life, although to others he has forbidden the enjoyment. Such creatures cling to it on their knees; pardon to them is no humiliation.

Only a crown can consolidate the ruinous state of Sicily, and only one man has proved that he is worthy of wearing it. The nation calls on him, if not in columns, yet in sobriety; no forested and fortified soldier, to exploit and delude the people, but all the noble, all the virtuous, all the industrious, all the pious, all the lovers of peace rush in rivalry to carry to a distant man every the brow of the deliverer. In him alone they trust; they remember the invader of Rome in the mask of friendship; they remember the instalment of a fugitive priest by him; and, O Garibaldi! hast thou forgotten the labours thou hast undergone in vain; the valiant men slaughtered at thy side; the feeble companion of thy flight from slavery; her exhaustion; her untimely death?

Italy has been twice betrayed and twice dismembered by two of the same race. It seems now an Imperial decree that discord and confusion, strife and struggle, shall alone be permanent on the continent of Europe. There are two islands, one of which it behoves you to guard against fraud and violence; we will take care of the other. The British Channel shall retain its name and character; it never shall be a Hellespont bridged over by a Xerxes. Ships are ready on the other side; on ours, after long delays and fruitless reconnoissances, a Napier has prevailed on the Government to prepare an equal armament against the worst, which it requires no sharp sight to foresee. America will aid you with a naval force. She will listen to no quibbles about intervention, on which France insists. Did not France interfere when Piedmont was but threatened? Did she not send an army into that country? Has not Austria been aiding the Pope and Naples since the race of Villafraña? England is obliged by treaty to defend the liberty of Sicily. But England seems to be moved, for the first time; may it be the last, and may it be of short continuance!

The rich in Central Italy are profuse of praises, but poor in contributions. I could mention a noble of Florence who, with twenty thousand crowns of annual income, spends less than two thousand, and who contributes less than is sufficient for the purchase of two rifles. You will raise more readily a million of men than a million of these. In no country have the people at large ever been so patriotic, so prompt to assemble round the banner you have raised so high. Do not deem it a condescension to accept a crown merely because the most unworthy have worn one. No potentate has any right or plea to contravene it. France, in our own day, has a third time chosen her sovereign. Belgium, Holland, Sweden, Greece, have done the like. Trust no stranger. Urge England to support your independence, and let her do no more, if ever desirous, which she is not. Sicily can well support thirty thousand men in arms. Malta is at hand to defend her against aggression. America, and all the other free states, would hasten to the rescue, and the population of your island is known but imperfectly. Certain it is that it formerly contained threefold or fourfold as many as at present. Syracuse was larger and wealthier than Paris was in the reign of Louis XIV, the most potent of her monarchs. She, single-handed, contended against both Rome and Carthage in the plenitude of her power. No country has safer harbours or a richer soil. Jealousy will rise against these advantages—the same jealousy which has always been busy that Italy should never be one and indivisible, but the eternally

discontented, under a multiplicity of cumbersome princes. The kitchen sold the monkey to deliver her from flea; the monkey comes, carcases her, and bites off her tail.

Italy will be strong enough with her twenty-two millions without the two or three of Sicily. Louis Napoleon laughed in Europe's face when he told her that another million and half were necessary for the security of France. Already, no Pyrenees obstructed his progress; and now the Alps melted like his snows before him. Your own little quiet Nice lay like a nightmare on his breast; it must never more disturb him. Did he not declare that Italy should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic? In what manner has that promise been kept? Turin, Parma, Modena, had no invader or enemy for him to expel. They had no enemies to deliver themselves by their own strength, had formed in peace and unanimity their own constitution, and appointed their own prince. That prince was not permitted to govern them until a second time universal suffrage was given, until there had been time for corruption and intimidation. These, however, did not prevail. A foreign Power had no right to interfere. It is believed, I will not say known, for in diplomacy nothing is known with certainty, but it is believed that the disinclination of Etruria to receive as her sovereign a certain prince of the Imperial family, caused the delay in annexation to Piedmont. When Italy and Helvetia lay at the feet of France by the transfer of Nice and Savoy, these also no longer felt herself in danger. After she had precipitated the Peace of Villafranca, she began to be aware that it was the interest of Prussia to remain at peace with her, rejecting Austria's humiliation. Prussia has wise ministers, neither to be daunted by presentations nor deluded by flattery. She will always be armed, not always on the defensive. Sicily, for her own security, must adopt the same policy as Prussia. At present, she has only one enemy. "Traditional," "misericordia," "defiance,"—leading stars,—all these, in conjunction, may suddenly bring another. "Incorruptible logic" proves that the equilibrium of Europe is only to be settled permanently by the preponderance of France.

The whole of Italy, excepting the Venetian curule, is greatly more under the influence of France than it ever was under the influence of Russia, when the great and little dukes occupied their baby thrones. Piedmont was reconquered, and the passes of the Alps were occupied by a brave people, now sold with a halter round their necks, and thrown into the balance of Europe. To maintain this "balance," France declares that her preponderance is necessary. Her safety, her dignity, her mission, all require it. Whence came this mission? Formerly there was somewhat sacred in the name, and nations and their rulers held it so. In our days less are not only words and wind, but take bodily form, and come forth into action.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LORD CLYDE'S RETIRE.—There are many songs in high eulogy upon the gay life of a soldier, and many more exalted strains upon his warlike exploits and triumphs; but, nevertheless, even the most fortunate and victorious have severe trials and considerable disappointments to endure, and are often, in the end, defeated of the desert and the deep. Let us hope, though long delayed, it will not be so with our illustrious compatriot, Colin Campbell (Lord Clyde), whose return to his native land of a anonymous people is now hailed with an enthusiastic welcome. If report speaks the truth (and we understand it does), the veteran warrior is about to be rewarded for his brave Crimean toils and splendid Indian achievements, by a happy union with one long endeared to him,—hoping and faithful throughout all the dangers of his daring career, and whose inspiration, it may well be imagined, urged him on like a Presence in all his noble feats, and was his shield and protection in the direst strife of battle. The hero! may he for many years yet enjoy the recompense of steadfast affection, even more grateful than the admiration of his country and the applause of the world.

VACCINATION.—The medical reports, now heard of on every hand, of the increased prevalence of small pox after vaccination, and the serious and often fatal consequences that have ensued, are chiefly referred to the imperfect performance of the necessary operation. Connected with this unsatisfactory state of things, it may be curious to observe that all attempts originally made to carry out the vaccine matter to India by sea failed, and that the protective disease could not be propagated there till the virus was sent overland, *via* Vienna, Constantinople, and Bagdad.

THE LATE LADY BLENHEIM.—Lady Blenheim's first essay in print was called "The Auctioneer," and described the sale of a family's household goods in a very touching manner. Three days after she left England the writer of this paragraph laid her farewell in Gore House, where the auctioneer and his clerks and porters were tugging all her splendid furniture topsy-turvy, and underselling every article for public sale. Also, for the vanity of human views and human wishes! In the "Journal of a Tour," Sept., 1822, by the same unhappy lady, we write,—"I confess I have as much of the natural John Bull feeling about me that I would prefer having my grave in the most secluded somber spot that could be found, to leaving my bones in the fashionable, sentimental Père-la-Chaise." It was her fate and that they should be laid there.

THE OLD SONG ADAPT.—Amant T. Hood's solitary song (not of "The Shirt"), a correspondent writes:—"The verses of the ballad are almost as numerous as there are fishes in the sea; and every singer, if so disposed, could extemporise a stave of his. One of the original, I remember, was—and it is worth preserving for its prettiness—

"'Tis like the whale, the biggest of all,
Crying, Man-of-gallop-a-ho, why don't ye haul,
In stormy weather, and hail together,
When the wind blows it is stormy weather."

INTERIOR.—Written in a room of a Temperance hotel, in Edinburgh, the walls of which were decorated with paper of a decided carpet-pattern, and the ceiling of which was painted to resemble floor-cloth.

Is this a Temperance hotel,
In which no drink is never sold?
Or is it a temperance sham—
Is tea with brandy blended?

Though drinking tea, I'm surely drunk,
My eyes and brain are reeling;
The Turkey carpet on the walls,
The floor-cloth on the ceiling!

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING

MONDAY, AUGUST 14th.
CRYSTAL PALACE. Open at Nine. **NATIONAL HOLLYHOCK SHOW.** The first annual show of HOLLYHOCKS and HALF-PINT FLOWERS will be held on SATURDAY and MONDAY, AUGUST 18th and 20th. Six Silver Cups and several Money Prizes will be given.
Admission, Saturday, Half a Crown; Children, One Shilling. Monday, One Shilling; Children Sixpence.
NOTICE.—THE SUMMER PICTURE SHOW will be held on the 25th to the 26th AUGUST.

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THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessee, Mr. BUCKSTONE.
 On MONDAY, and during the Week, the highly-esteemed Comedienne, Miss Julia Dally, of the OVERLAND ROUTE, Operatic, by Messrs. Charles Mathews, Buckstone, Compton, Chappell, Rogers, Clark; Melodrama Charles Mathews, Wilkins, Forster, Tompkins, &c. The new Comedienne, entitled *HER EXCELLENCY*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. To conclude with *THE CHRISTIAN*.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ALBEMARLE.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. F. WEBSTER.—Last Two Weeks of the popular Comedienne Miss Julia Dally, on MONDAY, and during the Week, *JANE FRIED*. Richard Ford (his original Character), Mr. F. Webster, &c. To conclude with *THE POOL OF THE FAMILIA*. Miss Julia Dally, Messrs. Paul, Bedford, Esquire, Smith, &c.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Lessee and Directress, Miss SWAN.
 BORNAGE.—On MONDAY, and during the Week, *A FLEETIN' RAIL*. Mr. J. C. Cook, After which, *COVENTRY AND FLUTATION*. Mr. W. H. Swallow, Miss M. O'Neil, With a Ballet Intermezzo. To conclude with *THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE*. Miss Marie Wilson, Miss O'Neil, &c.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager, Mr. W. B. BATTY.—On MONDAY, and during the Week, *A FLEETIN' RAIL*. Mr. J. C. Cook, After which, *COVENTRY AND FLUTATION*. Mr. W. H. Swallow, Miss M. O'Neil, With a Ballet Intermezzo. To conclude with *THE MAID AND THE MAGPIE*. Miss Marie Wilson, Miss O'Neil, &c.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—FLORAL HALL.
 CONCERTS.—Mr. ALFRED MELLON has the honour to announce that he has entered into arrangements with Mr. Tye to read the New York Fall Concerts, for a short period, and that it is his intention to give them a series of VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL CONCERTS. These Concerts will commence on MONDAY NEXT, AUGUST 13th, and continue for One Month only, terminating on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th. Artists Messrs. Mr. EDWARD MURRAY.

THE LONDON REVIEWAND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.**SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1860.**

ACCORDING to a telegram, dated Malta, August 4th, the city of Damascus is quiet; but murders continue to be committed in the surrounding country. No less than three thousand Christian women are said to have been sold at twenty-five piastres each, and to be detained in the harems. Private letters corroborate the narrative of the events at Damascus recorded in our last number, and add fresh details of the horrors perpetrated by the infuriated mob. Mr. Brant, the English consul, was the only European who ventured out of doors during the tumult. He went frequently to the Pacha's house, to remonstrate with him, and had he not gone fearlessly among the mob of insurgents, Europeans would have been much more barbarously treated than they were. It is a remarkable fact that at Damascus not a word has been spoken against the English. Mr. Brant's house, situated in the Turkish quarter of the city, has not been injured.

The Rev. Dr. Thomson, an American missionary in Syria, in a letter written from Beyrout on the 18th, states that authentic accounts, official and private, from Damascus, which had just been received there, raise the number of the slaughtered in Damascus alone to 5,000. He adds that the number of houseless victims amounts nearer to 20,000 than 10,000. He makes an appeal to the British public for subscriptions, to be forwarded through the Syrian Relief Committee in London. Great excitement prevails in the island of Crete, in Rhodes, in various towns of Anatolia, and on the Arabian shores of the Red Sea.

In consequence of these events, the British Government has united with France in taking prompt measures to force the Turkish Government into more active exertions to restore tranquillity. On Wednesday the Emperor, who had proceeded from St. Cloud to Châlons, reviewed the 5th and 10th regiments of the line and the 1st regiment of Hussars, which together form about one-half of the Syrian expedition, and delivered the following address, which was received with immense enthusiasm:—

"Soldiers! you have for Syria. France hails with joy an expedition the sole aim of which is to cause the rights of justice and humanity to triumph. You do not make war against any Foreign Power, but to assist the Sultan in bringing back the obedience of his subjects who are blinded by the fanaticism of a former century. On that distant land, rich in great reminiscences, fulfil your duty; show yourselves the worthy children of those who once gloriously carried into that country the banner of Christ. You do not leave in great numbers, but your courage and your prestige will best supply the deficiency; because wherever the French flag is seen to pass, nations know that a great cause precedes it, and a great people follows it."

In the House of Lords, on Monday, Lord Shaftesbury asked the Government if the forces about to be sent to Syria were to be employed solely in putting down the disturbances, or would be allowed in any way to interfere in the civil or religious administration of the country? The Sultan, by the advice of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, had made large concessions to Christians and Turks in the matter of religious liberty, which had resulted in many Greeks and Mahometans becoming Protestants. Lord Wodehouse, in reply, alleged that if many Mussulmans joined the Latin Church, that they might secure French protection, others had become Protestants to secure the patronage of Great Britain. He referred to the first clause of the protocol as evidence that no attempt would be made to affect the civil and religious administration of Syria.

Abd-el-Kader, in consequence of the dissatisfaction which his recent conduct has given to the Mussulman populace, has been obliged to leave Damascus, as he has received, as was anticipated, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, from the French Government.

The conclusion of the Conference and the departure of the French expedition, have not had a favourable effect upon the Bourse of Paris. Instead of rising, on the announcement of an event so auspicious for France as the Syrian Intervention, the routes actually went down. Nevertheless, there is much enthusiasm about the war, and it gives *élan* to the preparations now making everywhere for the celebration of the Emperor's birthday.

There is as yet no confirmation of the report circulated by the *Patrie* that a landing of 1,500 Garibaldians had been effected at Scylla, in Calabria; but a letter from Rome states that on the 1st inst. a body of 1,500 Piedmontese volunteers landed at San Stefano, on the Papal territory. They intended to march on Corinto, and General Geyon had immediately sent orders to the commanders of the battalion of Chasseurs stationed at Civita Vecchia to detach a part of his force for the protection of the threatened town. We moreover learn from Naples that active measures have been taken to prepare for an invasion. The Minister of War had despatched troops into Calabria, and had withdrawn others from the Abruzzi, in order to concentrate the principal part of the army round Naples. All attempts to conclude an armistice with Garibaldi appear to have failed, whilst large numbers of volunteers continue to arrive at Palermo. Three hundred soldiers have been arrested at Naples on the suspicion that they meditated desertion to Garibaldi. The agents of the Queen Dowager swear all over the kingdom. At Reggio, and at Avellino two reactionary attempts had been made, the initiative at the latter place having been taken by the foreign newspapers. The country people flocked in crowds to the town, using successfully axes, scythes, and volleys of stones, to drive out the Royalist troops; they being encouraged by the clergy of the provinces, who are staunch supporters of the liberal cause. The people of Naples continue to exhibit their sympathy with the Sicilians, and Garibaldi's hymn is sung openly in the streets; but from the popular enthusiasm the aristocracy and the middle classes stand apart, being full of apprehensions, which make them cling to the constitution and the Bourbon dynasty. This state of affairs has not prevented the Minister of Public Works from concluding an agreement with the Company Telgraf for the construction of three great lines of railway from Naples to Rome, Salerno, and Taranto, with a branch line through Calabria, the cost of these undertakings amounting to £2,500,000. In Sicily, the Sardeian constitution was to have been proclaimed on Sunday.

On Thursday, Sir G. Poyser, in the House of Commons, asked the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs whether Government had received any information that the inhabitants of Melazzo resisted the attack of the revolutionary troops, and that Garibaldi, having taken possession of the town, punished with death thirty-nine of the inhabitants? Lord John Russell replied that he had received no authentic intelligence on the subject. The official journal of Sicily, of the 30th, denies the report as totally without foundation. The stories circulated to the effect that several inhabitants of Melazzo, portions of the Bourbons, had thrown boiling water and boiling oil on the Garibaldians, and that thirty-nine inhabitants of Melazzo, or disguised police agents, had been shot by Garibaldi, are equally false. A few shots were fired from some houses on the patriot troops who had penetrated into the town; but they proceeded exclusively from the Royalist soldiers, who were successively dislodged, at the point of the bayonet.

A telegram of the 4th, dated from Rome, states that the inhabitants of Montepulciano, near Frascati, excited by anonymous proclamations coming from Naples, had begun to divide the landed property of Prince Borghese; that men, women, and children had taken part in the distribution of lots, and that a detachment of *gendarmes* had been called in to re-establish order.

The presidential campaign now going on in the United States seems to excite very little interest, judging from the diminished attendance of the contesting parties, and the languidness of the demonstrations. The crops were never better than they are this year, both in Canada and the United States. There has been very little rain. The farmers of the Mississippi Valley are hurrying on their last year's crop to the American seaboard for exportation, and the increased traffic returns on the western railways prove the immense extent of the supply of wheat ready for exportation. A demand for European manufactures, the beneficial effects of which will be felt all over Europe, will soon follow.

The Volunteer Review at Edinburgh has proved the most magnificent display of the kind ever witnessed in Scotland. The actual number of

Volunteers reviewed, according to the official returns, was 21,455, whilst between 2,000 and 3,000 Volunteers were present without taking part in the review. The number of spectators who crowded the heights of the Queen's Park, Salisbury Crags, and the Colton Hill, was not less than 200,000, a prodigious crowd, considering the population of Scotland. After the review was over, and when various bodies were leaving the ground, Lord Elcho was recognized, and a cheer proposed for him. In a few minutes he was hemmed in by a crowd of enthusiastic riflemen. When tranquillity was restored, he acknowledged the personal compliment paid him, and linked it with an earnest desire to see the movement not only effective at present, but permanently enduring. He had no doubt that the glorious scene of the day, in no way inferior to that in Hyde Park, would animate many to join the Volunteers. Visibly affected, he then rode away, amid deafening acclamations. The march off the ground was the most imposing part of the whole ceremony.

First came the Fifeshire Mounted Rifles, men accustomed to ride from their infancy, who sat their steeds with an ease and elegance unequalled even by the regular Dragoons. Then came the first Artillery Brigade, composed of Edinburgh, North of England, and Lanarkshire forces. The march of some of the companies was superb, especially of the Lanarkshire men, between whose double file a line might have been drawn and exhibited no man a hair's breadth out of step. The Engineers next approached, and their attractive appearance and steady march, in which Lanarkshire again excelled, gained for them general applause. To those succeeded the Rifles, headed by those of Edinburgh, followed by those of East Lothian, Forfarshire, Fifeshire, and the men from England; then Stirlingshire and the Northern Counties; Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, Glasgow, Lanarkshire, and Dumfriesshire bringing up the rear. The uniforms ranged from the plain, sombre-gray, black belts and cartouche-box which the Edinburgh corps have chosen, to the light-gray and buff belts of the men of Annapdale; the facings and bindings being of all hues and designs. The Highland companies, which marched past the Queen to the music of the bagpipes, were received with great favour by the audience.

The defiling of the troops, which commenced at four o'clock, lasted until twenty minutes past five, the total number who passed Her Majesty in that time being 21,455. During the whole time a dense dust, at some times giving the spectators an idea of an African simoom, was driven by the west wind right into the faces of the Volunteers. Otherwise the weather was all that could have been desired.

Where all was so excellent as to call forth the high approval of Her Majesty, it would be invidious almost to particularize corps, but the general opinion was, that Glasgow, alike for numbers and steadiness of march, was entitled to "bear the glee" while the uniform of the Edinburgh Rifles was the one, perhaps, most generally admired.

On Monday last the Liberal party met at the official residence of the Premier, in reference to the great question to be debated the same night, regarding the Customs duties on the admission of French and other foreign grain. No special resolution was proposed for the adoption of the meeting; but the object for which it had been convened having been explained by Lord Palmerston, a discussion ensued, from which it appeared to be the unanimous feeling that the honour of the country, no less than the principle of free trade, demanded the adoption of the resolution by the House of Commons. The debate on the Paper Duties the same night, highly described by the "Silent Member," in another portion of "THE LONDON REVIEW," ended in a majority for the Government of 366 against 333.

The Prince of Wales has been received with great enthusiasm in St. John's, Newfoundland. On the 25th of July he held a levee, at which six persons were presented, representing the various trades and societies. The city was illuminated and a ball given, at which the Prince remained till half-past two in the morning. A splendid regatta took place on Lake Quividi, near the city, where there were boat-races, at which His Royal Highness was present. The crowd was very large, and the genial and unprejudiced disposition of the Prince gained him all hearts wherever he went.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Fall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE great Faction Fight in the House of Commons came off, as all the world anticipated, on Monday; and has ended also as most people expected. The Opposition, in their attempt to ruin Mr. Gladstone, have only met him on his legs again. The debate was not remarkably interesting. The division was a thoroughly party one: not above six on either side voted against their party, and the House was unusually full. The accession of about twenty of the Irish Roman Catholic party seemed to jeopardize the Ministry for a moment. Those gentlemen have just found a very lame excuse for their cowardly retreat. They wished, foremost, to vote for Free Trade—but the foreign policy of the Government alarmed them. For what? for the Pope? It would have been better for them if they had voted, and protested, if they had so chosen, against Garibaldi and the Italian people. But it would seem as if the Irish mind were always destined to be either illogical or insincere.

What a contrast is afforded by the splendid gathering of the Volunteers of Scotland and of the North, at Edinburgh, on the following day. There the brave and intelligent people of Scotland welcomed their English friends—forgetful of the bloody Border Feuds of former days, and united to honour the Queen and

defend their beloved native land. The numbers exceeded 20,000 "real and stalwart men."

The Parliamentary Session may be expected to end on the 26th—the last party fight being over—and the last Irish job, the Gateway Contract, being expected to pass to-night.

The National Defence make the progress which all true Britons desire. The Indian Finance Statement, fixed for Monday, will be a heavy business. But our City friends, we think, are needlessly alarmed at the talk about an Indian Loan.

The signs of the waning of the season, in London, are numerous. The streets present a wretched aspect. The noise of carriages is growing less frequent, and lighted bonfires, as you walk thoughtfully home from Club, House of Commons, dinner, business, City, Kensington, or elsewhere, are scattered and few and far between. Signs of the "upper ten thousand" are now scanty there, where, in the great world west of Regent-street, they were once abundant. Less tempting objects fill the shops. Gravity succeeds gaiety in most of the fashionable public ways. The tokens and hints of a move "country-ward," in the shape of vans and post-carriages, are to be encountered in the squares. That annual sort of yearning which sets in for the green fields, for the seaside, for rocks and mountains, for streams and sierras, for the free air with a clear, silent atmosphere about you, has assumed its usual epidemic form. And is it wonderful that the imprisoned Londoner chafes in his chains, and longs to exchange the eternal pavements, the cabs and omnibuses, and the never-ceasing lines of the gas-lamps, for grassy slopes, for village streets, and for river, fishing-boat, forest and glen?

Literary London knows no actual vacation. Yet, to judge from the stagnation of the "Review" literature must have followed the examples of so many other professions, and have gone lollily out of town. Mr. Murray announces some important publications. Amongst them are a "Life of William Pitt," with extracts from his correspondence and MS. papers, by Lord Stanger; "The United States—hazards," by Mr. Motley, the accomplished and indefatigable historian; "The Diary and Correspondence of Charles Abbott;" and the "Five great Monarchies of the Ancient World," by the Rev. George Rawlinson.

The French Academy has accorded its triennial prize, unanimously, to a "Histoire d'Angleterre," by M. Emile Bonnet. If, as Duran says, it is desirable to "see ourselves as others see us," then by all means let us have a translation of the book, and let us read our own history by the light of this French lantern, which is to throw Hume, Lingard, and Macaulay into the shade. If you have "writ your annals true," said Corlaeus, "you will find certain accusations against you, which are ignored in your justifications." Are our schools to find in this new "Romance of History" proofs of great things against us, could we put on our spectacles to see them?

There is in town a picture that challenges attention. It asserts an important if not dangerous claim in regard to the authenticity of one of our assumed noblest pictures. We speak of the celebrated "Ecco Homo" of the renowned Antonio Allegri da Correggio. The rival is on view at a gallery in Oxford-street. The sum of eleven thousand pounds, as we are all aware, was paid for the famous Correggio in the National Gallery. They were purchased from a nobleman who had spent much money in the acquisition of works of art. The Marquis of Londesborough was the seller of these to the nation, now some twenty years ago; and most people have duly admired both pictures since their gorgeous gold frames and under their thick plate-glass covers. The subjects are, "Christ led out of the Hall of Judgment," and exposed to the sight of the people, with the "Behold the Man!" of the governor Pilate; and "Cupid taught his Arcadians by Venus and Mercury." We have inspected this assumed real "Ecco Homo," in the Oxford-street gallery with great care, and on strict reference and comparison to its prototype in our National Collection, we can distinctly say that it is very doubtful which is the genuine production.

That both of these pictures—the one in the National Gallery, and this one in Oxford-street—are not by the same hand, we feel as certain as any judicious person can be who is a judge of the manner and style of Correggio, and who has an eye to recognize his distinctive traits. We have been assured that there was total ignorance regarding the existence of this picture no longer than two months ago. The subject ought to be investigated by competent judges. And we say as pretty a piece of picture-controversy as one may well desire, in the possibilities of debate, during this autumn, about the rival claims of these two great works—for grand the Oxford-street "Correggio" assuredly is!

The huge statue over the arch at Hyde-park Corner everybody admits is a disgrace to English taste, to the great loss, its original, and to the common sense of those who have erected it there. A great hollow underneath it for a pedestal is at once an architectural horror and a vacuum which Nature herself abhors. The equestrian figure—colossal as it is—wants a mountain, or at least a hill or a tumulus upon which to stand, to look the great object which it might. Upon the top of Primrose-hill, with the feet of the colossal horse upon the ground, it would have a natural pyramid to stand upon as a pedestal. And coming up through the Regent's-park, it would strike upon the popular sight with extraordinary effect. We should have in London, then, with the aid of the distinctness of the colossal figure in full relief upon the horizon, a monument upon a hill which would really, in its effect, vie with the great works of antiquity.

London, though "out of town," will have some music this September. That excellent artist and conscientious musician, Mr. Alfred Noyes, has taken the New Floral Hall of the Covent Garden Royal Italian Opera, for a series of concerts, chiefly instrumental, but in which songs will have their due share. He is announced to commence on Monday next, the 13th instant.

Fine Art seems to be doomed to perpetual failure in this country, when put under the hands of officials. King, Lords, and Commons are not favourable to any exhibition whittier of Art. The attempts to embellish the New Palace at Westminster have almost entirely failed in the hands of the "Commission of Fine Arts." It is certainly a pity that Art should be put into Commission at all,

their corners off. Then, and then only, may they mature into generous, although rigid, judges of the Court of Letters, and take more pleasure (as true critics always do) in discovering great beauties, than in hunting out petty faults and dark spots on the disc of genius.

Leaving out of consideration, for the present, the smart and "fast" young gentlemen, who are but sowing the wild oats of their literary career, and who will in due time become portly gentlemen and honest citizens in the great Republic of Art or Letters, I shall arrange a little more particularly into their several divisions and sub-divisions, the great army of the utter, the hopeful, and the absolute criticasters. "Brains," and "No Brains," would be the easiest divisions into which they can be drafted off. But as such a classification would be much too vague, I shall divide them into the following:—

The good-natured criticasters, who praise books, and who uniformly select the worst, tamest, and weakest passage in the novel, poem, or history, as the best.

The criticasters who maliciously select the worst passage in a book and proclaim it to be the best.

The ill-natured criticasters, who abuse or "cut up" books, and who just as commonly select the noblest and most eloquent passages as specimens of the author's uniformity for his lack.

The criticasters who write at books without having read a page of them.

The criticasters who write upon books after having read them, but always fail to perceive their drift or merit, or even their defects.

The criticasters who know the author, and say a kind word for him, but in such a way as to do him no service.

The criticasters who know the author, and have eaten his bread and salt, and by way of showing their stern impartiality, and the powerlessness of friendship to lead them from the strict line of duty, "pitch into him."

The criticasters who do not know the author, and never heard of him, and for that reason think it incumbent upon them to abuse his book and to ignore his merit.

The criticasters who hate the author because he is great and distinguished, and has achieved a success which has been denied to themselves.

The criticasters who do not hate the author for his greatness, but for his neglect in not having asked them to dinner.

The criticasters who dislike the author because he has red hair, or black hair, or because he is quaint, and who vent the necessary displeasure upon his book.

The criticasters who have written popular books, and cannot endure that anyone else should share the public favour.

The criticasters who have written unpopular books, and who, consequently, desire that everyone else should be as unpopular as themselves.

The criticasters who have no time to read, and to justify their opinion, good or bad, and who write at hamlet.

The criticasters who have no conscience, and who think it right to be witty and smart at an author's expense, even although they misquote him, and pervert his words or his meaning for the purpose.

The criticasters who desire, above all things, to show what an ignoramus the author is, and how very clever they are themselves; even although it happen that the only information they have upon the subject on which they write is derived from the author whom they denounce.

The criticasters who think it effective to be funny—even in reviewing a sermon or a mathematical treatise.

The criticasters who will not see any desert in a favourite.

The criticasters who will not see any merit in an opponent.

The criticasters who have no grudge against the author, but have against his publisher, and smash the author accordingly.

The criticasters who may have borrowed money of an author, and, failing to pay it, hate him and his book in consequence.

The criticasters who want to borrow money of an author, and who think no way so effectual to sap the fortunes of his prudence or suspicion, as extravagant praise of his genius.

The criticasters who fancy that the author is a criticaster himself, and once reviewed their poem—or play—unkindly or unjustly, and who take their revenge upon him every time he appears in print.

The criticasters who sell the books they review, and never cut the leaves, lest they should diminish their value as new books, and push them down into the second-hand category.

Not to be personal, let us (*i. e.*, the reader and myself) suppose that there are before us several criticasters drawn out of these twenty-four classes; and that their names are A., B., C., D., E., &c. Let us, furthermore, suppose that a new book has just appeared—a poem—a novel—or a history; that the book is good; that the frogs are in their own pool of criticismism, and that they have just begun croaking.

A. leads off thus:—

My head is wooden; 'tis an age of wood,—
Who is not wooden, is not great nor good.

B. follows:—

My spectacles are yellow: let none dare
To say that skies are blue, or earth is fair.

C. prolongs the noise:—

To give no dissent: how can he renege
Great thoughts or deeds in memorable verse?
Give me the poet who can keep a cock
And choosest verse, or else I'll damn his book.

D., who is melancholy, adds his croak thus:—

My hary's matrimony: I hate the common loom,
Who talks to me of harmony and tune;
And melancholism, passion, and every
The art of writing a dead—how let it be!

E., who is sour as vinegar, croaks still more lustily:—

I've failed, and shall another man succeed?
Not if by spiritless pen,
Or shrug suggester, I can blight his fame,
And tag dabbler to his fatal name.

And thus they will continue, all through the Alphabet. They will afterwards find their opinions stated at greater length in the *Driveller*, the *Twinkler*, the *Squaler*, the *Howler*, or the *Scarifier*, and perhaps in such great lights of the provinces who keep a London Correspondent to twaddle for them, as the "*Snobington Gazette*," the "*Pettifogging Mercury*," or the "*Goslington Independent*." Of them it may be truly said,—

They cannot snap the poet's soul;
How can their little pen define
So great a world, from first to last,
With all its climates as they shine?
How can they trace the stormy seas,
And mountain ranges, and mountains,
His wild wood-paths and flowing seas,
His rivers rippling to the breeze,
His forests roaring to the wind—
To map such world would waste space in heaven;
To use it needs the sun for paper,
While to their snore, through much they're driven,
Unhappy souls! are cold sleepers.
A rushlight, and a sheet of paper.

I may add, in conclusion, that I once published a poem myself, when I was but one-and-twenty; the mere fool I. How many copies does the reader think were sold to the intelligent public? Nine—only nine! But the public, as the late John Reeves used to say in the farce—"The public, sir,—is a *HARE*."

SKETCHES FROM THE CONTINENT.—No. I.

OUR WATERING-PLACE.

FOR some weeks past the swallows of the London season have been "flying—flying south." Switzerland this year is crisscrossed with tourists, and the thrifty crowds in the watering-places on the Rhine receive daily accessions of British visitors. The gregarious habits of our countrymen induce them to flock to those special localities which, from some cause or other, have become of late years their most frequented resorts. Those principally patronized by them, however, are not those which, to the stranger, would seem to offer the greatest attractions; and the haunts once considered the most fashionable amongst us, seem now to have lost their charm. For "our watering-place," for instance, which we flatter ourselves is second to none in point of gaiety, beauty, and climate, the English are in a large minority. They seem to have been driven out of the field by the Americans. At the *balda diodes* we sit next cheer-complacentedly deliciously-formed girls, accompanied by a prettily old man and a grout-bearded papa, and we may be sure that he is a "retier" from Boston or New York—*one* as *famille*. The young gentlemen with the downy chin, who is making free with his Napoleons at *trunk et garniture*, is the hope of the family, and plays with a considerable swagger, because youth of his age are not usually indulged with a trip on the continent; and when he returns to that "store" from which the golden egg is annually extracted, he will have the satisfaction of triumphing over his less fortunate comrades, who have been obliged to content themselves with a fortnight's dissipation at Newport or the Virginia Springs. But though Americans swarm at "our watering-place," they by no means constitute its permanent feature; of a restless and migratory nature, they pass and repass perpetually, but their faces constantly change, and are unknown alike to the *habitués* of the Kursaal and the gaming-table. It is to our annual visitors that our respect is due, some of whom possess charming villas of their own, and maintain expensive establishments here every summer; they form a respectable and exclusive society, which has grown and flourished under the protecting auspices of *roupé et noir* and *roulé*; and comprises within its circle persons of the highest eminence and distinction. It was, doubtless, the lofty moral standard which prevails at most German watering-places which induced an exalted personage not long since to select one of them as a rendezvous for a reigning prince, who, conscious of the dangers to which his principles were likely to be exposed, took care to surround himself with guardian angels in the forms of most of the crowned heads of Germany, before appearing at the place of tryst. Physically, and indeed socially, to the outward eye, "our watering-place" presents a very fair exterior. Verdurous forests mantle with dark-green the steep slopes of the hills beneath which it nestles; there are romantic old castles concealed in their recesses, and foaming cascades which gleam out from under the dense foliage, and contribute their respective quota to the babbling brook which passes through the centre of the town, and twirls away clear and pellucid in the lights of heaven, relieving all the dirty work to be done by that invisible sewer which flows buried beneath the thick crust of society. There are green fields intersected by broad avenues, which form charming drives, and wild, romantic walks, where people with sentimental or gambling propensities can make love or commit suicide without fear of interruption. Then, of course, there are magnificent hotels, with the gardens sloping to the water's edge, and lawns and summer-houses. We rubber pipe ourselves on our hotels,—not that we spend much of our time in them. We lead a healthy, open-air existence. All the stupid people in the place are to be found, between the hours of half-past seven and half-past eight in the morning, listening to a bad band, and drinking the waters conscientiously. We are only in a position to give an account of the aspect of affairs at this hour from

invitation—a few cups of tea, and a plate of biscuits, plenty of light, plenty of pleasant talk, and unintermitted conversation, even without introductions—women in ball costume, if they are going further, grouped in bright spots of colour about the room, and women in shawls and *gilette* bonnets, who have come down by an omnibus, or else walked, if not too late and the streets not muddy—winding up with a tray of *soufflés*, orange-flower water, *croûtes*, and biscuits; and here you have your pleasant evening, bright and cheerful, and so animated, without trouble, ostentation, or expense, where people have met to be interested and amused, and on leaving which, those who are hungry will eat their bread and cheese quietly at home. Imagine Mrs. Smith, with her Buttons, giving such an entertainment! It would be hard to say which would fail most in the attempt—the entertainer or the entertainment.

Now, nothing of the heavy luxury of which we have been speaking is necessary for happiness or pleasure—nor yet for beauty. One supreme beauty, indeed, which every one may have and cultivate to the utmost, is a prodigious wealth of cleanliness—a luxury of cleanliness—which is rarer even than money, and not always to be found with money. Another beauty not spelt in gold, is taste in arrangement. A bit of colour thrown in here; a well-drawn line standing boldly out against the background there; flowers; a judicious assortment of tints—all these are even more beautiful than magnificent dinners or gorgeous furniture. And no one need be too poor to have them. We want a few lessons of fashion to take the right of simplicity. If some beautiful woman would inaugurate the taste for simple dresses, unornamented and inexpensive, but graceful, and in perfect harmony,—if some wealthy people would have meetings where the amusements and not the supper would be the object, and where there would be a liberal allowance of style of toilette, and where no one need spend beyond their rightful power, perhaps the taste would spread; and those who could see society only on these terms might then get their footing among drawing-room crowds, which now shouder them out into the hall; they might then take the place which education, refinement, intellect, and breeding have marked out for them, but which wealth and luxury sully away.

THE PHOSPHORESCENCE OF THE SEA.

From the days of Plato to our own, the occasional phosphorescence of the sea has excited wonder and curiosity, while naturalists have surmised and conjectured concerning its cause. Some have thought the light of the sea was absorbed by the sea during the daytime, to be given out again in the darkness of night; but the universality of the phenomenon—for it occurs equally at the poles and the equator, as well as in temperate regions,—its remarkable vividness frequently at periods of full-moon, and many other circumstances, not to dwell on the obvious one that under this hypothesis, after every bright day, the phenomenon should be exhibited, has left that idea no tangible basis. Peculiar electrical conditions of the air, or of the ocean, have also been suggested and found equally untenable. The well-known luminous properties of the glow-worm and the firefly have caused others to attribute the phenomenon to organic agency,—consequently the true cause, although from the minuteness of the objects which produce it, they have remained undetected for many ages by observers and investigators.

The phosphorescence seems to be exhibited with the greatest intensity in the tropics; the whole ocean there, at times, giving forth a faint gleam as far as the eye can reach, while the passage through a narrow strait is a succession of sparkling light; but the "burning" of the sea is often to be seen, under very beautiful circumstances, from our own shores.

It is now some six years since, that on a warm night, standing on Folkestone pier, I witnessed a remarkably brilliant exhibition of this interesting phenomenon. If you dropped a pebble into the water, ring after ring of "fire" rippled over the calm surface; every drop of the returning splash sent out its tiny sparkling circle, while the downward sinking of the stone was marked by a vivid streak. A handful of pebbles produced a blaze of light; grains of sand, thousands of tiny stars. Every object floating in the harbour was painted out phosphorescent outline; and from the mooring-posts of boats and barges, thick miniature catenae of glowing fluid, as they dipped and rose again from the placid water. As the *Boulogne* steamer dashed into port, the spray from her bows, the foam from her paddles, and the undulating waves in her wake, formed a glittering, glowing scene which many an experienced illuminator has vainly endeavoured to rival.

Although nearly eleven o'clock, no charming was the effect that a bucket of the luminous water conveyed to my room with the intention of closely examining it. On stirring up the water in the dark, luminous specks remained on the hand, which, being brought to the light, were seen to be minute gelatinous globes. The water was densely crowded with these jelly-like creatures, and amongst them were numerous small crustaceans. In the daytime I had been in a small boat dredging out at sea, where I had found the water thick with organic particles, while long streaks of what appeared to be brown yeast, or sillage from a brewery, floated by us with the tide. So still was the sea "in-shore" that we, brought our little boat over the long reef of sandbanks and mud stretch along the beach a few hundred yards distance, and so clear there the water, that as her keel ground over the rough stones, we gathered magnificent specimens of *Paddle pellicula* from the stems of the waving tangles, and watched, as we slowly drifted along, the star-fish and porpings crawling in the hollows six or eight feet below.

The soft glaucous nature of the bodies of the little creatures that produce these beautiful phosphorescent effects at once leads us to associate them with the *Medusa*, or jelly-fish, while from the periodic occurrence of these luminous exhibitions one is inclined, in spite of the opinions of naturalists, to consider them as the fry of some larger fish newly sent forth by their parents. Naturalists have considered them perfect animals, and hence named their tiny living lanterns *Noctiluca miliaris*—and truly "nightlight grains" they are. As my curiosity was aroused, disregarding the lateness of the hour, I placed a few of them on a glass slide under my microscope, and extinguished my lamp. Under a powerful lens, they presented themselves as a series of little, by a broad pale rim of electric-looking light, like the faint gleam of an exhausted glow-worm, while occasional sparks of vivid brightness traversed short portions of the objects, particularly at certain points. This exhibition of their luminous properties seemed voluntary, as for long periods they showed no brightness, and then suddenly shone out again very brilliantly.

Whatever phosgene might naturally do, irritation always provoked a remarkable effect. The power, too, is dependent on life; for of samples of water kept many days under different conditions, some retained their phosphorescent properties, while others had lost it; in the latter case the *Noctiluca* were invariably dead. The yeast-like form to which I have alluded as floating in dense streaks on the surface of the sea in a dense congeries of these little phosphorescent jelly-fish, and so luminous is it that in a jar during broad daylight, it may be seen to glow with a pale-green light.

Our woodcut gives a representation of one of these *Noctiluca miliaris* highly magnified, showing its balloon-like form and the peculiar ciliated tentacles by which it twirls and turns itself about and upends down in the water, in a slow but very remarkable manner. The smaller figures give the natural size of some of the largest specimens. Numbers, however, do not exceed the 1-1000th part of an inch. We cannot do these minute creatures without our thoughts turning to the contemplation of the amazing number of myriads with which the ocean-water must be swarming, to render its surface over hundreds of miles glowing with a subdued light, ready to burst out in vivid flashes with every floating obstruction, and to mark in moving streams of light the crests of the rolling waves.

In recent experiments the effect of exposure, and other gases, have been tried on the luminous properties of the *Noctiluca*, as well as those of strong mineral acids, ether, and chloroform. The results of these experiments show differences of action in the cases of the glow-worm and the *Noctiluca*. As, for example, in the case of carbonic acid gas, glow-worms lose their phosphorescence very shortly after immersion, whereas, in that of the *Noctiluca*, there is no agent which has the effect of increasing the brilliancy of the light emitted, at the same time that it renders permanent frequently to the extent of twenty or twenty-five minutes. At the lapse of this time, however, it proves fatal to the *Noctiluca*, without the capability of resuscitation by the admission of atmospheric air, which will often revive glow-worms when similarly treated.

In some examinations which I made of *Noctiluca* under the microscope, in a dark room, I found that the phosphorescence was not always fixed, but that, sometimes, a bright spark would travel from one point of the object to another, as from a to b, in one instance observed. It is very desirable that further observations on the luminous properties of these objects should be made, and even more desirable that we should acquire an intimate knowledge of their early stages of development; for little, indeed, of their habits and history is yet known, even to naturalists.

MY SEA MONSTERS.

By THOMAS HOOD.

"Pan-Ban-Caliban!"
"Not a sea monster, and not a new man!"

It was in a weak moment on a warm day that I first gave way to the desire that made me a slave of Caliban, or Sea Monsters. By that title I desire to mean the inhabitants of Aquariums. I had seen lovely pictures of them, in windows festooned with creepers, and buttressed with Varian cases. Visions, of Mr. Noel Humphreys' crabs, floated before my eyes, and wooed me to devote myself to a tank. The sea, whispering as it murmured among the rock-pools, completed the spell [the printer will be obliging enough not to omit the "p" in that last word], and I registered a word of bondage. Oh, that deceitful sea! This was its first bit of treachery; but, once possessed of a Caliban, I was always falling a victim to its wayward treachery. Did it not once creep up round me as I was transcribing a dictionary, and compel me to run for my moist life? Mind you, "a hop, skip, and a jump" is good muscular fun on green turf, but it is hard work with the sea up to your knees, especially if a rude wave comes and puts you roughly on the back just as you have completed the grammatic three. That was what happened to me, and I plunged as I felt, and settled it too, by the sea, and illuminated it with flourishes of my ten fingers. The next time Mr. Shirley Hibberd gives us an illustrated book on Calibans, I can supply him with an initial letter.

Well; the first little ocean I started on my own account was nothing more than a finger-glass, and well it throve, though I believe only to lure me onwards.

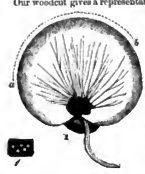
"One glass," says the temperance maxim, "leads to another," and so it did in my case, for ere long I found myself the miserable Neptune of an inverted foreign-glass. But the inversion did not make it any the less a forcing one, for never was there a more tyrannizing crystal since the days of Doctor Lee.

First of all, the water would not settle. I filtered it from morn till night, but its opacity was obstinate, and a Hartz Forest carbonized would not have been cluical enough to clear it. All of a sudden it grew clear of its own accord. The water settled—and water settles it too, by over-stocking it. Everything died in the odour of—certainly not sanctity.

It was then I first learnt the full beauty of a certain Devonshire word—"anewb," to wit. I had frequently heard it used, but now I fully appreciated its force. Odd to say, I have never yet met with any one who had kept a Caliban, and did not see how comprehensive a description this word gives of "an ancient and feeble man."

In the mean time, he it understood, I had left the seaside, so that, after due purification of the tank, my new stock was sent me from a friend on the coast.

This time I, of course, did not overstock, but ran to the other extreme, and I put hosts of sea-creats into my supplementary foot-pans, as a *corps de reserve*. Unhappily, the one containing three crabs was put near some net curtains. As crabs climb like transmigrated middles, next day their residence was vacant; and, what is worse, the strictest search could not reveal their whereabouts. A shelly robber fell upon the house; and my little naives, eight, lived in endless fear of meeting the things glancing at a dark turn of



the stairs; nor did I, without misgivings, thrust my feet down to the foot of my bed.

At length the piano required tuning. It was moved from the wall, and, with a gust of anything but Arabian perfume, this spectacle presented itself.



The three wretches had shambled in there, stuck fast, and perished like these Maritime Mistletoe-Bough Brides. Still, however, one crab was left me, "to glad me with his" swivel "eye." He grew familiar and agreeable—demoniacally so! A tap on the glass would bring him up the sea-grass hand-over-hand for shreds of meat; and he would sit sweeping and churning near the surface like a little model of a marine steam-engine. But this was all part of a deep-laid scheme against my happiness; for one day, just when I "came to know him well," on a flat stone I found the hollow crust of him—a shell, but with no corpse in it. I concluded, with mourning, that in a fit of suicidal despair, or after an orgie of leaf-bred days, he had strayed into an anemone.

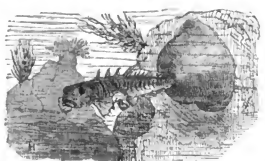
Not two hours after, as I was about to syringe the water, I was turned to a cold jolly to see my friend's ghost rising near the surface, spouting viciously in several directions at once, and twiddling his thumbs like a sea-quaker. I was so startled I dropped the syringe. As it happened to be glass, the water went unsucked for the day, and was not improved by the omission. The truth was, he had cast his shell; a habit which, I afterwards learnt, was fashionable among the crustaceans at due and decent intervals. But I'm sure he did it for a practical joke, for he grinned and squinted so atrociously that he dislocated his eyes, or some other limbs, and otherwise so mortally injured himself that he shortly perished.

Among the other denizens of my tank were anemones, lovely to the look, but really hollow bags of sea-water, very like marine British Banks. They were uninteresting, always turning themselves inside out, putting their puffy striped lips, and assimilating all that came in their reach with a forty-alderman voracity. As there were a good many fish, of one sort or another, that came to their net, it is easy to guess my stock dwindled rapidly. As for my shrimp and prawns, writers on this subject are prone to call them "shadowy" as a fanciful epithet, but they were so shadowy with me, that they disappeared altogether. They probably got checks from my British Banks, and were "taken in."

Then my mussel unmoved himself, and rolled to the bottom with the expiring cockle; and the double device so affected the "shadles," that they died smothering. So did my two hermit crabs, who, after having shifted shells once or twice in a nervous, rapid, and modest manner, turned bodily out of their dwellings, and died, naked and not ashamed.

My clump of asperula tubes, meanwhile, glared with hollow orifices, like a house in Chancery, for a new crab, of solitary and assimilable tendency, had a habit of sitting on it, and peevishly picking out the inhabitants like "periwinkles." And all this time a gentle "smooch" hovered over my tank, as my "bright gazelles" were obliged to be thrown, one by one, down the sink. So that, on the whole, my Caliban was a sort of succubus that was always fondly hanging over; and getting only smells, and no enjoyment, from it. Indeed, my glass was so odorous that my friends called it my "slow fever." And slow enough, in the slang sense, it had become, for, with the exception of the sulky crab, there was no livelier thing to be seen than a vegetating anemone or so. To be sure I had a tradition under a bit of rock, but I never saw it, and did not know its name. It was a multi-crural beast of petrified appearance, like a stone monument of a Daddy Long Legs spider. Indeed, it had so many legs, and so many joints to them, that it never moved, out of sheer despair, I believe, of ever doing anything right with them.

My last attempt to infuse a little life into this uninteresting stagnancy was painfully unsuccessful. I had read that the common stickleback will acclimatise itself to sea as well as fresh water. By judicious groves of river and ocean, I gradually acclimatized one little thorny creature, and, as a natural consequence, became somewhat attached to him. Imagine my horror to find that, within ten minutes after his introduction, he had inspired another attachment—as this—



After this shock I ceased to struggle with my Caliban, although I could still tell tales of cross crabs, anemones, and crustacean crabs. I tried to persuade myself that still life was preferable, with its beautiful repose, &c. &c.

But the crowing wrong has yet to be told. The weight of its contents had cracked the bell-glass. Unseen by me, the flaw had grown, and grown, until suddenly, one day when I was meditating on it, and trying to think it rapturous enjoyment, it burst, with a report like a small pistol deluging me

with hot-inodorous water, and scattering stones, weeds, and sea monsters on all sides, in damp and desolate confusion.

What became of the crab I cannot tell. A smooch at some future day will reveal his last resting-place. The anemones I threw into the garden, and I believe he sat at them, for he was decidedly unwell for several days after. Of the many-legged stony beast, I often to this day pick up portions of thighs and shins. But I never attempted another small sea. I hung up my drenched garments, like Horace, in token of my escape from marine disasters, and washed my hands of the salt water.

Never again may I suffer a sea-change into anything so wild and strange as the drudge and vassal of an exacting Caliban.

AUTOGRAPHS AND AUTOGRAPH-HUNTERS.

THIS very general and strong desire to collect the autographs of celebrated persons, and even of individuals of inferior note, or to retain such as are recommended by particular circumstances of curiosity or affect, is perfectly natural. In many of the latter cases people persist in this practice, in spite of the inconveniences and evil results which are likely to ensue from it. Few folks can find in their hearts to destroy love-letters, though (when kept till "all sated and torn") they often betray secrets that involve very mischievous and fatal consequences. In fact, correspondence of every description more frequently hoarded than it deserves, and confusion does the work that ought to have been done by the fire, with less reservation for future reference, if deemed necessary.

But pure autograph-collecting, for the sake of the autographs, is another thing, and is justified by several considerations. No wonder, therefore, that it has grown almost to a mania of late years, and that the demand has brought to the hammer of the auctioneer many thousand precious lots, as well as to the bookmaker many private documents, which ought never to have seen the light, or been published in print to the world.

The chief reasons for autograph-hunting may be stated, as follows, in our opinion abroad, and entertained by many, that the characters of the writers may be gathered from their writing; and thus we talk of a plain hand, a round hand, a bold hand, a clear hand, a weak hand, a neat hand, a struggling hand, and so forth, denoting thence that the *manus* so typified is straightforward, well-told, manly, perceptive, feeble, precise, treacherous. To such a length has this fancy been carried, that pretenders advertise for signatures, from which they undertake to interpret probabilities, just as if penmanship and the casting of natures held similar mysteries in their relations to mankind. In short, man's nature is made out from his Sign-ature; we learn how he minds his 'p's and 'q's; he is far-sighted if he dots his 'i's; temperate, if he strokes his 't's; and poor, if his 'c' look scratchily and ragged. Secondly, if rings, or locks of hair, or books, or toys, or trifling articles of any sort, are covered as remembrances or pledges of regard, it may be allowed that the holograph note and its autograph subscription offer a form of keepsake of a very simple and grateful kind—the one being the thing, the other the best of memorials. Thirdly, for illustrating books the signature of the author is a *sine qua non*. Presentation copies are doubly, trebly, and in many instances, tenfold more valuable and valued than if they were most elaborately bound. There is a great thirst for the signatures of eminent authors, artists, and distinguished men of notorious name in notorious times, such as Lord Turpin, Paul Jones, Robespierre, as well as Luther, Franklin, Newton, have all greedy or enthusiastic purchasers. Jack Shepherd (perhaps only his mark x), Wellington, and Shakespeare—we know what they would do and fetch in the market. At Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's sales, the show of *hands* seems to carry all the world before it, and dirty scraps of paper are converted into clean bank-notes, in a manner surprising to behold. Strangers write to remarkable personages, begging their autographs, and many cunning ruses are resorted to, in order to accomplish this purpose. The civilities of answers so caught adorn many an album, and some very droll examples might be quoted of the means by which they were secured. The fatuity of direct application only succeeds with the lesser luminaries;—the greater stars are fain to shelter themselves behind silence; or if they are fanny fellows, secretary sends compliments, and so and so will have pleasure in coupling with Mrs. or Miss A. B. C.'s request, if she will be good enough to send a slate or a paving-stone to write upon, or, if she will, a sheet of glass or a window-pane. It is possible that autograph-hunters may afford a slight diversion from the common persecution; or it is quite as likely it may cause an increase of the appetite, and among the millions whose ugly portraits are now perpetuated with the ugliest want of art in every corner of town, it may become a fashion (as with the ancient Egyptians) to *athmetize* to have the names of the distinguished, to authenticate the atrocious likenesses.

Nobody, we believe, would find it agreeable, or exceedingly conducive to his reputation—not to speak of his comfort or happiness—to live in a glass house, even were it a Crystal Palace, since even palaces are abominations, owing to their want of privacy—

Every ad observed,
Set in a note-book, learnt and copied by rote,—

to cast into the teeth of the poor overlooked, and yet not overlooked, inhabitant. The same reasoning applies to the conversation and written intercourse of social life. It is difficult to draw the just and allowable line as regards the daily private and manuscript communications which pass to and fro among men without reserve, on every topic public, it may be of private consequence,—let us say in convivial parties, in clubs, in family circles, in friendly interchange of opinions, in short, in every way in which

* When testing of autographs (as of social conversation), we ought not to omit a few notes on the laws more specially applicable to letters. According to law, letters are the joint property of the writer and of the party to whom they are sent. The paper, as a document, belongs to the writer (if no note may be a word) by analogy to the law of the law, letters in other matters, such as lease and lease, and so forth, burglar, vendor, covener, &c. &c. but, in the case of a letter, the "belonging to the party" belongs to the party to whom they are sent. The recipient has no right to publish it; and a Court of Equity will grant an injunction to restrain him. Perhaps this property is not a new one, but it is a new one in the sense that if a book should continue in the author's, say, twenty-eight years, or whatever time the statute gives. We are of opinion that if a man writes a letter, and it is published, there is no copyright in the writer, and it would be a question to decide whether any is created in the owner of the newspaper. James had that there would, and thus protected his name as ours.

* "Overlook" is the only word we know in the English tongue not only with a double, but a directly opposite meaning: in "overlook," to see over everything and its due part reasons; and "overlook," to see nothing!

we are free to open our thoughts, state our judgments, or express our sentiments,—

"No facta sine causa
quæ dicta bene element."

In this especially should be maintained the good rules never overstepped in the best society, and the breach of which soon excludes offenders from one of the most pleasant and instructive of human enjoyments,—frank and unrestrained confidence, only guarded by the sense that it is so, and not to be put to a foolish trial. Such a society is, in itself, as free from the mischievous slander hateful; fortunately they are, in general, evanescent, and always pro tempore liable to immediate correction, reproof, or punishment. But the broad line where the *libera scripta videntur*,—where the ink survives living explanation or denial, is a far more serious boundary to transgress. The revelation of the secrets of Catharine in the Confessional,—the divulgence of the truth by a felon to the attorney, and by the attorney to the counsel feed to defend him—the secret communicated under oath or pledge never to divulge it,—perhaps those vows at which Jove laughs, *perjuræ amantem*,—are reckoned sacred; but there is a wide margin of less impressive confidences, which not only every honorable being, but even every judiciously-educated and wellbred person must consider to be equally "tied in" from idle report or injurious propagation. In this lies the whole question of autograph disposition. It may be a perfectly innocent and harmless transaction, or it may be a scandalous outrage and a shame. To the mere gift or even sale of unimportant commonplace epistles there can be little objection; but a severe scrutiny ought to be exercised to prevent any transgression of the clearly-understood conventional rules to which we have alluded. Beyond that point nothing can be permitted. The lapse of time, added, seems to excuse, to a certain degree, the publicity of matters which it would have been intemperately infamous to betray; but in those cases it must be remembered that the divulging of the actual party concerned,—is not restrained by the same ties—is not bound by the same circumstances,—is not responsible for the same results,—and that the results themselves are altogether altered and different. Yet even here we have witnessed many instances of incontinence for the sheer lack of lore, which were extremely discreditable to the manipulators and editors of posthumous papers.

And when we come to the reckless exhibition of the letters and autographs of living contemporaries, or of those recently taken from us by death, the enormity of the deed is alike disgusting and indefensible—its effects most deplorable, for it strikes at the very roots of social or friendly intercourse, of private confidence, and of unreserved opinion, by letter. To be balancing all our days to whom we can write, or what we can write, with safety, would be an intolerable burden; but yet, to this complexity we must come at last, if everything we write is liable to be sold to the gaze of autograph-hunters, and our style, taste, and sentiments to be canvassed by a crowd, who have as much reluctance to hurt our feelings and disparage our efforts, as to take our letters home with them, and show them, with due comments, to a scandal-loving company! Literary men, of all others, are most exposed to this indecent treatment; and there seems to be no help for them, unless they come to the determination to pen all their correspondence, in Pape, Hume, Walpole, and others have done, for publication. It is certainly very hard on them. To have no secure chance of relaxation from the stinging of the pen into the casiness of lodgings or abundance of privacy, is a fate by no means to be envied. May they look for forbearance, or hope for mercy!—not a whit! Here is a sample of what I assume to be the case. In the lifetime of the late voluminous dramatic writer, Mr. Moncrieff, the author of a theatrical proprietor and manager, publicly put up for sale, among other of her husband's chattels, books, pictures, &c., "one hundred and seventy letters of Moncrieff, the author, requesting pecuniary assistance!" Every season displays other instances, perhaps not so gross, but often extremely offensive to private feelings and public decorum. It would be quite as gentlemanly to employ the menials of old-fashioned privacy in prying into the letters in hand, or breaking their seals at once, and learning their contents.

PATERFAMILIAS AND ALMA MATER.

We lately met, in the pages of a monthly magazine, an article that appeared to call for some remark. The subject treated of was "Student Life" in Scotland, and the object in view, as we understood it, was the exaltation of English universities, and the depreciation of Scotch, on the ground that they are deficient in this same "Life," of which, fortunately, the writer favoured us with a definition.

"Student life," he says, "does not mean life spent in Greek, or mathematics, or learning of any kind, but in hunting, boating, fencing, drinking, or love-making."

Now, without attempting to deny the merits and glories of hunting, boating, fencing, drinking, &c., we submit that excellence in these pursuits is not precisely the object for which universities are founded, and that it is no more a just cause of complaint against a university that it does not promote these accomplishments, than that it does not supply butchers' meat. Proceeding with the indictment, we learn, with dismay, that though the Scotch universities have debating societies, historical societies, speculative societies, critical societies, they have "no society." That, though they cultivate, with distinguished success, the highest subjects of human thought, and their professional teaching is of almost unparalleled excellence, the great university, with all its venerable associations, is "planned on the model of a day-school." And when the student, like the schoolboy, a few years his junior, returns to his home in the evening, the writer puts forward a hypothetical case which is really quite overwhelming.

"The student who has all the morning been dissecting dead bodies, or devouring the Epistles of Phalaris, returns to dine with his sisters, and kneel down at evening prayers with his gray-headed sire. At first this is overwhelming; but when we have had a little time to recover, we find ourselves inquiring, 'Is there any objection to his doing so?'—at least provided he have washed his hands!" Other points of inquiry also suggest themselves—"Would the student be equally ineligible for admission to evening prayers if, instead of the Epistles of Phalaris, he had 'devoured' some other equally delicate and nutritious morsel? Would it make any difference if his sire's hair were grey or black?"

We are unable to feel so much alarmed as it was meant that we should be at the idea that in the universities in question "student life is as much as possible represented in them, that family life may be sustained."

By the writer's own showing, the system is so far from having the effect of representing the frolicsome tendencies (in which we rejoice as much as he does) that both students and professors are generally ready when occasion offers for even uproarious fun; and one of the most distinguished of the latter is mentioned, who, when he saw any symptoms of weariness in the lads he was instructing, would "lay down his Horace" and joke with them till the tears ran down their cheeks.

If there were really any incompatibility in family and student life in its best form (a notion which we entirely repudiate) it might be thought that as the institution of the family is, of the two, older than that of the university, and rests, perhaps, on somewhat higher authority, the family had, at least, equal claims; but the writer is of a different opinion. He does, indeed, as we very pat. Providence on the horizon, and declares that "the family is a very noble institution," but "it is not everything." While he so highly values, much inclined to repudiate the claims of grey-haired sires to filial reverence, he is feelingly alive to those of the *alma mater*. He even grows quite pathetic on this point, and exclaims—"Alas for the university that does not make its students feel that they are sons!"—sons, *velut filii*, of the university, and not of their fathers. Is filial reverence, perhaps, equally obligatory on the sons of guns?

In conclusion, the writer ventures on a hint of a sentiment which he seems a little ashamed to speak plainly.—"In the view of some," he says, "the chief fault of the Scotch universities is, that they are not fairly enough. It is supposed that if there were less of study in them, and more of sports, they would be greatly improved." No sooner, however, has he given utterance to this edifying sentiment, under the convenient incognito of "Some," than he hastens to cry "oh, he!" on himself. "Heaven forbid that we in Cornwall should glorify with it!" We should, ourselves, have thought "wild oats" rather a misfiring equivalent for "scandalous" in Scotch, and, as a sign of those "deadly sins" from which, we cannot doubt, the writer prays every Sunday to be delivered!

Though the conclusion appears to be the very contrary of the one to which the writer intended to bring us, we cannot but think it would be well for the Scotch universities if the censures passed on them by our monthly contemporary were desisted.

RAMBLER BY RAIL.—No. I.

THE SOUTH-WESTERN.

Of the most pleasant places of annual resort which England boasts, none has greater attractions for the tourist than the Isle of Wight. With a climate equally mild, with scenery celebrated for its beauty, with a soil fertile in interest to the botanist and the geologist, and with most of the conveniences the health-seeker and the pleasure-seeker can desire,—it is one of the most delightful districts that can be visited either by the railway excursionist of a day or two, or by those who have weeks at their disposal. The railway leading to this interesting locality is the London and South-Western—one of those immense iron arteries that serve to connect the heart of the kingdom with its western extremity. There is a class of routes. The most rapid journey is effected by the "Direct" line to Portsmouth, and occupies three hours after a half ascending the island. Portsmouth is reached likewise by the circuitous route via Basingstoke and Bishopscote; whilst those whose destination is Cowes can conveniently proceed thither by way of Southampton. By each route through-tickets are issued at Waterloo-bridge Station for 18s. 6d. first class, 13s. 4d. second class, and 5s. 5d. third class. Return-tickets, too, available for four days, may be obtained at 32s., 23s. 6d., or 13s. 6d.; and to meet the requirements of that class of travellers whose only opportunity of visiting the seaside in when the week's work is done and the week's wages earned, cheap excursion trains leave London every Sunday morning and take passengers to the island and back, including pier dues and a boat-hire fee, at a charge of 10s. 6d. in a first class, 8s. in a second class, and 5s. in a covered third class carriage. Third-class return-tickets, also, at half-a-sovereign, are issued by the trains leaving at six o'clock in the morning and four in the evening—available for the same or following day, or from Saturday till Monday.

To explore the island thoroughly, to visit all the objects of interest it contains—will occupy two or three weeks. Much, however, can be seen in a few days; and, from the facility of communication that exists, even if, if properly spent, will give the visitor an opportunity of becoming generally acquainted with some of its most prominent beauties. The expense is commonly over-estimated. On most occasions one occupies visitors who arrive during the height of the season have been known to sleep, for want of a better accommodation, in lodging-machines and in "refectories below on the pier." At such times, as a matter of course, lodgings and hotel charges would be high; but they are exceptional occurrences. Those who make a lengthened stay will usually be able to procure lodgings, suited to their means, at Ryde, Sandown, Shanklin, Ventnor, or Cowes; where they may obtain good lodging and boating, and whence excursions may be made to the various places of interest throughout the island. Those, on the other hand, whose time is limited, and who shift their quarters day by day, will find it possible, if not inclined to be extravagant, to live at the hotels for 10s. a day, and to get every requisite comfort and attention for that sum.

Conveyances of all sorts are plentiful, and run at cheap rates in every direction; but by far the most agreeable way to explore the island is to journey over it on foot, and to allow four clear days for the performance. Having lately returned from a tour which occupied just that time, I shall now give the reader a brief narrative of my ramble, which will serve him as an itinerary, and furnish him with the means of forming an opinion of the coast.

On the 17th ultimo, I reached Portsmouth at ten minutes past five in the evening, by the train that left London at one.

Passengers by railway are allowed twenty minutes to reach the Ryde boats. Those who travel with many "conveniences" occupy that time in transporting themselves and luggage to the pier in omnibus or cab. I found time to walk

thither, to notice the home where, in 1628, Felton assassinated Stornie, Duke of Buckingham, to pay a flying visit to one of the latter; and to examine a gilt boat of Charles the First, which occupies a niche in the face of a wall contiguous to the pier. An inscription underneath informs us that the unfortunate monarch "after his travels through all France into Spain, and having passed many dangers both by sea and land, arrived here the 5th of October, 1623." As I came upon the pier, the shrill whistle of the steamer announced her immediate departure. I hurried on board, and as soon as I had embarked she left. The evening was fine, and the numerous passengers on deck were pointing out to each other the many points of interest within view. And truly the scene was noteworthy. Leaving Portmouth behind, with its dockyard, forts, and batteries, the course of the steamer lay through the beautiful of Spithead, known to all the world as the rendezvous of the British fleet; suitably remembered, too, as the scene of the catastrophe which, in 1782, led the *Royal George*.

"When Kensington was down
With twice four hundred men."

At the time Corper wrote, he added:

"Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again."

But after trying, a dangerous obstacle to navigation, for sixty years, the sappers and miners took her in hand, and blew her to pieces, "partly for the purpose of furnishing the curious with snuff-boxes," and partly, no doubt, because she was an obstruction. Before us was the lake which—

"Of all the southern isles took the highest place,"

and which every turn of the paddles was making more distinct. It was somewhere here, "at a place called Rile," on Thursday, July 11th, 1754, in a gale, that Henry Findling—on his way to Lisbon—came to anchor. Persecuted by his wife to go ashore, "he approved the notion much," but how to get thither was the question. "The sea," he tells us, "strange as it may appear, did not extend to the shore; but between the sea and the shore, at low-water, there was an impassable gulf of mud and sand, which can neither be traversed by walking nor swimming." Our poor soldier, however, at last got landed into a small boat; and "being rowed pretty near, was taken up by two sailors, who waded with him through the mud, and placed him on a chair on the land!" Now, the landing is easily effected; a pier runs out into the sea for nearly half a mile; and the most afflicted invalid will experience little inconvenience.

I have read somewhere that the Isle of Wight was not an early convert to Christianity, and that, although in the fourteenth century it was under the immediate supervision of a dean, and had a suffragan bishop conferred on it by William of Wykeham, there is much reason to doubt whether it has even yet been completely converted. But the Bishop of Exeter, as a reproach, I must say, as far as my experience goes, the insinuation is a libel. I met with uniform kindness from first to last. The very moment I landed at Ryde the inhabitants expressed their readiness to serve me. Some offered me Bath-chairs, others cabs, and two of them took considerable pains to persuade me to go on with them, then and there, in a coach-and-four to Newport; and at every step I had indications of their Christian charity, for in the window of almost all houses I passed, the proprietors notified their readiness to afford accommodation to visitors. It appeared, too, this was not a mere show of hospitality on their part, but that they were sincerely desirous to entertain people. And each house seemed to offer greater inducements than the last I visited. In one they were prepared simply to help you; the next door had the additional advantage to offer in a "sea view;" two or three steps brought me to one with "a good sea view;" and many in the street boasted of having "an excellent sea view." But it was just six o'clock, and the view I most desired just then was a well-laid table; so, with little trouble, I found my way to the York Hotel, and ordered something to eat.

Ryde, from its size, its proximity to the mainland, its very many conveniences, is at once a suitable residence for those who wish to spend some weeks on the island, and an admirable starting-point whence to investigate the several districts in succession. But the tourist who has labored in his waters, taken a turn on its pier and esplanade, and paid a visit to its Catholic chapel in the upper and older portion of the town, may leave without fear of having missed any of its attractions. I slept at the York Hotel, and, next morning—having breakfasted, and discharged the very moderate bill that was presented to me (six shillings only, for attendance, bed, breakfast, and tea with cold meat, lobster, prawns, &c.)—I left ashore, intending to reach Ventnor, a distance of twelve miles, the same night. A pleasant walk of four miles brought me to Brading—the *King's Town* of Brading—which in times past was a place of no little importance; but its glory has long since departed, and now all interest is centred in the remembrance of its past position, and in its church—an ancient building beleaguered with many curious. It contains some interesting monuments, among which I noticed a very fine incised slab commemorating a Constable of Purbeur Castle, who died in 1411, and two curious altar tombs, one bearing the inscription—"JHU, was navel on Wyllan Howls Sowl. Amen. MCCCLXX. Hollethals his Wyf." The venerable edifice has many pleasant associations, not the least interesting of them being the fact that for eight years it was the scene of the ministerial labours of Leigh Richmond, known to fame as the author of "The Dairyman's Daughter" and the "Young Cottager." In the chancel, near the east window, is the grave of "Little Jane;" and not far off from it is the tombstone containing the epitaph—"Furgive, blest shade," &c., which the music of Dr. Calcott has made famous.

Brading possesses a member of Parliament till the constituency became too poor to maintain him at surcharge a day, when they petitioned, and were rebuffed from the honour and burden of being represented. The town, however, still boasts of "two bailiffs, two justices, two constables, and a hayward," and it was with considerable apprehension I walked along the straggling street that constitutes the quaint old town; for, on a half-timbered, tumble-down building which stood near the church, and which, I learned, was the Town Hall, I had seen a notice from these authorities, warning all vagrants they would be severely dealt

with—(and was not I a vagrant to all intents and purposes?); stools, also, fixed in the open brick arcade immediately underneath, lest the weight of their presence to the vagrant; and somewhere close by, a lame man, I was informed, is preserved for cases of emergency—a "Peto" of ordnance, made by John and Robert Owine, brothers, in 1549. But I suffered no molestation; walked leisurely on (leaving on my left Brading Harbour, Vantage, and Boulders Down, which reaches an elevation of 355 feet), crossed the Little River Yar, and entered Sandown. Unlike Brading, Sandown is a creation of yesterday. Fifty years ago the site was a wild common; but now it is occupied by a thriving town, rarely extending its dimensions. In the way of scenery, it has nothing to recommend it; but it has other advantages. Its position along the edge of the cliff in a flung bay, the coast with which it is approached from the sea, its hard and extensive sands, its facilities for bathing and basking, its comfortable hotels,—all tend to make a popular resort of a place which, sixteen or seventeen years since, was "a cluster of fishermen's cottages, a small roadside inn, and about half a dozen humble houses."

Somewhere here it was that John Wilkes, of North Briton notoriety, built himself a cottage, and amused himself in his old age by laying out grounds and erecting summer-houses. The house, with its pavilions of floorcloth, its grounds and its furniture, set up to the memory of Churchill, has lately been demolished, and not a trace remains of the noted villa that first made the place famous.

The public buildings of Sandown are a church, a school, a fire station, &c. The church and barracks may be passed over without loss, but the fort, built by Lord Conway, Governor of the Island in the reign of Charles I., is worthy of a visit. It is quadrangular, has a bastion at every angle, and is surrounded by a fosse. It was erected in lieu of a blockhouse which Henry VIII. had built, but which, however formidable to an enemy, proved of little avail against the hungry swans which now for a hundred and fifty years have played over the site it occupied. Three months previous to my visit a terrible tragedy had been enacted within its walls: Whitworth, the master-gunner, murdering his wife and his six children. As I was leaving I came upon a knot of men and women collected round a soldier, who was reading from a newspaper which they appeared to be intensely interested in. I joined the party, and found it was a account of Whitworth's trial, which had come off the day before at Winchester. The man read thus:—"On the 17th of May Whitworth was across the parade ground, threw himself the feet of the Captain, and exclaimed,—'Sir, for God's sake save me!' Opening the collar of his coat, he exhibited his throat, covered with blood, and said, 'There is awful work down there. Pray come down.' . . . On the led near the door was the body of Mrs. Whitworth, dressed, her neck so terribly pushed that the vertebra was plainly visible. Across the mother lay an infant which had evidently been at the breast. On the floor near the window were two girls at the head of a little boy—all dead! Filona had been used to settle the crisis of the victims."

"The villain! I hope they will hang him," exclaimed a woman who had a child in her arms, and who seemed terribly excited.

The soldier went on with the account of the trial. "The prisoner, when placed at the bar, stared wildly about him, muttering some incoherent anagrams. The jury found 'that the prisoner was unable to plead,' and his lordship directed the usual order to be made."

Leaving Sandown, I continued my journey along the edge of the cliffs to Shanklin, two miles further, where I intended to dine. When about half-way, a curious change appeared to take place in the appearance of everything. There was a strangeness about the light, and a bluish mist hung over the landscape. Then I recollected there was an eclipse of the sun. Taking out the glass of my watch, I smoked it with a "vesta," threw myself on the heels, and thus had a good view of the phenomenon. Whilst I was enjoying the glass, a shepherd, who for some time had been watching my movements, approached, and, pointing to the sun, said,— "Is that for rain, master?" I explained to him that it was an eclipse.

"Why, sir," he remarked, evidently re-assured, "we had, as you know, a wet St. Swilkin, and I was afeared it was the sun a drawing up water."

Shanklin, nestled amidst trees in a little valley 300 feet above the sea, is a beautiful village, and one would willingly linger along its charming nooks. I spent two hours and a half in strolling about the place; examined some picturesque thatched cottages, garnished with geraniums, myrtles, verbena, and roses; lounged on the cliff, which commands views of surpassing loveliness; visited the church, that peeps out from groups of elm-trees; and, when I had ordered dinner at Daish's Hotel, descended to the shore, which is said to be a good collecting-ground for seaweeds and molluscs. I was, however, much disappointed; the weed was of a very inferior description, and the sea anemones were evidently the result of their order—not to be compared with those to be found at Tenby or on the Devonshire coast. After I had eaten my dinner, for which I paid 2s., I found my way to the "China," which is the principal object of attraction to the place. Here, too, I was much disappointed, having read descriptions, and seen sketches of it, that would lead one to suppose it was one of Nature's greatest wonders. The little glen, however, with its tiny stream, nourishing the shrubs and underwood that clothe the sides, is pretty; and those who are not led to expect too much, will doubtless be much pleased with their visit. After a thorough inspection of the China, I struck off through a secluded pathway which took along the edge of the cliffs, and, having traversed a track rising at first in gentle undulations, but gradually becoming wilder and more precipitous, soon reached Lacombe, one of the most striking scenes I ever witnessed, and one which the tourist, having once seen, will not easily forget. Hence, indeed, all the way to Ventnor, the path leads through some of the most beautiful scenery in the island. Immediately upon leaving Lacombe, with its precipitous claus, its common covered with tufts of trees and tangled brakes of fern and bracken, and its picturesque group of fishermen's huts perched on a rocky terrace by the sea-shore—I entered the wild and lone district known as the

Land-slip—a chaos of huge rocks, which have fallen from the precipitous cliffs above, and which Nature has since clothed with luxuriant vegetation.

Having threaded my way through the immense masses which everywhere around stretched the ground, I emerged upon the high-road at the old church at Bournemouth. It is a venerable Norman edifice, which, for its simplicity, beauty, and picturesque effect can scarcely be surpassed. In the quiet churchyard a plain tombstone, recording his name, age, and time of death, indicates the resting-place of John Sterling; and at no great distance lies William Adams, author of the "Shadow of the Cross." The appearance of Bournemouth itself is impressively grand, and one can readily agree with Sterling's opinion, that the house are "such as a poet would imagine and a painter depict," like a fine picture, the more one becomes acquainted with it the more its beauties show themselves. As it is scarcely a mile from Ventnor—of which place, indeed, it may be called a suburb—I resolved to return in the morning, to enjoy its charms at my leisure. Taking what is called the Malvern road, I soon reached Ventnor, and "pitched my tent" at the Elysian Hotel, on the beach.

Reviews of Books.

INTERNATIONAL DRAMATIC RIGHTS.*

IN 1851 a treaty was entered into between France and England, for the mutual protection of the rights of dramatic authors. It contained a proviso that the protection stipulated for on both sides was not intended to prohibit "fair imitations, or adaptations of dramatic works to the stage, in England and France respectively." In the quiet churchyard a plain tombstone, recording his name, age, and time of death, indicates the resting-place of John Sterling; and at no great distance lies William Adams, author of the "Shadow of the Cross." The appearance of Bournemouth itself is impressively grand, and one can readily agree with Sterling's opinion, that the house are "such as a poet would imagine and a painter depict," like a fine picture, the more one becomes acquainted with it the more its beauties show themselves. As it is scarcely a mile from Ventnor—of which place, indeed, it may be called a suburb—I resolved to return in the morning, to enjoy its charms at my leisure. Taking what is called the Malvern road, I soon reached Ventnor, and "pitched my tent" at the Elysian Hotel, on the beach.

The joint parties to the treaty believed that, without interfering with the legitimate liberty of the stage, they had effectually secured the rights of dramatic authors. They were mistaken. The treaty turned out to be no protection at all. The evasion of the stage right was found to be as easy under the treaty as open larceny had been before. Piracy, indeed, has shown even a bolder front, and executed more dexterous deeds of rapine under the national flag, since 1851, than at any former period.

The uninitiated reader will naturally ask—what is the cause of this strange state of things? Simply the proviso, excepting "fair imitations or adaptations" from the operation of the treaty. Who is to decide what is a fair imitation or adaptation? Who is to draw the line beyond which the imitator or adaptor must not trespass? It is clear that no general rule can be laid down, and that each case must be decided on its own merits, so that the treaty, which was intended to put a stop to piracy, merely opens a wide door to litigation. Hence the rights of dramatists are daily visited with impunity, because the law is vague, and the redress is costly and doubtful.

Mr. Charles Reade takes up the subject in the volume before us, but unfortunately he treats it as a case of rampant fury that is self-invited, and not as a case of piracy which the managers of the law, by exceedingly likely, if the book have any effect, will sweep off the public from looking into the question. People do not like to be dragged through personal broils and intemperate controversies on an inquiry which could be disposed of much more satisfactorily in half a page of calm reasoning; and they are apt, moreover, to suspect the equity of a cause which is defended with loud bluster and reckless declamation. Both elements stand in this book. Such epithets as "liar," "chief," "swindler," are scattered about in alarming profusion; and saucy statements are made which we fear, Mr. Reade would be much perplexed to substantiate. Belonging to the latter class is what he says about the proviso, which lies at the root of the whole matter.

After telling us that in 1851 the "chief nations of Europe" agreed to an "International Copyright Act" which we are ashamed to say we never heard of before, he turns to the treaty between France and England, describes it as "a too noble not to be furiously resisted by some creeping thing or other," and then goes on to show how it was vitiated in the execution.

"Here we see [in the principle of international copyright] the mold of the two legislatures. But presently was smugged in a proviso that shoves forth both in its wording and morality, the products of a distinct mind, and an English mind, and a theatrical conscience, instead of a legislative one."

We will not stop to ask what is meant by slining forth as the product of a distinct mind; but we must beg the reader's attention to the assertion that the proviso was smugged into the treaty by an Englishman, Mr. Reade, who clamours so loudly for justice, and who does not hesitate to make this broad assertion in the face of evidence in his own book, which proves, if any proof were necessary, that it is absolutely untrue. The assertion, nevertheless, that the treaty was surreptitiously diverted from its avowed purpose to subserve a fraud, favourable to the interests of that most contemptible of all the hangers-on upon the skirts of our drama, who take law France on the authority of Mr. Charles Reade, possibly, if it is accepted and diffused by his friend M. Maquet, who having written to him "I found this was your gentleman, whom, probably, rather believe that the whole treaty was forged than that Mr. Reade could be capable of making such a statement, without a little of foundation." And yet this statement has not a title of foundation to a little of foundation. It is a statement which, if it were written before 1851, than they are in dramatising his novels, and that the defence in both cases is exactly the same—the right to do that which is not prohibited by law. Now, instead of calling people rogues and robbers, would it not be wiser to endeavour to get the law altered?

Has Mr. Reade attempted to effect a reform in this direction? We cannot gather any symptoms of it from his book. He limits himself to the denunciation of the "thieves," and, strange to say, suffers the greatest thieves to escape scot-free. Why does he confine his indignation to such small fry as Messrs. Barnett and Johnston, when he has only to look over the play-bills for the last seven or eight years for examples of tenfold more glaring larceny? Even in the recreation he has chosen, he does not exhibit the right sort of virtue. The cases he selects for exposure are exclusively his own.

But Mr. Reade is in error in supposing, as he evidently does, that he is the only person in this kingdom who has taken any practical interest in the question of international stage-rights. He is mistaken. He is not alone. The Section at the Congress of Brussels, and good reasons were assigned by the French dramatists themselves why no step should be taken at present with respect to the terms of the treaty. If that be their opinion, who are the real

The main purpose of the book is to relate a narrative of which Mr. Reade is himself the hero, and which, with innumerable episodes, and whole chapters of wandering reflections, mixed up with fierce assests of "gods, men, and columns," is made to fill the entire volume. The actual narrative may be put into a very short compass. When the treaty came into operation, Mr. Reade thought he ought to buy the goods to which he had previously helped himself without payment; and he accordingly entered into a contract with the authors of a French play for their English rights, declaring, in a public advertisement, his intention to perform any other version of the said play by an injunction in Chancery. Notwithstanding this, however, the managers of the Strand Theatre announced a version of their own; in consequence of which, Mr. Reade served them with a formal notice, threatening proceedings in Chancery, if they persisted. Not a bit frightened, the managers did persist; whereupon Mr. Reade, doubtful of the issue, and somewhat alarmed at the costs in prospect, also issued the injunction. The managers now took the case into their own hands, and sued Mr. Reade in the Court of Exchequer for injuring their property, by declaring that they had no legal right in a piece which, they maintained, was "a fair imitation and adaptation" under the treaty. They laid their damages at £300. Regarding this proceeding with contempt, Mr. Reade, for the purpose of getting a judicial interpretation of the law, sued the managers for a nominal sum—in the County Court! It being obvious that important questions must arise in such a case, which it would be preposterous to submit to the adjudication of a County Court judge, especially as it was the first case under the new law, the judges of the court removed the cause, in order to try it with certainty. Mr. Reade again declined to follow up his own motion. The managers, however, persevered in their action for damages; and the result was a nonsuit, with a reference to arbitration, proposed by the plaintiffs, for the purpose of determining, by comparison with the original, whether theirs was a fair imitation or not; and, if the former, whether the imitator, who they had sustained, the catastrophe is involved in profound darkness. "This arrangement," says Mr. Reade, "was consented to, but not by me. It was ridiculously unfair to me, and I protested against it in court, and never consented to it, and never would have consented to it." Then who did consent to it? For it is clear that the arbiters were not to be asked.

Mr. Reade tells us that the arbitration hung over their heads for three months, when one fine day he was told it was all over. But he does not inform us how it was over. In this new and mysterious phase of the affair, the plaintiffs applied for a new trial, and were refused. The nonsuit, consequently, stood; but out of £300 costs incurred, Mr. Reade recovered only £60. The story is told in an explosive style, and amidst so many interruptions, that we follow the thread of facts with difficulty; but one thing is clear, that the case was conducted, from first to last, in a very extraordinary manner.

Mr. Reade, then, in writing this book to let the public know how much money, and time, and perfectly useless anxiety, he expended to obtain redress for a wrong under a law which he knew beforehand afforded him none. He insists upon sacrificing his cash and his convenience to a phantom; and at the moment when he was declining to risk the Chancery suit which he had himself invoked, he was telling the managers of the law, who, he depicts himself as a martyr in the public cause. The passage is grand.

"In a nation of twenty millions I was alone. I felt like a solitary camel, thirsting in Zahrain for a drop of water; there are times when one drop of sympathy is as precious, and comes not to the parched heart."

He is so impressed with the villany of the treaty, that he offers a wager, in large type, of seventy guineas to forty, that neither Belgium nor America ever acted so dishonestly in treating, or refusing to treat, about copyright, as Great Britain.

"I, Charles Reade, of 46 Bolton Row, Mayfair, London, do, by these presents, offer a bet to the first comer of whatever nation. I bet him, or her, seventy guineas to forty guineas, that he, or she, does not, to the satisfaction of also umpire, to be by us approved, succeed in proving," &c.

"There," he exclaims, "that is the way to get at the truth in England. The country is check full of fellows who will risk their souls on a lie, and will not risk a £5-note on one." But if the fellows would take up the wager, how can the bet be the best way to get at the truth? If it fall still short, it will get at nothing.

With the best intentions, the book will do more harm than good. It attacks the wrong so completely, or so wrongly, side, that it will obstruct the remedy by occupying time with questions which are susceptible of a good defence in law. Besides, Mr. Reade is terribly inconsistent with himself. His morality, or justice, or by whatever other noble epithet he may call the sense of doing right, of which he seems to think he enjoys the monopoly, is really nothing more nor less than the naked right of law, a fact of which he is quite unconscious. He distinctly tells us that he considers himself justified in appropriating French plays that were written before 1851, simply because at that time there was no legal protection in existence. Yet he denounces the playwrights that dramatize his novels as thieves, and swindlers, and what not. He surely ought to know that he is no more justified, morally, in appropriating French plays than he is in appropriating English plays; and that they are in dramatising his novels, and that the defence in both cases is exactly the same—the right to do that which is not prohibited by law. Now, instead of calling people rogues and robbers, would it not be wiser to endeavour to get the law altered?

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*The English Connoisseur. Charles Reade. London: Tinsley & Co.

suffers, we are hardly justified, on this side of the Channel, in urging the matter to a premature and unsatisfactory issue. At all events, whatever is proper to be done should be done by the joint action of both parties.

Amongst the varieties which will be found in this volume, apart from the copyright problem, are some statements respecting the history and statistics of the stage, which will be new to most readers. Miss Saalsburg will be delighted to learn that the thousand pounds by the little Strand Theatre last year; and future homeopathic managers will be cheered by an assurance of the gratifying fact that "large sums of money are made in small theatres." The historical student will also acquire the following information: that, in the sixteenth century, France had a greater and more diffused drama than England; that, when the theatres re-opened in 1660, there were neither writers nor actors; that no actor of repute who played before the troubles spoke a line on the stage after them; and that the English drama, in fact, did not revive till the kingdom was settled in 1689. "What do I find now?" asks Mr. Roade, that is, in the Augustan period between 1689 and 1719—Dryden, Lee, Otway, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Gaudin, Young, Congreve, Farquhar, Olden, Addison, Rowe, Southern, Young, Steele. It is just possible that, by pushing his inquiries a little farther, the student may discover that the sixteenth century, when our drama is represented to have been inferior to the French, was what we call the Elizabethan age; that when the theatres re-opened in 1660, there was an inundation of new writers, and amongst them the founders of English comedy; and that, of the performers who played before the troubles, there were at least eight prominent actors who played under the Restoration—Hart, Cini, Modini, Cartwright, Wintehall, Bird, Slattery, and Burt. Of the dramatists who are claimed by Mr. Roade during the period between 1680 and 1719, the names given are: Dryden, Congreve, the preceding period—Dryden, who was called to write for the stage three years after the Restoration, and may be said to have taken his leave of the theatre on the death of Charles II., having produced nothing in that way throughout the reign of James II., and trying it again in 1666, out of sheer necessity; Lee, who died in 1692, and who, on the whole of his pieces, with Congreve, before 1689—Mrs. Behn, who died in 1689, and Congreve, could not have produced anything after it; and Otway, who died four years before. To these writers, who strictly belong to that age of revival which produced Buckingham's "H-boursal," and in which Mr. Roade tells us there were neither dramatists nor actors, a word of other might be added. The year was, in fact, remarkably prolific. We could reckon up fifty writers for the stage who flourished between 1660 and 1680. Take a few of them:—Cowley (who is as well entitled to a place for his single comedy as Addison for his "Cato"), Parnock, Wycherly and Sedley, Stoddard, Crown and Burnesscott, Killgrew, Launce, Lacy, Mountfort, D'Urfey, Settle, Howard, Duke, Stapleton, Porter, Field, Henslow, Portland, Caryl, Dods, Betterton, Rawley, all of whom, and a dozen more, had reputations in their day.

FEMALE NOVELISTS.*

We do not hold, with the grudging proverb, that woman's sole business in this world is to stitch and sew. She has her talents and powers, for which she is specially adapted, and upon which society has set its seal of its admiration and respect. But we apprehend that the true sphere of her usefulness and influence lies in that domestic region which Nature seems to have indicated as her legitimate domain, and from which she cannot wander very far without risking the loss of credit, merit, and opportunities. Her physical organization shuts her out of all those occupations that require muscular strength or continuous effort; and one of the most difficult problems of our time is to find suitable employment for women. Her mental organization is no less fine and sensitive than her nervous system, and quite as little fit for severe toil as her hands.

There are, of course, exceptions. But we are not speaking of exceptions; and whenever we happen to meet one, we shall render it due honour. Women work at busy hand-work in busy climates, and sometimes do a great deal of that kind of slow drudgery which requires patience and endurance rather than strength and shrewdness; and however well or ill they discharge such functions, the rest of the world is agreed in deploring that they should ever be put to them. In science and literature, the occupation is more varied, and, in some directions, less laborious. There are departments in which the weakest may find something to do in common with the strongest; and it would be uncandid to deny that, in spite of disadvantages which would be insurmountable in our sex, women have occasionally won marked distinction as writers. But the cases are rare.

We dismiss from consideration the Davies, De Staels, and Wollstonecrafts, because in philosophy, politics, and criticism, no female writer has outlived the momentary surprise occasioned by her appearance in a character so unattended by her constitution, education, habits, and opportunities; and because, moreover, our present business is with women as producers of fiction, a province in which they might be expected to achieve the largest measure of success.

Of all the forms of fiction, the drama demands the highest capacity; and hence the contributions of women are of an inferior order. Our English drama rich in power of every kind, does not present a single play of solid pretensions written by a woman. Vivacity, generally of a trivial kind, superficial treatment of feelings, passions, and motives, and an exuberance of truth every-where in a flimsy texture of plot, are the ordinary features of the original plays set on us by Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Wintehall, and Mrs. Field. We find in none of them that combination of wit and character, skilful elimination of incidents, and intimate knowledge of life, which shine with such steady lustre in the plays of Wycherly, Congreve, and Sheridan. The gold that lies thick and massive in the dialogue of the one, is opposed by the thin glitter that glitters only while it is shining, in the dialogue of the other; the wit that contains a permanent element of truth, has its shallow reflection in the touch-and-go repartee that leaves nothing behind; and instead of broad treatment and ingenuity of structure, we have slight and minute efforts, and a design kept so loosely together, that it usually breaks down in the end.

Similar specialties may be traced in the novels of the same period. The most successful female novelists are those who have drawn upon the topics that lay

closest at hand, and submitted them to the investigation of the microscope. There is no generalisation, or reasoning, of a practical kind in these works; but they contain abundance of quiet and vivid surface observation, acute guesses at profounder things, and heaps of conventional commonplace which men generally overlook, or are incapable of appreciating. A woman's novel of society, and a man's, are essentially contrasted; yet both, taken from opposite points of view, may be equally true for what they say. The man will probably consider, for the most part, in the method of proceeding, rather than in the choice of materials. Men and women figure in both in much the same situations; the same procession of cross-purposes and explanations is carried out, and pretty much the same results are arrived at in the last chapter. But there is a general difference in the manner of presenting the details, which are massed in the one, and separated and wrought out with infinite distinctness in the other. The woman's nature receives impressions more numerous and rapidly than the man's; she collects by a sort of intuition, the histories of lives out of faces; she assimilates, in her own way, the most irreconcilable contradictions; she free from the restraint of logic, she leaps to impossible conclusions; she is unconscious of danger, she rushes into a hundred perils; she is absorbed by surrounding fugitive impressions, she neglects more important considerations; and guided by feeling, rather than reflection, she trusts for her emotional passages, her great actions, and her pictures of human struggle, to sentiment rather than experience. When she writes the novel, they set about them on principles the reverse of these. We by no means consider that they are infallible in their craft. Incomparably the best novels that have ever been written are the work of men; so, too, are some of the very worst. But a certain sense of responsibility, a certain largeness of design, and a certain power to think of the reader, instead of the details of art, is, more or less, with various degrees of success and failure, common to them all.

The female novelist who keeps strictly to the region within which she acquires her knowledge may never produce a fiction of the highest order, but she will seek to produce a fiction of the highest order, and she will be most likely to excel. The great secret is to draw from life, and not from books, or from fantastical dreams about what life ought to be. If this maxim be true, it results a homely tale to all female novelists who undertake to reform the world by depicting scenes, and preaching at evils in our social condition. But there is one point, in the region of art, which is common to the true field for the writer of fiction is experience; and as the range of a woman's experience is limited by the primal conditions of her existence, there is no great difficulty in determining the point beyond which she cannot venture with safety or advantage.

The art and literature of the day yields a variety of examples of the ordinary errors and defects of female treatment to which we have alluded; and it offends seriously and instructive evidence of the weakness of the female hand when it attempts something beyond its strength. The aim of the writer we have not been fortunate enough to discover; but the story is easy enough of penetration, notwithstanding the mist and vapour hanging over it by a cloudy mystery, which is kept up, without any necessary purpose, to the end. The heroine is a young lady, who goes down into the country, apparently on foot, to take charge of the household of a half-crazed old person, who has been afflicted for many years past by one of the most desperate Amazons that ever held possession of an elderly gentleman's kitchen against his will. We will not say that this character is an impossibility; it is, at the best, a slight improbability that any respectable house, from John o' Graust's to Lady's End, would suffer such a belabour to remain in it for a week. Her exploits are tremendous. She exercises a demoniacal despotism over the whole establishment; half starves her master, which is against her own interest, and therefore incredible; keeps him in constant alarm, and consolidates her power over him by menacing him with exposure in a matter in which he is perfectly innocent; plunges him into debt, ruining over an indefinite period, with his tradespeople, by putting the money for the payment of their bills into her own pocket—as if such a course could go on without detection; and appropriates in the same way even the wages of the gardener, who for four or five years receives neither wages nor clothes, and, stranger still, never asks for them.

The young woman who comes from London to supercede this terrible functionary, is, in reality, a lady in disguise, who had formerly been a pupil of the crazy person, and who, under the sanction of one of his friends, has resolved to devote herself to his conversion from the threshold under which he is suffering. His friend, to be sure, might have hit upon a shorter and more effectual way to get rid of the incubus; but where would the novel be? There are three volumes to be filled, and in order to make business for the implausible scheme is devised of employing a young lady in disguise, to long term of experience, and of a character which could have been done at once much better by a palmer. The cool way in which the young lady enters the house, which she has never seen before, and takes possession of the principal apartments, confronts the virago, and, finding she will do nothing for her, helps herself, and, after dining comfortably, takes out her work, so if she had levelled the place all out, she procures her own tea, and is finally comforted with a decanter of wine and one of the quaterlies," is intended to indicate firmness and self-possession, and what ladies call "character," but, to use the mildest term, it is simply an absurdity.

The story turns on this pivot. Miss Elliot, the young housekeeper, perceptive there is a mystery, and is determined to find out what it is, by degrees she subjugates, not only the demon of the kitchen, whom she turns out at last, but the entire neighbourhood. Everybody looks upon her as a miracle of sense and benevolence. The parson has a faint glimmering that she is his former pupil, and falls in love with her, and in his stupid stage asks her to marry him, to which demand she shrinks the sensible reader giving an instantaneous assent. It will hardly be believed that this demure old clergyman loaves of a choice library, including some "delicious little Elvish duodecims, clad in vellum or quaintly gilded calf;" that his favourite reading is the "Elderly edition of Uken's works;" that he composes and preaches his own sermons; that he studies "good old Shalvey" out of his "art of Reading." The sequel of the drivelling love-making is a relief, although it reveals all sense of likelihood. The young lady does not love the parson after all, but an engineer, whose acquaintance she has recently made; the parson, who had previously acted very ignominiously in the matter, gives her up; so she marries the engineer, and becomes the mother of a blossoming family.

* *Mainstone's Housekeeper*. By Eliza Maynard ("Bibberley"). 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

favourably exhibits Mr. Stantton not merely as a verbal critic, but as capable of detecting the nicest turns of thought, and of appreciating the highest artistic excellences in dramatic poetry:—

"Let be! let be!
Would I were dead, but that methinks, already—
What was it that did make it?"

To a reader of taste and sensibility, the art by which the emotions of *Leontes* are developed in this situation, from the moment when, with an apparent feeling of disappointment, he first beholds the "so much wrinkled" statue, and gradually becomes enraptured, enthralled, till at length, borne along by a wild tumultuous throng of indelible sensations, he reaches that grand climax when in delicious rapture he clasps the figure to his bosom, and faintly murmurs:—

"O, she's warm!"

—must appear commendable. Mr. Collier and his annotator, however, are not satisfied. To them the eloquent abruptness,—

"Not that she's warm, already—
What was it that did make it?"

—is but a blot, and so, to "do the force and clearness of the speech of *Leontes*," they stem the torrent of his passion in mid-stream, and make him drivel out:—

"'Would I were dead, but that methinks, already
I can feel dead, stand looking upon alone.'"

Can anything be viler! Conceive *Leontes* whimpering of himself as "dead," just when the thick pulsation of his heart could have been heard, and speaking of the statue as a "stone," at the very moment when to his imagination it was "flesh and blood!" Was it this Shaksperean wrought! The insertion of such a line, in such a place, is absolutely monstrous. The annotator assumes *Leontes* to mean,—"I should desire to die, only that I am already dead, or holding converse with the dead;" whereas, in fact, the expression, "I would I were dead," &c., is neither more nor less than an impression equivalent to "I would I were the king's real mourning!" In reference to *Pauline's* remark, that he will think *anon* it moves, is, "May I die, if I do not think it moves already." Mr. Stantton adduces seven corroborative examples, from which we select two:—

"—would I might be dead,
If I can think!" &c.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona (Act iv., scene 4).

—*Poor to morrow*—an oath much used—as we say, *I would I were dead*, I pray God I die, *I may I die*.—"Flora's World of Words." Among other confirmations of old readings we cite the following:—

"But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours; you may
Convey your pleasure to the other party,
And yet seem cold."—*Macbeth* (iv. 3).

"For convey," says Mr. Stantton, "Mr. Collier substitutes the comparatively loose word *enjoy*, and styles it an important change!" Notwithstanding this ridicule, however, it can hardly be denied that there is a specious property in the word, that might reasonably induce many, without much inquiry, to agree in Mr. Collier's opinion; but no one who reads Mr. Stantton's explanation of convey, to *manage anything by stealth*, and the authority he brings for the original text, can reasonably question the necessity of withdrawing the old reading from all further debate. A like satisfactory result of critical editing is also effected in *Julius Cæsar* (i. 2):—

"When could they ever, till now, that talk'd of Rome
That he was a tyrant?"

For the word in Italian, *tyrannus* "wells," and this has been followed and "corroborated." A quotation from Holingshead and another from Daniel's "Vanity of Faune," conclusively prove that it was a fault to disturb the original word. "Spring" in "The Tempest" (iv. i. song), has been in the same manner substantiated; and the first word in the line, "A late edge of torture, gracious loud" (*Rich. III.*, v. 5), will not in future be disputed, although the substitution, "relate," has been praised as incontestable. In addition to the instances given by Mr. Stantton of *oblate* used with the signification to *blunt*, we may produce a couplet from *Hindstam*, to show that the word was employed, when Butler wrote, to express the destruction of the edge or sharpness of an instrument:—

"Without the power of resistance,"—*Part III.*, c. 2.

As conjectural criticism has recently been busy in unsettling the text for the sake of "evidence and improvement of the sense," it is reassuring to find in this latest edition so much that establishes controverted readings of the authentic copies.

To conclude. Having done so much, and much that is so excellent, it is scarcely possible that this should be the termination—the beall and end-all of Mr. Stantton's Shaksperean labours. These illustrated volumes, viewed in their less important characteristics, beautifully printed, with all requisite annotations, and a glossary, under the Commonwealth and the Stuart. Not that authors did not appear in strict succession, but that none of these expanded as they would have done under more auspicious influences. On the Roman Catholic side there was Anna Bryn of Antwerp, who, in virtue of some ancient verse she produced, was preposterously called the *Sappho of Brabant*; and on the other side was Van Zuyler, who, with consummate tact,

HISTORY OF FLEMISH LITERATURE.*

[CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

The political and religious agitation which preceded and accompanied the Reformation was, like agitation of every kind, unfavourable to the development of literature. What prose or poetry there was, ran into party, as it did in some degree, under the Commonwealth and the Stuart. Not that authors did not appear in strict succession, but that none of these expanded as they would have done under more auspicious influences. On the Roman Catholic side there was Anna Bryn of Antwerp, who, in virtue of some ancient verse she produced, was preposterously called the *Sappho of Brabant*; and on the other side was Van Zuyler, who, with consummate tact,

set the *Palmas* of David to the most popular airs, by which stroke of policy he found an entrance for Protestantism into the households of the people; and there was (Antelien, who wrote an "Art of Poetry" that was somewhat in advance of his time, although it retained many of the obstructive formalities of the French school, and there were sundry prose writers, preachers, and philologists, such as Herman, Dabbe, and Marini, who kept alive the high themes of history and science; but literature languished, notwithstanding, in its more genial aspects.

The Spanish domination finally blighted the national genius. Under the government of the infatuated Duke of Alva, intellectual progress was simply impossible, especially in the direction of the Flemish language and literature, which every act of that sanguinary despotism tended to discourage and obliterate. Upon his arrival there was an immediate exodus of the ability and vigour of the country.

"The aspect of the country (says M. Delepoire) was indeed distressing; in the metropolis of Flanders horses grazed where busy streets had been, and the wolves were literally masters of the plains around the town. Six thousand families of Ghent received their pursues. Wealth and talent had retired before the enemy, to live in peace and freedom beyond the Scheldt and the Meuse. At the end of the century the United Provinces were enriched by a considerable number of preachers, theologians, teachers, printers, engravers, physicians, lawyers, diplomats, mathematicians, admirals, superior officers, historians and poets, all either Flemings or natives of Brabant."

This movement, which impoverished Belgium, enriched Holland in proportion; there we have the great point of departure which marks the different historical destinies of the two countries, with respect to their language and literature. While Belgium was insensibly losing her national characteristics by foreign grafts, Holland was solidifying her strength of Flemish nationality. The stage professed largely by this Dutch revival. Mere allegorical representations of vices and virtues gave way to pictures of society, with a kind of attendant chorus, to point the morals of the scene. This was early in the seventeenth century, and, looking back hesitatingly, for lack of fuller information, it may be considered to embody the first legitimate attempts on the continent at a drama of real life, characters, passions, and all, having in it a strong pulse of vitality. All this was not only done after Shakespeare, who brought this kind of drama to perfection, had ceased to write for the stage, but it was crude and incomplete, and, here and there, continued to touch sacred subjects, by way of deference to the old traditions. It would be worth while to ascertain by a careful examination whether this Dutch theatre is indebted to the English stage of the Marlowes and Peebles, and to what extent.

The opening of the 17th century was signalized by a translation into the vulgar tongue of the Bible, from the original Hebrew and Greek texts. This great task was undertaken under the auspices of the Synod of Dort, one of the most distinguished Flemish, Brabantian, and Dutch scholars were engaged upon it—a combination which helped materially to restore the unity of the language, and to give it increased grace and power. Then followed the "golden age" of Flemish literature, of which *Hooft*, *Vondel*, and *Cats*, were the principal authors, men of whose inner lives and habits, the character of the instrument in sustaining the national reputation. *Hooft*, whose poetry is full of French affectations, was one of the finest prose writers of Holland, a paucity which does not exceed the merits of his "History of the Netherlands." *Vondel*, who, by the way, was not a native to the manner born, having first seen the light in Cologne, is known only as a poet, and known chiefly by isolated passages that have passed into universal circulation. This fact sufficiently indicates the character of his genius. He is wanting in sustained power, but is capable of occasional excellence of the highest order. His diction is affluent, and his imagination vivid, and when he approaches a subject that does not demand severe treatment, he fairly pours out his enjoyment. Of these three masters, in contrasted styles, "loved master *Cats*," as he is called by Bilderdijk, is confessedly the most influential. He is emphatically the household poet. He is to be found everywhere. Scraps of his songs are as current in the mouths of the people as scraps of Burns in Scotland, of Moore in Ireland, or Béranger in France. It is by his poetry that the people, addressed to their inner lives and habits, the specialties and historical recollections of the Flemish people, that he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Cats* had other claims on their admiration. He was an historian and a moralist also; a lawyer, a philosopher, and a teacher; and, still more, he was a practical farmer; and he was sent on a diplomatic embassy to England. There, where the Netherlands much resented the presence of the Flemish people, that he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. But *Cats* had other claims on their admiration. He was an historian and a moralist also; a lawyer, a philosopher, and a teacher; and, still more, he was a practical farmer; and he was sent on a diplomatic embassy to England. There, where the Netherlands much resented the presence of the Flemish people, that he still lives in the hearts of his countrymen.

The propagation in Belgium, during the 17th century, of the French language, French literature, French manners, French everything, threw still further back all possibility of recovering the native tongue. Several circumstances concurred to produce this result; but chiefly the great access of the soil by French immigrants and the marriage of the XIV. with the Infanta. The change was abhorrent to the character of the people, in whom, as M. Delepoire observes, "the love of a peaceful fireside existence is a fundamental trait." The Flemish authors made a gallant stand, but they struggled in vain. Their great hope was the theatre, the last place in which the popular element can be entirely extinguished; but here they failed, as in other directions. De Coninck, under the Spanish yoke, had transplanted upon the Flemish stage the intrigues of the *Comedie* and *Seneca*, and little was now needed to extirpate the last traces of the native drama. The Flemish play being at last extinguished, nothing was left but translations from the French. This was late in the 17th century, and in spite of occasional flickers of the old drama, French it has continued ever since.

It is curious enough, that after the Flemish language had ceased to be the vehicle of the literature of the country, it came to be more investigated and elucidated by philologists than ever, perhaps for that very reason. The fact recalls very forcibly Swift's epigram on the magazine:—

"In this a proof of Irish sense
And Irish wit we find;
When nothing's left that's worth defence,
We build a magazine."

* A Sketch of the History of Flemish Literature and its celebrated Authors, from the Tenth Century to the Present Time. By Octave Delepoire, LL.D. London: Murray, 1860.

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FOOD AND MONEY PROSPECTS.

TO have scarcely any corn cut in the middle of August, with much hay not yet carried, and much spoiled, while the weather is still unsettled, makes most people reflective, and may make statesmen apprehensive. The very late harvest does not promise to be abundant. How far it may be deficient cannot yet be known. Though the means of providing the subsistence of society be of unspeakable importance, the laws by which it is governed are not fashionable studies. The fierce disputes about protection, and the disrepute into which a lux morality has brought trade, have turned the hearts of men away from it; and yet the manner in which this great community—now dependent on almost every country of the world for some portion of its daily bread—is regularly and continually fed, is well worthy of close investigation. Jars, cracks, and breakages in the machinery are justly offensive, but they ought not to destroy our admiration of it as a whole.

Though the harvests of 1857, 1858, and 1859 were good, we imported in 1858 of wheat and flour together 3,343,469 quarters, and last year 4,931,871 quarters, or about one-fifth of our whole annual consumption. The total quantity of all kinds of grain imported last year, besides potatoes, eggs, poultry, provisions of various kinds, &c. was 10,270,744 quarters, of the value of £18,042,063; and the important question for consideration is, what quantity we shall require to import in the remainder of this year and in the next, and what will be its value, supposing we are afflicted with, what is now, unhappily, but too certain—a deficient harvest. Already the corn we import much exceeds in value every other single article imported, except cotton, and the supply from abroad cannot be short, in conjunction with a scanty harvest, without deranging very much our whole commercial and financial systems.

In the first six months of the present year the imports of wheat, 1,394,432 qrs., and of flour, 1,429,536 cwt., against 2,203,736 qrs. of wheat, and 2,318,202 cwt. of flour in the first six months of 1859, show a considerable decline. Although the price has been gradually rising for some months, it has not been high enough to check consumption materially, and our stocks are consequently very short. To make up for our late and deficient harvest, we shall require, before the end of the year, to import at least double the quantity already imported. Afterwards we shall require more than was imported in the first nine months of 1858 and 1859, to keep us well fed till we can gather in the harvest of 1861. Whatever the quantity may be, we shall, no doubt, get it, as all the world is ready to supply us; but at what price, and where from!

Last year, 43s. 9d. per qr. hardly sufficed to bring any wheat from the United States; this year, with a price 10s. or 12s. higher, though the supplies thence are not yet large, they are fifteenfold more than they were last year. But this higher price has brought from France only a tenth as much wheat, and a third as much flour, as in the first six months of 1859. It has brought increased quantities from Russia, Prussia, Denmark, and the northern countries. The rise in price is equivalent to 26 per cent.; and we may look on something more than that, or a rise in average price to 60s. or 65s. as sufficient, should the harvest abroad be good, to ensure the necessary supplies.

From what countries are they to come! In the two last years we received more wheat—2,014,923 qrs.,—and more flour—4,326,438 cwt.,—from France than from any other country. Prussia stood next

in the list; but she sent us only 1,397,691 qrs. wheat, and no flour. This year France has sent us very little, either wheat or flour; she has, at the same time, imported corn from the Levant; her harvest prospects are not good, and she is more likely to compete with us in the markets of Southern Russia and the United States for food, than send us as large supplies as in 1858 and 1859. The protectionist ship-owners, and others who have indulged in much lamentation over the greater value of her exports than her imports from us, may this year and the next be gratified at seeing the balance redressed, though at the expense of bringing necessary food, at a greatly increased price, from countries much further off.

We have, as yet, no reliable accounts of the harvests of Prussia and Russia; but rainy weather is favourable to their sandy and light soils, and we may expect that the produce will be great. In Canada and the northern parts of the United States the harvests are magnificent. From the two together we received, in 1856, 1,309,969 qrs. of wheat, and 3,196,633 cwt. of flour, and every year since cultivation has extended in them, and their capability to export, in favourable seasons, has increased. There is no speculative mania at present prevalent in them, and we may expect that all their spare food, if we need it, will come hither. The present price of 57s. 7d. induces them to send us some, and a small additional rise will be for them, with a good harvest, an ample remuneration.

Last year, with an average price of 43s. 9d. we imported, wheat and flour together, 4,931,871 qrs.; and when the price was 74s. 8d. in 1853, we imported only 3,217,766 qrs. Then we were at war with Russia—now we are at peace; and unless crops should fail abroad as well as at home, there is reason to suppose that the price of wheat will not rise so high now as at that period. There is a real reason to suppose that we may obtain a greater quantity from all parts than we have ever before imported. Between 1850 and 1853, consumption increased very rapidly throughout the civilized world. The increase began with the maritime commercial and town population, and low prices in previous years had not stimulated the agricultural population into the activity they have since acquired. Consumption has undoubtedly since gone on increasing, but production has also increased, and more rapidly than before. It bears now, we believe, a closer proportion to increased consumption than in 1853, when the occurrence of a bad harvest had the effect of nearly doubling the price in the following year. Without pretending to assign any limit to the rise in price, we may conclude with confidence that the price of wheat will not, unless the harvests abroad should be universally unpropitious, reach the extreme point (80s. 10d.) which it reached in February, 1854. At less than the average price of 1855 we shall obtain, in 1860-61, more food than we then obtained.

The effects on the money market will depend on the additional quantity we shall require, and the price to be paid for it; but we must remember that the trade in corn and in the precious metals is now habitually so large, that the additional purchases of the former, for which the latter must be paid, will not cause as much derangement as when the trade in both was much less. We must remember, too, the source whence the additional supplies of food come. If they come chiefly from North America, the countries there take such large quantities of our manufactures, and are so generally our debtors, that, though the first effect would be to keep from us the precious metals they usually send, the next effect—and it would speedily follow—would be an increased demand in them for our manufactures. Very soon

the transmission of the precious metals between the two countries would run in its accustomed channels.

The average value of all the grain and flour imported in 1858 and 1859 was £19,000,000; we may, as the consequence of our bad harvest, have to buy food to the value of £25,000,000 or £26,000,000 between this and the next harvest. But these increased purchases will be sure to increase the demand abroad to some extent for our manufactures, and they will not all be made by the precious metals. We may have to export £4,000,000 or £5,000,000 additional, which is not more than the sixth part of the billion now industrially imported and exported. In conjunction, however, with our bank regulations, a demand for gold in this extent is quite sufficient to cause considerable derangement in the money market. We may expect that some little time hence gold will begin to move abroad, rapidly, and a corresponding rise in the rate of discount, with all its effects, will be the immediate consequence.

There are, too, some other unfavourable circumstances to be taken into consideration. The State has loosened its balances, and has so far diminished the resources of the Bank. It is borrowing, also, though it be by annuities, and will increase the demand for money. Several other States, too, have outstripped their resources, and are in the market for loans. At the same time, the exports, by which we buy gold, are diminishing. Last month, the value of our produce exported was only £9,000,000, against £10,000,000 in the corresponding month of 1859. The imports, however, which must be paid for in gold, if not paid for by exports, are greater than ever. The value in the first five months of the year was £57,000,000, against £45,000,000 in 1859; and in May was £11,687,000, against £11,561,000 in May, 1859. All these circumstances, and many similar, operating together to increase the demand for money, will, ere long, become a great strain on the national resources.

In general the people have been living well up to their incomes, and the Government has set them the example of a profuse expenditure. Neither people nor Government will have any great stores to fall back on. In what way, or at what point exactly, a rupture from the strain may take place, that other trades may turn out to have been, like the leather trade, conducted on false principles, cannot be continually expended while nothing is really earned, cannot be foretold; but that great difficulties will be experienced before the end of the year is highly probable. The chief cause will be the disastrous weather, which almost destroyed the spring crops, and which is not bringing forth in due season the still more important summer and autumn crops. But such changes being in the order of nature, it is the special duty of Governments, as well as of individuals, to provide against them. Human wisdom can effect nothing greater, and may be proud of the achievement when accomplished. Trade, though some commercial men pervert it to sinister purposes, will bring the indispensable food, which Heaven denies to our agricultural exertions, from America, India, and Australia. Thus trade corrects inequalities of season, and repairs many of the disasters which spring from the impotence of individuals and of Governments. That it may do this beneficent work most effectually, it must be left, in spite of all the plausible pretences to the contrary, perfectly free.

THE BREAK UP.

THE Italian revolutions are running their course—much to the discomfiture of some of the sovereigns of Europe, and the bewilderment of all. The great Emperor Napoleon, who last year seemed to be master of the fate of Italy, and supreme arbiter of peace or war on the continent, is no longer in the first rank. The fate of Italy does not depend so much upon his will or his schemes as upon the determination and fortune of Garibaldi. The King of Piedmont steps into the background, and must follow Garibaldi as his leader, whether he like it or not. Astuteness, cunning, diplomacy, and intrigue, all have become more or less foiled by the honest man and brave soldier who has set his heart upon the great task of the independence of Italy, and pursued it without fear, favour, or *arrière pensée*, and without the slightest regard to the projects of any native or foreign king, or native and foreign traitor or intriguer. Ferdinand is king of but one of the Two Sicilies, and, by the time this sheet reaches the eyes of our readers, may have ceased to reign over the other, and added a new name to the list of the sovereigns who have been hurled from their desecrated thrones by the progress of free ideas, and by the outraged sense of justice of a long-suffering people. Every one can see that the Bourbons of Naples have either gone or are rapidly going into that dreary down-hill path, where the Stuarts of England, and the Bourbons of France preceded them; and where some still more respectable sovereigns than either may yet join them. They can even see it themselves—for they are preparing for flight to the fastnesses of Austria.

Garibaldi, by reason of his strength and virtue—and the Sultan by reason of his vice and weakness—are simultaneously, but without any connection one with the other, engaged in the same work: they are breaking up the European system, and inaugurating a general war. Austria, alarmed for Venetia, by the progress of the great Italian, and desirous to save the falling throne of

the wicked and incompetent Bourbon of Naples, menaces intervention in Italy—which neither Piedmont nor France can allow—although both Piedmont and France would rather crush Garibaldi than be driven to the cruel extremity of supporting him; while France and Great Britain, with the hope of propitiating the Sultan, are administering a blow to his authority by their intervention in Syria, from which he can never recover.

And yet there are means, if sovereigns and statesmen would see them—and take them—by which this great débâcle and "break up" might be prevented—at least in our generation. The disease of Turkey is chronic, and the Turkish Empire must expire. Every one can see that. But were there no other causes of evil at work in the body politic of Europe, the Turkish Empire might be allowed to die with decency; and without causing irremediable mischief to its neighbours. The more immediate danger is the position of Austria in Italy. If the Emperor of the French had fulfilled the brilliant programme which he sketched in 1859, before opening his Italian campaign, and "freed Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic," the Italian question might have resolved itself into many new complications—but certainly into none so troublesome, so perplexing, and so all but hopeless as the complications that now exist, and always will exist, so long as Austria retains Venetia, or any inch of Italian soil. Why does not Austria sell Venetia? She will spend in defending it, during the month of June, if she attacks, double the money that it is worth to her; nay, infinitely more—for Venetia is worth nothing to her whatever. Venetia is a thorn in her side—a drop of poison in her cup—her shame and her torment—a costly disease in her frame; and to be rid of it, without disgrace, would be of the highest advantage to her in every sense and way. If she could but be persuaded by her friends in Europe to give up so troublesome and inglorious an appendage to her state—or if not to give it up gratis, to sell it at the price which the Italian people, united or disunited, would be glad to pay for it,—Austria, instead of finding an enemy in every free people, would find friends all over Europe—and certainly in England, where at present she appears to have none. But we fear that such a sacrifice of feudal dignity is too narrow to expect of the Austrian Government, and that Venetia will ultimately have to be won for Italy at the cost of a general war. And we need scarcely say that that cost, in money, alone, would be nearly, if not quite, that of the fee-simple of the whole of Europe.

But come what may, Garibaldi, master of the fortunes of Italy for the present, is pursuing the right course. Whatever complications may ensue, his part is that of the true patriot. Hitherto he has been eminently successful; and that his success may not only continue but increase, must be the earnest wish of every lover of European freedom.

THE PROGRESS OF UNION IN GERMANY.

ONE of the dildest, most important, and least understood of the subjects which occupies, or should occupy the public attention at the present day, is German politics; it produces very much the same effect upon the mind as Indian Finance, or the New Zealand Constitution. A species of mental miasma visits at the mere name; it is so complicated, so involved, so thoroughly German, it implies so minute and extended an acquaintance with German feeling, and German feeling is so incomprehensible to the practical British public, that we turn from it with disgust; partly because we do not appreciate its importance, and partly because, if we do, we think that our needs are paid to understand it, and we will trust to them. Unfortunately it is of the utmost importance, and the people who are paid to understand it, either do not, or, which comes to exactly the same thing, do not act as if they did. At the risk of being tiresome, we feel bound to call attention to the more prominent features of the German national sentiment at present, without entering in detail into those questions which more or less agitate the public mind, and give it its direction. The merits of the national Bund, the military question, the customs question, the Schleswig Holstein question, the Hesse question, are all matters upon which gentlemen who venture to discuss foreign policy in the House of Commons, ought to be thoroughly well informed, besides a mass of others which we will not discuss; the delicate sensitivities of our readers by alluding to. The relations of Northern to Southern Germany; the position which the small states of the Confederation occupy with reference to the large; the various shades of political sentiment which public opinion in each of these separate states assumes; the real causes, concealed or apparent, in which they have their origin; all these are considerations of the highest importance, for without a due appreciation of them we cannot rightly estimate the value of Germany, considered as a whole, as an element of weakness or of stability in Europe.

The game is about to begin, and, before tossing up for sides, we should have some notion of the relative merits of the players. Whatever may be the feeling in England, and the determined scepticism among certain of our political men, the opinion is universal in Germany that a European war is inevitable before two years have elapsed. With that view every effort is being exerted to merge all the minor differences arising out of the various questions to which we have referred, in a general sentiment of national cohesion at all risks,

The settlement of disputes is to be indefinitely postponed; the same sense of distrust, the same consciousness of the necessity of self-preservation which led, among ourselves, to the enrolment of Volunteers, and the extension of our national defences, has induced all classes in Germany to forget every cause of division, and unite in a determined league in defence of the fatherland. In this movement the sovereigns are setting an example which is cordially sympathized with by every individual in the community.

Never before were the rulers in Germany so popular as now, when they are engaged in a general system of fraternization. The Baden meeting produced precisely the opposite effect to what was intended: it excited a general feeling of suspicion throughout Germany; and the interview of the Emperor of Austria with the Prince Regent of Prussia at Toplitz was the result. At this meeting it was arranged, first, that any attack on Austria should be considered as an attack on Prussia, and that the integrity of the two countries should be maintained by each by force of arms mutually. In other words, the offensive and defensive alliance between the two empires is complete, except with regard to *Venetia*. In the event of that province being attacked by Italy alone, Prussia declines to interfere, but has pledged herself to do so should the French unite with the Italians; on the other hand, Austria engages to maintain the frontier of Prussia as she received it from Frederick the Great.

The position of Prussia in the Diet has always been a disagreeable one, her liberal policy has generally placed her in a minority, Austria supporting the smaller states in their opposition to the advanced principles advocated by the Prussian Government, if not by the Prince Regent himself. In the event of a war, a majority thus exercised would produce a serious difficulty when the question comes to be discussed of the military command-in-chief. This much-voiced point was satisfactorily settled at Toplitz, and it was agreed that the decision of this important question should not rest with the Diet. The results of the meeting at Toplitz have produced the liveliest satisfaction throughout Germany, and have led to another meeting of sovereigns of almost equal political significance. On Sunday last, on the occasion of the laying of the last stone of the Vienna and Munich Railway at Salzburg, the King of Bavaria and the Emperor of Austria proceeded in special trains to this frontier town, and there inaugurated this great commercial enterprise by a political act which will cement still more closely the inter-Germanic alliances. The expressions used by the Emperor in his speech on that occasion were eminently national, and in his allusion to the recent meeting at Toplitz, he reiterated in public the assurance of the determination of Austria to remain German to the last. The greatest possible enthusiasm was excited by these words at the time, and it is most certain that this enthusiasm will not be limited to the persons to whom they were addressed. The effect of this union with the rest of Germany has produced an eminently liberalizing effect in Austria. A recent telegram announces that the discussions in the Reichsrath are for the future to be entirely free and public, and that press reporters are to be present, as in our own House of Commons. The Emperor of Austria paid a visit to Munich upon the day following the ceremony above described, and appeared in that capital in public in plain clothes for the first time in his life. Though apparently a trifling and unimportant circumstance, this fact, pregnant with a significance which only those who have lived under and are accustomed to the stern military rule of Austria can appreciate.

If German progress and unity thus go hand in hand, and afford satisfaction to the people of the country, we ought to consider these indications of a growing strength no less a matter of congratulation. It is possible that the day may come when a German alliance will be indispensable to us, as it has been before. The absence of any general national sentiment during the Napoleonic wars proved the ruin of the cause; each state made its separate peace, and the Emperor triumphed in detail. Since those days the facilities of inter-communication, the expansion of thought, and its extended expression through the press, has exercised a harmonizing influence throughout Germany. The subjects of the various states no longer call themselves by the local but by the general name. The Bavarian, or the Saxon, prefers rather to call himself a German than anything else; and the sentiment thus evidenced is daily increasing under the pressure of impending danger. This bundle of German fagots, if strongly bound by the tie of a common interest and a common nationality, will be very difficult to break; and there can be no doubt that it is our interest to see this union firmly cemented. It is not by telling Prussia in official despatches that we consider her the "clauson of Austrian and administration in Italy," however, this object is to be attained. If the friendship of sixty millions of the finest race in Europe is of any value to us, we must take other means to secure it, and sacrifice our love of epigram to common courtesy.

Meantime we trust that the meetings at Toplitz and at Salzburg may both be estimated in the proper quarters at their right value, and that the words of the Austrian Emperor, when he gave as a toast "The union of the princes and the people of Germany," and of the Bavarian monarch, when he drank to the two principal Powers of the

Confederation, may find an echo beyond the limits of that Confederation.

It has been said to be the "cherished object" of Louis Napoleon to see Germany comprised within a single frontier, and forming one empire. Be it ours to see it untried, not by physical but by moral boundaries, animated by one sentiment alone, and deriving its strength from its internal powers of cohesion.

THE IRISH MALCONTENTS.

IT is full time that the English and the Irish should understand each other. The optimists of thirty years ago hoped that a consummation so much to be desired would have been brought about by Roman Catholic Emancipation, which was granted with a spontaneous liberality that astounded the Liberator himself. O'Connell was ready with the "Wings" to exultant for an instant; but, to his astonishment, he got the whole without any condition whatever. The measure was carried, not by Roman Catholic impetuosity, but by Protestant toleration. An Irish millennium was to follow. The old antipathies and animosities were to disappear, and we were to settle down into a perfect model of a Happy Family. As to the alleged political influence of the Pope, it was a mere vulgar bugbear. There was no such thing. His Holiness dwelt in a sphere far remote from mundane concerns. He was a spiritual abstraction at the head of the Church, and exercised no more authority over the domestic allegiance of the Roman Catholics of Ireland than the Dey of Algiers. The distinction was so broadly drawn, and so vehemently insisted upon in a thousand shapes of affirmation and protest, that even the longest-headed of the Tories, who let in these professions at one ear and out at the other, were compelled to admit, as a matter of reasoning, that no pretext for the civil exclusion of the Roman Catholics could be drawn any longer from their avowed relations with the See of Rome. They had solemnly qualified for admission to the constitution of these realms, by disavowing the foreign influence which had previously shamed them out. Emancipation, therefore, was conceded without a single proviso or restriction, in the confident expectation that it would tranquilize Ireland, and identify the masses with the common interests in which we are all bound up.

So far as the faith of the English Government was pledged to the arrangement, it has been scrupulously observed; indeed, somewhat too scrupulously. The old Orange ascendancy has been effectually extinguished; the reigning families that were sovereign over the view, and held the patronage of the country in their hands, are gone down into oblivion; even at the risk of weakening the English prestige, the old supporters of the English connection have been snubbed and disencouraged; Roman Catholics have been advanced, not to an equal distribution of offices, but to an alarming preponderance on the bench, and in all the public departments; and nothing has been left undone to give practical effect to the widest interpretation of the Act of 1829. Whatever may be said of Sassenach tyranny, it cannot be pretended that the operation of the measure which bestowed upon the Roman Catholics of Ireland the same rights and privileges that were enjoyed by their Protestant fellow-subjects, has ever been tampered with, or that it has not been left free to work out its legitimate ends.

But what is the result? Has Emancipation answered its purpose? We have now had thirty years' experience of it, and can take its measure pretty accurately. Is Ireland more contented? Are the "hereditary louds" more satisfied? Have the Roman Catholic representatives accepted their position with a faithful sense of its responsibilities? Have they honourably fulfilled the engagement under which the doors of the British Legislature were thrown open to them? The answer to all these questions is, that the Act of Emancipation has utterly failed, and that it is the section of the people for whose advantage it was passed that has frustrated its beneficial action.

Ever since 1829, the efforts of one administration after another to govern Ireland in a spirit of equal justice have been impeded, perverted, and resisted in a multitude of open and covert ways. One does not wonder at any obstacles thrown in the path of good government by the remnant of the Orange faction, who lost their monopoly of place and power by the change; but that the Roman Catholics, instead of co-operating with the English Executive in their attempts to retrieve the social condition of the country, should find in these ameliorating labours new grievances, and fresh excuses for hostility to the English rule, would be absolutely incredible, had it happened anywhere in the world except in Ireland. At one time, an exodus of indignant patriots, whose great souls revolted from the despotism of England; at another time, an obstructive brigade in the House of Commons; once a little mock rebellion, got up with the usual stage properties; and at all times denunciations and disturbances, have risen up in judgment against us, and rebuked us for having credulously indulged the hope that we could have induced the pure Irish party to participate with us in the advantages of free institutions. It is clear we cannot.

Evidences of incompatibility crowd upon us every day. Mr.

O'Donoghue—sometimes called *The O'Donoghue*—a prominent Milesian, wrote to the *Daily News*, a few days ago, to complain of an inaccurate report of a speech of his in the House of Commons. They had attributed to him a phrase which he never uses. "The phrase 'United Kingdom,'" writes O'Donoghue, "is never employed by me when I am referring to Ireland. I always speak of Ireland as a country quite distinct from England." O'Donoghue never says "United Kingdom." He cannot contemplate such a political blunder as a "united kingdom." The wretch who would tamely consent to live under the dispensation of a "united kingdom" does not deserve the comforts which true liberty "sheds over the soul." No. O'Donoghue's ideal of human government is a disunited kingdom; and it is only here justice to the particular circle whose sentiments he represents, to allow that they do their best to achieve the Elysium for which they put. O'Donoghue "always speaks of Ireland as a country quite distinct from England;" this, too, in the English House of Commons, which, if his professions were of half the value of the sheet of note paper on which he made that noble disclaimer to the *Daily News*, is the last place in the universe he ought to put his royal foot in. It is curious how these florid Irish bravadoes fall to dust, like the Dead-Sea apples, the moment you apply a practical test to them; but rotten as they are, they indicate the course of the current.

When The O'Connor Don, some little while ago, upon his election by an Irish constituency, advanced the right of the Pope to "sell his own niggers," adding, then pending on the issue of duty on foreign paper, he unconsciously furnished a key to the secret principles of his party. The Roman Catholics, who have been all these years past clamouring lustily for civil and religious liberty in Ireland, denouncing the English Government for its bigotry and oppression, and setting themselves up as martyrs in the cause of popular freedom, turn round suddenly, when the Pope's practice of wallowing his niggers is objected to by the niggers themselves, and insist upon the right of His Holiness to exercise an intolerable tyranny which at no period, since we have had the semblance of a constitution, could have been attempted in England.

A little further light is thrown upon these convenient principles by the issue of the late meeting of the liberal party at Lord Palmerston's in reference to the vote, then pending on the issue of duty on foreign paper. The Irish members considered it a cardinal point of policy to support free trade, and were, consequently, in favour of the vote. But Lord Palmerston happened to say something about Garibaldi, intimating the necessity of sustaining the present administration, as being of vital importance to the cause of liberty in Europe. This unfortunate allusion lost him seventeen votes. Of the Irish members present who would otherwise have voted for him, eleven did not vote at all, and three actually voted against him, or rather against their own opinions, on a question of great moment, in preference to supporting a minister who, by the observance of a strict neutrality, has succeeded in obtaining for the Italian people a clear stage and no favour in their struggle against tyrannical power. Sland it he said, after this, that the Pope is a ghostly myth in those realms, and that he exercises no disturbing influence over the political consciences of his followers!

We are on the verge of events which will bring out to bolder light the antagonism which exists on all questions of civil liberty between the Roman Catholic party and the rest of the people of this kingdom. It is lamentable that religious creeds should again become the ensigns of political principles; but the fact is before us, and we cannot escape from it. On the one side is intolerance allied with the Papacy, and on the other the open creed of Protestantism and the vindication of popular rights. Let us, then, clearly understand each other, so that in the contest we shall at least know our friends from our foes. It would be well, with this view, to reconstruct our political clubs, and allow no man, like The O'Donoghues and The O'Connor Dons, to affect a colour under which he is not prepared to fight.

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION.

THE word "education" is often used by people in and out of Parliament, who have no clear idea of its meaning. It is but too commonly confounded with "instruction," which is something that may be very different. Every civilized citizen is more or less instructed; but where is the man or woman who can truly be called educated? The work of education is commenced at school, but who shall say that it ends there! In fact, Education never ends, with wise men or women; and only ends with fools, with whom it may be said never to have begun. When statesmen talk of the "education of the people," they talk of a thing with which they have nothing to do; which they cannot control, if they would; and which they ought not to be allowed to control, if they could. And if they would bear this fact in mind, they might often save their breath and the time of Parliament, and proceed to the consideration of urgent matters, more strictly within their province. If the distinction between "Education" and "Instruction" were duly made, it might also save a vast amount of theological discussion and sectarian

rancour; for if instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, were held to be the birthright of every British child, just as food is, either at the expense of its parents or guardian, or of the parish—if it either have no parents at all or none able to bear the charges,—its education might, at an after period, be safely left to the theological and other agencies that would compete for the task. Reading, writing, and arithmetic, are tools or implements that may be used for educational purposes, but they are not education. The possession of a razor, an axe, or a rifle, is one thing; the use of these tools for shaving, for felling a tree, or for shooting a wild animal—or the invader of one's country—is another thing. In all the parliamentary debates and platform harangues upon Popular Education, the two are hopelessly confounded; and the result is, that the Government is not allowed to instruct the destitute, which it might do, for fear it should attempt to educate those who are not destitute, which is neither its duty nor its policy, nor within its power to attempt.

The Government, representing the whole people, pays enormous annual sums for the support of prisons, penitentiaries, hulks, and convict establishments, for the prosecution and safe holding of offenders, and for all the paraphernalia of criminal justice; but when the Government desires to diminish this annual outlay, or render it unnecessary, by taking hold of, and instructing in reading, writing, and arithmetic, the children of the utterly destitute, and therefore the criminal classes, with the view of enabling them to compete more successfully for honest employment with the classes more highly favoured by fortune, a bull-baiting is raised against the government of the proceeding. The religious sects are alarmed lest proselytism should lurk under the insidious guise of the alphabet, of elementary strokes and potbooks, or of the multiplication table; and because the control of education might become a dangerous thing in the grasp of a Government, instruction to those who most need it is all but forbidden in the richest, the humanest, and most philanthropic nation on the face of the globe. When, on Tuesday evening, Sir John Pakington moved, in the House of Commons, that the grants annually made by Parliament for the promotion of education (i. e. instruction) should be extended to the ragged and industrial schools, which are alone calculated to meet the wants of neglected and destitute children, he was opposed by men of his own party, like Mr. Ashburton and Mr. Henley, as well as by Liberals and Whig officials, and the proposition was negatived by 41 against 25. The principle of the Government, as set forth by Mr. Lowe, and accepted by other speakers, is simply the old principle of "*aide toi et le ciel t'aidera*." Those districts which help themselves in the matter of popular instruction shall receive the help of the Government, but those districts which are too destitute, or too ignorant, to do anything, or even to know how to do anything for the instruction of the swarming children of the criminal classes, shall be left to their ignorance and vice, unfriended and unaided. In other words, the more urgent the need, the less shall the need be supplied; and the Government will only take cognizance of the "Aids of great cities" when they shall have picked pockets, robbed tails, and broken into houses. And this scandal is perpetuated in the names of Education, Religion, and Philanthropy!

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS IN THE NAVY.

LEGISLATION being essentially conservative, always follows, at a respectful distance, the progress of society. Long after observers had ascertained that Draconian laws did not prevent grave crimes, and all enlightened men advocated the abolition of capital punishments, except for the most outrageous offence, and even long after the power of giving effect to such laws had passed away, Parliament obstinately persisted in maintaining them on the statute-book. Till this very session, the "laws relating to the government of the navy" decreed death for almost every conceivable offence a man could commit on board ship. The extreme punishment could not be carried into effect except in very rare cases; but it was printed over and over again in the Articles of War, and continually read to the crews of Her Majesty's ships, to convince them, apparently, that the law was a dead letter, and that the living spirit of discipline was the arbitrary unchecked power of the Admiralty. It was empowered, and in turn it empowered, every captain to rule over each crew, and to punish the men according to the laws and customs in use at sea. The old usages of Norse pirates and buccaners, even including running the gauntlet and keel-hauling, were accordingly preserved as long as possible in the Royal Navy; and when they could be preserved no longer, modern ingenuity, rivaling old cruelty, supplied their place with numerous petty punishments, less revolting to the public, but more teasing to the seamen. Threatened continually with death, by the awful denunciations of the law, they were led in to legislation, and submitted with patience to all the minor outrages sanctioned by custom and arbitrary power.

For half a century the nominal absurdity and mischievous spirit of these awful denunciations have been pointed out, and only now for the first time has the Admiralty suggested to the Legislature, and the Legislature has adopted the suggestion, of bringing this system

verly in more conformity to reason and the present condition of society. In how many cases it has abolished the denunciation by the bill just sent from the Lords to the Commons, to amend the laws for the government of the navy, we have not enumerated, but in no less than ten cases it is still retained. Cordially approving of the diminution of these terrible and yet impotent denunciations, and giving great praise to the Duke of Somerset for the blow he has had the courage and wisdom to give the old system, we must express our deep regret that so much of it is left. To subject ten special branches of naval discipline to the punishment of death is a reproach to the Parliament and an offence to the public.

Such legislation is founded on total ignorance of the best-established principles. To deter brutal natures from brutal crimes, brutal punishments may be feasible; but seamen are of a generous nature, and the offences in question are violations of the code of military honour, rather than brutal offences. To deprive death for want of energy, want of skill, want of zeal, want of courage, &c., is to take an erroneous view of motives. For all these and similar offences, disgrace, dismissal, contempt, are appropriate punishments. The men who have "no fear of death, if with them die their foes," cannot be punished by a threat of inflicting it. They disregard it every day and every hour. They seek it in the cause of honour. To live disgraced and dishonoured is for them a real punishment. Death comes in the order of nature to all, and it can only be the disgrace from the mode of inflicting it which makes it a punishment at the yard-arm, and an honour at the edge of the poop. There Nelson received his death-wound. The navy should be so regulated and governed, so well paid and highly honoured, that to be dismissed and disgraced should be a far worse punishment than death. To avoid service in it now is an object of ambition. Even the late elaborate contrivance for obtaining a reserve is acknowledged to be a failure. To run from the service is no dishonour, and every year some 3,300 men and boys desert from the death-threatening system, forfeiting some £25,000 wages. Our legislation degrades the naval service, and weakens the national defence.

FLUNKYISM IN CHURCH.

MR. JENKINS. Mr. John Thomas, and his brother footmen of the fashionable press, individuals who wear plush, and have plush in their souls, continually publish—thanks to the unwise indulgence of the editors and sub-editors of the daily newspapers—the names of the guests entertained at dinner by their masters—the duke, the marquis, the earl, the viscount, the baron, and the baronet. It has been asserted, we know, that the noble and wealthy individuals who give great dinners and have great *soirées* and receptions during the London season, sometimes furnish the lists of their guests to the newspapers; may, more, that some of them actually pay for such announcements, as tradesmen pay for advertisements. But this we hold to be a scandal and a libel on the aristocracy; for no real nobleman or true gentleman could behave himself in a manner so very much like that of a snob. But how, it may be asked, if footmen take it upon themselves to bring their masters into contempt in this manner, are they not reprimanded or dismissed? We cannot tell, and decline to discuss the question. What we want particularly to know at present is this—Are the daily papers about to extend the nuisance of such publicity beyond the limits of the dinner-table? And are the flunkies, or coachmen, who contribute "fashionable intelligence" to their columns, not to have any check-string, to intimate to them when it is proper to stop? We ask these questions, because we happened, on Monday, to read the following paragraph in a morning journal:—

"The Rev. F. D. Maurice officiated on Sunday, and had a very prosperous congregation. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll were among the afternoon congregation."

Are we to infer, from this, that the auspicious commencement of the reverend gentleman's ministrations was owing to the fact that a real duke and duchess were among his auditors? Or if not so, are we to infer that it is so unusual a thing for a duke or a duchess to go to church, that the fact, when it does occur, needs special announcement? Under ordinary circumstances it might be supposed, by any ordinary individual, that a duke and duchess, or Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, or Mr. and Mrs. Snooks, might say their prayers without publication of their names in the morning newspapers. The same ordinary individuals might also suppose that his grace of Argyll might sue for the grace of God without being advertised as a curiosity for so doing, unless it be a marvellous thing—which we by no means assert—to find piety and the prayer united together in the worship of the Supreme Being, to whom a peer and a caluam are alike weak and erring creatures. Were we a duke we should dismiss any flunkie who penned such a paragraph as the above about our noble selves, if he were in our service. If he were other than a flunkie, and we knew the snob, we should drop his acquaintance immediately. And more than this, we should write a polite letter to the editors of the morning press, requesting them, as gentlemen, to omit our name from their papers, both with regard to our dinners and our prayers. Sufficient for them to publish reports

of our speeches in the House of Lords. In the House of God, we should inform them that we wished to be considered of no more account than Brown or Green, or the humblest and most miserable vagrant who came there on the same errand of humility and contrition as ourselves.

OFFICIAL STUPIDITY.

THERE are few readers of newspapers who have not heard of Mr. John Trotman, as the inventor of an anchor which has proved of incalculable service in the preservation of life, shipping, and merchandise. It has been the desire of Mr. Trotman to have his anchor used in Her Majesty's navy; but Mr. Trotman is simply a man with an idea in his head. He has invented something very useful, and the official folk of the Admiralty, who, like the authorities at the Home-Guards, defect novelties, have resolved to oppose the adoption of his anchors in the public service. Perhaps a noble lord never yet made a more untenable position for himself than the Duke of Somerset did, when he attempted to justify his department for rejecting Trotman's anchors. First, the noble duke, as a ground for his prejudice against them, alleged that merchant ships provided with them went ashore in the memorable hurricane in the Black Sea, on the 14th November, 1854. What is the reply to this allegation?—That not a single casualty occurred to any one of the steamers or sailing ships provided on that occasion with Trotman's anchors;—that whilst small vessels provided with these anchors rode the storm out in safety, Her Majesty's steam frigate, with the Duke of Cambridge on board, was near being lost, and would have perished, but that she threw overboard her guns, shot, shells, &c.—that vessel being supplied with "Navy," and not "Trotman's" anchors. The Duke of Somerset next declared that no officer of the navy would trust Her Majesty's ships to Trotman's anchors. What is the answer to that allegation?—That Her Majesty's own ship, the *Fretoria* and *Albert*, the personal safety of Her Majesty and of all the royal family, such as we are, are wholly dependent upon the efficiency of Trotman's anchors. So much for the allegations of the head of the Admiralty.

We now come to Lord Alfred Paget, who represents the inefficiency of the Admiralty in the House of Commons. Lord Alfred Paget's first objection to Trotman's anchors was, that the one supplied to Her Majesty's yacht cost £119, instead of £90. What is the answer to that allegation?—That the difference between £90 and £119 was occasioned "by obstructiveness" on the part of officials, who did their utmost to prevent the anchor being delivered on board the royal yacht;—this occasioning additional expense, arising from damage of man and lurch for more than six weeks, before the anchor was landed at Her Majesty's dockyard. Lord Alfred Paget next declared that the Admiralty would not enter a particular anchor to be used. What is the answer to that allegation?—That the Admiralty would not use Sir Wm. Peel to use Trotman's anchor, and was forced him to take "the navy" established anchor. Lord Alfred Paget next declared that the officers of the fleet disapproved of Trotman's anchors. What is the answer to that allegation?—That no report on Trotman's anchors from the officers of the fleet has been received at the Admiralty.

It thus appears that official obstinacy and administrative incapacity have set their faces against Trotman's anchor. They will have none of it, though it saved the *Great Eastern* at Holyhead on the night when the *Royal Charter* was lost; that, on a series of experiments, it proved to be the best, and "the established Navy" the worst of anchors; and that Mr. Trotman offers to test one of his anchors, cost £20, against an Admiralty anchor, cost £265. The justice that the Admiralty officials, high and low, refuse to do, they may feel assured public opinion will yet extort from them.

A VOLUNTEER REMINISCENCE.—The distinguished part taken by Lord Elcho in the rifle movement, and the tribute paid to him at the Edinburgh Volunteer Review, reminds me (says a correspondent) of his progenitor, so long ago as when another Emperor threatened, and another patriotic manifestation upheld the honour of the country. The old lord was wont to sing a forenoon song, I believe of his own composition, on the occasion; of the poetry of which the following is a specimen, as it is also of the feeling and manner of that period:—

"Oh, how I loved, I got an once a night;
I dreamt of red and green a last night;
And two cats fighting, and a cock crowing;
And two cats fighting, and a cock crowing!"

And, O! dear, I never could see fear,
For the French and Bonaparte are coming here;
And we'll be murdered, and it's a terrible fear,
We'll be murdered, and it's a terrible fear,
O! dear, Margaret, is not that a pain?"

Caters demand,—"the language of comic effusions were not due to the Duke in those days. But even old women were not much afraid, and men made a joke of invasion."

WILD FLOWERS.—We know not even by name the Vicar of St. Michael's, Derby; but we must congratulate him on having originated the idea of an exhibition of wild flowers. The idea is deserving of imitation in every rural district in England,—the land beyond all others which produces the fairest, the brightest, and the most sweetly-scented wild flowers. Each year, and in the month of August, the vicar of St. Michael's has a show of wild flowers, of which the collectors are the pupils in the parish schools. Wild flowers and grasses are sought for in hedgegroves, fields, nooks, and dells, and then, when gathered together, the scholars display their taste in arranging them. We are not surprised to learn from a Derby contemporary that "singing and music contributed to the enjoyment" of the wild-flower gatherers, and of that excellent pastor who proves by such a festival that he is a fitting minister of Him who came upon earth to "preach the Gospel to the poor."

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING

MONDAY, Open at Nine. Temperance Societies' Entertainment.
TUESDAY, Open at Eight. *Fortunio's First.* Displayer of GREAT FOUNTAINS.
WEDNESDAY & FRIDAY, Open at Ten. Admission One Shilling; children under twelve, Sixpence.
 The Crystal Palace ARTISAN DRAWING FOR PRIZES will take place on **THURSDAY**.
 Spectators admitted free on showing their tickets.
SATURDAY, Open at Ten. Temperance Societies' Entertainment.
 Children under twelve One Shilling; season Tickets free.
 Orchestral Band and Grand Organ, Performances Daily, and Displayer of Upper Fountains.
 Many thousands of Government and other medals are to be shown on the Sunday and Tuesday.
SUNDAY, Open at Half-past One, to three o'clock gratuitously, by Ticket.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—Lessor, Mr. BUCKSTONE.

On **MONDAY, TUESDAY, and WEDNESDAY**, the highly-entertaining Comedy, by Tom Taylor, Esq., *THE OTTENDALE BOOTS*. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, B. C. Mathews, Thompson, Chapman, Rogers, &c.; *Messieurs Charles Mathews, William, Pommer, Griffiths, &c.* The new Comedietta, entitled *HIS EXCELLENCY*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. And a Popular Farce, the **THURSDAY, THE CRUISE**, and a Ballet.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager,

MR. W. WEBSTER.—Last night of the popular Cornish Actress Miss Julia Daly. On **MONDAY**, and during the week, **JANET PRIDE**. Richard Price (his original Character), Mr. E. Webster; Messrs. J. L. Todd, Paul Bedford, Stuart, Stuart, Stuart, &c. Billington; Messrs. William, Pommer, &c. To conclude with *THE POOL OF THE FAMILY*. Miss Julia Daly; Messrs. Paul Bedford, Kharas, Stuart, &c.

ROYAL STRAND THEATRE.—Lessor and Directress, Miss SWAN.

BURROUGHS.—LAST WEEK OF THE PRESENT SEASON.—LAST SIX NIGHTS OF *RAID AND THE MAURITIA*. On **MONDAY**, the highly-entertaining Comedy, by Tom Taylor, Esq., *THE OTTENDALE BOOTS*. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, B. C. Mathews, Thompson, Chapman, Rogers, &c.; *Messieurs Charles Mathews, William, Pommer, Griffiths, &c.* The new Comedietta, entitled *HIS EXCELLENCY*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. And a Popular Farce, the **THURSDAY, THE CRUISE**, and a Ballet.

STILEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE.—Proprietor and Manager,

MR. W. BATTY.—On **MONDAY**, and during the week, *THE OTTENDALE BOOTS*. Characters by Messrs. Charles Mathews, B. C. Mathews, Thompson, Chapman, Rogers, &c.; *Messieurs Charles Mathews, William, Pommer, Griffiths, &c.* The new Comedietta, entitled *HIS EXCELLENCY*. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews. And a Popular Farce, the **THURSDAY, THE CRUISE**, and a Ballet.

FLORAL HALL, COVENT GARDEN.—MR. ALFRED MELLON'S

CONCERTS.—For One Month only. Last two nights of His Highness Prince George of Gallia. Band of Eighty Performers, and Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera. In consequence of the great success of Miss Parson and Mr. Wilton Cooper, Mr. Mellon has reserved their services for the remainder of the series. The Programme for **MONDAY and TUESDAY** next will comprise:—*Soloists from the ranks of the great masters; Overtures; Grand Orchestral Exercises; Vocal Music, sung by Miss Parson and Mr. Wilton Cooper; Instrumental Solos; Piano; Italian's New Opera; Quadrilles; Italian Valse; and Kermesse Polka.* Conducted by Prince Gallia, &c. &c. The Chorus of the Royal Italian Opera are engaged, and will appear on **WEDNESDAY** next, August 23rd, and on the three following evenings. Conductors—Prince Gallia and Alfred Mellon. *Proscenium—One Shilling.*

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1860.

It would not be a difficult task to trace the various steps by which the speculations of naturalists, geographers, and philologists have been in our own times popularized through newspapers, blended with national and provincial prejudices, and seized upon in France as a ready means of raising a war-cry favourable to a policy of aggression. If Panisivism is to stretch one arm to the shores of the Adriatic, and another into the heart of Bohemia; if the States of Germany are to coalesce into one nation; if the Scandinavian kingdoms are to acknowledge brotherhood,—why should France not make an appeal to those traces of a common language and civilisation which she inherits with Italy and Spain from the Roman Empire? The idea of a Latin nationality—perhaps of a Latin kingdom—seems to have captivated Louis Napoleon. There can be no doubt that it has influenced his policy both as regards Italy and Spain. A Frenchman by birth, an Italian by descent and education, and connected with Spain by marriage, he, no doubt, imagines that he is destined to win the first triumphs of a policy, the ultimate aim of which is to convert Spain and Italy into satrapies of France, to extend Algerian conquest into Tunis and Morocco till Sicily and Spain can be seen from the eastern and western extremities of an African province of France; and to surround the western basin of the Mediterranean with a girdle of powerful states, which, when their natural resources have been developed by railways, steam navigation, and manufacturing industry, may at any time make themselves independent of intercourse with the rest of the globe, and thus, should they so will it, the narrow seas protected for our commerce by Gibraltar, Malta, and Corfu.

The rapid progress of Spain in material wealth and civilisation, and the equally rapid formation of a powerful kingdom in Italy, give a new meaning and importance to these ideas, and should induce our statesmen to watch with suspicion any attempt made to forward a policy on the part of France which is fraught with infinite mischief, if not with positive danger, to the naval supremacy of England. Hence it is that General Prim's visit to Paris to enforce the claims of Spain to admission as a first-class power, in virtue of her recent rapid and wonderful increase in wealth and population, acquire a significance it would not have had under ordinary circumstances. In reply to a question in the House of Commons, on Thursday last, Lord John Russell stated that Spain

had as yet made no application on the subject to our Government, but that Louis Napoleon had expressed a desire that she should be added to the five powers. The Emperor of Austria, it appears, has no objection to the admission of Spain, if the concession is not turned into a precedent for the recognition of other powers. The Government of Prussia, on the other hand, expresses an opinion that the admission of Spain would prove injurious to the Protestant States of Europe, unless a similar privilege were at the same time conferred on Sweden. The opinion of England, expressed through Lord John Russell, is that if Spain and Sweden are admitted, Portugal, which signed the treaty of Vienna, must also be admitted, and that should their claims be recognized, it will be impossible to repudiate those of Sardinia; but that there is at present no necessity for any change, as the concert of the five powers since 1815 has very well effected the object of preserving the peace of Europe.

Demonstrations still continue to be made against the policy of Louis Napoleon in Belgium and Switzerland, neither the Wallons nor the Swiss of the French cantons exhibiting any desire to become citizens of the Empire. While the German, Dutch, Italian, and even Spanish newspapers have given full details of the great Belgian *fetes* of the 21st of last month, not a single allusion has been made to them in the French papers, and the Parisians have even remained ignorant of the fact that they have taken place; the newspapers of Lille and Valenciennes being compelled to assert that the jubilee was a mere official demonstration, and that the people are as anxious as ever to become French. In the mean time, however, French propaganda has been suppressed, and the Rife movement has been inaugurated in Belgium.

The annual meeting of the Swiss officers' military society at Geneva, which generally passes off quietly, has been the occasion of a very striking demonstration against the Imperial policy, on the part of a population French in race and language, who are as unwilling as the Wallons to acquire the rights of French citizenship. (Saturday last was kept as a holiday at Geneva. The streets were filled with enthusiastic crowds. English, American, Prussian, even Austrian and Russian flags were displayed in all directions. No attempt was made to exhibit the tricolour. From six hundred to seven hundred officers arrived from Lausanne and Villeneuve, in two steamers, and were received by the crowd on the quays, with tumultuous cheers. At a great dinner, which brought the demonstration to a close, on Monday, patriotic toasts were drunk with an enthusiasm which amply proves that there is not a man, be he Protestant, Catholic, Conservative, or Radical, either in German or French Switzerland, who does not shrink at the idea of any part of the republic becoming French.

There is news of interest, if not of importance, from Italy. From Genoa expedition after expedition is hurrying down to Sicily, there being no attempt made to conceal what is going on. The volunteers march openly through the streets of the city, with their officers at their head, unarmed, but in uniform, precluded by drums and military bands, and after being publicly reviewed, embark on board mercantile steamers for their destination. At first, the volunteers consisted chiefly of soldiers who had previously served under Garibaldi; but, for some time back, adventurers from all countries have been recruited; so that the Sicilian army has gradually been acquiring more and more of a filibustering character, as it increases,—the total number who have embarked from Genoa being now 22,000.

The latest Genoa newspaper dispatches announcing the unopposed disembarkation of 8,000 men near Reggio, on the night of the 10th instant, and the evacuation of Sicily; but this intelligence must be received with distrust,—for though the population both of Calabria and the Basilicate are favourable to Garibaldi, it would be imprudent in him at present to attempt invasion. The Neapolitans have 40,000 men, while he has not more than 22,000. He is therefore, it is to be presumed, prudently endeavoring to organize and increase his army. He has, in fact, despatched his aide-de-camp, Captain Edward Styles, to London, to induce, if possible, respectable young Englishmen, especially rifle volunteers, to spend their autumn holidays in Sicily; having been so efficiently aided by those of our countrymen who have joined him already, that he wishes to secure the services of as many others as possible.

A note or circular or diplomatic document of some sort has, it is said, been drawn up by Austria, in anticipation of a continental invasion by Garibaldi, which declares that should he take possession of Naples the armies of the emperor Francis Joseph will at once advance into Southern Italy and expel the invader from the continent. What Garibaldi's intentions are is not known. According to one report he will proceed to Venice as soon as he gets possession of the Neapolitan fleet, while, according to another statement, he will attempt to liberate Venice from Venice, by stirring up a revolt in Croatia and Hungary, or by a march inland from the eastern shores of the Adriatic. If any such attempts are to be made, the Italians must rely upon French assistance, as the Piedmontese and Sicilian troops would only bring down upon themselves another Novara, by any attempt to cope with the well-disciplined army of Austria. This is the strongly-expressed opinion of well-informed military men, who add that the Piedmontese army has now lost, by the annexation of Savoy, the very finest of its soldiers, and those who, by their courage and gallantry, conferred upon it a great share of the prestige it has recently won.

The arrangements entered into at Toplitz, as they affect the Italian question, are still imperfectly understood. But according to a telegraphic despatch of Thursday from Vienna, Austria had requested Prussia to occupy

Bahama and Hungary in the event of an attack on Venice, and on Prussia refusing to interfere the same request had been made to Bavaria, with the same result.

It will be very unfortunate if the arrangements come to at Topitz do not secure the unanimity between Austria and Prussia which was anticipated. The forty millions of Germans who occupy Central Europe are bound together by much closer ties than those which connect the so-called Latin countries, and would they be indeed to sacrifice the local jealousies and enmities which still divide them, would form a power strong enough to ensure the peace of the world. Whatever be the intentions of the German Powers with regard to Italy, it is gratifying to find emperor, kings, dukes, and electors making the discovery at last that their power and strength lie in German unity. At the inauguration dinner of the railway from Salzburg to Munich, which forms the link of the great German system, connecting Bavaria with the German Provinces of Austria, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Bavaria delivered speeches, in which they referred to the feeling of nationality, which now connects all parts of the Fatherland, and which the growth of railways had tended so much to foster. The Emperor spoke of the meeting at Topitz, and concluded with a cheer for the German people and their princes. The King of Bavaria replied, and asked another cheer for the long continuance of amity between Austria and Prussia, all more *Britannicus*.

The news from the East wears still a gloomy character. There can now be little doubt that the outbreak did not originate in a mere local quarrel between the Druses and the Maronites of the Lebanon, but that it is connected with a plot, hatched at Mecca among ignorant and fanatical pilgrims, which has wide-spread ramifications throughout the East. From all parts of Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, and Turkey in Europe, and northern Africa, there are reports of murders and cruelties recently perpetrated against Christians, most of which, however, reaching to through Greek channels, cannot be relied upon. From Constantinople we learn that Ahmed Pacha has been sent back to Beyrout, after having been publicly degraded. Kurchid Pacha is to follow. Both are to be tried by mixed commissions.

From Damascus, the news is satisfactory. Fudl Pacha seems to have used every means in his power to restore tranquillity. On the 30d he arrested 320 persons, and he has since added considerably to this number, having resolved on the immediate execution of those condemned by an extraordinary council. A great part of the property stolen during the conflagration and massacre, has been recovered, the troops showing no sympathy with the robbers and murderers, and meeting with every assistance from the settled inhabitants, whether Ulemas, Mollahs, or Sheiks, who appear, during the period of the riots as well as now, to have made great exertions to shelter their Christian fellow citizens.

A Kalye was of a very serious kind, has broken out in Algeria, but the details have not been made public. It is said to have no connection with the disturbances in the East.

While the French troops are embarking for Syria, a large army is pouring down from Central Russia into the Crimea, ready to embark at a moment's notice, should Muscovite interference be called for in the settlement of Turkish affairs. The emigration of the Turco-Tartar population of Southern Russia is going on with extraordinary rapidity. It is favoured by the Government. The whole of the steamers in the Black Sea have been engaged for some time in conveying the emigrants, and many sailing vessels are employed in the same way. It is understood that the meadows and cultivated fields abandoned by the emigrants, will be occupied by serfs liberated by the recent measures of the Government, so that a purely Slavonian population will, in a few years, occupy the northern shores of the Black Sea.

This Report of the Committee appointed to inquire into the mode of nominating and examining candidates for junior appointments in the Civil Service, was issued on Tuesday. Since the commission first set in 1855-6, the number of candidates rejected was 2,479, all but 108 of this number having failed to pass the examination, from shameful ignorance of arithmetic and spelling. It is very difficult, from the conflicting evidence adduced, to decide what the effect of the new system has been in increasing the efficiency of the Government service. It seems, however, to be admitted, that although no marked improvement has taken place, yet the examinations test with sufficient fairness the general capacity of candidates. The committee think, nevertheless, that a sufficient time has not yet elapsed to allow a fair trial of the regulations of 1855, and that any opinions now pronounced on the subject must be founded on a priori reasoning, rather than on experience. They approve, at the same time, of the subjects chosen for examination, which have been as often ridiculed by the Press, as savoured too much of dilettantism, and deny that candidates have in any case been disabled by anxiety and apprehension from doing themselves justice before the examiners.

On Thursday night Mr. Sydney Herbert sat in the House of Commons that the Ordnance Survey on the 25-inch scale is in the mean time to be discontinued, in consequence of Colonel James's staff of engineers being engaged in making plans for the proposed fortifications. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the large scale is approved of by the Government, and will be recommended by them when the survey is proceeded with. Sir Morton Peto seems to think that he proved the utter futility and uselessness of the Survey on the large scale when he said that the map of England and Scot-

land would cover twice the surface of Lincoln's Inn-fields; that to examine the map of a single county, it would be necessary to use a ladder, and that to examine the map of the empire it would be indispensable to employ a balloon. Who ever thought of putting the map on rollers? It would be as reasonable to denounce the extension of the library of the British Museum, because the paper of which its books consist, if pasted sheet to sheet, might be made to cover the area of Middlesex. The comparative values of the surveys on the large and small scales have been adverted to recently with much greater sagacity by the Lord Advocate, in a lecture delivered by him to the Trades' Protection Society at Edinburgh, in which, with a courage which does him infinite credit, he proposed to make it the basis of a new system of conservancy, which, instead of describing real property in the cautious methods of our present title-deeds, shall simply refer to red lines on the great government plan. This probable use of the large maps naturally did not occur to Sir Morton Peto.

Indian finance, it appears from the speech of Sir Charles Wood, in moving a resolution to enable the Indian Secretary of State to raise a loan, if necessary, of three millions, at length exhibits a more satisfactory balance-sheet—there being every reason to believe that the new income-tax and license system will prove the source of a large revenue, and will be well received by the native population, who appreciate the security they enjoy under our rule, and who never were so prosperous as they have been since canals and railways have begun to open up the resources of the country.

The Prince of Wales landed at Halifax on the 30th, where he was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of loyalty. After reviewing the 62nd and 63rd regiments, he left by railway en route to Quebec, accompanied by the West-India squadron.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT READER.

We are working double tides to finish Supply, and get through the Session. So much progress has been made, that there seems no reason why we should not be prorogued by the 1st of September.

Our Noble Viscount is with us early and late. If he had not been indefatigable in his attendance, John Bright would have stolen a march upon us all. That hon. member had recently prepared a manifesto for the recess—a sort of Queen's speech,—indicating a programme of parliamentary grievances to be unfolded in the provinces next November. You can imagine the scene. Free-Trade Hall, Manchester, or Town Hall, Birmingham, crowded to excess—Mr. Bright the central figure—ickets at a premium—the London reporters in attendance, with a special gig at the station—if not, a short summary by telegraph next morning, and the day after, three or four columns of the hon. member's speech, plentifully interlarded with "much laughter" and "enthusiastic cheering." If Mr. Bright could only have gone over the same ground on Friday night without interruption and without answer, it would have been thought that the Commons and the Cabinet were deeply conscious of having betrayed the privileges and liberties of the Lower House, and that they were constrained to listen to Mr. Bright's sharp and shrewish lecture in silence. The hon. member had taken his measures well. His notice was vague. We knew he would, on the motion that the House at its rising adjourn to Monday, say something about the Excise Duty on Paper. When I asked Sir Fozzle, at the club, what Bright's notice meant, he positively replied—"Some lack from a papermaster against the Customs duty, I suppose; or perhaps a lack from some Customs importer against the Excise Duty." So, when Bright rose, there were not twenty members present.

Sir Fozzle says he would have walked three miles to give Palmerston a cheer for his speech that night. Sir Fozzle can't walk very well, but he can cheer pretty loud, as the member for Birmingham would have discovered. His regrets are shared by all the men left in town, and not a few who have "paired" for the rest of the session; the former were riding in the park, or reading the papers, or getting an early dinner at the club. The front Opposition bench, when Bright rose, was deserted. "Dismal would have haunted the flame of any one of his novels for the pleasure of being present, and the opportunity of 'improving' such an 'occasion' to the mutual advantage of our Noble Viscount, and the politician who is supposed by some to keep him in office. Not one of the Opposition lieutenants and generals was present,—scarcely even a commissioned officer. A little group of Italians, below the gangway, surrounded the "Benicia Boy of Parliament." Two or three ministers occupied the Treasury bench. Milner Gibson looked a little uneasy, sat upon thorns when Mr. Bright's language was sharp, seemed a little resentful when he deprecated discussion, and looked comforted by the aspect of the empty benches opposite. The Chancellor of the Exchequer threw himself back with grave satisfaction, to hear the words of truth and wisdom from Mr. Bright. His allegation of the "pignonic innovation" of the Lords was about to be endorsed. His desire for "action" against lordly usurpation was about to be reciprocated. All sorts of alternatives were to be examined, and declared to be in turn practicable and better than the inaction of the Government. His chief was about to be talked at and talked to. His inaudible and disaffected speech and demagogue, so opposed to Cabinet discipline, were about to receive approbation and sympathy. And finally the House of Lords were to hear from the *cor populi* a formal protest and an independent denunciation of the slight offered to the House of Commons and the Minister of Finance.

Another minister was there. He leaned forward in his seat; he turned his head slightly round to the member for the gangway, so that he might lose no word of his address. And as soon as the member for Birmingham resumed his seat, he leaped to his feet, and advanced to the table. It was our Noble Viscount.

Such a pretty fabric as Mr. Bright had reared! everything that was to be said

in November and December in sharp and venomous sentences—all the topics which were capable of being handled in a manner to create dissension and ill-will between classes—were now kindled in doubt and kindled in dissension. His opinion certainly was, in the main, that the House of Commons had betrayed the interests confided to them, and that our Noble Viscount had aided, abetted, and encouraged, if not actually instigated and led them in the surrender of their privileges. Did our Noble Viscount know that the House of Commons had sustained a marked diminution of its power since Parliament met—that his Chancellor of the Exchequer was now a priest with "maimed ribs?"—that if he is still king of finance he has a victory over him in Lord Derby? If our Noble Viscount had only dissolved Parliament, and gone to the country upon the question of leniency or severity, did he know that he would have such a majority as to render his opinion in modern times almost irresistible? Yes, that was the fact, and our Noble Viscount would be good enough to believe it on his solemn assurance. As to dealing with the Lords, there were as many ways of shunting them up, of putting them down, of cutting their claws, and drawing their fangs as a Frenchman has of cooking an egg. If these easy and effectual methods of vindicating the privileges of the Commons had not been undertaken, it was consoling to know that there was one person, and only one person, to blame. That person, he regretted to say, was our Noble Viscount, who had committed the very worst kind of treason to a constitutional state. Still, let not the Noble Viscount take his course too much to heart. Perhaps the Noble Viscount, not anticipating this unmaking of the Birmingham battery, might not have been so ready to load and prime. If so, and he rather hoped such might be the case, perhaps the Noble Viscount would give his best consideration to these humble suggestions from his sincere friend J. B., and be prepared at some future time, before Parliament broke up, to adopt them. All this was said in a tone of great moderation—the tone, in short, of the House of Commons, the which, as everybody knows, differs as much from the tone of the Free-Trade Hall as the French of Stratford-at-Bove of Chaucer's Prioresse from French of Paris.

Our Noble Viscount's reply to Mr. Bright is praised as one of the best bits of off-hand, impetuous, extempore dealing which the whole British has afforded since a Scoville, too, that has been remarkable for good and effective speeches. I am not disposed to question the verdict. But I have some private reason to doubt whether the scope and tenacity of Mr. Bright's speech took our Noble Viscount entirely by surprise. There is, indeed, a courtesy of Parliament which is little known among the general public. To make a personal attack upon a Minister, or even a private member, without a previous hint, is considered shabby. Even a *Hornet* writes a note to Sir C. Wood, or Mr. Walter, to tell him he is going to "pitch into him." Public speaking is not so easy a thing as the stranger in the gallery is apt to think, after listening to Gladstone. So, if a statement is to be made on a matter of house or foreign policy, it is considered the "correct thing" to write a private note to the Minister concerned, in order that he may think the matter over and have his answer ready. To do otherwise would be to transgress the unwritten law of Parliament, as much as if a pugilist hit a man below the belt, or struck him when down. For these reasons, and others which I am not called upon to disclose, I incline to think our Noble Viscount did not come wholly unprepared to the "wordy war." His President of the Board of Trade, who could not be wholly ignorant of Mr. Bright's intention, was, perhaps, charged to communicate an outline of his speech, and to say that he did not wish to provoke a debate.

Upon any interpretation, however, and with all these aids and qualifications, our Noble Viscount's reply to Mr. Bright was as unexpected as it was manly and spirited. He would not submit to be lectured and schooled by the member for Birmingham upon the duties of a Constitutional Minister. There was a touch of haughtiness in the tone with which he declared that he required no stimulus from Mr. Bright to do what he conceived to be his duty. As to the assertion that if he had dissolved Parliament upon the constitutional question connected with the Paper Duty, the electors would have sent a large majority to Parliament in his favour, he was wholly at issue with Mr. Bright. This opinion of our Noble Viscount, which, if one may give a guess, must have been uttered at more than one Cabinet Council, carried as little conviction to-night as the Cabinet Ministers could send him as when it was expressed in Downing-street. It played the Chancellor of the Exchequer, indeed, into a sublime state of Homeric anguish and delirium. Our Noble Viscount was, in fact, talking to his own Ministers. He was belabouring Mr. Bright, but the member for Birmingham was, in fact, only the whipping-boy, whose punishment was vicarious, and whose amendment was not the thing which the Dominie had most at heart. The Pythias of the Damon under fastidious wined at every stroke. He would have intercepted that vigorous aim, and averted those heavy, ineffectual, and well-directed blows. What consolation the President of the Board of Trade administered to the member for Birmingham, after he was subdued, we need not inquire. His first inquiry was probably to go to his office in Downing-street, and pen his resignation.

And all this fun went on in an empty House! Bright, cheekmade and flagellated, Milner Gibson lacerated, Gladstone humiliated, and not a single Tory leader in the House to put our Noble Viscount on the back, to launch ironical cheers at the member for Birmingham and his Ministers on the Treasury Bench! I have had to describe the scene twenty times to Sir Fozels and his friends. Our Noble Viscount's speech has not made him unpopular among the legislators in either House. Some call him a "gallant, spirited, and plucky old gentleman;" others as "old brick," which probably expresses, in the vernacular of the speakers, pretty much the same thing. I can reach for the dignified tone, and the entire composure and self-possession of our Noble Viscount; and I must be permitted to say, that a more concise, and at the same time, a more effective reply, or one abounding in harder hits, I never remember to have heard.

Friday Mr. Bright was conspicuous by his presence, on Monday he was equally conspicuous by his absence. Our Indian Budget without Mr. Bright, is the play of "Hamlet," "with &c. by special desire." Such a budget became an established institution of the country when Mr. Bright used to rule over the Indian Minister

with a rod of iron. It was got up at his entreaty. The hon. member for Birmingham has been strenuous in denouncing when it was coming on. Monday was named, and on Monday night Mr. Bright was absent. Nor was he singular in his absence. At no period of the debate were forty members present. The members on the Opposition benches proper varied from one to four. Our Noble Viscount sat it out with a patience and constancy above all praise, and a Lord of the Treasury or two established a claim to promotion by bearing him company. Subtract the number of those who addressed the House in the course of the evening from the number present at any time during the debate, and the result would leave the present writer.

I went down to scrutinize and admire Sir Charles Wood. He well repays the careful attention of the Parliamentary student. My tastes are, I think, peculiar, and it would, perhaps, be unreasonable to quarrel with my brother M.P.'s, because, on Sir Charles's benefit-night, there was no one in the theatre but the actors. A man may admire Shakespeare, and yet decline to hear him read with the tone and elocution of a macaw. So a member of Parliament may wish well to India who would rather not hear Sir Charles Wood talk for an hour and a half, or even ten minutes, on any subject whatever. Let us not, therefore, blame Lord Stanley too severely if, while the Secretary of State for India was yet speaking, he rose, and, in a fit of absence, left the House. It is not that the heir of the house of Derby cannot cut any quantity of the driest Parliamentary saw-dust. He can speak down a blue-book with statistical tables, and make a lucid descent upon McCulloch and Bastiat. India is his forte, and he will be known to posterity, among other favourable claims to distinction, as the first Secretary of State for India. But even Lord Stanley must draw the line somewhere, and he draws it at Wood. I think, for my own part, that it is a pity a Minister or any other man should make a turkey-cock the model of his parliamentary oratory. The "wobble, wobble" of that noble bird has, no doubt, a certain music, but it is pleasant only by its association with Christmas langousts. If a public speaker will not open his mouth wider than would admit a pea, he must lay his account at being as insipid as Sir Charles Wood, and half his words like those of that right honourable gentleman, may as well be Hindostani or Telugu as the English of Queen Victoria.

I see I shall have to demand space during the recess to say something about parliamentary oratory, the training necessary to make men effective and graceful speakers, and the training which our young men who devote themselves to public life actually receive.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE scheme of the "International Exhibition of 1862" will, it is expected, be fully launched in a few days. It is understood that it will partake more of an industrial character than that of 1851. The subscriptions to the guarantee fund considerably exceed the sum prescribed, which was £250,000; so that the trustees will run no risk in setting the thing going, and the favourite locality of South Kensington will be sufficiently convenient and central for the purpose. We believe that the Royal Commission will soon be issued, after which the preparations will be at once commenced. We trust that in the construction of the Council care will be taken not to entrust the exclusive management to the jobbers and speculators who were so ready to turn the success of the Exhibition of 1851 to their own profit and advantage.

One of the most expensive officials of the Turner Exhibition is the establishment at South Kensington, which is ludicrously named the Department of Science and Art, and which has already expended 160,000*l.* on a mass of ugly buildings, which are a standing opprobrium to art and architecture, and the establishment charges of which cost the country no less than 95,000*l.* a year—a sum only 5,000*l.* a year less than the British Museum, and about four times the cost of the Home Office, which presides over the internal Government of the United Kingdom. These estimates are either neglected by the House of Commons, or fall under the criticism of some big game hunters for Marlborough, Westminster, or Lansdown, who are generally in utter ignorance of the subject.

The administration of justice has exhibited some strange scenes of late. The most fantastic and the most deplorable is the conduct of the High Sheriff of Surrey, Mr. W. J. Evelyn, a county gentleman of fortune and family, and formerly M.P. for the county. This gentleman first undertook to advise the judges on a question of manners; and having apologised and got over that little difficulty, took to lecturing him upon a question of law. In the first instance, Mr. Evelyn might be pardoned for a good-natured effort to obtain for his neighbours the thanks of the judge for their attendance at grand juries—in numbers more than were required; but when he proceeded the court with a charge against the judge of acting contrary to law, it was clear that he identified himself too strongly when suffering from the temperate and well-merited castigation inflicted upon him in open court by the Lord Chief Justice of England. The Sheriff is, no doubt, the highest executive officer of the county—deriving his authority, like the judges, from the Sovereign; and High Sheriffs have, in matters properly under their jurisdiction, played important parts in the earlier constitutional history of England. But they are no more entitled than the lowest officer to presume to decide what is illegal and what is not. On the contrary, their duty is to assist, and not to assist, the judges in the discharge of their duties, and to cause the law to be respected, and the decrees of the courts to be carried out.

A scene of a Trans-Atlantic character is reported in the Jersey papers, from which it appears as if the leading advocates of the superior courts there are in the habit of squabbling in court, and of settling their disputes in the neighbourhood by batons, assisted by their friends and relations on both sides. The report of the royal commission of inquiry into the administration of the law in Jersey is nearly ready, and will not make its appearance an hour too soon.

Parliament has, within the last day or two, passed several bills, and made

considerable progress in supply; notwithstanding which the season cannot well be brought to a conclusion before the beginning of September. Lord John Russell has left town for Aberfeldy, the residence of the Duchess of Kent, near Balmoral. Sir George Grey is in attendance upon the Queen. But Her Majesty will be attended by Lord John Russell on her return to town and his visit to her maternal relations in Germany. Her Majesty will first visit Cologne, and subsequently proceed to Berlin, notwithstanding the contradiction of a weekly newspaper which pretends to convert information on these subjects.

Mr. Swinburn still continues "to rain over us," and we suppose will have his fiery days out. There is already a considerable destruction of the growing crops of corn in the clayey and undrained soils; but in the high and dry parts of the country there is still hope of saving a considerable harvest, if we have two or three weeks of sunshine and fine weather. The grass, the gardens, and the fruit are all doing well.

The Royal Gardens at Kew are eminently worth a visit at this time of the year. The flowers (almost endless in form, size, variety, and colour) in the great *parterre*, or Italian Garden on the Terrace in front of the Palm House and Lake, and those on the borders of the Grand Promenade, are now in their greatest beauty and perfection. The Conservatory is very remarkable just now for the exquisite beauty and variety of foliage, and the gorgeous splendour, artistic combination, and skilful contrast of colour, of the curious and costly plants, now in blossom, garlanding, festooning, and adorning the crystal walls, roof, and centre of this most unique and beautiful little Temple of Flora. Several tropical plants are also in flower in the old and new apocynums. The love of flowers is an innocent and, largely, a general taste, and these beauties are now brought within convenient distance of the mass of tired-out Londoners of almost every class.

The Park at Battersea is even still more accessible. The enlargement and improvement of the ample sheet of ornamental water are nearly completed, and will add greatly to the beauty and interest of the landscape by which the Park is surrounded. The rose-garden, flower-beds, grotto, and gymnasium are nearly finished, and will soon be open to the public. There will also be provided a couple of drinking-fountains for public use.

These improvements are a good rest against the ride in Kensington gardens, even if the great ventral grievance were made out, which we are far from believing. The only real grievance of the pedestrian party is the little place through the gardens—some twenty or thirty yards. By diverting this a little lower down, and protecting it on both sides, the new and old rides may be connected without annoyance to anyone, and a gate may be opened at the top of the new road into Bayswater. This would be a very general convenience, and would dispense with the necessity of the equestrians turning back along the inside of the Bayswater-road, where the children and nursery-maids of Paddington have to pass. The Borough of Morylebone is not, after all, the whole community, and everything must not be considered to be in a public garden. However, the ride is closed for the season, and before next winter it will be easy to re-arrange it so as not to cause inconvenience in any quarter.

Mr. Cowper's speech in Hyde Park has been commented upon in the House of Commons. However anxiously it may be for a Minister of the Crown to turn stump orator, we think that Mr. Cowper defended himself in a simple and manly way, by his unprepared and *impromptu* defence from an attack which he so unexpectedly encountered. If Mr. Cowper sinned, it lies not on the side of exclusiveness, but rather in a perhaps over-sensitiveness to public opinion—a fault on the right side.

Literary folk and curious folk are all debating, with *pro* and *con*, a certain very startling, and, we must add, very interesting, article in the *Cornhill* of this month. In a paper profoundly dealing with "Town and Table Talk," surely a notice is not out of place of the asserted achievements of the latter important article of furniture in this so very unexpected respect. Are these marvellous passages—the miracles told as occurring, roundabout in our very neighbourhood—real facts, or a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare"? Are they, absolutely facts, or, absolutely fables? Surely science—surely our detective powers—are competent to expose the folly of these suppositions of moving tables and of salutary chairs "of invisible orchestra, and of shadowy penatulations? If they are deliberate misrepresentation, or only rags, fancy, or juggler's tricks of the half-witted—perhaps over-stimulated—news, let them be put down. It is clearly the business of science to examine into these matters, not to "fool, pooh!" the whole evidence because we are reluctant to grapple with it. Either science can do this, or science itself must be explained by some other science.

Miss Katharine Hickson, a very clever actress in a style infinitely less popular than that to which we—mean the "high style"—has been playing excellently a series of parts in the first-class drama at the St. James's Theatre. A short runner—as it has been called—season has been commenced here, to replace, and if possible, to follow on to the successful campaign of last winter, when Clara St. Clare delighted us with her singing, and Miss Lydia Thompson, eight after night (two must say somewhat too continuously), was dancing into the hearts of the quiescent British lings.

There is disagreement amongst the Committee of Taste appointed to superintend the raising of the "Guards' Memorial" in Waterloo-place. Slowness of progress with this Memorial or Mausoleum—for it looks much more like the latter—is the consequence. Did every one see more absurd objects than the salient real canon, with the ambitious, but defeated pop-gun in the centre, which adorn the northern face of this work?

Some time back exertions were made to set up a replica of Fido's beautiful statue of Lord Hardinge, erected for Calcutta, on its site now disfigured by the Guards' Memorial. It is now in contemplation to erect this admirable work of Art between the Athenæum and the United Service Club. A committee is in course of formation, with whom some of our leading artists have consented to co-operate, in order to preserve a memorial that is really creditable to British Art.

The Floral Hall of the Royal Italian Opera, Covent-garden, has opened with

its brilliant vocal and instrumental concert. Prince George Gallitzin is a real ornament to the art which he illustrates so enthusiastically. Ballé, our renowned native composer, is, we are given to understand, busy with a new opera, of great promise, for the Tyne and Harbours management of English Opera.

Messrs. Leigh, Sotheby, and Wilkinson, will commence next Tuesday, August 22nd, and the following days, a sale of very choice books. Many of the lots are both interesting and scarce, and to the antiquary, as well as the book collector, the sale will prove interesting, as containing a singular collection of rare and expensive binding of the fourteenth century, in a state of great preservation. Among the lots we notice the first edition of Waller's "Poems," 1645; the first edition of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," 1591; Woodfall's first collected edition of "Janin's Letters," and a fine copy of the first edition of Shakespeare's "Poems." Lot 85, Didot, Paris, 1813, is a marvellous specimen of billiardié skill—"Jean de Meun, le Roman de la Rose," being printed on rose-coloured paper of which only three copies were taken off, wonderfully bound in green morocco, and the sides and backs looked all over with roses, the centre occupied with a bunch of roses laid in different colors.

Messrs. Puttick and Simpson have also commenced a sale of books this week, which will be continued during a portion of the next. Among the lots will be found a copy of Cranmer's Bible, Rome, 1566; and the first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," 1669.

The unpublished letters of Pope, which Mr. Murray has in his possession, will appear in the forthcoming edition of Pope's works.

Mr. Edward Mayhew, author of the "House Doctors," lately published by Messrs. Allen, of Ludlow-street, has just entered into an arrangement with the same firm for a new work relative to "Dogs," which will be treated much in the same manner. Mr. Henry Mayhew has also made arrangements with Messrs. Allen for a new work on Martin Luther, to be entitled, we believe, "The Footsteps of Luther."

Under the title of the "Royal Album," Mr. J. E. Mayall, the photographer, of Regent-street, has given to the public a series of portraits of Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the royal children. Many simple folk will be surprised to find how much like "other people" the royal family can be seen in pictures. Here we have an English lady and her husband, with a somewhat plain, dressed far more plainly than many of the members of our wealthy classes; without any appearance of crown, sceptre, throne, or royal purple robes, looking happy and at home; and the children looking like children, and not according to the popular and delusive idea of princes. They are beautifully executed, and will add largely to Mr. Mayall's already extended fame. These portraits are doubtless valuable from the fact of their being published by express wish and permission of Her Majesty, and such is the demand for them that the wholesale publishers are already requiring 60,000 sets.

THE EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

BACK-BOOK literature has within the last few days received a further addition in the shape of a bulky volume, containing the evidence and report of the Select Committees appointed to inquire into the very ancient question of the Embankment of the Thames. The appearance of such a volume is evidence of the magnitude of Embankment, to the noble river from which their country has derived so much of its wealth at home and commanding influence abroad, and affords proof of the spakly with which we may be brought to regard works of great and admitted importance at our own doors. Ages past, when London was a mere collection of wretched huts, bounded by the Fleet Ditch and the Wall-brook, and the marshy river was studded with a few galleries, the Romans appreciated the value of the Thames, and commenced that work of embankment which a Committee of the House of Commons has just recommended should be completed. Among the other advantages which we owe our conquerors, let it never be forgotten that it is to the legions of Rome we are indebted for the preservation of the Thames. The marshes of Kent and Essex would long since have disappeared; the mouth of the river would have been choked up, and the tides would not now ebb and flow in their ample course through the "unostentatious tuberosity of civilized life—the capital of England; had not the men who wielded the pickaxe and the javelin known also how to handle the spade and the pickaxe. The kings and queens of the ancient Britons could never have brought their subjects, any more than modern rulers have been able to induce their lieges, to provide the "ways and means" for improving the river. Our painted ancestors cursed loudly, by their wicked gods, at the Roman governor who "consumed their bodies and their lands; and their wives and children, took the fens of their own *Caer* Ludd, and the descendants of the Ancient Britons (in Parliament assembled) have ever since declared that they will not find the money to complete the work they commenced. The consequences of this hereditary opposition to a great work are to be traced in the pollution of the river which has rendered necessary a colossal system of drainage; the formation of shoals and banks, which everywhere interfere with the navigation; acres of mud on each side of the river, which for the half of every day give forth their pestilential vapours and carry disease into the crowded portions of the metropolis; unsightly projections, dilapidated wharves and buildings, rising up—everything, in short, which makes the Thames the condition of the Thames and its banks a disgrace to the country and to the age we live in. Englishmen of the present day love to talk of Father Thames, which, godlike, with "unwearied bounty flows," and "strong without rage without overflowing full," but few care to inquire how much of those qualities which made him so early enlisted in the ranks of the gods have just glared at.

These works were the subject of repeated edicts and royal commissions, giving the most minute directions on the subject, and which extend in a long series from the earliest of Edward I. "for the view and repair of the banks betwixt Lambeth and Greenwich," to the charters of Charles and James, granted to the Corporation of London.

Owing to a great measure to the neglect and inefficiency of the Board of Conservancy, the river has been encroached upon in a most irregular and injurious manner. Persons having property on the sides of the Thames were, by interest or favour, allowed to acquire more land; wharfingers have con-

stricted bars and barriers on the shore which seriously affect the free action of the tide. At length the total unfitness of the Board for the purpose for which it was formed became so apparent that its constitution was entirely changed. By virtue of numerous charters and grants the conservancy of the river was given to the Mayor, Commonalty, and Citizens of London, and their jurisdiction extended from Staines to Yantlet Creek, and from Yantlet, which joins the Thames and Medway, up the Medway as far as Cockham Wood. The charter of this Board was wholly unacquainted with the duties of conservators. The last chairman was an importer of and dealer in spruce; his predecessors were a baker and an upholsterer. The result of the conservancy by the citizens was, that 655 persons had been allowed to encroach on the river, and obtained the right of doing so by paying to the City an annual sum amounting to £1,100. The old Board has, however, passed away, and the conservators now consist of a body partly nominated by the Crown, and partly chosen by the city authorities.

The earliest proposal to embank the Thames within London, upon a regular plan, was made by Sir Christopher Wren, immediately after the Fire of London; his proposal being to leave a commodious quay on the whole bank of the river from Blackfriars to the Tower; and the 19th of Charles II., for rebuilding the city of London, gave authority for carrying out the plan, and enacted that no house, out-house, or other building whatever, was to be erected from Tower Wharf to Temple Stairs within forty feet of the river, cranes and sheds for present use only excepted. A portion of this work was actually executed. Embankments, however, were constantly made upon this "forty-feet way," and finally, in the year 1821, this act of Charles was repealed, notwithstanding a most determined opposition on the part of the Corporation of London, and the inhabitants of Upper Thames Street and its vicinity.

A century passed away after the Fire of London, when the idea of embanking the river was once more brought forward. A plan was submitted to the Corporation of London for raising £200,000, for dealing with the north side of the river, between Paul's Wharf and Millfold Lane, the distance being about half a mile, and further determining the further details of the navigation of the Middle and Inner Temple, and other parties, by which the frontage of the Temple Gardens was ultimately included. The terms in which this proposal was submitted to the Corporation, would apply with scarcely a verbal alteration, to the state of things in the present day. The wharves, says the report, within the limits referred to, form an irregular and disagreeable outline, and afford the owners of some an undue advantage over others; "they slacken the current on the London side, and throw the force of the stream upon the Surrey shore;" there is a "constant accumulation of sand and mud and rubbish, which not only destroys great part of the navigation, at low water, but renders the wharves inaccessible by the loaded craft, even at high water, unless at spring tides. The mud and silt thus accumulated, notwithstanding the frequent expense the wharfers are at to clear it away, is, when not covered with water, extremely offensive, and in summer-time often dangerous to the health of the neighbouring inhabitants." An Act was finally passed (7th Geo. IV., c. 37) to carry this embankment into effect. Another hundred years has nearly passed away, and the great and complete work is still under consideration.

We learn from Mr. Thomas Page's excellent letter to the Duke of Newcastle, printed in the proceedings of the Commissioners for the Improvement of the Metropolis, in 1827, some interesting particulars of other encroachments upon the river. In the early days of the Middle Ages, the wharves from Westminster Hall, the present line is now rather more than 300 feet distant. At Whitehall there has also been an accession of land gained from the river. The end of Manchester-court, now Manchester-buildings, formed at one time a projection into the river; it is now 44 feet in a recess, and the gardens of Richmond-terrace and Whitehall form projections of 84 and 63 feet in front of the old lines. To these embankments, and that of Hungerford Wharf, are due the formation and increase of the extensive mud-banks in that locality. Arundel House and gardens, which adjoined the present site of Somerset House, was converted into streets, which were advanced 36 feet into the river, to the line of old Somerset House, Burnard-yard and the Savoy remained unaltered until 1770, when the Adelphi-terrace and the wharves under it were constructed. Messrs. Adams, "the Adelphi," as they were called, applied to the Corporation, without effect, for permission to make the embankment, and after encountering the most strenuous opposition of the Corporation at every stage, they at length obtained an Act of Parliament for the purpose (11th Geo. III., c. 34). The wretched condition of the shore in front of this terrace is the best evidence that this partial and piecemeal system of embanking has no beneficial effect in improving the state of the river.

The condition of the river at length attracted the attention of Sir Frederick Trench, who, in 1827, published his "Collection of Papers relating to the Thames Quay." His proposal was to embank a portion of the northern shore of the river between London and Westminster Bridges, and to make it available as a public thoroughfare. In the 18th of February, 1826, Sir Frederick obtained leave to bring in a bill for carrying his improvements into effect. There was considerable opposition manifested, even on the motion for leave to bring in the bill; but a majority of forty finally voted in its favour. The late Sir Robert Peel was one of the opponents of the bill, on the ground that the embankment would, if constructed, interfere with the view of the river from the streets leading to the Court of Common Council. This objection was also influenced the opinion of the House, and among them, that the information then possessed as to the effect of the removal of old London Bridge, was too imperfect for immediate legislation; and after a petition presented against the bill on the 15th of April, 1826, it was finally dropped. Sir Frederick Trench, however, still kept up the agitation of his favourite subject.

The subject was once more revived at the time when the select committee was appointed on the building of the New Houses of Parliament, and adopted the plan of advancing the site of the present building some distance into the river. The Corporation then directed surveys to be made of the state of the river, and a committee reported to the Committee of Common Council in favour of various plans for improving the navigation of the river, including, among other recommendations, some uniform system of dealing with the banks of the river. On the 30th March, 1840, the Corporation applied to Parliament for powers to embank both sides of the river, between

London and Vauxhall Bridges. A select committee was appointed, "to report its opinions and observations thereupon to the House, together with the best means of carrying the same into effect." The committee first found with its inquiries for above four months, and suspended its sittings without coming to any decision, and reported that in consequence of the near approach of the prorogation of Parliament, it was obliged to conclude the inquiry without the examination of various plans and witnesses, and that upon the general opinion of the importance of the navigation, and so without any embankment, in the present state of the inquiry, it gave no opinion." Then followed another report, on the navigation of the river, founded on a general survey extending from Putney to Gravesend, and which was presented to the Common Council on the 29th January, 1842, which recommended the time at first time a solid embankment, for the purpose of meeting the complaints which had been made of various projections on the river, by "laying down a line beyond which all present and future encroachments upon the banks should be removed, by whatever authority, and under whatever circumstances made, and regardless to whom they might belong." How far the Conservators would have acted upon the spirit and letter of this very sweeping recommendation, we may judge from their previous conduct, shown in the frequent leaning to private interests, and the occasional indifference which they displayed to the condition of the river.

On the 23rd of November, 1842, a royal commission was appointed "to inquire into and consider the most effectual means of improving the metropolis, and of providing increased facilities of communication within the same." This commission consisted of the present Duke of Newcastle, Lord Lyttelton, Lord Osborne, Sir J. C. Herries, the Lord Mayor (Alderman Humphreys), Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Charles Lemon, Mr. H. T. Hope, Mr. Henry Gurney, Mr. A. G. Campbell, Mr. N. G. Gurney, Mr. J. G. Gurney, and the late Sir Charles Barry. The commission reported in January, 1844. The first and most important question to which they directed their attention was the construction of an embankment on each side of the river, and they came to the opinion that "for remedying the existing defects, and for further determining the further details of the navigation, an embankment of the river would be the most effective measure." That such an embankment might be advantageously combined with the formation of a carriage and foot line of communication, between Scotland-yard and Blackfriars Bridge, whereby the great objects of public recreation and health would be promoted, and consisting of the improvement of the existing communication between the eastern and western districts of the metropolis. And further, that by the adoption of the general principles presented in a plan prepared by Mr. Page, these benefits could be obtained without detriment to the trade on the shores of the river; they also proceeded to ascertain the cost of the work, and in what manner the same could be obtained, so as to press with the least possible weight on the inhabitants of the metropolis and its environs.

Again, there was a Committee on Metropolitan Improvements and Communications, in 1855, and another Bill-book was circulated, and illustrated with a profusion of drawings and plans, and the embankment of the Thames was approved of as the best and most feasible mode of carrying out the plan of the series in the publications of the present year. The report of the committee printed on the subject would suffice to form a small portion of the proposed solid embankment. It will be seen from this historical review of the question of the Thames Embankment, that it is one of the most venerable of British grievances; and it was only, we presume by an oversight of the Baronet's dagger, that we have not noticed its character as a national grievance. We shall point out the advantages which would result from the completion of the work, and the manner in which it is proposed to carry it into effect.

"CASH PAYMENTS."

THOMAS CARLILE has declared cash payments to be the sole *modus* between man and man; and, for once, he appears to have hit upon a truth. Disciples of that school of Political Economy in which John Ruskin is a distinguished preacher, would have us prefer preferences to shillings, and conduct our business upon sentimental principles. Those who cultivate this "roots of honour" in obedience to such teachers, will find them sprouting, before long, in a Bankruptcy Law Court. The true "roots of honour" are cash payments. If Mr. Ruskin, senior, had acted throughout his long business life as Mr. Ruskin, junior, preaches, the doctrine of sentimental trade would not have been sent forth from his lips, and the world would be nothing like hard work for a bare living to brush the elbows out of a man's brain.

Cash payments are the sole *modus* between man and man, and have been from the remotest antiquity. In the shield of Achilles, as described by Homer, to strike a blow, to represent, to pay, to give, to receive, to demand, and defendant, contesting as to the amount of "blood-money" to be paid by the accused. In the Northern and Teutonic laws of Europe the varieties of "blood-fines," ranging from homicide to the squeezing of a free man's ear a little too tightly, are set forth in the most precise terms. The Saxon law is full of such minutiae; and the English law is not very far behind. We now draw the line at murder. Mr. Greenleaf has not allowed to compound with the family of the slain; but violent assaults of different kinds may be indulged in at various prices. You can have a splendid article in this way, from most magistrates, for about five pounds; and an inferior quality of assault, at two pounds. The old law of the "assault" assigns a price to the payment to the wronged in proportion to the injury inflicted. If one man struck another on the head, so as to draw blood and cause it to flow to the earth, the assailant had to pay to the assailed six hundred pence. If the blow was so severe as to crack the skull, the price was nine hundred pence. Modern civilization has acted on the principle of these laws of the "assaults," and Lord Campbell's Act restored the old system of "blood-fines" by compelling the wrong-doer to bestow upon the sufferer, or his heirs, such pecuniary compensation as a jury may determine.

While the modern law, however, has provided a scale of penalties, on the one hand, to be inflicted upon assaulters and clumsy people, it has provided, on the other, a loophole for escape in the Insolvent Debtors' Court. A jury may impose a "blood-fine," and a commissioner may decree that the insolvent is unable to pay it. While the wrong-doer is marked black in one department of law, he is washed white in another. At this point it is that the system of assurance steps in, and secures that cash-payment to mankind

tolling in the fields—their active utility may be far lower,—but they have got the magic garments.

In the appreciation of the police force, this east-west-takes an exactly opposite direction. The army would be looked upon as nothing without their uniforms; the police are looked upon as nothing with them. Wherever half a dozen people are gathered together there is a policeman in the midst, but it is the mob which brings the officer, and not the officer the mob. No town, or neighbourhood, or village ever showed any respect for the plain blue suit with white binding, and the shabby hat; no drill-meetings of any divisions, from A to Z, were ever attended by an eager public; no triumphs of the woe-lan truncheon have ever been immortalized on canvas by illustrious battle-painters. Even at the doors of sixpenny photographers—doors that you cannot pass without being stopped by loungers—you may see a hundred family-looking soldiers figuring in various positions, but never a single muddy-looking policeman. His pay may be good, his labour may be useful and necessary, but his uniform is not popular, because it is not provocative of wonder.

The moment, however, the policeman returns to "plain clothes," without ceasing to be a policeman, he is simply repudiated by the public for their former neglect. No celebrated low-comedian working along the Strand,—"an literary 'lion'" at an evening party,—no pugilistic champion after a fight for the belt,—can produce more excitement than a well-known police officer in "plain clothes." Something very serious must be in the wind when the "unfathomable" and "unfathomable" 8-ozent button is seen in a common "every-day track-suit," and a "private" "half-shilling of reward" for any round red face of "Mendous the detective" is recognized under a wide-awake hat, over a theatrical-looking smock-frock, and between a pair of false red whiskers, the little knave who recognises him have no doubt that some gigantic robbery will be immediately exposed, or some "mysterious murder" unearthed from his den. That never reflect that "Mendous" is known to them, he may be and is known to hundreds more, and especially to those regular criminals whom he is supposed to be working to destroy. He whisks—he nois—he puts on many ostentatious disguises—he rejoices in the name of a "detective"; he is often puffed on the bill by magazines; he sometimes does a little private business as a spy, and he rather enjoys the growth of crime, by stopping the appointment of a real preventive police. He may be familiar with all the small thieves of the metropolis, as many red-coaters and sewer-men are familiar with all the small rats; and in neither case are the vermin checked or destroyed before they develop into far more serious nuisances. "Detective Mendous" plans the plan of every policeman in plain or eccentric clothes, is to watch and tend the criminal fruit until it is rotten with ripeness, and then to shake it gently into the lap of justice. He never tips it in the bowl. A trial for petty thieving brings as little reputation to the "detective," as it does to the Old Bailey barrister. So, petty thieves are never marked as they are left to grow. Sometimes they not only grow, but escape the net that is laid for them, and these are the "detective's" failures, which we seldom hear of. We always hear of the successes, and thus the popular belief in "intelligent officers" is kept up.

When we come to exceptional crimes—to those enthusiasts of individual iniquity which are even greater disturbers of society than the steady rife of the dangerous classes—then the "detective" system is a "detective" system. In the first place, it never moves without the promise of a heavy reward, and its notion of its own value is based upon its reputation. In the next place, it seldom does more than constitute itself a centre to which any information may flow; and what is brought to it voluntarily it takes credit for discovering. Its silence is seized, the silence of those who have really nothing to say, and its pander "investigations" never derives to gain time, in the hope that something may turn up.

A little reflection ought to convince the most able believers in the detective system that a policeman in plain clothes is not so vastly superior to a policeman in uniform. To make a "detective," such as he is, the "intelligent officers" are supposed to be, you require a most remarkable combination of qualities. You must have a power of observation such as is given to few, and a logical faculty such as seldom exists in conjunction with this power of observation. You must have the qualities of patience, endurance, and self-possession, no slender degree of initiative talent, and a perception of all the finest shades of evidence. Edgar Poe had many requisites for a good detective; and that of Charles Dickens, we might possibly get the particular combination that we want. It must not be forgotten that the business of a detective, even when it is set in motion for the pure benefit of society, has generally too much of the spy about it, and the feelings of a gentleman. Those who are best adapted for skilled detectives are prevented from doing the work by high scruples and high taste.

The policemen in plain clothes—the regular and only "detectives"—may do their work as well as their ability will allow them; but it is almost to suppose that they can see much farther into millions than half of their neighbours. Their inflated reputation has been swollen more by the stupidity of criminals than by their own sagacity. A foreign clerk, a fraudulent banker, never appears to have any inventive genius, and while one is sure to go to Liverpool to embark for America, the other is as certain to go to Paris. The "detective" has only to hasten to one of these places, and secure his prisoner, when the public will exclaim, "What a very intelligent officer!" The officer may be intelligent, as far as his intelligence goes, but this is never very far. He will be able to unravel some complications on a level with his own power; but when any superior mental agency has been at work, he is thrown entirely off the scent. The Waterloo-bridge tragedy—still an unsolved mystery—is a proof of this; and no detective system ought to hold up its head as long as that murderer remains undiscovered. It is a lasting disgrace to any body of men, who have nothing else but "detecting" to do, that they have never got to the bottom of this notorious crime. The child-murderer near Fome will also most probably escape, if the "investigation" be not taken at once out of the hands of professional "detectives." They have already wasted a couple of months, during which they appear to have suspected most people. They arrested two; but as neither of the charges could be sustained, the solution of the mystery appears as remote as ever. If the decision about the sagacity of policemen in plain clothes is not to be dispelled, let us at least not to employ "detectives" as to defeat the ends of justice.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

WE are indebted to the courtesy of Colonel Fulke Greville for permission to lay before the public an interesting collection of Lord Nelson's letters, which descended to him from Sir William Hamilton, and which are now printed for the first time. Sir William Hamilton died in 1803, and willed his Pembrokeshire estates to his nephew, the Right Honourable Charles Francis Greville, upon whose death the property devolved upon Colonel Greville's father, at whose decease Colonel Greville came into possession. The letters are strongly bound in a single volume, and have evidently been preserved with great care, and noted, numbered, and endorsed throughout, frequently in the handwriting of Sir William Hamilton. They range over a period of nine years, with long intervals between, beginning in 1793 and ending in 1801, both years inclusive. They are chiefly addressed by Lord Nelson to Sir William Hamilton; but there are also occasional letters from Lord St. Vincent, Sir William Hamilton, and other persons, almost exclusively relating to public affairs; some official communications, the substance of which has been incorporated in the history of the time; and sundry miscellaneous papers and memoranda relating to private and personal matters.

The moment at which the correspondence opens is one of prominent interest in the life of Nelson. He had just made Sir William Hamilton's acquaintance, and was on the eve of the most responsible and important part of his career. In order to render the allusions in the early letters perfectly intelligible, it will be necessary to recall a few of the incidents which preceded Nelson's first visit to Naples.

From the age of twelve, when he entered the navy in 1770, he had seen a great deal of active and varied service—had sailed to the West Indies; been employed in an expedition near Captain Lutwidge, to determine whether a navigable passage could be discovered between the Arctic Sea and the Pacific Ocean; and had served subsequently in the East Indies, the North Sea, the Atlantic and other stations, giving abundant promise, on many memorable occasions, of the zeal, energy, and courage which afterwards rendered him the idol of the fleet, and the glory of his country. During these events and diversified services in different climates, his health suffered, and he was, more than once, compelled to return to England to recruit. These interruptions, however, only served to stimulate his ambition, and to increase that ardent craving for work which seemed incapable of exhaustion.

But devotion to his profession was not the only passion by which his eager youth was distinguished. Nelson was fond of the society of ladies, and to use the expressive language of one of his biographers, he was extremely "susceptible of the tender passion." When he was only twenty-four years old, we hear of a friend of his in Quebec preventing him, by a little gentle violence, from destroying his prospects for life by forming an imprudent connection; and two years afterwards, when his income did not exceed £130 a year, he fell in love with a young lady at St. Omer, whose fortune did not exceed £1000; and upon this interesting occasion we find him writing to his uncle to request that he will allow him £100 a year to enable him to marry, assigning, in proof of the necessity of entering into that state, the philosophical proposition that "life is not worth preserving without happiness." What became of that romantic attachment is not known; but that it was not attended by any serious consequences may be inferred from the fact that, two years later the secret is clung to Antigua, where Nelson is discovered absorbed in the charms of another lady, "whose equal," he declares, in one of his letters, he "never saw in any country, or in any situation." This time the enchantress is Mrs. Montrey, the wife of the Commissioner; but the spell is destined to be abruptly broken. Mrs. Montrey returns home to England, and the gallant sailor is inconsolable. In herance he writes to his brother that the country has become intolerable to him. "It is barren, indeed," he says; "I went once up the hill to look at the spot where I spent more happy days than in any one spot in the world. Even the trees dropped their heads, and the tamarind-tree died,—all was melancholy. The road is covered with thistles; let them grow. I shall never pull one of them up." This overwhelming distress of mind was making life hateful to him in September, 1784. How soon afterwards he met a young widow, Mrs. Nisbet, in the island of Nevis, whose fascinations obliterated all traces of Mrs. Montrey, is not recorded; but in November, 1785, that is, in little more than a year after the death of the tamarind-tree,—the following passage occurs in a letter to the same uncle whom he had formerly asked to allow him £100 a year to enable him to marry the young lady at St. Omer. "My present attachment is of pretty long standing, but I was determined to be fixed before I broke this matter to any person. The lady is a Mrs. Nisbet, widow of a Dr. Nisbet, who died eighteen months after his marriage, and has left her with a son." Then, having entered into some details about her family, he goes on to say:—"I am twenty-two, and her personal accomplishments you will suppose, I think equal to any person's I ever saw; but, without vanity, her mental accomplishments are superior to most people's of either sex; and we shall come together as two persons most sincerely attached to each other from friendship." This time the writer was really "fixed," to use his own term. Nearly a year and a half afterwards, in March, 1787, Horatio Nelson, post-captain in the royal navy, was married to Mrs. Francis Herbert Nisbet, the bride being given away by his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., who had sailed under Nelson's command, and who, entertaining the strongest personal attachment to him, desired to be present at the ceremony.

These limits in the early life of the hero are not so trivial as they may

appear on the surface. They supply a key to his whole character, and indicate the direction in which we are to look for those qualities that chiefly coloured his life. In him were united the bravest and the sweetest elements of our nature. He had the tenderest heart in the world. But it was not in relation to the emotions of friendship or love alone, that this constitutional tenderness was shown. No man was ever so easily touched by the sorrows or sufferings of others. As one who knew him well declares of him, he was "singularly humane." He could not witness a punishment which, in the stern exercise of his duty, he had ordered to be inflicted on a sailor, without undergoing almost as much anguish himself as the delinquent. It was of him that the commandant sailing ran through the fleet, "that he was as bold as a lion, and as mild as a lamb."

The Duke of Clarence first saw Nelson in 1783, and the description he gives of him at that period is particularly striking. "I was then a midshipman on the *Borghese*," said His Royal Highness, "lying in the Narrows of Staten Island, and had the watch on deck, when Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle*, came in his large alongside, who appeared to be the merest boy of a captain [he was then only twenty-five] I ever beheld; and his dress was worthy of attention. He had on a full-bellied uniform; his lank unpowdered hair was tied in a stiff Heronian tail, of an extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance which particularly attracted my notice; for I had never seen anything like it before. I could I imagine who he was, nor what he came about. My doubts were, however, removed, when Lord Hood introduced me to him. There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm, when speaking on professional subjects, that showed he was no common being." Like other men, he was not always in a mood for conversation, much, of course, depending on the character of the people by whom he was surrounded. Some persons thought that, so far from being "irresistibly pleasing," he was obstinately somnolent and reserved; but under whatever aspect he appeared, and whatever might have been the immediate impression he made, everybody was struck by the originality of his manner, and felt, as the Duke of Clarence described it, that he was "no common being." We have a remarkable instance of this in a description of him written by a lady to Mrs. Nisbet, who at this time had never seen him. The passage in the letter relating to Nelson runs as follows:—"We have at last seen the captain of the *Boreas*, of whom so much has been said. He came up just before dinner, much heated, and was very silent; yet seemed, according to the old adage, to think the more. He declined drinking any wine, but after dinner, when the President, as usual, gave the following toasts—"The King," "The Queen and Royal Family," and "Lord Hood,"—this strange man regularly filled his glass, and observed, that those were always banquet toasts with him; which having drunk, he uniformly passed the bottle, and relapsed into his former taciturnity. It was impossible, during this visit, for any of us to make out his real character; there was such a reserve and sternness in his behaviour, with occasional sallies, though very transient, of a superior mind. Being pleased by him, I endeavoured to rouse his attention by showing him all the civilities in my power; but I drew out little more than 'Yes' and 'No.' If you, Fanny, had been there, we think you would have made something of him, for you have been in the habit of attending to those odd sort of people." It might almost be gathered from these closing words that Mrs. Nisbet's friends looked forward to a request, whenever she should chance to fall in with the taciturn captain of the *Boreas*; at all events the suggestion was magnificently carried out, since, as we have seen, Mrs. Nisbet did make something of him, apparently with great celebrity, as far as the dates enable us to judge, and finally made all she could of him, by making him her husband. As to his strangeness on the occasion alluded to in the letter, it should be recollected that he had only just come away from Antigua, the spot polluted by what he then supposed to be the happiest hours of his life. An impression under such circumstances, and it was well, otherwise than gloomy and silent under such circumstances, and it was well, with his peculiar temperament, that he did not forever society altogether.

After his marriage, Nelson returned to England, and was paid off. During the preceding few months of his service in the Leeward Islands, and afterwards at the North, when the vessel he commanded was made a receiving-ship for impressed seamen, he had got into much disagreeable correspondence with the Admiralty, and had incurred several expressions of official disapprobation in the performance of the duties assigned to him, which were peculiarly arduous and embarrassing. He was so chafed by the treatment he received, that he became disgusted with the service, and made up his mind to resign his commission; but that hasty resolution was happily overruled in a pleasant interview he had with Lord Hood, who promised to introduce him to the Queen. His anger was as easily dissipated as provoked, and his love for his profession—the ruling passion of his life—returned again with all its early ardour. But a considerable time elapsed before he obtained a ship. Lord Hood told him that a ship in peacetime times was not desirable, but that should hostilities take place, he might rely on getting a good command. Nelson's first impulse upon being paid off in December, 1787, was to go to France, with a view to learn the language; but he was persuaded by his father to take up his quarters with him at the old paragon of Burnham Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk. It was here Nelson was born, and the occupation in which he is said to have employed himself during his long exclusion at this period, recalled the days and pastimes of his boyhood. His constant delight was to work in the garden, and to watch and assist at the

farming operations on the glebe land; these cheerful open-air pursuits being varied with bird-nesting and other youthful amusements, which local associations seemed to have revived. Nelson was not a student of books. The state of his eyes prohibited him from becoming a great reader; and the only writings in which he took a strong interest were those that related to his profession. While he lived at Burnham, having the whole of his time lying idly on his hands, he read the periodicals, and as they were in those days; but chiefly devoted himself to the study of charts and maps, and to correspondence with his brother officers.

He made frequent applications for employment, but without success, until January, 1793, when we find him in London, writing a hasty note to his wife, with a scrap of lively Latin in it, to let her know that the Admiralty had, at last, been propitious to his prayers. "Post nubila Phœbeus," he writes:—"after clouds come sunshine. The Admiralty so smile upon me, that really I am as much surprised as when they frowned. Lord Chatham yesterday made many apologies for not having given me a ship before this time, and said, that if I chose to take a Sixty-four to begin with, I should be appointed to one as soon as she was ready; and whenever it was in his power I should be removed into a Seventy-four. Everything indicates war. One of our ships, looking into Brest, has been fired into; the shot is now at the Admiralty." On the 30th of the same month, Nelson was appointed to the command of the *Agamemnon*, 64; and on the 11th of February following, war was declared with France.

Nelson appears to have been highly pleased with his new ship, and describes her, in several of his letters, as one of the finest of her class in the service, and an admirable sailor. As soon as he had a sufficient complement of men, he joined the fleet, Lord Hood having assured him that they were wanted for immediate service; but it was not until after having cruised about for weeks and months to no purpose in the Channel, that, in the month of June, the squadron sailed for the Mediterranean, under the command of Lord Hood. Nelson was now in his element, with the prospect of some glorious work before him; and the salutary effect of his new life upon his health and spirit, after the preceding five years of inactivity, may be traced in the bounding exultation of all the letters written home at this period.

The opening of the war was auspicious. Lord Hood had no sooner appeared before Toulon, and entered into a negotiation with the Commissioners, who carried instructions from the Provisional Government, than the citadel and the forts surrendered. Not a shot was fired; and, the British fleet having anchored in the bay, Lord Hood appointed Admiral Goodall to take possession of the town in the name of Louis XVII., and placed Captain Elphinstone in command of the grand battery at the harbour's mouth. "What an event this has been for Lord Hood," writes Nelson home to his wife; "such an one as history cannot produce its equal;—that the strongest place in Europe, and twenty-two sail of the line, &c., should be given up without firing a shot. It is not to be credited." But troops were wanted to secure possession; and on the 25th August Nelson was despatched by Lord Hood, in the *Agamemnon*, selected because she had the reputation of being the fastest sailer, to leave despatches for our Minister at Turin with the Vice-Consul at Oneglia, taking the Sardinian frigate under his protection as far as Corsica; then to hasten forward with despatches for Sir William Hamilton, the English Minister at Naples; which mission executed, he was to return immediately to rejoin Lord Hood in Híres Bay. The main object of this rapid movement was to procure the aid of 10,000 troops from Turin and Naples, to enable the English to keep the marvellous advantage they had gained. Nelson half regretted his absence at this moment from the great naval spectacle which took place when the whole English fleet entered the harbour of Toulon; "besides," he says, in a letter to his wife, "I may have lost an appointment [alluding to the appointments of Goodell and Elphinstone] by being sent off; not that I was to be employed out of my ship." He took ample revenge on fortune, however, on his way to Naples, by intercepting a Spanish vessel bound for Marseilles, worth £100,000, and sending her in to Leghorn to be judged. The adventure did not turn out so well as he hoped, however, as we shall see presently.

On the 11th September he lay to in the Bay of Naples, where he was beleaguered that night, and had the satisfaction of enjoying the charming scene around him by the light of Mount Vesuvius, which he describes in his letters as being unusually "fine" on that occasion. His reception by Sir William Hamilton, and by the Prime Minister of the King, who was an Englishman by descent, Sir John Francis Acton, was extremely cordial; and, as was gratefully acknowledged by Lord Hood, the skill and address with which he executed the duty assigned to him was afterwards shown in the speed with which the Neapolitan troops were sent to Toulon, the first detachment actually arriving there before the Admiral's formal requisition had reached Naples. On the 27th September, 2,000 Neapolitan troops appeared before Toulon, in two ships of the line, two frigates, and two sloops; and on the 5th of October they were followed by 2,000 more.

[To be continued.]

RAMBLERS BY RAIL.—NO. II.
THE SOUTH-WESTERN.

FROM Ventnor the excursionist with only a day at his disposal may proceed by coach along the Undercliff to Newport, and thence take another coach to CORVA, where he will arrive in time for the boat that meets the last train for London. Thence, however, who are not so pressed for time will find Ventnor an agreeable halting-place. The hotel-charges are not intrusive; (my bill

for tea, breakfast, and attendance was 7s. 6d.; the residents are civil and obliging; and the visitors appear to be, in a high degree, sociably inclined. Indeed, during my journey of a dozen miles I could not but notice a change gradually, but perceptibly, taking place in the demeanour of the visitors at the various places through which I passed. At Ryde, the loungers and promenaders on the pier seemed to look upon the fresh arrivals that disembarked, as interlopers. Every morning arrival (their countenances argued) carried with him a mouth; every mouth must be fed; each additional mouth to be fed helps to raise the price of provisions; more than all, the owner of the mouth will, in all probability, require to be lodged, and lodgings, as a consequence, will become more costly. They are spectators of the process that leads to "the height of the season," and so, are not over partial to the producing cause. But when the "fresh arrival" has crossed the Downs—those huge vortices that, running from east to west, divide the island into two parts,—he finds a change at once in the character of the scenery and of the visitors. He, in turn, is regarded as one of the initiated, and treated accordingly. All reserve has disappeared, and every countenance bids him welcome. Ladies show him their collections of seaweed and shells, ask his opinion of the diamonds—some of them extremely acryphal—they have picked up on the beach, and strongly recommend him to go and see the sweetly pretty place they have last visited. Gentlemen offer him a cigar, or invite him to make use of their telescope; are quite communicative; tell him their reasons for selecting the island this summer; inform him where they were last year; whether they intend going next; and, most kindly, will invite him to be one of a water-party, or to join an excursion to some of the sweetly pretty places alluded to. I am sure I was favoured with more than half a dozen such invitations for the following day, but the acceptance of them did not suit my convenience. The next morning I left, alone, for Freshwater Gate. The distance is twenty miles; but I had resolved to break the journey by sleeping at Brighthelm, a village nine miles off, and thus have an opportunity of lolling amidst the charming scenery of the Undercliff, or "descending the 'Chine'" at Blackgang, and of examining the curious flocks of St. Christopher which adorn the interesting and picturesque church at Shorehill.

The little wayside inn at Brighthelm is convenient, but not very attractive. I was introduced into a small smoky parlour—not clean, but comfortable. A stout lean running across, tended to make the ceiling appear lower than it really was; the furniture smelt musty; and through the chink of a glass-door, which opened into a small flower-garden, the wind whistled a melancholy tone. To provide dinner, I was told, would be an inconvenience; if, however, I was willing to wait, they would at once kill a duck or a fowl. I declined the proposal, and ordered tea, with ham and eggs. The eggs were fresh, the ham excessively cured, but the tea was not unlike a dejection of soda. Next morning I tried coffee. That, too, was miserable, and smacked strongly of liquorice-juice. Hungry, I rose from the table, and left at once for Freshwater, to get breakfast. From Brighthelm to Brook is rather a monotonous three-mile walk; but after passing that village, the traveller ascends the chalk Downs, from which, the whole way, the eye sweeps over a magnificent prospect on both sides. It was past twelve o'clock when I sat down to breakfast at Morrow's Hotel. I believe I did full justice to the repast; and, no doubt the waiter of my opinion, for he seemed anxious to know if I had been travelling all night. Leaving my knapsack at the hotel, I set out for Abney Bay—the variegated sands for which it is noted, and returned in the afternoon in time to be present at a dinner on the Downs. It was altogether a miniature affair. The troops consisted of that portion of the 10th regiment of Artillery which is stationed in the various forts recently erected along this coast; together with the Volunteers of the place, who, to the number of thirteen, attended the muster. The colony of visitors from the hotels, the residents of the neighbourhood, including the Poet Laureate, and two or three wanderers who, like myself, had accidentally come upon the scene—constituted the spectators. There are at Freshwater two large hotels; but having accepted an invitation to dinner and the offer of a bed, from a party of Christchurch men who had hired a house in the vicinity, for the season, I cannot speak of them from personal experience. The charge, though higher, I was given to understand, than those at hotels in the more accessible parts of the island, are not exorbitant; indeed, considering the shortness of the season, and the comparatively few opportunities the proprietors have of making money, they may be considered moderate. One of my friends had his yacht at Yarmouth, and it was arranged he should like me in her next day to Cowes. When, however, in the morning, I was aroused by one of the sailors, who opened the shutters of my room, and pointed out to the dreary wet, and gusty weather, I changed my mind, and eventually took the coach to Newport.

Although the capital of the island, Newport, possesses little present interest. When one has seen the Grammar School, which was the residence of King Charles, during his negotiations, in 1648, with the Parliamentary Commissioners, and the scene of his seizure in November of the same year; by the agents of the Parliamentary army,—visited the newly-erected church, which contains the fine monument by Manselton, erected by her present Majesty "as a token of respect for the virtues, and sympathy with the misfortunes of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I.,—and taken a turn in the late of Wright Museum,—there is nothing else to be seen. The upper portion of the Museum is appropriated to curiosities specially connected with the island; but all I saw that could properly come under that head, is a monstrosity in the shape of a stuffed pig with two heads, and which is properly authenticated as having been born in the island. The chief object of attraction in the whole island, however, is Carisbrooke Castle. It is at a pleasant distance from the town, and the road leads through the street known as Castle-hold. In time gone by, this street was notorious as the peculiar home of the outcasts of the island society. Cock-fighting and bull-baiting were the every-day amusements of the inhabitants; and in one of the little public-houses of the neighbourhood is still preserved the license granted by Queen Anne, in 1706 (the year in which John Addison became Secretary of State) for a cock-pit,—to the intent it may be used as it ought to be, for the moderate recreation of such

persons only as by the laws of the land may so direct themselves. Provided always apprentices and servants are not suffered to play, but only as much times as are allowed them." I soon found myself at the base of the hill on which the ruin stands. Passing through the archway of Queen Elizabeth, and traversing the bridge which crosses the moat, I stood under the vaulted roof of Woodville's gateway. On each side were the guard-rooms, and immediately in front the old crown-barred wooden gates which, in August, 1648, swung open for the King's Majesty to pass through, after his long captivity. I pulled the iron bell-handle suspended from the roof, and thereupon the bolts of the wicket-gate were withdrawn, and an elegantly-dressed female stood before me. I lifted my hat, and bowed, and one side for her to pass. Instead of advancing, she opened the gate wide, evidently intending I should first enter. Again lifting my hat, I stepped into the great courtyard. "The apartments occupied by King Charles are those to the left," said the lady, as she replaced the bolt. I looked round, but she had disappeared. Indeed, I seemed to be the only occupant of the stately ruins. I wandered about as my leisure—ascended the keep—went through the Montagu Tower—visited the ruins of the Chapel—found my way into the Tiltyard, where the king was accustomed to while away the hours of his captivity on the bowling-green—made my way through a postern-gate to the outworks—inspected the window through which the unfortunate monarch attempted to escape, and in which he stuck fast—"I mean while," says Pichon, "hearing him groan, but could not go to help him, who was no small affliction to me!"—but not a soul could I meet with. Every place seemed deserted. Many visitors, I knew, had preceded me, but they were nowhere to be found. At last, catching a glimpse of a lady's dress at the door of a house adjoining the Governor's residence, I directed my steps thither. The mystery was at once explained: I had reached the well-known. Each successive visitor goes first to see the well-bone, and on my arrival, the room was quite full with silent spectators. The well, dug in 1150, by Baldwin de Redvers, is said to reach a depth of 400 feet, and is a good specimen of Medieval engineering skill. The water is raised by a turnspit wheel. He does not, of course, descend the shaft, but enters a large wooden wheel, goes through his paces till the bucket reaches the surface, then quietly walks out to be admired; takes, with much gravity the biscuits presented to him by his admirers, and evidently considers himself the right donkey in the right place.

Carisbrooke Castle is of high antiquity: the mound of the Keep is said to be of Celtic origin, and in portions of the Keep itself I detected fragments of the early Norman workmanship; but five minutes' walk conducts to an object of much higher antiquity—the ruin, namely, of a Roman villa which was discovered a year ago in Carisbrooke village. It is small and rude, but contains the remains of a bath and a mosaic pavement of curious device, tolerably well preserved. I got back to Newport just in time to catch the coach—mounted the box-seat—and, in little more than half an hour, was on board the mail steamer *Prince Albert*, threading her way through the craft that was lying off the harbour of Cowes. When she touched at Ryde Pier I had made the tour of the island, the cost in time being four days, and in money £2.

| | | THIRTEENTH. | | | |
|--------------------|--------|-----------------------------|-------------|--|--|
| | | First Day. | Third Day. | | |
| RIDE TO— | Miles. | DAUGHTON TO— | Miles. | | |
| Bralley | 4 | Brook | 3 | | |
| Saunders | 6 | Freshwater | 7 | | |
| Shanklin | 11 | Alum Bay | 11 | | |
| Bonchurch | 16 | | | | |
| Ventnor | 12 | | | | |
| | | Second Day. | Fourth Day. | | |
| VENTNOR TO— | Miles. | FRESHWATER TO— | Miles. | | |
| St. Lawrence | 2 | Yarmouth | 4 | | |
| Blackgang | 6 | Newport (Carisbrooke) | 14 | | |
| Shorehill | 11 | Cowes | 19 | | |
| Brighthelm | 13 | | | | |

Rebels of Books.

IRISH REBELS AND THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.*

FULL two-and-sixty years have not passed away since the occurrence of the events described in the work of Mr. Madden; and yet so different in many material points are political circumstances, the sentiments of statesmen, and the feelings of the people, between that period and the present, that it will be difficult fully to appreciate the labours of the author, without looking back to the leading incidents that preceded the Irish Rebellion of 1798.

The society of "United Irishmen" was first formed in the year 1791. It was established to obtain—first, a reform in Parliament; secondly, religious equality; and thirdly, an abolition of the title system. The justification of the original formation of the society of United Irishmen is to be found in the fact that the Parliament of the United Kingdom has since conceded what the United Irish Society then demanded. That the society of United Irishmen subsequently became a secret confederation, seeking to effect not merely a change in the laws by force of arms, but to separate Ireland from England, and to establish an independent republic, is a circumstance the guilt of which must be shared between the members of the Society, the Irish Parliament, and the Tory party who then governed the country.

In 1791, a new era seemed to be dawning upon the world; and men in every land were animated with the hope that the reign of tyranny was drawing to a close; that freedom and philanthropy were about to triumph over their old and obnoxious foes—despotism and superstition. The men of that day were the eye-witnesses of stirring events. They had looked with satisfaction, in 1774, on the assembling of the first Congress of the United

* The United Irishmen—their Lives and Times; with several additional Memoirs and collections of Documents, the whole matter now arranged and revised by Richard H. Madden, F.R.C.S., Esq., M.R.I.A., author of "Travels in the East," "The Life and Times of St. Edmund," "Memoirs of the Congress of Brest," "Patriotism, its History and Foundation," &c. Three vols., second edition. C. Dolan, London; J. Muller, Dublin.

States; they had, in 1775, sympathized with the struggles of the colonists at Lexington and Bunker's Hill; they had, in 1776, rejoiced in Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga; they had, in 1779, been armed as Irish Volunteers; they had, in 1781, felt assured of the ultimate triumph of American Republicanism by the surrender of Cornwallis; and they had, in 1782, secured "the independence of the Irish Parliament," a fatal victory for themselves; as that Parliament was the property of a clique of jobbers and corruptionists, who were resolved to plunge the country into blood rather than part with one atom of the power they possessed. The Irish, contented for the time with the name of "an independent Parliament," were filled with enthusiasm when the tidings came that France, in 1789, and, first, of the Convention of the States-General, then of the National Assembly, and then of the downfall of the Bastille. In 1791, democratic France was free from crime and cruelty. Its Marais, Robespierres, and Garriens were still struggling in the obscurity of their clubs. France had abolished tithes—it had declared equality and fraternity—it had put an end to feudal servitude—and it had announced the right of all men to participate in the government of the country of which they were citizens. "Universal emancipation" was then supposed to be a possibility.

The Irish Volunteers had extorted from the military weakness of England an acknowledgment of "the independence of the Irish Parliament," which, previous to that time, stood in the same relation to the English Parliament as the legislatures of Canada or Jamaica to the Imperial Parliament; but the Irish Volunteers refused to demand from their own Parliament a concession of equality to all creeds and classes of their countrymen. Bigotry and fanaticism produced a breach in the ranks of the Volunteers. The Parliament that had been declared by them to be "independent"—that is, no longer controllable by the supreme power in England—was thus invested with absolute command in the country, and that Parliament belonged to "the ascendancy"—that is, to the Irish Tory party, over whom presided as chiefs the Beresfords and a few titled families, who, by means of close relations brought, held within their grasp the majority of seats in the House of Commons.

In 1791, the United Irish Society was instituted, for the purpose of performing the task which the Irish Volunteers had shrunk from discharging. Its objects have been already stated, and it is not necessary to repeat them, together Established Church, Protestant Presbyterians, and Roman Catholics. The principles on which the society was founded are stated in the following test, to which every person admitted as a member was bound to subscribe:—

"I, A. B., in the presence of God, do pledge myself to my country, that I will use all my abilities and influence for the attainment of an imperial and adequate representation of the Irish nation in Parliament; and as a means of absolute and immediate necessity in the establishment of this chief good of Ireland, I will endeavour, as much as lies in my ability, to forward a brotherhood of affection, identity of interests, a common sentiment of duty, and a general sense of the rights of all religious persuasions, without which nothing very useful to the nation can be partial, not national, inadequate to the wants, due to the wishes, and insufficient for the freedom and happiness of this country."

The main thing sought for as the great, urgent, and indispensable necessity of the time, was "a reform of the independent Irish Parliament," for that independent Irish Parliament, Irish Parliament, and the Government, was to be an intolerable nuisance—a nuisance not less to the Irish people than to the English Crown—a tyrant to the one, and only controllable by the other through the most barefaced corruption. It had, for instance, embarrased the Crown by its conduct in 1789 on the Regency Question; and in 1793, it was declared by Lord North, "that Great Britain and Ireland had become to each other, in point of political power, as foreign nations." In referring to this period—from 1782 to 1791—it has been justly observed by the *Edinburgh Review*, "The Irish Government may be characterized as a system in which legal independence was neutralized by corruption and religious intolerance."

"Corruption and religious intolerance" were the conspicuous features of the Irish "independent" Parliament from the commencement to the close of its career. In 1791, when the United Irish Society began its labours, it may be supposed the majority of the members hoped a reform in Parliament and the other changes sought for by them might be accomplished, by constant appeals to reason, aided by the spirit of the times, as well as the influence of example given by America, France, and other lands that were shaking off the yoke of despotism. Such may fairly be supposed to have been the hope and desire of the majority of the United Irishmen; for there is nothing in the records of the Society given to the contrary. At the same time it may be readily believed that even from its inception there were to be found amongst its leaders a few at least, if not many, who, incited by the example of the United States and of France, wished to see Ireland disconnected from the British Crown, and established as a Republic. If such party did exist amongst the United Irishmen, they were never able to influence the proceedings or change the policy of the Society until 1795, when a military organization was introduced, with a view to insurrection, and the treasonable project entertained of inviting a French army to invade Ireland for the purpose of overthrowing the Government.

This change in the policy and proceedings of the United Irishmen is directly traceable to the conduct of the Irish Tory Government and its "independent" Parliament. Both Government and Parliament had determined upon suppressing "public opinion" in Ireland. To publish an argument in favour of a reform in Parliament, was an act treated as a crime, and punished with enormous fines and long imprisonments; whilst to secure the conviction of the accused, the Government had "recourse to packed juries and the employment of perjured witnesses." (First Series, p. 261.)

At the time (1794) that this system—the exclusion of the Irish from their rights as British subjects—began, the French Revolution had made fearful progress. It had covered itself with blood; it had massacred king, priests, nobles, judges, priests, women, names; it had its Revolutionary Tribunal; its unblinking guillotine; its *sapides*, its *faillites*, and its moveable columns of armed assassins traversing the various departments of France. In palliation of the violent conduct of the Irish Government and Parliament it may be alleged that they adopted an unconstitutional course—an outrage upon law and justice in the most flagrant manner. In doing so, they were similar to those that had befallen France. Such an excuse cannot be admitted,

because the whole of their proceedings in Ireland, especially during the years 1797 and 1798, were imitations of the atrocities committed in France, and especially in Paris and Brittany, by the *Sans Culottes*.

The plan of the United Irishmen was to invite an invasion by a large foreign military force, and the peninsula in such a state of military organization that they might be able to co-operate with the invaders; but they never intended to have an insurrection of Irish peasants unsupported by a foreign army. On the other hand, the Government and the Irish Parliament resolved, from the moment they were made aware of a military organization going on amongst the Irish, to force them into an abortive rebellion; and the said attacks with honour at the details given in these volumes, they resorted to by the Tories to compel the people to take up arms. The tale is briefly and truly told in the following question and answer given on the examination of Mr. Emmet, a United Irish leader, in August, 1798:—

"Pray, Mr. Emmet," asked the Lord Chancellor, "what caused the late insurrection?" To which Mr. Emmet replied, "The free quarters, house-burnings, tithes, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow." (First Series, p. 40.)

The *Sans Culottes* of the Tory Government were the armed Irish Orangemen. These—with a soldiery so ferocious and undisciplined that they were declared by the viceroy, Abercrombie, for a short time government-tyrants, to be "formidable to every one but the enemy"—were let loose upon the population! And so, what with the tortures they inflicted, and the massacres they perpetrated, they compelled the peasantry—as in Wexford, where the organization of the United Irish Society was almost unknown—to take up arms, as the only chance left to them to save their wives from dishonour, their property from ruin, and themselves from death—the agencies of which were sure to be prolonged by torture. Lord Cornwallis was an unrepentable witness upon this point. He had arrived in Ireland with the intention of putting an end to the misdeeds of the Tory Government and Irish Parliament.

"There," said he, "no law either in town or country, but martial law." His words, "it is martial law conducted by Irishmen heated with passion and revenge. But all this is trifling compared to the numberless murders that are hourly committed by our people, without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry are in the style of the loyalists in America, and their property is in the power of the yeomanry. The Irish militia, with few officers, and those chiefly of the worst kind, follow closely on the heels of the yeomanry in murder and every kind of atrocity, and the families take a share, although much behindhand, with the others."

The Irish rebellion, provoked by the Government, was suppressed. The question may now be asked,—Was it necessary to have recourse to such an expedient? Subsequent events proved it to have been a gratuitous piece of wickedness; for the British fleet destroyed at sea the ships that were conveying aid to the Irish insurgents; and as to the French soldiers that escaped the British fleet, and landed in Ireland, they had to surrender as prisoners of war to the army commanded by Lord Cornwallis.

The loss of human life caused by the rebellion is estimated to have been seventy thousand men, women, and children, and the lowest money-cost is calculated to have been £20,000,000.

To what did the suppression of the rebellion lead? What was gained by it? Here is an account of the suppression of Ireland under its Tory Government in 1798:—"The suppression of the independent Irish Parliament a year and a half after the suppression of the rebellion. This writes Lord Cornwallis, on the 16th November, 1799, to his friend, General Ross:—

"The greatest difficulty which I experience is to control the violence of our loyal friends, who would, if I did not keep the strictest hand upon them, convert the system of martial law (which, I know, is of itself bad enough) into a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre. The violent informers are hunted out from the prisons to attack, by the most barefaced perjury, the lives of all who are suspected of being or of having been disaffected; and, indeed, every Roman Catholic of influence is in great danger."

A conflict arose between the Irish nation and the Irish Parliament, with reference to these three questions—parliamentary reform, religious emancipation, abolition of tithes. A Tory Government, the creature of that Parliament, to prevent the success of these measures, first took away from the people the protection of trial by jury, the right of speech, and the liberty of the press. The next step was to force the people into rebellion, and then to establish as the normal condition of the country, the permanent administration of martial law,—a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre.

And how did all this end? Actually in the non-achievement of the objects for the attainment of which the Society of United Irishmen had been founded. The first consequence of this waste of blood and life, of the torture of men, the abuse of women, and the slaughter of children, was the suppression of Parliament—a reform of the Irish "independent" Parliament itself, in the only possible way such an infamous and corrupt body could be reformed, namely, in the annihilation of its rotten boroughs, the extinction of its own power as an independent distinct body of law-makers, and the absorption of its remaining members in an imperial legislature, to be carried out at Westminster.

The other measures—religious liberty, and the abolition of the tithe system,—which in its dying struggles "the independent Irish Parliament" sought to resist, were finally, but not without a long struggle, and despite of a persistent Tory opposition, eventually triumphant in the Imperial Parliament.

The "independent" Irish Parliament performed one deed that was beneficial to Ireland, and useful to the British empire. It committed suicide, voted its own annihilation, and declared itself to be "*le fété de sa*." But even that final act of its existence was performed from none other than corrupt motives. It was bribed into its self-destruction, and so initiated those of whom Athenaeus, on the authority of the ancient historian Pseudo-Dionysius, gives the following strange account:—

"And other men in the theatre, having received some silver or gold money, and some even for a number of earthen vessels full of wine, having taken pledges that the gifts promised them shall really be given, and having distributed them that the gifts were theirs, have had themselves down on their knees with their faces upwards, and then allowed some bystander to cut their throats with a sword."

The Irish Parliament voluntarily submitted to its own destruction; and the conditions for its suppression were faithfully fulfilled by British ministers. Its "heirs and assigns," the boroughmongery proprietors, and convert patriots duly received the price for which they had stipulated, in gold and silver, in places, pensions, annuities, and peerages.

The volumes of Mr. Madden which have suggested this reference to the Irish Rebellion of 1798, its causes and consequences, are most valuable for their truthfulness, accuracy, and minuteness of research. The author has been scrupulously exact in his statements, and has not hesitated to state, not only that he could not, nor trouble to procure original documents, or to place himself in personal communication with persons who have survived the rebellion, and taken an active part in the United Irish Society. For this purpose he has been obliged to rely on the accounts of those who were contemporaries of the States of America. He has heard not only what the United Irishmen had to say in their vindication, but he has not shrunk from coming in contact with pensioned spies and informers when they wished to tell him anything they thought would be of service to them. He has not been misled by the laborious work which has been undergone, because the author, to use his own words, wished—

"To obtain a hearing in England for a truthful relation of the struggle in which the United Irishmen engaged, the sufferings and the wrongs which the people endured at the hands of a bad government, a base oligarchy, a bigoted and corrupt parliament."

The hearing he wishes for should in justice be conceded; and in the hope of aiding him in so laudable an object, we strongly recommend his three volumes to the attention of the public.

BOND AND FREE.

THE nature of novels, and the requirements and expectations of novel readers, would seem to have somewhat altered of late years. They are now read not merely for the interest of the story, and the plausible excitement of "wondering how it will all end." There may be determined devourers of fiction who possibly have no more profound aim in view when they take up the last new three-volume story; but it may surely be concluded that the influential class of readers, whose opinions carry intellectual weight with them, and make or mar the fame of the writer, require more than the most ingeniously constructed plot, the most surprising and cleverly managed array of incidents, before their suffrages can be gained, and their favourable verdict recorded.

The novel appears, in fact, to be to these modern days very much what the essay was to the last century, insofar that through its medium a large proportion of those floating ideas which need the action of time and the haven of experience to give them apparent consistency, are first sent voyaging on the world. Sometimes these errant thoughts, strange and unfriended in the beginning, are like "bread upon the waters"—destined to be found again after many days,—to be recognised and welcomed by a world which, sooner or later, grows wiser. The moon, is sure to sympathize with and assimilate that which is essentially true, and to find its kindred in all the more like stones, which, starting with loud splashes at the outset, soon sink by their own weight, and are never heard of more.

To incarnate the so-called "ideas" in the flesh and blood of human characters, human interests, and human—*even if exceptional—incidents*, is what we expect, nowadays, from the novelist. And though much more is required of him than "plot and incident," it is at his peril if he slight these adjuncts. For, such neglect on his part is apt to result in indifference on the reader's side, and the result is that the novelist's message is bound to be infinitely lost. If he seek to include its teachings, it should be set forth practically, rather than expound them didactically. And the novels which of late years have attained most popularity, and have undoubtedly had most influence over the public mind, have been those in which, while there was little abstract reasoning on good and evil, right and wrong, the characters were so skilfully drawn that the reader was led to draw his own conclusions. The writer of "Adam Bede" scarcely ever indulges in a moral reflection; but how poignantly its lessons come home to us! so easily, so naturally, indeed, that we are not even conscious of any intention on the part of the author, and we may hear people complain that they cannot see "what *object* he has in view,—what he is trying to teach." For, like the characters of actual life, those of the good dramatist and novelist impress us as "unhappy."

We may candidly admit that we have been led into these reflections more by the obvious deficiencies than by the more subtle merits of the book before us. Judged by the preceding standard, "Bond and Free" is anything but a perfect novel. In regard of its lessons being wrought out practically by the action of the story, the writer's former work, "Caste," is a more artistic production. But there is a tone of elevated thought and feeling evident in many of these pages, which, together with one exquisite creation among the *dramatic pieces*, redeem many defects, and impel us to draw attention to the present work.

There is a stronger and longer lust than evil; and so, for the sake of "the child Policia," we will forgive the strange ugly and, so far as we can see, purposeless character of Miss Nanpeth, which seeks to divide the interest of the story with her; but not without a protest, *en passant*. We can imagine no good end, possibly to be effected by the portrayal of such exceptional women, even if they are utterly unnatural women as this. If intended as a contrast to the mindless and senseless women of the "other half" of its object, inasmuch as it goes beyond it. The ideal woman does not need to be placed beside what is so nearly black and foul, for her radiant whiteness and beautiful innocence to be apparent. Miss Nanpeth is unwomanly to an extent that would shock many a woman who falls far short of the gentle and childlike ideal which she represents. It is not, however, as far from the possible it is for them to be good in all obvious senses, and yet very different from the feminine ideal. "Strong-mindedness" is more sadly foolish than wicked, although, as in many another instance, it may possibly do more harm in its own unrecognition, yet, than that which is at once know-

But if, as we believe, there is little to be learned, and nothing to be

gained, from fictitious characters, like Miss Narpent, there is truth, and the poetry of truth subdues, penetrating, and bringing with it refreshment and healing, in the conception of Felicia. The picture of the old grey country-house with its walls and its beech trees alike in decay, and the wholesome loving care which the old woman bestows on the garden, and the old garden itself, this is charmingly drawn. The child Felicia, the central figure of the group (for the hero, Wilfred, only begins to interest us when he interests her), is sketched with rare truth and refinement. Very little is actually described, but by implication, by the effect wrought by her on the mind of the dreamer, we know her to be a child of nature, a child of the open air, a child who is apparently ardent. We learn the likeness physical, mental, and moral, of this sweet, meek, loving girl-child. The description of the growth of her reverential devotion to Wilfred is very beautiful, and strikes the reader, as the description of the growth of the love of the dreamer for Felicia strikes him. The object of this girlish worship is neither heroic nor admissible in himself.

"Seeing that to waste true love on anything
Is womanly, past question."

However, in this case, as in most others, it is made clear that neither true love, nor aught else that is true, is ever wasted. The influence on Wilfred's mind is great and good, for the time, and though it seems to fade away afterwards, it is only in a temporary obscurity that in its turn passes, and finally leaves the man better, and wiser, and holier, for having known the child.

Here, the relations between the two are characteristically set forth :-

"Quite unconsciously, he talked above his ordinary self when he talked to Felicia; just as, with many people, he kept the most precious things of his soul sweetest and hidden, and involuntarily lowered his ordinary standard of principles and convictions.

"From whatever it arose, whether from love of ease, or from want of moral vigour to balance a too great love of approbation—it is certain that Wilfred, whose intellectual individuality was sharp and clear, and, at this time, dangerous purity and earnestness of ethical conviction, and whose religious feelings were pure and loving, all that was best and excellent in child nature consoled,—the contact of her being elevated the tone of his own. It is possible that he somewhat idealized a good child—but that is no matter; the influence was good, and it was not a child's influence that was so potent. The young woman is. For her, his best and best qualities were always those unpoetical. Content to reverse where she could not understand, and finding food for reverence in what she did understand, this clever and confidential intelligence only tended to make her more devoted to the young man, and the ever-worshipping admiration which Felicia already entertained for the young artist."

"Almost always calm, her enthusiasm and romance being as unobtrusive as they were deep-seated, most people regarded Felicia as just a thoughtful, practical, and amiable little creature; certainly not clever, still more certainly not poetical, therefore not in danger from influences to which they would have hesitated to expose a more susceptible and imaginative girl.

"She was not clever in that they were right; her intellect was neither quick nor particularly clear; nor was she highly imaginative, while her susceptibility was of so fine and subtle a nature as seldom to be perceptible through the veil of habitual reticence. Her understanding seemed to lie almost wholly in her affections—she appreciated beauty with her heart, not with her mind; her nature was one in which a rare candour and a rare reserve were exquisitely well balanced."

There may be those who will object to this ideal of womanhood as not sufficiently intellectual, just as there are those who take exception to what they call the ultra-neekness and blind submission of the ideal of wifehood in Tennyson's *Enid*. And it is true that intellect is one of God's precious gifts, which He shows, by its bestowal, is "good" either for man or woman. And it is true also that duty may consist in other things beside patient and unresisting endurance. But in these days we need something to be able to stand up to the temptations of the world, to be able to keep apart from those evil-doers of the head, which there is no present fear will be allowed to go out of our sight and hearing. It is well for us all to recognise that the essence of feminine nature is something beautiful and distinct from, though not necessarily inconsistent with these larger gifts; that though a woman may be a "large-souled," as well as a "large-hearted," creature, of the order of her creation, and advance in her knowledge, her powers, her virtues, her vocation, the first and not the last. Knowledge can never be her special vocation, but love, through which comes intuition, that is quicker and sometimes surer than knowledge. She may well be content. Moreover, her unconscious power is almost boundless; it is only when she tries to be strong that she is really so weak; only

"Bond and Free" seems to us an effort to exemplify this truth, or, at least, one side of it. It is a truth which we believe cannot be too widely diffused or too intimately studied, and its every utterance should be welcomed by all who hold dear that Ideal Womanhood which we may sometimes be tempted to think is gradually slipping from this world, so crowded with eager, battling women-workers, so noisy with clattering discussions of Woman's Rights.

Well says this author, after dwelling on the qualities which ought to be characteristic of the feminine nature,—

* Surely those women who clamour for other rights—for place, position, influence, part in the world's work, and recognition of intellectual capability,—surely such women feel that they fall far short of this ideal standard; feel that they are neither childlike true nor childlike pure; feel that they have nothing of heaven lingering about them, and that their kingdom, if kingdom they have, must, therefore, be of this world.

(One might almost fear, feeling how the women of to-day are lightly stirred up to run after some new fashion of faith or of works, that heaven is not so near to them as it was to their mothers and their grandmothers—that religion is a feeble power with them—that their hearts are empty of all secure trust and high faith in the beneficence of God's ordinances.)

"Surely no reviler and blower of the sex ever put upon women so profound and so bitter a reproach as they put upon themselves, when their lives become nothing but a passionate protest against their womanhood, and a wild striving to throw off, as far as may be, its distinguishing characteristics; to be no longer distinctively recognised as women, but to assimilate themselves to men by employment, manners, speech, and even dress."

It is a state of things too sad and too complicated in its causes and its results to be dwelt on within narrow limits. Not alone by the writing of books, or setting forth of arguments, are entanglements and anomalies such as this question contains to be righted and laid in order. But every sincere

* *Bond and Free*. By the author of "Caste." 3 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

attestance of sincere and thoughtful conviction on this, as on other subjects, laid forward the process of unravelling that "perplexity" which is surely one of the most pathetic, as it is one of the most ominous, features of our time.

HOW WE SPENT THE AUTUMN.*

A party of ladies, having frequently "mooted in their family councils" the question, Where shall we go this autumn? finally determined to go to Brittany. They were tired of Paris, disliked the Rhine, and had spent the last winter in Brighton. Under these oppressive circumstances, Brittany, with the pleasant operative prospect of a pilgrimage to Ploernel in the distance, promised something new and exciting. The very name, "so resolute of legendary lore, laid soothingly on their ears, conjuring up visions of olden fables, graded conjunctly on modern expectations, &c." and to Brittany, "the last remnant of the Middle Ages," they accordingly went. Being there, they further resolved to write a book descriptive of their travels, for the benefit of ladies—for, although there are many works, ancient and modern, on Brittany, the old ones, they assure us, are difficult to read, and the new ones are nearly all walking tours by gentlemen; therefore they resolved to "compile those pages," for the purpose of giving "those of their own sex who may wish to wander through Brittany some idea of the objects best worth seeing, and the easiest way to visit them all." Without prejudging the book, "those of their own sex" who meditate a wandering in Brittany, or anywhere else, may be advised to consider, before they start, whether the "unprotected" mode of travelling is likely to turn out the easiest way for ladies to see the sights. Upon the solution of this practical question in the first instance, the value of this publication, as a guide for ladies—for, with commendable modesty, it does not pretend to enter into competition with the gentlemen's books—must entirely depend.

The preface and title-page announce two authoresses, Madeline and Rosalind Wallace-Dunlop; the book itself is written in the first person singular, but which of the persons singular we have no means of knowing. The travelling party consisted exclusively of ladies, six in number. They crossed the Channel to St. Malo, where they took the *voiture d'été* of the Hôtel de la Paix, which they preferred to the Hôtel de France, because the proprietors of the latter establishment are too much absorbed in biographical recollections to attend to their guests. As soon as the *voiture d'été* was over they set out—the six ladies—in a *voiture*, for Dinan; an enterprise which we cannot recommend any of our friends to emulate. Having "inserted" in a map and guide-book, the travellers our better arrangements to take the road to Rennes, the first stage on their perilous journey into the interior. "Nora and I," says the narrator, whose peculiar phraseology, we hope, will not be lost upon the observant reader, "had condensed our ideas on the subject of luggage to a black leather bag," but the young ladies' mother, they anticipated, became alarmed at the prospect of dirty hotels, &c., and could not be persuaded to go beyond Rennes. "So Nora and I were compelled to fling ourselves on the compassion of our aunt, Lady Leslie, who kindly consented to accompany our wanderings." The party, therefore, broke up at Rennes, "Nora and I, and Lady Leslie, taking the *voiture d'été* to Ploernel, and "mamma and the rest back to Dinan," to await their turn.

The route followed is as nearly as possible the reverse of that taken by Mr. Jeppson, nearly two years ago, beginning where he ended, with some variations on the line; the walking tour, however, being more comprehensive than his circuit, and including up to the life of being pushed on by the wind, which had no opportunity of investigating. The landmarks of the journey may be traced in a moment on the map: Rennes, Vannes, St. Gilles, Carnac, Quimper, Châteaulin, Brest, St. Briac, back to Dinan.

The general nature of the incidents of travel that befell these adventurous ladies may be indicated by a few examples. At St. Briac they were to obtain the address of a resident, but nobody had ever heard his name; immediately on arriving at La Roche, they "adjourned" to the Post Office, but were grievously disappointed at finding no letters; in like manner, on arriving at La Guerche, they "deposited their belongings at the *Croix Blanche*," and "adjourned to the church," visiting a Druidical dolmen, "Nora and I climbed on to the top of the slab, and measuring it, with the help of the driver, found it to be twenty feet; they could not attempt to count the waxy crosses of Brittany, which are numerous and "unending; they turned up a lane in a "primitive state of repair," upon which "my aunt declined to trust herself any longer in the carriage, but proceeded on foot, wondering how we could do it, and the rest of the party, on the return voyage to Jersey, everything in the cabin was overturned, and "I was flung off my sofa on to the floor," and such a violent storm arose as "nearly terminated this and all future voyages."

The objections that they constantly to contend against exhibit other phases of the manner in which they spent their autumn. On one occasion, as the evening was deepening into twilight, they "commenced their researches" on the banks of the *Loire* for a "canoe," [and] its crew, to cross over to Donges. "First," says the narrator, "was introduced a tall big man, with a black eye, and an uncertain hesitation in his manner of speaking." As night he expected, "my aunt positively declined having anything to do with such a character." Others were consulted: the Norwegian consul was taken into counsel; and at the end of seven pages, we are happy to say, the ladies were at last "deposited" in a boat under the care of one man and a boy. Another class of difficulties, peculiar to this order of travelling, was exemplified at Lesvenen, where the lady who had been hired for the day, a Neapolitan, asked him for the change. "Well, but let us see," said the driver, "how much must I return you?" "Five francs," said I, "as you agreed to bring us for fifteen." "Ah, yes, but we must arrange this little affair." And so he goes on to tell her that he had his breakfast, which cost one franc; dinner, two francs more; and stabling, two more, which just made up the Neapolitan; having said which he bowed, and withdrew. "Unprotected" moral. "We were too much astonished at his coolness to remunerate even."

Interpersed throughout these lively details are historical memoranda, whose foundations are laid deep in the Itineraries. Thus, looking to matters that concern us as Englishmen, we learn that at the Constat of the Thirty "the English were beaten, and the Gallic cock has ever since crowed over

the fact;" and elsewhere, that "the English and the Bretons, since King Arthur's time, seem to have done nothing but fight each other, till civilization taught them sense." Upon this latter statement a question might be asked, as to the period of the world's age designated by the fair historian as "King Arthur's time;" and a doubt might be raised as to the probability of teaching sense. But we suspect the authoresses would dismiss such suggestions as samples of what is called, for convenience, hypercriticism.

One naturally wonders why such books as this are written. But the great wonder is who made them. The specimens of English style are offensive, abounding in flat slang and ill-constructed sentences, flat, dreary, and colourless; as narratives of adventure, they are of no more interest than the gabbles of a lady's-maid, come fresh off the rumble; and as works of travel, the best information they give is travestied from the guide-books, and the rest is flippant and shallow, and of no earthly value to anybody.

ROME AND THE POPE.*

THE future of Italy and the Italians is now the subject of universal interest and discussion, and all information conducive to the solution of the Italian Question becomes very important, involving, as it does, the probable peace of Europe.

Our readers will doubtless recollect the great literary sensation produced some time ago by a work of M. About, on Rome and the Pope. Some spoke of it as only a libel published for a political purpose; others affirmed that it divulged only a part of the truth, and that the abuses of the Papal Government were greater and far more deeply rooted than M. About had represented them to be. We are inclined to come between the two opinions, by perusing the memoirs just issued from the press, in which M. Petruccioli de la Gattina gives a sketch of the court of Rome from Leo XII. to Pius IX.

In the first part of the book, the author, after giving a terrible picture of what was called the administration of justice under Leo XII., describes the manner in which that Pope was poisoned, without being allowed any success from those who surrounded him.

His successor, Pius VIII., showed the same religious and political intolerance; but his government scarcely lasted a twelvemonth, and Gregory XVI., a tall and vigorous monk of the order of the Camalduli, which addicted to the sensual pleasures of the table, succeeded to the Papal throne.

We find here some descriptions of the interior life of the Vatican, of the Pope's barber, Gaetano, and his wife, of Monsignore Marzili, and of many cardinals, worthy of forming some additional chapters to the adventures of Gil Blas. We may form some idea of the extravagant expenditure incurred by the pleasure-trips of the Pope, by the fact that the expenses of His Holiness to Ancona, in 1840, which only comprised six weeks, cost about fifty thousand pounds sterling. After this, we must not be surprised if the Papal States are burdened with a public debt of eighty millions of scudi (upwards of ten million pounds sterling), and if they are liable to an annual deficit of three millions.

After a reign of thirteen years, Gregory XVI. died, literally of starvation, in his own palace, through the intrigues of Cardinal Lamarmora, who allowed no one to approach his room, under pretence that His Holiness required perfect rest. At the autopsy of the body it was found that the stomach scarcely contained only a few lemon-seeds. The details of the agents of the modern Ugolino are very vividly described. We quote the passage:—

"It was the end of May, 1846; Gregory was losing strength daily; his legs were swollen, and he felt he had not long to live. As soon as those who surrounded him saw his danger, they deserted him, and in the spacious apartments of the Vatican, which were to be traversed before reaching the chamber of His Holiness, nothing was heard but the monotonous step of the sentinel on guard. Throughout those vast and lofty rooms reigned a deathlike stillness. The Pope, prostrate on a camp bed, had not a single servant within call; his confessor, Monsignore Arpi, his barber, Gaetano, and Father Vernati, his physician, paid him only a few visits at long intervals. Feeling himself gradually becoming weaker and weaker, he desired a consultation of medical men to be held; but Vernati told him there was no necessity for anything of the kind, as there was no danger. He sends for Cardinal Lamarmora and Cardinal Mastai; but they reply that they see him on the morrow. Again all is silence and solitude around him. For three days he had swallowed no food. The physician had declared that he only wanted rest. During the night he felt thirsty and hungry. Near his bed was half a lemon; he sucked it eagerly, and ate the rind; even the centinels had been removed, under the pretext of ensuring repose and quiet. Not a soul was within hearing. He suffered patiently; but his strength was leaving him, and the next morning he was dead! We said before that a few seeds of lemon only were found in his stomach. Such, then, was the end of the sovereign over three millions of souls."

As in the case of Leo XII., and when Gregory died, the public was not even aware of his illness; and the tolling of the great bell of the Vatican, announcing the event, took every one by surprise.

The three chapters which follow contain a very full account of the private and political intrigues which took place before and during the election of Pius IX., whose biography is so interestingly given in the preceding pages. His life is well worth recording; and this part of the book will be read with great interest.

His dissipated youth, the difficulties he met with in obtaining a position as a soldier, as an abbe, and as a missionary, his sermons by starlight and by torchlight in the public square of Sinigaglia, his travels and adventures in Italy, his enthusiastic desire to become a martyr and martyrdom, in eventful circumstances, might form the ground-work of a very amusing novel.

It is not to be expected that the book we review, written by an Italian, in tolerably good French, should always express sound views on the state of affairs in Europe. It certainly contains a great deal of amusing gossip; but whenever an author enters on the field of general politics, his prejudices naturally bias his opinions. Nevertheless, his concluding chapter (xxxi.) is a very remarkable appreciation of the real character of the present Pope; it is well written, and is full of good sense and truth. If any of our readers

* How We Spent the Autumn; or, Wanderings in Brittany. By the Authoresses of "The Twenty Sisters." London: B. Bentley.

** *Preliminaires de la Question Romaine* de M. Ed. About. By Petruccioli de la Gattina. One vol., 8vo., 364 pp. London: Trevelyan, 1860.

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In pursuance of the principle of justice thus laid down, France, in the map before us, "respects the political unity" of Prussia by taking from her the Provinces of the Rhine; "the independence" of Italy,

by depriving her of Liguria; and "the territorial possessions" of Belgium by absorbing them altogether. Thus enforcing the great principle of doing to others as you would they should do unto you, by two highway robberies and a murder.

Austria ceases to exist—that portion of it which is German being incorporated with Prussia and the smaller states into a German empire—Poland, Hungary, Servia, Bosnia, and the Principalities constituting a country to be called the Danubian Confederation. Turkey and Greece are to form a Christian kingdom to the south of the Balkan, with the exception of a section surrounding Constantinople bearing the name of Marmora,—its capital to be the seat of the future European Congress. All the possessions of Great Britain in Europe are to be taken from her. Gibraltar, with Tangiers and Ceuta, are to form Atlanta—a neutralized territory; Malta is to be the seat of the international maritime force, under the supreme direction of the Congress, and always at its disposition; and Heligoland is to be neutralized. The Channel Islands, being difficult to deal with, are not marked in the map at all. Switzerland, Holland, and Denmark, are neutralized—the latter power, as being the key of the Baltic, has a portion of Sweden assigned to it; Palestine becomes the centre of the Christian faith, the seat of the Pope, and the focus of a religious propaganda. In other words, Maronites and Druses will change places in the matter of religious persecution. The Isthmus of Suez, with its canal, Syria and Egypt, are all to be neutralized, together with sundry towns and islands—among the latter Corfu,—and mouths of rivers, which it is needless to specify. In a word, the development of the principle of justice, in the French sense, is the annihilation of Austria, Belgium, and Turkey; the subtraction of territory from Russia, Germany, Sweden, and England; and the addition of territory to France, Greece, and Denmark. This arrangement, it is hoped, will ensure a permanent and substantial peace, the effect of which is to be a general disarmament, involving a pecuniary saving to Europe of two milliards of francs, and a precisely corresponding increase of production, which is also to amount exactly to two milliards of francs.

The principle being justice, and the theory national and natural limits, it is difficult to perceive by what right Corsica should remain French, or Genoa be annexed; in fact, as may be conceived, the whole scheme is in itself a direct contradiction in terms, and an absolute absurdity, except as viewed in the light of being a French production. To carry out such a scheme, all existing treaties must be regarded as so much waste paper; and it is the utter indifference to all treaty obligations which has characterized recent European diplomacy, that doubtless encourages the publication of these political "ideas." Nor can we consistently complain if measures are taken by the French Government substantially to develop them. Our own policy has recently been marked by such an entire want, both of principle and logic, that we are, to a certain extent, debarred from appealing to either in our opposition to the French programme, whatever it may be. We remained passive, and offered no remonstrance to that outrage to all international law involved by the intervention of France in the affairs of Northern Italy; we now agree to non-intervention in the South, while in defiance of the ninth article of the Treaty of Paris, by which none of the concessions then forced upon the Sultan were to open the door to foreign interference, we insist upon his submitting to the occupation of part of his territory by French troops.

At one moment it suits us to abandon the doctrine of non-intervention, at another to apply it. We are swayed by impulse

rather than by principle; by our sympathies with the abstract rather than by the stern dictates of conscience; and we cannot object to a similar policy on the part of the Emperor of the French. The only difference is that his impulses are selfish, while ours, though they may be mistaken, are generous. His sympathies are for France; ours for liberty; but we both think that the end justifies the means, and that the sacred obligations incurred by treaties are to vanish before the special interests on which we have respectively placed our affections.

Soner or later we shall be driven back to the old stand-point of moral right; but it will be with a bad grace. For we shall only be moral because it will become our interest to be so. We shall only become consistent when inconsistency is perilous to the safety of a portion of our dominion. To those who take a wider view of foreign politics than that which presents itself to the superficial observer, that moment has already arrived: the gradual extension of French influence upon the shores of the Mediterranean already threatens our possessions in that sea; the new map truly indicates the feeling of intense jealousy with which every Frenchman regards the occupation by England of Gibraltar and Malta; and there can be little doubt that it is in this quarter that our power will be first assailed. The subjugation to French influence of the Italian Peninsula and of Syria is the first step in this direction, speedily to be followed by a pacific occupation of Egypt for engineering purposes. When all the ports of the Mediterranean are at the disposal of a combined Russian and French fleet, we shall find the inconvenience of the policy of indecision and acquiescence which now characterizes our foreign diplomacy, and regret that we did not at an earlier period adopt measures to thwart those elaborate conceptions which a gentleman with a turn for international organization and arrangement has just favoured us with on sheets of painted paper, under the magniloquent and high-sounding title of "Europe Pacific."

DOES INDIA "PAY" ?

OF all the political discoveries of the last few years the most astounding is, that India is of no value to England. But, though the belief is astounding, it is not unaccountable. India has been unfortunate; she has "had losses;" she is now in difficulties, and she wants money. The opprobrium of poverty is upon her. It is the common lot of common men, in such straits, to learn contumely. Small governments, like small persons, must not get into debt, and seek to borrow money. If they do, it is pretty sure to be discovered that they are worthless, and that they may be dropped. They who have made most use of a poor fellow in his day of prosperity are often the first to turn against him when he asks for a little help in the day of his need. And we are now practically applying these principles of ingratitude to the case of empires, by declaring that the Imperial Government has really no need of its Indian dependency, and can do just as well without it. "Perish, India," it is said, "rather than she should cost Great Britain a farthing!"

Ingratitude is always foolish and short-sighted. It is as much a blunder as a crime. In the first place, India cannot perish, unless it be submerged by the ocean. We may blot it out from the political map, but we cannot expunge it from the catalogue of nations. If we find the country does not pay, and withdraw ourselves from it, there are other great Powers at hand prepared to divide it between them. We are almost ashamed of ourselves for committing so obvious a truism, but India has been told so seriously and so solemnly to perish, that we are constrained to treat the possibility of such a phenomenon as a conviction firmly implanted in the minds of a certain school of politicians; and, therefore, to insist, in *finis*, on the fact that the primal question is not whether England shall or shall not be mistress of India, but whether England or some other European Power shall hold it. We cannot blow up India as a retreating army fires its magazines, or spike it, like an abandoned gun, lest it should become serviceable in the enemy's hands and be destructively employed against us.

But if we could, what then? There may be men who seriously believe that England is nowise owes her proud position in the "federation of the world" to her dominion over the great continent of India; there may be men, we say, who believe this, as there are children who believe that the moon is made of cheese. But the one faith is no more a delusion as the other. It is a trick of our self-love to believe that the favour with which we are regarded by the world owes nothing to adventitious circumstances. We may persuade ourselves that our greatness is self-contained in "our tight little island;" and that no extraneous advantages can add anything to it. But other nations regard the matter with very different eyes. They would laugh out—if they heard our boasts—their mutterable appreciation of our self-conceit. India may not "pay" in peace, but she pays in prestige. The statesmen and the peoples of other countries think much of our colonial possessions; but still they do not envy us the possession of Australia; and we do not know that Canada or Vancouver are thorns in any of their sides. But they cannot bear to think of our Anglo-Indian empire; and they cannot withhold from us their respectful admiration so long as we possess it.

Let us inflate ourselves as we may, we must shrivel, in spite of all our efforts, into comparatively scanty dimensions, if once we be stripped of that magnificent appendage to our greatness.

Still, India, it may be said, does not pay; whatever may be its political advantages to us, the financial results appear to be doubtful. We gain nothing by it, it is allowed; and, on the other hand, we may lose something by it, if the progress of coming bankruptcy be not fetterly arrested. If India be bankrupt, it is very true that England must eventually pay,—a sufficient reason, we should think, why we should endeavour to avert such a calamity by enabling the Indian Government to raise money at less ruinous rates of interest than those which, without an imperial guarantee, she is compelled to pay. But although our selfishness and short-sightedness, in this respect, doubtless increase the danger, we have no apprehension that England will ever be called upon to pay the debts of her Indian Empire. And it may be doubted whether India would not lose more than she would gain by accepting the security of the imperial Government; for if such security were given, Parliament would assume the right to interfere in the business of India, and thereby nothing could more surely hasten the downfall of our Eastern Empire than such Parliamentary interferences. But if a demand were to be made upon the national purse, we do not clearly see that the statesmen of England would have a right to complain.

Looking at the matter through no other medium than that of pure justice, we can hardly fail to discern the fact that England is largely a debtor to India. Immense sums of money have been paid from the Indian revenue, which ought strictly to have been charges on the imperial exchequer. If the fifteen millions sterling which were expended on the war in Afghanistan—a war made by English statesmen to avert disagreeable consequences nearer home—had been, in the summer of 1857, at the disposal of the Indian Government, with the accumulated interest of fifteen years added thereto, the amount would have gone a long way towards the payment of the extraordinary expenses incurred during the eventful period of the late Indian Rebellion. It is hard, indeed, to say how large a share of our national burdens in *esse* and *in posse* have been cast upon India by the adventures of English statesmen.

Into the commercial bearings of the question we cannot enter at present. We have always been of opinion that the extent and importance of the market for British manufactures, which may be opened out in India, have been considerably exaggerated. We cannot persuade the people of India to put their legs into Nottingham stockings, or, notwithstanding the hopes held out by Mr. Wilson, to eat their dinners with Sheffield blades; but still there is scarcely a department of trade in which does not exist more or less of the occupancy of India; and it is scarcely possible to calculate the extent to which British capital may find profitable employment in that country, if we have only the enterprise and the confidence to embark it in new adventures. Of the wealth which may be derived from that country we have as yet scarcely had a glimpse. Meanwhile, however, it is no small item in the account of England's obligations to India, that she supplies fields of honourable and lucrative employment to so many members of the middle classes of England. Not only are thousands of our brethren, who otherwise would be chafing up the avenues of professional advancement or swelling the disastrous tide of mercantile competition at home, acquiring fame and fortune in the East, but thousands more are spending in England large incomes, derived from the revenues of India; some enjoying the fruits of their own industry, and others in the second, third, or fourth generation, inheritors of wealth acquired by others. Nor is it only Indian money that has been brought home from the East, to contribute to the material greatness of the empire. Much besides has been brought home which has added largely to our moral grandeur and strength. "India," said the old soldier, in one of Bulwer's recent novels—"India is the nursery of captains." On fields of Eastern adventure such warriors as Wellington, and such statesmen as Metcalfe have laid broad and deep the foundations of that power to cope with great conjunctures which has afterwards been turned to such vast account for the benefit of our empire in the West. There are but some of the obligations which we owe to India, and yet it is said to be better that she should perish than that we should help her, in her need, to six-pence out of the national purse. Up to this time India has cost us nothing. It is not likely to cost us anything; but if we do not give her anything else, we may, at all events, do her justice.

AN UNREASONABLE STRIKE.

THE operative lace-makers of Nottingham have chosen to strike for an advance of wages;—another example of the ignorance of their own affairs which is so common among working men. The spring was extremely unfavourable for most kinds of home trade. There was no fine weather, very little or no garden-stuffs to make, the horticultural interest flush of cash, and there was less desire, less means, and less opportunity of wearing and showing off fine new clothing than in any spring within the recollection of milliners and dressmakers.

On the 1st of the present month—an important day for men in business who put their names to bills at one, two, or three months' date—there was, as a consequence of the disastrous spring, a greater number of bills not taken up than has been known for a long period. They were chiefly the bills of retail traders—a proof that a check had been given to the prosperity of the classes in which a great number of the best customers of the Nottingham lace-makers are found. The lace trade has felt it, with several other trades, and within the last few weeks several failures have been announced, both at Nottingham and London, of persons connected with the trade. It might have been unkind—overdone—based on too much credit; but in the extremely unfavourable spring there lies a cause for a diminished demand for Nottingham lace wholly beyond the control of the masters, which must have lessened their power to employ and remunerate the men.

At the same time the demand from abroad has diminished. Few or no lace manufacturers were employed, under any attempt to force the foreign market. If that were overdone last year, the authors of the mischief are merchants abroad, or merchants in Liverpool and London. This year the trade has declined. In the six months of 1859, for which we have the trade tables, the value of the lace and patent net exported has fallen off to £158,901, from £201,956, as compared to the six months of 1859, or 22 per cent. So handicraft and millinery—of which lace forms a component part—has declined from £215,900, in 1859, to £185,416 in 1860, or 14 per cent. In this decline the exports to all countries have shared. Now, over the foreign consumption of millinery and lace, the master-manufacturers of Nottingham could have had no influence whatever. This decline in the demand for lace from abroad, however, would require to have affected Belgium, where the lace-trade is depressed as well as in England, like the lessened demand at home, must have diminished the demand of the masters for the services of the men and the means of paying their wages. The demand for the produce of one art or manufacture depends on the success of other arts or manufactures. If these, from any cause, fail—such as an inclement spring, an unusual summer, as in North America last year—there must be a diminished demand for those things for which horticultural and agricultural produce pays. The produce of one species of labour is always paid for, in fact, by the produce of some other species of labour; and those who work for the market, as almost all men now do, find a greater or less demand for their produce, or are well or ill remunerated, according to the success or failure of the demand for the goods and other manufacturing products, with the remuneration of the manufacturers, depends on the variable results of agricultural labour. But these, in the two instances mentioned, have of late been short, and, unfortunately, at present our own harvest prospects are by no means favourable. The lace-makers have struck, therefore, for higher wages, when the demand for their produce and the means of having it are diminished, and when there is no immediate prospect of the demand increasing. They could not have struck, as the *Nottingham Journal* says, at a worse time. There have been failures amongst the employers; prices and prospects at present are not likely to tempt capital into the trade; and the strike is an effectual means to keep it out. The misinformed and misguided men on strike, therefore, will not succeed. They will only waste the resources still in their possession, and a general appeal to other trades for support will only end in general waste, increasing general poverty.

It will be obvious that, our remarks applying only to facts, are not dictated by partisanship. We side, on such questions, neither with masters nor men—believing that both have a common interest, and both will prosper best by mutual goodwill, mutual kindness, mutual forbearance, and above all, by mutual knowledge of the facts which determine the condition of both. The vast expenditure this year on the means of national defence must have lessened the expenditure on other objects. Patriotism has diverted some of the usual payments from millinery and lace-making. The strike is unreasonable, not because the men should not aspire to be better paid—they ought so to aspire,—but because they are ignorant of the special facts which at present exercise a commanding influence over the trade. So men may say all strikes are unreasonable, from ignorance of the general facts which determine at all times the relations and condition of masters and men. We may even extend the inference, and affirm that men at all times and places only act unreasonably from ignorance of facts. What is meant by the phrase "acting unreasonably," whether applied to operatives or master-manufacturers, or any class, is that they act ignorantly. They are ill-informed of the past; they form incorrect views of what will be the consequences of their actions. What the operatives immediately see, and immediately know—such as the continued attempt of the masters to make as much as they can by their business—is only a very small part of all the circumstances, they ought to take into consideration before striking for higher wages. What they do not see, and yet should endeavor to find out, is the power of the masters to employ them and pay them higher wages; and the circumstances which determine this, though not within their immediate ken, may, with a little care and diligence, be ascertained.

THE PASSPORT NOTICE—A NEW TASK FOR MR. COLDEN.

WE avow ourselves of the number of those who believe that the Treaty of Commerce which Mr. Colden has for months past been employed in negotiating with the French Government, will be better appreciated the more it is understood; and that it will ultimately prove the means of effecting a far more durable and beneficial alliance between the British and French people than any merely dynastic, personal, or military policy ever pursued by our rulers has yet effected—or ever can effect. Of course the professional diplomatists have had their little *monter* at the unprofessional straightforwardness of one who was not trained in the crooked ways of diplomatic business, and who has gone direct to his purpose, just as he did in the agitation for the repeal of the Corn Laws. But Mr. Colden has, doubtless, been able to treat the disparagement of this class of critics with the indifference which it merits; convinced, as he must be, that the bulk of his countrymen approve of his conduct.

In receiving a published letter, he expresses his belief that in less than a couple of years all the English politicians (of both sides of the House) "will be eager enough to claim the merit of always having 'been friendly to the French Treaty.'" In this belief we share. We believe, also, that the details of the treaty are in good hands, while Mr. Colden has charge of them—though we do not share his views in some other matters—or agree with him that there is, or has been, anything like panic in this country, on the subject of a French invasion. We do not, however, intend to discuss that subject—and only allude to it thus incidentally in connection with Mr. Colden's letter, in order to point out to that gentleman a means by which he may very greatly aid the growth of that good understanding between the British and the French people, which he has at heart, and which he has already done so much to encourage. If impediments to trade are bad, are not impediments to locomotion bad also? If hostile custom-houses are a nuisance to the merchant, is not a hostile *gendarmarie*, stopping the passenger, and demanding his passport, a personal nuisance far more aggravating?

The Emperor, as the world knows, is an enemy to the passport system. He has already publicly expressed his disapprobation of it. Three or four years ago he held out hopes that, as far as Englishmen travelling in France were concerned, it should be forthwith abolished. But the promise remained unfulfilled—though its fulfilment we think would form a graceful supplement to the new Commercial Treaty, and be appreciated by a class of Englishmen who do more than any other to mould the opinions of their countrymen on all matters of foreign policy—the class of travelling class, who at this season of the year swarm over to the Continent, and bring back with them feelings, ideas, and impressions, favourable or unfavourable to their nearest neighbours; and often less favourable than they might be, by the operation of the passport nuisances. If an Englishman could leave his country without the trouble and expense of this utterly useless and vexatious document, and walk as freely on to the jetty at Boulogne, as he can to the pier of Rye or Margate, or to the Brunswick of Glasgow—a barrier would be removed which, more than any other, has tended to keep up a sentiment of estrangement and hostility between the two nations.

An Englishman can cross the Atlantic and travel thousands of miles over the American continent without a passport; but he cannot go twenty five miles eastward of Dover, without being molested of a fee, and stopped as if he were a thief or a conspirator. And all the expense, delay, and annoyance save no good purpose whatever. The want of a passport never stopped a thief or a conspirator who desired to travel in France or anywhere else; but the enforced possession of a passport has been a hindrance and grievance to honest men for ages. The railway system seems, of its very nature, to be at war with the passport system. The one is a growth of modern science and utility, and of time; travelling is a right, a necessity and a means of civilization. The other is a stupid remnant of feudal ignorance and barbarism, and of a time when a man had no legal right to travel, to think, to speak, or even to act, without the permission of some grim and ruthless baron or prince, of whom he was the serf if not the slave. We recommend the subject to the earnest attention of Mr. Colden. If he can procure from the Emperor the boon of free locomotion in France for the inhabitants of the British Isles, he will add another stone to the pyramid of his fame, complete a great work of conciliation, and entitle himself, in a higher degree than ever, to the respect and gratitude of every lover of peace, and every friend of the civilization of Europe.

FLUNKYISM, AND FASHIONABLE ANNOUNCEMENTS.

WE have received the following letter from a respectable tradesman, who once wore plush, and who seems to consider that the fraternity of flunkies have been wronged by the remarks in our paper on the subject of the fashionable announcements in the columns of some of our daily contemporaries. Our correspondent somewhat misunderstands the purport of our remarks. Though we highly disapprove of the foolish and intensely foolish parade of the names of people who have dined with dukes and earls, or who have been

received at evening parties by fashionable ladies, we should not have thought it worth while to animadvert upon a practice, which has, at all events, the merit of antiquity (common to many other abuses) to recommend it to toleration. It was only when we saw indications of a desire to carry the vulgar fashion into churches—where there ought to be no fashion—that we felt prompted to do what we could to nip the abomination in the bud. If my lord the duke is to be considered a greater person in the House of God than the tradesman or the pauper, and to be advertised accordingly, it is time not only for the press, but for the clergy, and all other teachers of the people, to raise a warning voice against what might be called the irreligion, as well as the vulgarity of the practice. With these few preliminary remarks, we leave the letter of our correspondent to speak for itself.

To the Editor of the "London Review."

Sir,—Though I once were plumb, I beg to say that I have not "plumb in my soul." A lively soil was always felt by me to be a degradation. Having had some education, and some ambition, I succeeded, by good conduct and studiousness, in raising myself from the condition of what we are pleased to call a "bunkey," to that of a butler, and no longer were lively. How long I was a butler I need not say. It is enough for my present purpose to inform you, that by strict economy, and attention to my business, aided by the kindness—I might almost say the friendship—of an indulgent master, I was enabled to leave service and establish myself as the keeper of a respectable public-house. I may praise the house in your columns, for I shall not publish my address or my name, but only give to yourself privately, as a voucher for the authenticity of this communication. I may then all, without being suspected of a puff, that I will give beer, good spirits, and good wines; that I do not adulterate either, and that I believe I am a far honest man than some of the tradesmen in my neighbourhood. As I said before, I was once a footman, and a butler; and in both capacities—having eyes in my head, and some share of intelligence—I saw a good deal both of footmen and of their masters and mistresses. I learned, also, how the fashionable announcements of great dinners and parties got into the daily newspapers, and can assure that it was not in any case through the agency of footmen or butlers.

The materials for these announcements were sometimes collected from servants by persons who called themselves fashionable reporters. What sort of a living they made of it I cannot tell, but I consider that a butler, or, perhaps, a footman, is quite as respectable as any of them. I also learned, and know, that footmen took no pains to glorify their masters in these matters, but that several noble families paid the fashionable newspapers very considerable sums to have the lists of their guests made public. I cannot, of my own knowledge, state it as a truth, but it was currently reported among the gentlemen's gentlemen with whom I associated, that one paper, in particular, derived a revenue of from £90 to £200 a week during the season for this service alone. If the fact be so, why should footmen be accused? If you will make further inquiries, I feel convinced that you will discover that the "swearing plumb" is quite innocent of the embelishment with which you charge them. A master may be a snob, and a footman may not be a snob, and vice versa; and I do not see why you should attack a class upon the strength of a puff paragraph which may have been sent to the newspapers by a snob who never "were plumb," and may have men in plumb to wait upon him.

If fashionable people did not want the names of their guests made public, you may depend upon it that they could very easily stop the practice. The remedy is in their own hands, and they, not their footmen, are to blame; nor even the poor penny-8d. innkeeper, who earns their bread-and-cheese in this way, as they might in any other.

August 22, 1860.

Yours obediently,
JOHN THOMAS.

AN EXCURSION TO MOUNT ETNA.

THIS is the time for tourists. The young Prince of Wales is lionizing in Canada; Mr. Spurgeon recommends the Rhine, which hitherto has been the kind of Euxine-Hall Mexico; the various railway companies give excursion tickets for the north and for the west; Kewick and Killarney are overflowing with their summer flocks; the Alps bristle with Britannie invaders, and a chosen handful have lately elected to visit Mount Etna and Garibaldi. Those last have the best of it: with their rifles on their shoulders—for who would trust himself unarmed in the Neapolitan states!—with a "handsome and picturesque" uniform by which they may recognize each other in the crowds about Messina; with a free passage, rations, and "compensation" given them by Garibaldi, always generous to the English and the patron saint of all the lovers of Italy,—they will see one of the wonders of the world, and the greatest hero of modern history, under more favourable circumstances than any other men can boast of. They may see Vesuvius too, before they have done with the excursion, and be at the opening of the Neapolitan dungeons; they may help to knock off some rusted chains from a few hundred patriots, and carve their names in a nobler fashion than Smith and Brown who write theirs on the Pyramids, or in the visitors' book on the Rhigi.

This handful of brave young Englishmen—this little band, six hundred strong, seems to belong to a more heroic time than this, when the yard-measure of the counting-house marks off patriotism and valour as only worth so much, less low on the transaction. It carries us back to days when men fought for brotherhood and love, and each believed in a cause felt bound to help his comrade, no matter what the cost. Our brave excursionists—picked men all of them—

will meet hundreds of Italian patriots who have sacrificed friends and home, and, perhaps, will sacrifice their own lives, for liberty and Italy. They will find in the chief a man of antique virtue, greater, more daring, more simple than we moderns; and they may, if they will, take an active part in one of the noblest works which this generation has to do. Yet they are not volunteers, they are not enlisted, they are simple excursionists, and are under special advantages, to see Mount Etna, and perhaps Mount Vesuvius. If they choose to gather laurels at the foot of either—and why should they not!—History will keep their memory green for ever.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. VII.

MR. WAGSTAFF CONTINUES THE SUBJECT OF "SLOP," AND ESPECIALLY OF SLOP PHILANTHROPY, SLOP PHILOSOPHY, SLOP AUTHORSHIP, AND A SLOP HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Slop Philanthropy and Slop Philosophy may go together. They are closely related. Slop Philanthropy, that gives its annual guineas to a public charity, and at the anniversary dinner of the Society for the Dissemination of Religious Tracts to Savages, who can neither read them, nor apply them to any other purpose of utility or decency, gives its fifty guineas that the ghosts and devils on the table may ring at the mention of the munificent donation,—has Slop for its father, Slop for its mother, and is itself Slop. If not exactly conscience-money, these guineas are the tribute to hypocrisy, that smooth and sung idleness, which is set up in the temples of the world for half mankind to worship. Can Jones, who subscribes to a score of charities, cheat in weight or measure, grind the faces of his workpeople, or adulterate his commodities? Oh, no! says Respectability, in its gig—the thing is impossible. But though supposed to be impossible, it is done, nevertheless, by Jones the aforesaid—and by Smith, and by Robinson, and by a whole host of lying knaves, who spread out the very thin gold-leaf of Slop Philanthropy, to cover the rottenness of their worldly dealings. And as such societies have generally a pious Lord or Earl to preside over them, to vouch to gentlemen for the correctness and the respectability of the concern, and to take the chair at the anniversary meetings and dinners, shop-keeping knavery thus gets to breathe the atmosphere of aristocracy. If it be only once in a year, it is something to boast of, and attracts custom and extends connection. Not only the vulgar herd, but the Earl or Lord himself is commonly a Slop Philanthropist, and trades upon philanthropy, as other men do upon their talents or their capital, as a surer means of attaining social position than statesmanship, true religion, eloquence, or genius (for of these he may possess no particle) could afford him. The Slop Philanthropist of the patrician order loves applause as mightily as a tragedian or a prima donna, and sucks in the adulation of crowds—especially if they be ladies—with an insatiable delight that would cause Democritus to laugh and Heracles to moan if they could see it. As for Slop Philosophy, whether it come from Fourier or from Owen, from Paley or from Malthus, from the Positivists or from the Optimists, from the red-hot owner of slaves in Louisiana or Alabama, or the red-hot abolitionist of Massachusetts or Connecticut, down to the female critter—all brains and no heart—who preaches upon woman's natural rights to forewear nursing for doctoring, and the government of a happy home for a share in the government of an unhappy world, there is no such of it in vogue on both sides of the Atlantic, as to justify the belief that it is the very quintessence, crown, and some of all other Slop. Discourism, Free-Lovism, Spiritualism, Mormonism, Salutarism, Trotterism, Vegetarianism, Puseyism, and I may add Toulism, are all pieces cut from the same web—woven out of the same warp and well—of folly and arrogance. Such "isms," and fifty others as absurd, are all slop and sham. Philosophers of the slop school—pretending to be wiser than Nature—lose sight of Nature altogether, and would cheat mankind in their belief and their observances, as grossly as the slop tailors and the food-poisoners cheat them in their apparel or their bread. One doctor of Slop proclaims all drink to be bad but water, forgetful of the contrary experiences of all ages and countries; another asserts all food to be injurious except cabbage and carrots; a third proclaims that the dining-room table of every household is the altar of the Divinity, and the medium through which the spirits both of the blessed and the damned communicate, by vulgar rays and painful spellings, with the children of this world; a fourth asserts that all evil comes upon the earth from the sinful habit of smiling, and looking cheerful, or taking a walk into the country on the day which most Christians call Sunday or the Lord's Day, but which Jews and Scotchmen call the Sabbath; while a fifth, with a great "ism" filling up all the emptiness of his saddle, attempts to explain with his poor reason all the phenomena of creation, and to put Infinite into that very small nutshell, his cranium. These be your Slop philosophers; and the age pillulates and is rotten with them.

The Slop Author is a remarkable person, and one of the most singular products of our age of Slop. There is nothing that he cannot or that he will not undertake to write. His mind is a microcosm and a macrocosm. His talents are elephantine—either to pick up the pin, or to rend the oak. Did Time not vanquish him, he would undertake a whole Encyclopedia to himself—not forgetting his scissors. A new Bible or new dictionary, a new tragedy, comedy, or farce; an article for a quarterly review or a daily journal; a treatise upon political economy, or upon the spasmodic nature of all true poetry; a code of art or of morals; a sermon or a pantomime; a history of

the world; or a fairy-tale for Christmas; an astronomical or a gastronomical treatise; an introduction to a new edition of the pre-Scottish novels or an advertisement for a new palette of Messrs. Aaron and Sons, or a new mantle of the Morning Company; an epic poem, or a song without sense for Mr. Crotchett, the great composer, to be sung by Mr. Alto, the great tenor; a treatise upon the Differential Calculus, or a slashing review of the last new poem by Mr. Misty;—all these things are grist to this merry miller. He hath stomach for these and a thousand others. Armed with his sciences, he defies Time with his sceptre. Ask him to write a tragedy—certainly of good payment being presupposed—and give him ten days for the task, and he will undertake it and bring it to you, all trig and ready, the day after to-morrow. Ask him for a new History of England, and give him six months for the job, and you shall have it in six weeks, ready for the printer.

Slop authorship being a recognised fact of our time, slop criticism naturally follows it—but, having said so, say on that branch of the subject on a previous occasion, I have done with it, and return to it no more, unless upon provocation, and then—let the criticsaters beware!

The Slop Drama grows out of slop literature, as the branch grows from the stem. Shakespeare having possession of the minds of theatrical managers—not altogether because he is Shakespeare, but partly because he is dead and popular, and can enforce no copy-right,—the drama made by living men falls, by the operation of the law of gravitation to the level of Slop. Were a dramatist as good as Shakespeare to appear in our day, who would recognise him? Nay, who would tolerate him? If he were a poor man the other Shakespeare would stand in his way to the extent of depriving him of bread; and if he were a man of fortune, and wanted no bread out of his brain or his ink-bottle, Shakespeare would alike shut him out of reputation and the chance of making it, by the mere fact of the deadness of him—Shakespeare, and of the livingness of him—the aspirant. And as there is such little remuneration for novelty of invention and greatness and originality of treatment, how can the man who expects to live by this particular business fail to perceive—time being money—that to borrow takes less time than to create? If a Frenchman has an idea why, upon this principle, should not an Englishman make use of it, to save labour? That is one of the great secrets of the Slop Drama. A man will get thirty shillings for the merely mechanical labour of translating and slightly modifying a French vaudeville; whereas, if he wrote an original piece, worth fifty French vaudevilles, he might, perhaps, receive nothing!—unless the cold shouker and a series of insults and rebuffs can claim to be accounted something. The Slop Drama is not the crime but the misfortune of the dramatic author, any more than slop tailorship or slop shirtmaking is the crime of the unfortunate labourers. It is both the crime and the misfortune of the traders in dramatic representation and the amusement of the public; the statutory rascal shown, with houses over their heads, who in an age of Slop regulate the affairs of the stage, and claim to transact their business, as Aaron and Sons do, and with no higher purpose. It is the discrimination to pay to a living man a good price for a good thing, when dead men and foreigners stand in the way, neither being in the condition to claim a recompense for the labour, that reduces the original drama of our time to the condition of Slop. The slop tailor and the slop dramatist are on the same footing. When the wage is duly diminished the work is duly sanctified, whether the work be coats or trousers, or tragedies, or pantaloons, or penitentials. The giants of literature no longer condescend to write dramas. Fate and circumstance, managers and actors, critics and public are against them. Cheapness is the rule, and cheapness produces its natural fruit, inferiority and worthlessness.

Last result of Slop,—we have a Slop House of Commons and Slop Legislation. Who, in our days, are the favourites of the people, when the people in large numbers have the privilege of election? Local lawyers, who have the gift of the gab; and local tradesmen, with a similar unhappy accomplishment. With rare exceptions, genius, learning, eloquence, and statesmanship, find no favour among large constituencies, unless backed by the influence of the purse; and Mr. Slob, great in local matters, great in the vestry, and great in the estimation of every little snobling in the place, becomes member for Shobbington, though he may have won the wealth that alone qualifies him for the distinction by means the most despicable. He may have been the auctioneer and undertaker of the Borough, or the chief grocer, famous for his piety and his sardonic sugar. And the dunce, though he may be able to pay largely out of the future thrown into his lap by public gullibility or lucky speculation, may scarcely be able to open his mouth in a society of gentlemen, without betraying his ignorance and vulgarity. The Slop members of the House are known for the liberties they take with the aspirants—for their indifference as regards such facts of history as they may have learned—for their ignorance of all the rest—for their innocence of even a remote perception of great principles—for their love of small details—for their stupid pertinacity in voting upon every motion which comes before the House, whether they understand it or not; for their belief, that constant attendance in Parliament, day after day and night after night, is of more importance to their constituents and to the nation than statesmanship; and for the facility with which a prime minister can wheedle, and cajole, and twist them into his purpose by invitations to dinner, or by civilities to their wives and daughters. And then, Slop Members, with all their talk of purity and principle, honour and independence, are the most avaricious men in the realm. They are generally wealthy enough to need no place of pecuniary conduct for themselves; and are generally

mean enough to desire to quarter their cousins and dependents, and their wives' cousins, as well as their chairmen of committees, and even their bill-stickers, upon the public service. Fifty pounds a year in the Customs or the Post Office is a price for the Slop member, to be bestowed upon some needy voter of Shobbington, for services rendered at the last election. But Slop voters, who know nothing of the public interests, and if they do, care nothing, deserve Slop members. Fifty-four—if there be only fifty—may choose a wise man to represent them; but fifty thousand fools find it difficult in the first place to get a wise man to undertake the ungrateful labour of asking their suffrages; and still more difficult to fix their choice upon the wise man—if he have been bold enough to place his wisdom at their mercy.

From Slop voters and Slop representatives comes naturally Slop Legislation, useless Acts of Parliament, made one year to be found unworkable the next; an accumulation of acts on all subjects, great and small, worthy and unworthy, in such manner, that Law, which should be simple, intelligible, and founded on common sense and justice, becomes such a jumble of conflicting absurdities, that no lifetime, however lengthened, is sufficient to study, and no intellect, however hardy, well trained, and comprehensive, is sufficient to master it.

In fact, our modern civilization is altogether Slop. The ancient solidity is defunct and out of fashion. Cathedrals have given place to chapels; substance has made way for show; real truth to mock; broad-cloth to subtlety; deeds to words; gentlemen to snobs; and gentlemanism to what, for want of a better word, I must call females. At all events, such seems to me the tendency of the age, morally and materially. John Wagstaffe loves reality, thinks the rank of a gentleman the highest of all ranks and titles, and a gentleman, young or old, the only of any crowned queen or emperor in the world, and worthy of as much true respect and heartfelt homage. John Wagstaffe loves the solid—prefers silver to electro-plating—and would like to see a servant dress less ostentatiously than, and in a different fashion from his mistress. He prefers a brick cottage to a tent, and linen to calico. The age is of a different fancy, and though John Wagstaffe cannot cure it of its degeneracy, he can pity and deplore it.

LORD MACAULAY, M. SIMMONDS, AND KIRK WHITE.—There is, perhaps, no passage in all Lord Macaulay's writings, more widely known than the following, which forms the climax to a splendid passage upon the durability of the Papacy:—"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Greece and Sicily still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the Temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."—[*Edinburgh Review*, October, 1846, art. "Banks's History of the Popes."—Where is the germ of the preceding passage to be found? Most likely in the following lines of Kirk White, published many years previously:—

"O'er her maets,
Her crowded ports broods slavery; and the cry
Of her keels, and the groans of her
Of distant follows breaks along the void;
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capital, and hears
The hollow booming in the woods, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude."

Lord Macaulay was not the only illustrious author who had a similar idea. The celebrated Simmonds was thoroughly a master of the English language, and in his "History of the South" will be found the annexed passage. We adopt the translation given by the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xiv., p. 54:—"Who knows, if some centuries hence, this same Europe, where the reign of literature and science is now transported—which shines with such lustre—which judges so well of times past—which compares so well the successive influence of ancient literature and morals, may not be deserted and sold as the hills of Mauritania, the sands of Egypt, and the valleys of Assyria? Who knows whether some day, perhaps, in the high lands, where the Oronoko and the Amazon collect their streams, perhaps in the now impenetrable enclosure of the mountains of New Holland—there may not be formed nations with other morals, other languages, other thoughts, other religions; nations who shall again renew the human kind; who shall study, like ourselves, the times past, and who, seeing with surprise what we have been, and have known, what they shall know—that we have believed, like them, in durability and glory,—shall pity our impotent efforts, and shall recall the names of Newton, of Racine, of Tasso, as examples of the vain struggles of men to attain an immortality of renown which fate denies them." We do not say that the thoughts contained in the above words were suggested by the following lines of Kirk White, but they are so similar in spirit, if not in form, as to make the comparison between them a literary curiosity:—

"Measure the Arts, in second infancy,
How in some distant clime, and there, perchance,
Some bold adventurer, flid with golden dreams,
Turning his back through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering shepherd's eye, no power
Hath ever plough'd before,—explores the frowns
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeyed; and, perhaps, descends
Some vestige of her ancient splendour:
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unknown of race, which had arrived
At a woe in that solitary
Far from the civil world, and singly sighs
And so reflects on the state of man."

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THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—ON MONDAY, AUGUST 27th, and during the week, **THE OVERLAND ROUTE**, being positively the last work yet of its performance, and of the engagement of Mr. J. Charles Mathews, who, with Mr. Dickinson, Mr. Compton, Mr. Clippendale, Mr. Wilkes, &c., will sustain their original characters in this comedy, after which, *St. Nicholas*, the Comedy of JACQUES. *Paul Pry*, Mr. Charles Mathews; *Pease*, Mr. Charles Mathews.

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ERRATUM.—In the article last week referring to the unceremonious in which Mr. Trevelyan has been treated by the Admiralty the name of the Secretary was, by mistake, printed "Lord Alfred," instead of "Lord Clarence Paget."

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AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1860.

GARIBOLDI has at length disembarked at Bogiana, a place on the coast of Calabria, a few miles north of Scylla, and within easy reach of Sicily. Various detachments had preceded him. So early as the night of the 5th, favoured by stormy weather, Misori had crossed the Strait of Messina with 200 picked men, had disembarked under Torre de Cavallo, had stealthily crept through the detachments of Neapolitan troops who lined the coast, and had without detection gained the mountains in the interior, where he effected a junction with a large body of insurgents, who had already mastered among the hills. For more than a week little progress was made, owing to the want of a naval force, the Sicilian boatsmen, on whom Garibaldi was obliged to depend, having thrown down their oars the moment that firing commenced. Gunboats and steamers were, however, armed, and made ready for the conveyance of troops, and a fleet of 130 vessels came at last to have been collected. Immediately on landing, Garibaldi appears to have been joined by the insurgent forces already assembled in Calabria, and to have discovered that he was in a position to attack Reggio, which is now stated to be a despatch from Naples, dated Tuesday evening, to have fallen into the hands of the invaders.

No additional information has been received in the meantime, as to the ultimate purposes of Garibaldi. After he has obtained possession of Naples, he means, it is said, to proceed to Rome, and when both Rome and Naples have been united to Piedmont, to stir up a war in Hungary, and attack Venetia; and not to rest until every spot which belongs to the geographical region of Italy has been united under one government. It will be very unfortunate if Garibaldi hurries at present into any such course, as we may assume, from the last continental news, that the arrangement came to at Toplitz really was that Austria should not interfere in Italian affairs, unless Venetia were attacked. The argument that Venetia is part of Italy, and should, therefore, form part of the new Italian States, might, with as good reason, be applied to Corsica—which Garibaldi has no intention of wresting from France—or to the eastern seaboard of the Adriatic, which he does not intend to recover from Austria or the Porte. He must stop at some point,

and it would be wise to do so at the limit where he will neither provoke a contest with France or Austria.

The national Hungarian fête has passed off more quietly than was anticipated, there having been no demonstration against the Austrians, and nothing to indicate that any spontaneous outbreak is likely to occur opportunistically for Garibaldi. General Benedek entrusted the maintenance of public order to the municipality of Pesth, who undertook, in the absence of Austrian troops, to guarantee the tranquillity of the town.

The news from Russia gives a gloomy account of the harvest. Heavy rains and high floods have damaged the crops in all parts of the empire, while in the southern provinces the woods and corn-fields have been devastated by locusts. This scourge made its appearance in Bessarabia. The whole population was called out as against an invading army. Twenty thousand men surrounded the district in which the insects had appeared. At first they succeeded in confining their depredations to a limited area, but in spite of all precautions they suddenly crossed the cordon drawn round them, and made their appearance in other districts where they have eaten up every blade of corn. They have crossed the Dniester, and extended over an area of forty miles in length, by fifteen in breadth. The ultimate extent of this evil cannot be anticipated. A telegram from St. Petersburg, dated Monday last, states that the Russian finances are in an unsatisfactory state, and that the rumour is even prevalent that the empire is on the eve of a national bankruptcy.

There is great discontent, it is stated, in the army, in consequence of arrears of pay; even the Imperial Guard not having been paid for the last five months. Troops, however, cannot be sent down to the Black Sea, while 300 ships have assembled at Nicoloff, in order to transport troops to Turkey, should a chance occur to justify Russian intervention in the East.

From Turkey the news is still alarming. The precautions taken to preserve peace in all the great towns seem, however, to have had the desired effect. Collisions between the Turks and the native population were daily expected to occur in Montenegro, where the nomination of Prince Danilo is ascribed to the party who wish to throw off the Turkish yoke. The reply of the Porte to a Serbian deputation refusing to allow the Serbians to frame a new constitution is also expected to create much discontent.

From Syria every additional fact which reaches us goes to prove that the Turkish authorities were entirely responsible for the events of the past month. The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains a very important article on the subject by a French Protestant missionary, who has had the best chance of becoming acquainted with the feelings and prejudices of the native population in Syria. It is difficult for an Englishman to realize all the depth of ignorance and stupidity in which the lower classes of the East are sunk. Of geography they know nothing. Of history they know less. Yet a kind of reverence exists for the past, and they have a deep respect for the past, and they are very much attached to the West. The writer of this article tells us that the Sepoy insurrection made a great sensation in Syria. It was generally believed that the Indian Mussulmans had crossed the English frontier, sacked London, and driven Queen Victoria from her throne. She had gone, it was said, to Constantinople, where she and her family had been received by Abdul Medjid. The Sultan was very much blamed by the village politicians of Syria for so doing. At this time the whole Mussulman population of the East were prepared for a general attack upon the Christians, which would undoubtedly have burst forth, but for the wholesome lesson taught at Jeddah. The author of this interesting article partly ascribes the present outbreak to the deference with which the Turkish authorities are treated by the English Government. The abject native races of Syria see the ignorant and conceited Turks insult English subjects with impunity, and they conclude and believe that the English, like themselves, are tributaries of the Sultan, and must submit to be dominated over by the Pashas and Governors of the Porte. "Thus (he says) has England destroyed in this country not only her own influence, but also, up to a certain point, that of other civilized nations; for the Easterns do not make distinctions, and it is impossible that an European power can lose prestige in their eyes without the others envying or imitating it. The general impression of the Syrian Mussulmans is, that the Frank princes, expelled or divided, intimidated at the song of the power of the Turkish empire, are incapable of really protecting their own subjects, and still more incapable of protecting the Rayahs; so that if a massacre took place, the Sultan would order the Pasha of Beyrout to salute the French and English flags, and no more would be said about it." On Monday last the secretaries of the British Syrian Relief Fund were able to transmit £5,000, for the relief of the sufferers in the East, to Mr. Moore, the Consul at Beyrout, with a request that the fund might be distributed on unsectarian and impartial principles.

On the 4th of August last, the first caravan of Christians, who had escaped from the massacres in Damascus, arrived in Beyrout; a column, composed chiefly of women and children, and numbering from 2,000 to 3,000 persons, in a state of misery and destitution which could not be exceeded. Great exertions had been made to feed and clothe them. Remittances from Europe were anxiously looked for.

On the evening of the 16th a large meeting was held at Salter's Hotel, to hear Captain E. Styles, the English officer of Garibaldi's staff, who has come home with the view of raising funds in aid of the Sicilian insurrection, and of enrolling, if possible, a body of volunteers, who will proceed with him to the seat

of war in Italy. Captain Styles was introduced amid the most enthusiastic applause. He stated that he had already met with great success; in three days he had collected five hundred recruits, all of whom were respectable, none of whom were without good certificates of character, and many of whom were gentlemen of independent means; but he expected soon to raise the number of volunteers to eight hundred, and not to leave this country without the means of properly arming and equipping his battalion, so that he might say to General Garibaldi, on returning to Sicily, "Here we are ready to fight." While Captain Styles was receiving the applause of this meeting, his letter, calling upon English Rifle Volunteers to take up arms in the cause of Sicilian independence, was brought by Mr. Hennessy in the House of Commons, under the notice of the Government. Mr. Hennessy wished to know if Her Majesty's Ministers were aware of what was going on; if they knew that, contrary to the statute and common law, as well as the law of nations, atrocities were being made in this country to embody troops to fight against a power with whom we were at war!

Lord Palmerston replied that it was in such cases difficult for the Government to interfere. The Foreign Enlistment Act no doubt might be enforced, but then it required proof that the enlistment actually took place in this country. Now, this might in all cases be evaded. Those who went to serve the Pope, for instance, who had been seen jealously watched by Mr. Mr. Hennessy and his friends, were going they understood to be employed upon railways, while those who are now leaving the country said they were going to visit Mount Etna. Under such circumstances how could Government interfere? The subject was dismissed with some remarks from Mr. Scully, who observed that none are so deaf as those who will not hear, and that the ignorance on the part of Government of what is passing out of doors must be held to indicate a little domestic revolution, as the advertisements in the newspapers for funds to be divided among the wounded adherents of Garibaldi were headed by the names of Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Palmerston, and Mrs. Gladstone.

The signal failure of Mr. Hennessy and Mr. Scully to excite a show of opposition to Captain Styles' proceedings, seems to have provoked Mr. Cranbury, the Mayor of Gloucester, into a demonstration which has caused great amusement in the north of England. It appears that the *Daily Chronicle* and *Northern Counties Advertiser*, a newspaper published in Newcastle, contained, in the course of last week, no less than three articles favourable to Captain Styles' mission. On Monday morning Mr. Cranbury appeared in the police-court to renew an application, he had previously made for a warrant against Mr. John Bayr Langley, the editor and publisher of the newspaper, on the allegation that the articles referred to were infractions of the act against foreign enlistments. The magistrates, after hearing the complainant at great length, refused his application on the ground that to constitute an offence under the statute, personal contact between the accused and the persons worked upon must be established, which, in this case had not been done, the newspaper articles referred to containing simply an historical statement of what Captain Styles had done since he reached England, and of what he proposed to do before returning to Sicily. The Mayor of Gloucester is not, however, satisfied with the decision of the Bench, and has intimated that he will carry the case into the Courts at Westminster, where he is to apply for a *writ of habeas corpus* against the magistrates to show cause why they should not grant a warrant.

The rapid development of the manufacturing system, which has raised this country to the proud rank of one looks among the nations of the earth, has not been without its attendant evil. The population has thronged in crowds from rural districts into great centres of industry, to adopt less laborious, and yet more lucrative, occupations; to lead a monotonous life, which produces a craving for excitement, and, at the same time, to become surrounded with every temptation to extravagance and dissipation. The result has been, that in the first generation, at least, part of the population so migrating into cities has sunk into great misery and degradation, and that large classes of children have sprung up, neglected by their parents, and neither trained to habits of regular industry, nor brought up to any calling whereby they may earn an honest livelihood. The workhouse schools supply an education, such as it is, for those among them who are absolutely destitute; the reformatory provide instruction for those who have committed crimes; but a large class of the truly helpless remain who, excluded altogether from the means of earning a trade, must, if unheeded, grow up at war with society, and with no better means than theft and crime to supply their daily wants. In this state of matters, Ragged Schools have come into existence—a class of institutions admirably suited to remedy the evil, by educating this class of children as working-men and women, and proved by statistics, carefully collected, to have diminished crime to an extent incredible to any one who reasons theoretically on their value. In our last number we regretted that the House of Commons had refused to extend Government aid to these institutions. We are now glad to see that the subject has been taken up out of doors by Lord Derby, who delivered, on Saturday last, on laying the foundation-stone of a Ragged School at Kirkton, near Liverpool, a speech well calculated to bring the true character of Ragged Schools under the notice of public men, and ultimately to secure for them a larger share of public patronage than they have hitherto received.

Another subject which has a close connection with the welfare of the poorer classes was discussed in Parliament on Wednesday evening. It is asked if the means of recovering small debts have not become too easy? Instead of making the County Courts support themselves, they are now sup-

ported, to a great extent, by funds voted by Government, and thus, by enabling small traders to recover, at the public expense, debts due to them, have encouraged a system of credit most injurious to the humble working-classes. In speaking on this subject, Mr. Ayrton remarked that the working classes were suffering from this evil to an extent little known. "Hawkers," he said, "went about the country enticing the poorer classes to buy goods on credit, and then, by means of the county courts, got their debts collected almost at the public expense, the unfortunate debtors being subjected, when they could not pay, to an imprisonment which partook of a penal character." He even suggested that the "facilities for the recovery of debts should be limited," and advanced very cogent arguments in support of the proposition.

The Aborigines Protection Society addressed, last week, a memorial to the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, stating the grounds on which they objected to the bill for the better government of the natives of New Zealand. They attribute much of the difficulties which have arisen to the fact that the natives are allowed only to sell their lands to the Government, whereby prices are kept down, and an unjust profit is reaped by those who ought to be their protectors. As a means of restoring the harmony between the colonists and natives, which has been so seriously disturbed, they suggest that one or more commissioners should be despatched from England, with the powers necessary, not only to institute inquiries, but to adopt remedial measures. The bill has since been withdrawn, the measure having been protested against by men of all parties and creeds in the House of Commons,—first, as an invasion on the powers of self-government conceded previously by Parliament to the colonists of New Zealand; next, as prejudicial in the absence of the legislature of the colonies; and, lastly, as supplying a very imperfect machinery for the hearing of native complaints.

THE MEETING OF SOVEREIGNS AT THE OPENING OF THE MUNICH AND VIENNA RAILWAY.

(By one who was Present.)

ABOUT a fortnight ago a rumour reached "our watering-place" (Baden-Baden) of the great *fête* which was to take place at Salzburg, on the occasion of the opening of the Munich and Vienna Railway. This important event, of great commercial interest, was to be invested with a still higher political significance, by the opportunity which it afforded to the Sovereigns of Austria and Bavaria to meet at a moment when any *misapprehension* of such a nature, between any of the German states, was of the utmost consequence. I accordingly determined to tear myself away from the attractions of Baden, in order to be present on the auspicious occasion. I found Munich in a greater state of excitement than I had ever known that previously quiet city before. I counted three carriages in the Ludwigstrasse at the same time; observed at least twice as many people as usual drinking beer in the gardens, in anticipation of the great event; and, what was the least agreeable discovery, found that all the hotels were full. However, the "Four Seasons" proved an elastic establishment, and there I was ultimately provided with a temporary home. Six o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst. was the hour fixed for the departure of the excursion-train for Salzburg, and this necessitated the extremely unpleasant measure of being called at five. Among the inhabitants of the "Four Seasons" were many eminent men who were to take part in the ceremony of the morrow, and whose names were duly inscribed by the porter on the black board with "Café" after them, "due at 5 a.m." We were a proud list on that said board, and the envy of all the other people in the hotel; for the party of excursionists were to be to the last degree select; to consist of the King, his ministers, and his ministers' special favorites. Even the diplomatic corps were excluded from the high honour of partaking of the festivities of the two following days; in consequence, it was said, of the disagreeable remembrance which might thus take place between the Austrian Emperor and the Sardinian Minister. However that may be, it is certain that the strangers were represented by a single Englishman, who, it is to be hoped, doubly appreciated the honor. A little after daybreak, came clattering down the stairs of the "Four Seasons" the officers and civilians, in every description of uniform, and suffering from a violent irritation of orders and brilliant decorations,—for no one in Bavaria is considered of any note who cannot adorn his manly person with an adequate display of stars and ribbons; and away we all drove to the station, where a great crowd was assembled to watch the distinguished arrivals. The station was abundantly ornamented with flags, and the interior very tastefully decorated with young trees and shrubs, forming quite a little thicket round the throne prepared for the King. Opposite the throne was a less pretentious erection, constructed for the bishop, who was surrounded by a brilliant staff—of clergy. The third side of the square thus formed consisted of a temporary altar, and opposite to it were the rails, not of the altar, but the railway. The intervening space was carpeted, and contained a few chairs and benches for members of the royal family. The platform on each side was crowded with spectators and excursionists, the latter principally in uniform. The roof was hung with flags of the national colours—light-blue and white; and the engines covered with pine-branches. The arrival of the King was the signal for a general buzz; then the royal brothers took their assigned positions on their knees, His Majesty setting the example. A general stillness ensued, and the venerable bishop inaugurated the proceedings by performing mass; with the voices of the chorists and the *monstrous* chant of the clergy, mingled the part of the

steam-engines, as five of them in a row came up like intelligent animals to the feet of the bishop to be blessed. This was the conclusion of the ceremony, and was immediately followed by a rush for places. The long train flattered from one end to the other with little blue-and-white flags, and looked gay and jaunty in the morning sun. At last every cocked hat had found its resting-place, and we were off across the level Bavarian plains, where the peasantry were busy getting in their crops. Past the Simm See, along the swampy margin of which we rattled over a portion of the line which we were informed had been the principal engineering difficulty of the undertaking; then skirted the shores of the picturesque Thiem See, with its mountains rising from the water's edge, its wooded islands, and its white houses reflected in its glassy surface,—past stations, all covered with flags, with platforms crowded with spectators, and bands playing; but we only heard the clash of instruments as we rushed by,—just as, if you shut your ears at a musical festival, and open them suddenly for a second, you hear the momentary war,—on through thick pine woods, where enthusiastic foresters had erected stages, with flags, and fired little cannon in rapturous confusion as we glided past; through cuttings, where the only things visible at the top of the bank were the fat legs of the countrywomen who had collected there; recklessly on at twenty miles an hour, a killing pace for a German engine, till it gets out of breath, or, what is equivalent to it, out of water, and we stop at a station where the whole population of the neighbouring country seems collected, and there is a guard drawn up, with a very stout officer in a light-blue uniform in command, plenty of music, and a good deal of beer, and sandwiches, and sausages for famishing excursionists. We are the objects of intense interest to an admiring and unsophisticated crowd for ten minutes, and then get into the train again, and repeat our experiences for two or three hours more, until we find ourselves in the highlands of Bavaria, and are only distracted from the various picturesque points of view which open upon us by our approach to that most romantic of all German towns, Salzburg itself, with its houses left, in like manner, to the beeding embs that overhang the river, and its fine old castle rising proudly above all. And so we dash into the station, under triumphal arches and forests of flags and flowers, and pull up at last between a row of Austrian officers and a fountain. For the Vienna excursion train had arrived before we did, and the platform looked like a parterre of the gayest flowers, in consequence: certainly no army in Europe can compete with the Austrian for brilliancy and taste in uniform. There was a variety and richness in the assemblage of costumes waiting to receive us at Salzburg which it would have been worth while coming all the way to see, apart from any other object. In the present state of Europe it is now earnestly to be hoped that all that glittered so brightly may turn out to be gold when the day of trial comes; meantime, since the Heilshrad is now so powerful financially, we would suggest for its consideration, whether considering the present state of the imperial exchequer, it would not be wise to spend a little less in lace and feathers, and devote the savings to more practical purposes. It is only due to the officers who were at Salzburg to say that their martial bearing did credit to their gaudy plumage; and I was much struck by the youthful appearance of many of the colonels.

The arrival of the King of Bavaria, in a special train, immediately after us, was followed by that of the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by Count Rechberg, and other ministers of the Empire. His Majesty was received on the platform with the National Anthem, and a general salute. The two Sovereigns then proceeded to that portion of the station which had been appropriated to the next part of the ceremony. This consisted of another mass, performed by the Bishop of Salzburg, the Emperor and King standing opposite to the Bishop, and the rest of the room, which was tastefully decorated, being crowded with the recent occupants of the two excursion trains. Addresses were then read by the President of the railway and duly responded to by the respective Royalties; certain documents were signed and placed beneath the last stone, which still remained to be laid to complete the work. A benediction having been offered, the party adjourned to the Fountain, where the National Anthem was sung by a crowd of the workmen employed on the railway. By this time a general "sinking" was experienced, from royalty downwards, and we proceeded to a magnificent repast prepared for 600 persons, and presided over by Count von Wickenburg. The two Monarchs, with a more select circle—for the Emperor of Austria was accompanied by a few archbishops,—partook of an elaborate repast, which was terminated by speeches pregnant with a deeper political meaning than is usual after dinner.

The Emperor of Austria spoke as follows:—"This day's ceremony inaugurates an era of important development in the communication between distant lands. May they rejoice in this new bond, in earnest emulation, and amidst continued increase of prosperity. But you must all feel, as I do, that this ceremony claims, further, a still higher significance. From this day forward, German brother meets are brought nearer to each other. Austria's sons are happy to stretch out their hands to their brothers of Bavaria, and to thank them for their fidelity and love; and the same feelings of union with which we greet our neighbours we also offer to all our German kinsmen and confederates.

"Whilst to the present audience I allude to these feelings, I cannot help calling to mind with pleasure the day when, but a few weeks ago, I pressed the hand of the Prince Regent of Prussia, in refutation of the identical sentiments which we then reciprocated. I am confident that, with your whole hearts, you will unite with me in the three repeated greetings—

"'Long Life to our Royal Brother and Friend of Bavaria!'

"'Long Life to Bavaria's Loyal and Brave People!'

"'Long Life to the Union of the Princes and Peoples of Germany!'

This speech, which was received with great enthusiasm, was responded to as follows, by the King of Bavaria:—

"I wish first to express my most heartfelt thanks in my own name and in that of my people, for the elevated sentiments we have just heard. Certainly the work, the completion of which we are now celebrating, is of vast importance. It will bring kindred races nearer to each other. May God's blessing rest upon it. Enthusiasm and hope have greeted the recent amicable meeting of the rulers of Austria and Prussia. It is a pledge for the union of Germany, and therein lies our power and our strength. From the bottom of my heart then I propose—

"'Long Life to my Imperial Brother and Friend of Austria!'

"'Long Life to Austria's Loyal and Warlike Sons!'

"'Long Life to the Union of the Two Great German Powers!'

This last most unexpected allusion to the Two Great German Powers was followed by thunders of applause, which proved the ready sympathy which the sentiment found in the breasts of the audience. Doubtless the King of Bavaria found a double satisfaction in giving the toast, since the meeting at Toplitz was due to his instrumentality, and not to that of the English Government. (a mistake into which, I see, the correspondent of "THE LONDON REVIEW" at Berlin has fallen). There is no doubt that at that meeting the Emperor of Austria pledged himself to the Prince Regent of Prussia to continue in the path of reform which the Austrian Government has been recently pursuing, and, more especially, to make important concessions in matters ecclesiastical,—a point strongly and very properly urged by the Prince Regent. The close and intimate relations which subsist between the Bavarian and Austrian Governments, and which the occasion of the meeting at Salzburg has been the means of increasing, render the union of the two countries, in a military point of view, most essential to the best interests and safety of Germany.

While the Monarchs were thus exchanging a reciprocity of sentiments, and washing down important political announcements with champagne, we were indulging largely in the same beverage in another apartment, elaborately decorated with flags, and sumptuously arranged. During the repast—and not afterwards, as is the manner of the Briton,—speeches were delivered, the healths of smelly royal personages, and prosperity to the railway, drunk in every glass, besides being provided with an excellent dinner, was furnished, with a menu, with an album containing engravings of the most important features on the line, and a full description of it throughout. Finally we were visited by their Majesties themselves, the tenor of whose speeches had already reached us, and who were received with rapturous applause in consequence. They each made a short speech; then the bands struck up once more, and we separated with a series of enthusiastic *Heils*, to re-embark in the trains for our respective destinations. As the Emperor of Austria proposed paying Munich a visit, many of our Austrian friends decided on visiting that city, which was thus destined to become the scene of further festivities. It was late that evening ere I once more reached the "Four Seasons," the greater majority of the excursionists repairing to the residence of the mayor, to wind up the evening, where that high functionary entertained them largely with beer.

On the following day the worthy citizens of Munich were gratified by the novel sight of the two Monarchs driving about the quiet streets of their town in plain clothes, and the happy individuals who were fortunate enough to be invited to the grand entertainment at the Crystal Palace, in the afternoon, revelled in the anticipation of that event. At three o'clock six hundred persons sat down to a series of tables placed in a circular form round the fountain in the centre, and which were very tastefully laid out. Mine host of the *Reichs-Hof*, had contracted for the repast, at six cents a head, and his arrangements were made in a style worthy of imitation by those who superintend a similar department at Sydenham. It was delightful to look upon a hundred dozen of champagne frozen into beds of ice, with nothing but their black corks showing above the glittering surface; and to smell the savoury odours which proceeded from the kitchen temporarily erected for the occasion.

The palace itself was a perfect labyrinth of trees, which formed side-walks, and enclosed the festive boards with evergreen borders. White columns and statues contrasted with the dark-green foliage; strips of blue-and-white flags waved in fountains overhead, and the fountain played continually. A throne was erected at the head of the tables, and during dinner their Majesties entered, and shortly addressed the guests, but did not take part in the festivities, which were protracted almost until it was time to go to the theatre, where royalty appeared again, and the crowds which were packed inside gave them another ovation. Altogether the day was devoted to merry-making; and enthusiastic citizens of Southern German tendencies sagged the happiest political consequences from it.

Of the commercial advantages of a line which connects Munich and Vienna, it is almost unnecessary to speak. It shortens the distance between the latter city and Paris to thirty-six hours, and opens up that direct communication between Western and Eastern Europe which has so long been required. Its influence upon the two countries which are thus united will be, doubtless, beneficial to both. Everything which tends to nationalize Germany is of political advantage to Europe generally, and to every state in

the Confederation in particular. The interests of one state thus by degrees become the interest of all, and prejudices are rubbed off by contact, which can be overcome in any other way.

If the political results of this connection thus develop themselves, the 12th of August last will mark an epoch in the history of Germany worthy the enthusiastic celebration which took place.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

WERTT Henry Drummond used to say that an administration was like a cow with seven heads and eight little pigs. The seven found their due place in the porcine economy, and were content; but the eighth hapless little porker went about squeaking and making all the rest uncomfortable. The particular M.P. whom he characterised as "a pig with a tail" was Mr. Rich, who squeaked as loud and was altogether so noisy and mutinous that he has been on the shady side of office ever since. Palmerston could not ask Gladstone, and Milner Gibson, and Villiers, and Charles Gilpin to become members of his administration without leaving out and passing over some former Whig subordinates. Among those was Daudy Seymour, M.P. for Poole. He was formerly Under-Secretary for India. He discharged his duty with alacrity, and touched his salary not ungratefully. He made no enquiries, was dutiful and respectful to his chief, as an under-secretary ought to be, and, unlike Austen Layard, was in no respect eccentric, or cantankerous, or wrong-headed. There is nothing remarkable in this, but here comes the puzzle. This honourable member is not a member of the present Government, and the rise might after night, in the loudest voice at present known to St. Stephen's, to attack the Indian administration of Sir C. Wood. Now, to careful observers, there appears a great similarity between Vernon Smith and Charles Wood, as Indian Governors. They are, indeed, "as like as two peas." I should say that both are as compliant to Lord Canning as need be, and that if the Indian Army Bill appears to be an exception, it is because an illudicrous duke came in, with who know not what influence in the background, and overruled the opinion of the Governor-General of India. Daudy, however, who was the very humble servant, not to say "slavery," of Vernon Smith, sets up his back and spine as Sir C. Wood, like the tom-cat in the ancient phrase of Warren's blacking. The other night he called him the autocrat of India, and said he administered India as the late Emperor Nicholas ruled the Russians. He wanted will, resolution, and vigor. He did not control the Indian expenditure as he ought to do; and the India Office, in fact, might as well be shut up as placed under his administration. A very loud voice always makes a great impression upon me, and I am therefore well enough inclined to believe all that Daudy says. But I would give a thousand pounds to know whether Daudy would have said all this, or even thought it, if Wood had offered him the post of Under Secretary for India. Observing how much, or rather how little, a Cabinet Minister usually consults his under secretary, my impression, I own, is that India administration would be a great deal better in the hands of Mr. Poole, who would have remained precisely the same, and that if any discontented person—any Daudy Seymour not of place—had got up to call Sir C. Wood the autocrat of India, and proposed to shut up the India Office, the representative for Poole would have risen to defend his chief with even more energy than he now attacks him.

The psychology of the parliamentary mind is wonderful. Make a man a cabinet minister, put a geological book into his hand, and tell him to consider the supply of coal. He will tell you (having just heard your views) that there is no fear of its exhaustion; that if you can sell it to a neighbouring people across the water, you will give employment to your miners and your sailors, and that nothing but good can result. Forget or neglect to make a Minister of him, and he reads his geology the other way, prophesies the speedy exhaustion of your mines, and denounces the folly of giving away the elements of your manufacturing supremacy. Recall another man to his post of Secretary to the Admiralty, and he acquiesces in the desirability of additional fortifications. Perhaps "acquiescence" is too strong a word. As a sub, his consent is never asked. He does not probably know what his Premier is going to propose until the First Minister rises in the House of Commons, and all he has to do is to vote with his Government on a division, and to send his resignation to be found give a satisfactory reason for his absence. Pass him all the particular pointed out by the speaker for Poole, would have remained precisely the same, and that if any discontented person—any Daudy Seymour not of place—had got up to call Sir C. Wood the autocrat of India, and proposed to shut up the India Office, the representative for Poole would have risen to defend his chief with even more energy than he now attacks him.

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whether Bernal Osborne or Edwin James cultivates this rough shew of turbulent independence with the greatest success. I like to see it in both members. They were it so gracefully, and impose upon us old members so completely! People, indeed, pretend that they can discern the tongue in Edwin James's cheek when he gets up a case of quarrel with the Ministry. And the public generally set down the opposition of a patriot who has missed a place as something insincere and corrupt. But they have never studied the subtle workings of the parliamentary mind, or the peculiarities of parliamentary optics. There are some atrocious hangings who are not sincere, but the differences of opinion are, in most cases, real and not pretended. The glow of indignation is not affected. The stick in the bowl of water really seems to them broken or crooked, when it is only deflected optically. If they sat on the Treasury bench it would seem straight. The Indian sick (I don't mean Sir Charles Wood) appears to roil, Thomas Haring to be of the most rigid rectitudinal continuity. And this zealous and devoted young man will always believe, to his dying day, that Daudy Seymour's appanage to the Indian administration of Sir Charles Wood is the most laudable example that can be conceived of the impudence and unscrupulousness of a disappointed place-hunter. Prime Ministers forgive a great deal, but oh, Daudy! profit by the experience of the honourable member for Richmond.

Our parliamentary veterans come out strong at the flag end of the Session. The three members of the House of Commons most punctilious in attendance during the last year have been, first and foremost, Palmerston, fertile precursor, senior wrangler of his year, *dux* of his school; secondly, Graham; thirdly, Hensley-Graham has been silent all the Session, yet has unconsciously wakened into life and activity at the eleventh hour. During the first six months of the Session he, the least elector-member in England, fresh from the triumph of the Carlisle hustings, lapsed into silence, from which nothing could rouse him but the fight for the chairmanship. It was on a Wednesday afternoon that a Factory Act for Bleaching Works being under discussion, Sir James got up and made emphatic confession that he was wrong when, as Home Secretary, he lent a too ready ear to master manufacturers, who declared they could not rest on their laurels or maintain a competition with foreign countries, if women and children in factories received the protection of a Ten Hours Bill. Lord Shaftesbury's son had spoken of the deterioration of the English physique. The old man warmed with the theme. He had not himself observed any deterioration in the race of Englishwomen—

"Old as I am, for ladies' sake still."
"The power of beauty's immortality!"

But perhaps young Lord Ashley was a better judge than he upon this point. That the race of Englishmen had degenerated, however, he could not admit, after the noble example of courage and endurance recently presented to the world. Tom Fayers received many compliments about this time, but few of which he had greater reason to be proud. The House cheered, and not a few members declared that the veterans would not have spoken at all if he had not felt impelled to find a laurel crown at the champion of England. Then ensued another long period of silence. The Budget was the subject of the day. Excited persons whom politics he takes a semi-paternal pride, and beside whom he sat so long in that place below the gangway now tenanted by Mr. Bright—was sorely vexed by the Derbyite rank and file; yet Ajax did not once interpose his shield or present his bulwark form in the *mitis*.

The Reform Bill fully formed, and had to run the gauntlet of open opposition, covert hostility, and insidious delays. Nephew Lawson stood up for it, and denounced the Derbyite tactics. Uncle Graham smiled with forty-Mephistophelian knowings, yet kept his seat. Whether the Bill went far enough or not, or too far, we do not know this day. What Sir James thinks of a £5 rental, as against a £10 rental, we shall learn probably when he stands upon the hustings at Carlisle. Then came the Paper Duty Debate. The Northcote Lancet could not find a word to say in favour of the abolition of the Tax on Knowledge, although there came a certain Tuesday night when the Paper Duty Abolition Bill was only saved by a majority of nine, and a speech from a veteran who came fresh into the combat might have determined some votes. The Lords threw out the bill, and Sir James Graham was appointed a member of the Select Committee to search the journals for precedents. To this day we can only conjecture his opinion upon the constitutional question at issue between the Lords and Commons. His vote is said, indeed, to have averted a hostile report from the Commons, if not a collision between the two Houses; but the two Houses, it is alleged, with great show of truth, that his vote was governed by the technical form in which the question was referred to the committee, which Sir James held, precluded any expression of opinion on their part. His activity at this time was remarkable. He crossed once the floor to talk to Walpole, and left the House with him, to discuss the report at leisure. He talked across the gangway to John Bright; compared notes with the Attorney General; leaned over to confer with Tom Duncombe; exchanged views with old Whigs like Edward Ellice and Sir S. Baring; and was in daily conversation with Gladstone and Milner Gibson. He seemed to be the mind and conscience of the House, impressing old and young with hints, and the result of statesmanlike observation and experience, and giving the tone to the debates, while he studiously avoided taking any part in them. The Customs Duty found him as sleek as the Excise Duty. He had no word of regret for the loss of the Bankruptcy Bill; all through the session he has been silent, inscrutable, and mysterious. The Railway contract was his thunder; yet when Roebuck protested against the vote, Sir James was absent. Against the Red Sea Telegraph Bill he saved the House. He was beaten; yet when the cable failed, and the money went to the fishes, the senior member for Carlisle made no sign. Within the last week or two, however, upon matters of no real importance, the gentleman has not unfrequently addressed the House. As the procession approaches, the constituency of Carlisle become a great fact. They may demand the explanation of a testimony which they were not warranted in expecting, from the liveliness and vigour of their member's electioneering canvass. There has been no fault to find with the right hon. Lancet in regard to his attendance throughout the

Session. And now, when young fellows pair off and go after the grog, and the clerks and officers of the House empty until midnight to keep themselves awake, and the Speaker wonders whether he can possibly keep up until the 29th, the Netherby baronet is fresh, blustering, hale, vigorous, and half-disposed to be loquacious. The elections of Carleton may remember the little specimen on the Estimates, and the Naval Discipline Bill, and forget the reticence of the early months of this memorable Session. Or they may feel flattered by Sir James reserving for their private ears, in Town-hall Assembly-room, the opinions which the first representative-chamber in the world looked to hear, and were denied the privilege of hearing. Looking round the House, I do not know any one who could make a more telling and interesting record than Graham. Disraeli will doubtless review the Session for the education and amusement of the farmers of Bucks, and a very pretty thesis it will make. Gladstone will be heard of in the country, lecturing some Welsh farmers or Liverpool merchants. John Bright, with the Paper Duty still payable, and the encroachment of the Lords still unreversed, a democratic Reform Bill indefinitely postponed, a bad harvest, and a winter of suffering and discontent, which are for all inevitable, has a "haze" which any political agitator might covet, for I fear his cards are trumps. Lord John will have something to say at the Mansion House and Guildhall upon foreign affairs. Mr. Horeman will probably keep at a respectful distance from Strand, yet even he will find an audience and a reporter somewhere, if only at a farmers' ordinary. But the winter of the recess, if he so will it, must be the "dark horse of the Session," who might talk for three hours by Shrewsbury clock, without exhausting the great and grave topics of the Session.

Old Mr. Henley is another example of the stout parliamentary campaigner. In the general engagements and pitched battles of the Session he has been content to shoulder his market against the rank and file, and go into the lobby with his party, for, like Graham, he has listened much and spoken little. It is when bill enters the stage of "committees," and other men will have nothing to say to them, that the right hon. member for Oxfordshire warms to his work, and sets us all an example of patient and persevering industry. The recent beef begins to be necessary to assist the sluggish ear, but we remark to each other with pleasure that the old gentleman's cough seems less troublesome than usual this Session. Home-office counsel, who draw bills, turn pale under the gallery when they come within the loss of that microscopic eye, and amateur legislators tremble when the shrewd old chairman of quarter sessions interposes with his favourite remark—"Well, now, let's see how this'll work." Deposed upon it, if there are blunders and inconsistencies in a clause, they will soon be seen kicking and fighting, like the contents of a drop of Thames water under the cry-hydrogen microscope, when old Mr. Henley fairly gets them into focus.

While Disraeli has gone to Hagheboom Manor, in order to give the pleasure of reading the column devoted to the Berwick Election Commission as broken—while Sir J. Pakington can with difficulty be brought up from Worcestershire to give the *coup de grace* to a New Zealand Bill, which is strangled by its unattractive parents as soon as the sound of his carriage-wheels is heard in the distance—while Whiteley, and Cairns, and Kelly are sacrificing too at the shrine of Thémis, or anticipating the long vacation—Henley alone, of all the men of mark upon the Opposition benches, sticks to his work, and won't allow a single clause to escape him. His usual exclamation—"Fig, I *swear* say" (we never say "must" in Parliament), has been the death-warrior of this week has exhibited Mr. Henley in all his glory. But a Metropolitan Local Government Bill, an Ecclesiastical Commission, a Court of Chancery Bill, a Roman Catholic Charities Bill, have also come under his purview, and have found him vigilant, active, and watchful. An assembly with a tendency to scamp its work, like the House of Commons at the end of a Session, contains no more valuable member than a statesman of weight and experience who voluntarily devotes himself to the drudgery of examining clauses affecting the liberty of the subject and the safety of existing institutions, and who brings to his work the shrewdness, legal acumen, and accumulated knowledge that distinguish good old Mr. Henley.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

A bill has passed through the House of Commons to diminish the number of the city churches, by transferring some of them to the suburban districts, whither the congregations have already gone. But the *vis inertiae* is proverbial. One after another, amendments have been added to the bill, making it next to impossible to carry it out in a single instance. There are so many "bodies," lay and clerical, spiritual and temporal, municipal and parochial, to be satisfied, that every one despairs of seeing a single removal effected. Parliament ought not to pass measures under the pretence of allowing certain churches to take place, and then clog those measures with impossible conditions. Amongst the latest objections there to be found certain wise men among the architects, who nominated the high places of St. Paul's, and declared that the steeples of these deserted churches should be allowed to remain as standing ornaments to the city, even when the portions where divine service was performed should be removed. This accords to us a most absurd proposition. Many of the steeples "stop the way." There is nothing so admirable in steeple architecture, which is really overdone in this country. It is known that Sir Christopher Wren himself desired that only half the proposed number of churches should be built after the Fire, and that these should be of a superior description. But he was overruled by that very pious monarch Charles II., and the churches remain, of which not more than half a dozen are really worth preserving, and those are exempted from the operation of the bill,—if it should ever come into operation at all.

Another scheme—and that perhaps the very best and most pressing—for increasing our street accommodation, is postponed till next Session. The plans

approved by the committee of the Times Embankment have been received with very general approval, and the great difficulty of finding the money has had a chance of being solved. But it is found that there is no time for maturing the scheme in the present Session. The great Metropolitan Board of Works, however, must be prohibited from proceeding with their low-level sewerage. It is likely they will be too glad to be allowed to suspend this part of their work, in the hope of getting the Coal and Wine Duties handed over to them next year, and also to have such an admirable position for the sewer in the foreshore of the river. To block up the Strand and Fleet-street for an indefinite period, for the purpose of making the sewer there would scarcely be tolerated. Not to speak of the obstruction of all business, the cost would be something incredible. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the sewer will carry the embankment, and that the embankment will carry the sewer. The waterworks and the owners of waterworks property are only in the way. They will make a grand stand for compensation, and herein will be the great difficulty of the embankment. But the Government have control over a considerable portion of the Westminster end, and the other end, it is feared, will not be allowed to extend beyond Southwark-bridge. The waterworks property between London and Southwark bridges is felt to be too much to grapple with, and if Southwark-bridge be reached, it will be easy to get to Cannon-street, and thus avoid the most crowded thoroughfares connecting the City and the West End. Something—say, a great dock—must be done. It is easy to see that the opening up of the leading thoroughfares, and increasing the revenue from rent to water, must form a considerable item in the business of the next Session of Parliament.

The Metropolitan Board have been compelled to withdraw their bill for further powers, introduced by Mr. Tite. They must exert themselves, if they hope for public support next year. The notice, in one of your earliest numbers, of the delay in opening the new street from St. Martin's-lane to Covent-garden, has stirred them up a little. There is, to be sure, no more show abroad of any progress made in opening this long-promised communication. But we are informed that there is great progress underground,—that sewers and arches are being constructed, and that the street will be opened at last. There is another important thoroughfare threatened to be opened, which seems to flag altogether. They have got a large sum—about £300,000—handed over towards the cost of an opening from Blackfriars-road to the London-bridge station, and there is no sign of a commencement as yet. We do not know how Mr. Thwaites will explain this long delay to the satisfaction of his constituents over the water.

There have been some interesting discussions in the House of Commons on the vote of £15,000 for the improvement of the National Gallery. It is satisfactory to see that several honourable members, independent of party, expressed their opposition to this vote, not because of its amount, but because they desired to see a much larger and more comprehensive scheme adopted.

The removal of the Royal Academy, already recommended by the Committee and the Royal Commission, was drawn upon as a necessary preliminary to any great plan for a building on this present site worthy and capable of containing the national collections. This view was recognised by Lord Palmerston, although he was naturally reluctant to turn the Forty R.A.'s into the street. His lordship, also, we are glad to see, contemplates the possession of the barracks, and the workhouse in the rear, as necessary to the erection of a complete building. We trust that we may see this view carried out. Mr. Disraeli was in favour of it when in office last year.

The drama—more fortunate than other expedients—is a double heir. People shut out nothing it takes. Estates are pressed upon it. There is already the "Dramatic College," although it has made the very queer and ill-premising choice of a tract of land forming the corner of a cemetery for its site. The "Necropolis, Working Cemetery," will have a matchless match in its new outlying neighbours. Mr. Dodd, it appears, is lost for want of a wandering colony—theatrical it must be—to settle upon his "Promised Land." Proceedings, we are told, are in progress to carry out his intentions. Independently of a free gift of the ground at Windsor, he will generously endow the buildings with a sum of £20,000. Can he not turn his regards in another and, at least, as equally deserving a direction? We are certain that the parties which, in all circumstances, we would propose as the objects of this endowment, would not only be the most useful, but the people did, at his literal gifts. Mr. Dodd, if you are determined to endow, and to raise, some institution which shall be really worthy of your goodwill, and prove an honour to your philanthropic enthusiasm, construct a "College" for the Literary Body! The word "College" would then be no absurd misnomer, as applied to the noble refuge which your kindly feelings and liberality proposed.

Mr. Gudin, the celebrated French marine painter, has just finished two remarkable pictures. The subject of one is the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon at Genoa, to open the Italian campaign last year. The other represents an equally memorable occasion,—the interview between Queen Victoria and His Imperial Majesty the French Emperor, in the Harbour of Cherbourg. Both of these pictures have been purchased for the Emperor. The painting of the meeting of Her Majesty and Napoleon III., at Cherbourg, has been sent to London for the purpose of public exhibition. We have no doubt that it will attract great attention.

Today the drawing of the prizes in the Crystal Palace Art Union takes place. It is an interesting ceremony to all; but it will be particularly so to the winners. From that which we hear, we augur great popularity to this movement, which accords to the idea of placing valuable pictures in the hands of subscribers, objects of genuine art.

Messrs. Trübner will publish, on Monday, an enlarged English copyright edition (from the tenth American edition) of Robert Dale Owen's work, on what is usually called "The Supernatural." The English title is "Fossils on the Boundary of Another World." It will constitute an octavo volume of upwards of 800 pages.

of them would have succeeded without the pause, being only ingenious, and not humorous. Wits should have some consideration for weak brethren, and not make their jokes too difficult. For ease to the joker is difficulty to the audience. Under the area of your reading, and the greater number of odds and ends you have in your quiver, the easier it is for you to find some suitable connection of ideas. But your audience, to be successful, must be in connection, and have some slight acquaintance with both the poles which you most poetically link with your electric flash. If not, your joke is like a pan in an unknown tongue.

A good many jokes occur to me daily in Andrie; but I have only one friend who principally pursues this line among the carpatian mountains. I regret to say, for I value him very highly, he is the only man who appreciates my arabesque pun-fligree. Not that I do not know many Orientalists and wits, but that the rest of my Arabic-speaking friends are unacquainted with jokes, while my wits, as a rule, are innocent of Arabic. A joke is good, much more in proportion to its skillful and ready application to the time, place, and circumstances, as well as circumstance, than by any inherent measure of goodness.

This does not, of course, apply to written jokes; and you will accordingly find that funny writers can very seldom make extemporaneous jokes in society. Whereas colloquial jokes, often misapprehending the inherent goodness of a jest, a nervous which was due to the occasion, make their written jokes of much too slender material. An extempore joke may be too good. If, for instance, a fertile mind ever so spontaneously yields a double-barrelled witicism, it will always seem like precipitation. The difficulty of the heater in taking in the double flash will be imparted by him to the accomplished elaboration of malice, projects in the air. For instance, talking of the military capacity of the Artist Rifle Corps (stand at ease), the other day some one said, "If they came to a brush, they would be the men to stick to their colours." If that witty really made it on the spur of the moment, he would have done better to have left out the brush half, and merely said they would stick to their colours.

In writing it does not matter how many jokes you string together like onions; those who dislike their flavour need not read them; and the reader has leisure to stop and think if he pleases. He is on even terms with the elaborate wit who may have coddled his brains over his fun during many painful hours. But as no more space is allowed in this work for the development of my ideas, I must perforce postpone until next the conclusion of what I have to say,—editors being something like emperors, autocratic and despotic.

LANCASHIRES APPEAL TO MIDDLESEX.

LANCASHIRE has a message to Middlesex whereof I have the honour to be bearer. I remark, in the newspapers, advertisements in which the attractions of a life among the (Caffes, or the many nations of New Zealand are set forth. Men sink in the crowded London, before empty cupboards, and boys, who are lusty and adventurous; young women willing to travel over weary wastes of water in search of husbands; children of all sizes and complexions—are entreated to bend their steps towards Liverpool or Greenhead, and to turn their longing eyes to distant lands, where a bountiful reward of gold cleaves the heart of the worker. Alas! how different the scene that is played daily at the London Dock gates, at half-past seven of the morning, where hunger scrounles for the loaf and implores work to earn it,—where the despoite of all classes meet, as a lost restreue, and slave for a shilling, and so prolong the dear life yet another day, while the wretched voice of the emigration agent is unheeded, as it is unheeded in hundreds of sorrowful London homes. The poverty name is beyond the reach of the very poor. The poverty is so acute that there is not an hour's rest in the race between hand and mouth. The hand has a hard time of it to keep up with the demands of the mouth. If any more space is allowed in this page may fall, desires to make himself acquainted with the kind and degree of poverty that is stationary, helpless and inert, in the heart of London, let him visit the lanes and alleys about the London Dock walls; then let him pass an hour or two in the vicinity of Saffron-hill; concluding his ramble by a brisk walk about the Brick, Smeaton's-town, Clark Market, and its environs, might call his idea of the chronic social disease in question. Emigration agents make no effort here. Generations crawl to mudwall, pine, and grow, and sink into the pauper's grave—unnoticed and almost content. A youth in the gutter is closed by an old age in the union. The reason of this misery is, that there is not work enough. Since the human creature is generally rather strongly inclined to drink after some fashion, and some fashion means it follows that when fair remunerative work is scarce, crafty schemes will be rife. In stress of weather, men will lay their heads together, and endeavour to snatch the food they are not permitted to buy. Hence the dangles of all kinds, by which the poor population of London keep body and soul together. The manufacturing and work-shops of London cannot employ the metropolitan population that depends for its living upon labour of some kind. Hence our sturdy bands of juvenile offenders, our cudgeles and cranks-men, our beggling-letter impostors and street-chans. Hence our crowded prisons and oppressive poor rates.

Now, when I declare this message I send from prosperous Lancashire is addressed to the unemployed and ill-employed of London, I trust I shall have a patient hearing. The message is one of good tidings to the young and strong. I am in the midst of mills that smoke, and steam, and sing the long day through. I am in the noise of building materials for more mills. At every turn I meet rich men who begin life in fortune; vigorous workers who opened the scene with a wooden spoon and a mess of porridge, and now daintily sip tokay. The workers who through past we have just obtained an advance of five per cent. I have searched in vain for a beggar. In vain have I searched in Lancashire towns for neighbourhoods worthy to be compared with the ruins and hovels about Drury-lane. Every human creature has here his or her allotted task, which, being done, secures food and food. It may be that New Zealand is a land of plenty; it may be that the Irish emigrant has only to touch American soil to be happy evermore; it may be that among the Dutchman round about the Cape, abundant fare awaits the immigrant. But none of these distant havens offer sunnier weather to the

worker there is to be found among the mills and halls of the north. New mills are rising on all sides; looms wait for hands in vast and comfortable weaving-sheds; and thousands of children are still growing in London gutters for London unions!

"It is absurd," a Lancashire master observed to me, "that with our existing facilities for the movement of a population, there should be superabundant labour, and consequently misery and crime in our corner of the country, and work waiting for workmen in all corners."

The master's observation at once recalled to me the poverty-stricken parts of Lancashire. Here illness and vagabondage are being cultivated, when habits of profitable industry might be instilled. The children of Drury-lane roads might be directed to Lancashire mills, and be housed in cleanly and comfortable dwellings. They could take any down families, and choose to leave miserable rents, and a miserable struggle for bread, to earn good wages in Lancashire, and be bound that they shall have comfortable cottages, and the assurance of work and honourable pay for years to come. There are footless lasses by hundreds, and haggard fathers fighting at backyard gates, for the price of a few minutes of the day, not a day's journey. The voice that could pierce the din of Clark Market, and hold rugged men and women by the ear for a few minutes, and that would tell them that never thus New Zealand, never even than New York, good, honest work, in pure air, was to be had for them and for their children,—the voice that should accomplish this heavenly would do no mean work in this time.

"If a thousand came here to-morrow," was whispered in my ear at Burnley, "they would find employment at once. A few days ago," continued the small voice, "I saw, in a trial, a Nottingham weaver declared that an able-bodied operative could earn only five shillings and sixpence, nett, in a week. Now, what could he do with that?"

There is good, beyond comfort and fair wages, that might follow emigration from districts where life is scanty, to the mills that yawn for workmen. For testaceous life made great strides among Lancashire operatives, thanks to the contagious prevalence and high example of men like Mr. Liversy of Preston, who did not know that he did not a house that he did not know that in Preston's High-street, where the first Preston pledge was taken many years ago. It has done good by stealth; and I remark that the foremost operatives—the operatives who lead the mass, and are able to confront assemblies, and violate the claims of their class, are mostly, too, the ablest. These men might receive immigrants from poor districts, and make temperate men of them. They might take lads by the hand and show them the way to honourable poverty.

"Ay, but we want skilled labour," cries a friend at my elbow. "The first cannot be weaver or windler, or grinder. Apprenticeship must precede the payment of good wages. Skill must be taught by tedious experience."

It is clear that there is reason in this interpolation. But it is not discouraging. I have the authority of practical mill-owners for stating that an immigration, even of unskilled labour, would be swallowed up by the greedy mills. The will to do and to conquer is the thing needful. Will scorns obstacles. These writers might receive immigrants from poor districts, and make temperate men of them. They might take lads by the hand and show them the way to honourable poverty.

John Metcalf found out where they were. At nine years of age he could make his way from one end to the other of his native city. The blind boy learned to swim, and saved the lives of three companions, who had their sight. The blind boy took to equestrian exercise, followed the hounds, and became expert as the discoverer of short cuts, so no man could differ, and that stronger when he could find his blind horse. The blind boy became a blind man, felt for his chance in the bread-battle of life, and took to road-making. Over deep marshes, between Blackmoor and Standish Foot, he contrived a solid road, that remained dry summer and winter. He prospered, and had nearly 400 men in his employ. This blind man built bridges, and became known in the north of England for his road-making and bridge-building. A comfortable independence and a snug farm rewarded the resolute blind man, and these he enjoyed till he died in his eighty-fifth year.

And thus even the blind child upon a peasant's knee may quench the tears in his mother. There is hope for this precious labour, heavily as it is afflicted. There is reward at hand for the strong of heart and the resolute of purpose, even when the right hand is palsied, and the eyes are sightless. If for the child John Metcalf, as his tiny hands felt about the walls of his father's cottage, and he turned his stone-blind eyes, seeking pity, to his mother's face;—if for him, faded in evening darkness, who, blind and strong, when he could find his blind horse, the blind boy brought sight under his roof,—then how much more for the child perfectly developed! If blind John Metcalf could learn to follow the hounds, shall it be said that men with arms and eyes in health, may not speedily conquer the mysteries of the loom and the delicacies of the spinning machine? The will to work is the thing needful to be borne by all who would find their way from the parlous of London, and the starvation of Nottingham or Coventry, to the mills and halls of the North. There are earnest friends of the thousands of children who inhabit London cellars and dark arches; and these friends have kindly taken dirty little hands, and led little feet to Blacking Brigade head-quarters, and elsewhere.

Good has been done.—"But," cry the masters of Lancashire, "why not afford us a few thousands of these poor little gipsies? The law protects them; inspectors and anti-inspectors will see that they are not overworked; and they shall be housed in airy rooms, and clothed and instructed." Already have young women been tempted to the mills and halls, and terms provided with an establishment apart, where they may live honest and decent lives, whereas, in due time, they may issue, lawful brides of prosperous operatives. At the worst, in such times, they will be better off than they were in the squalor and chronic misery of their native nests. As the chances of children, snatched from London cellars, will naturally increase, by education, in the mills and halls, and in the roads near the mills.

I have delivered my message, honestly, I trust. There are good and powerful men in London, whom I hope to reach. Better than tea-parties in a somber hall, crammed with children "full of cat-skin and bread-and-butter," would be profitable work, pure art, and well merited education for

them. I remember only a young peer-holder, who sang the Old Hundred in perfect time and tone, and who had his bill of gratuitous tea and cake at one of those great assemblages of boys, who have been taken by the hand; I was anxious to talk familiarly with him and some of his companions, as I began by asking him whether he had enjoyed his tea.

"Yes," he replied, accompanying the exclamation with an unpleasant leer, and his companions leered with him; "Yes!" "Light! We should have liked beer better."

I pointed to a ticket which he held in his hand, which entitled him to a money price. He held it up contemptuously, and called it his ticket-of-leave. "We're all ticket-of-leave here!" he cried, and his *contenance* laughed heartily.

The consummate little hypocrites disgusted me. They were puffed so openly, that it was clear they believed they were doing their benefactors a favour in consenting to be reformed and reclaimed. Better, I think, put boys like these where there are few pet theories, but much profitable work. Better send the honest children of the poor to the mills and mills of the north, than to Exeter Hall.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

TERRITORY NOT WEALTH.

IN commencing a series of papers upon the numerous and often complex topics which affect the rural economy of this country, and thereby influence the happiness of large classes of our population, as well as the productiveness of our soil, we propose to indicate, in a general way, the intended scope and purpose of these papers.

We are apt to refer, often somewhat thoughtlessly, to the superiority of our agriculture, and the vast amount of capital it employs; while we point exclusively to the enterprise and ingenuity engaged in the manufacture of the implements and machinery of husbandry, to our flocks and herds, and to the great supplies of corn and meat furnished by our farmers to the busy hives of manufacturing and commercial London. Yet, few persons, save those who have an intimate acquaintance with British agriculture, its belongings and its burthens, are aware that these results have been accomplished under difficulties and discouragements which have rendered no small share of Anglo-Saxon determination necessary, and have very much prevented the natural development of agricultural industry in England. When these difficulties and discouragements are brought in detail and with precision before the reader, and are illustrated, as we purpose to illustrate them, by events and incidents occurring from day to day, great will be his surprise that English farmers, whom he may have been accustomed to consider sturdy and unenterprising, have done so much, but still greater will be his astonishment to find that the chief obstacles are either actually created by the owners of the soil, or are the necessary consequences of bad laws and injurious customs which they regard as time-honoured institutions absolutely essential to the maintenance of the aristocracy.

We have inherited from a system of land in reference to real (i.e., landed) property, which is calculated to render property in land of the least possible value to its actual possessor; and we have likewise inherited notions and customs in regard to land, which, for want of a better term, we may designate as quasi-feudal, scarcely less mischievous than the law of primogeniture. In the feudal estate of a noble, the proprietor is absolute (fee-simple) owner, on his death without a will, descends to his eldest son, to the exclusion of the rest of his children, although the estate may be of enormous value, and he does not leave a shilling besides after payment of his debts. This is sufficiently unjust towards the younger children, but supposing the eldest son to be unrestricted owner, he may so use his estate as to make it as productive as it is capable of being made. If it requires—as most English estates do require—to be improved by means of outlays of capital, such as in draining, building, or repairing farm-houses and homesteads, making roads, removing injurious timber and bridleways or the like, the eldest son can sell a part of the property, or raise money upon loan for the purpose of improvement. He may thus obtain for himself the best rental, by enabling his tenants to raise the largest amount of produce the land will yield. But few instances occur in which an unimproved estate descends to the eldest son. Most landowners still take the ownership to be a moderate allowance of absolute ownership on their estates; there are always inducements to acquire more land than can be paid for without taking up some money. The original purchase was beyond the available capital of the purchaser; or the landowner has generally, from time to time, the opportunity of adding an adjoining estate, or of buying up a convenient farm; and he is naturally inclined to do so. It is almost necessary to complete the purchase, and resource is had to a mortgage. The local influence and social importance landed property confers or is supposed to confer, from the strongest of inducements to most landowners to add to their landed possessions, or, at all events, to do anything rather than diminish them. Hence, when any of the numerous causes of the depreciation of a daughter, or the starting of a son in life, a contested election, or any other occasion, when ready money becomes indispensable, the landowner invariably resorts to a charge on his estate for the purpose of raising it; so that when an estate descends from one absolute owner to another, it is commonly burdened with debts which render the ownership to a large extent nearly nominal, while all the expenses incident to the whole estate fall upon the proprietor. He has to pay for the collection of the whole rental, for the reparation and maintenance of all the farms, for the support of his dignity, measured by the extent of his estate not by the net rental he can retain for his own benefit, although his own beneficial interest in the rental may not exceed, or may not extend to one-half of it. Then mortgaging is frequently called in to the aid of the owners of it require its use for other purposes, when a new loan, involving considerable legal and other expenses, has to be obtained.

When such be the position of a landowner, it is surprising that his land is unimproved, or that any other landlord's improvements demanding considerable outlays are unperformed! (Can we then expect to see the land classes, instead of tenants to occupy their farms?) And the nominal owner of a large estate is commonly most renegade of his semi-feudal privileges; he is most unwilling to grant leases to his tenants, he is most anxious to preserve game, to the detriment of his tenants' crops, and more than all he is anxious to exercise political influence, by controlling and directing his tenants' votes. These are privi-

leges which usage and custom have annexed to an ownership, even the most nominal of landed property. For the sake of them, hundreds of landowners cling to the shell—the nominal ownership—long after the substance of an estate has vanished into the pockets of the mortgagees. In a case under our own observation, a landowner held on a large estate, subject to incumbrances so heavy that the whole income was insufficient to pay the annual interest of the incumbrances, and the difference was made up by an annual allowance of timber; after a time that resource failed, the estate having been stripped of its saleable timber, and the property was then performed sold to a wealthy brewer. And when we regard the operation of borrowing money on land in a businesslike and practical point of view, it will be obvious that, like gambling, it must, if persisted in, end in ultimate ruin. Land cannot be purchased to pay more than £3 per cent. per annum on the capital so invested; and whether the actual possessor or his great grandfather acquired the estate for this purpose makes no difference, but money cannot be borrowed upon mortgage for less than £4 or £4.10s. per cent. per annum; so that, while the landowner representing a given amount of capital nominally retains the land, the owner returns him only £3 per cent. for the capital he has borrowed for the sake of retaining such a nominal ownership he pays £4, or £4.10s., or £5 per cent. It is difficult to predict how such operations will end! Where the estate is considerable, and the successive proprietors are not very extravagant or unwise, this sort of thing may go on for several generations, but the end is, nevertheless, inevitably the same. Conveyancers and others engaged in the investigation of titles to landed property, know that mortgages are never paid off until the estate finally passes by sale into the hands of a new proprietor.

Such a course of the evils incident to the incumbered ownership of land, in case either the owner be subject to his incumbrances, absolute owner, might, had he the usual courage, free himself from his entanglements by selling all, or, where not so deeply involved, a part of his estate. But then he would cease to be a landowner, or a great landowner, or so great a landowner as he had hitherto appeared to be; and land is generally very landowner's evil, and is generally very landowner's evil, which usually is the form of inability to borrow more money on mortgage, or to keep down the interest on existing mortgages.

The great base, however, of English rural property consists in the settlements and entails which the law permits, and by which the means of any one are, in case either the owner be subject to his incumbrances, absolute owner, might, had he the usual courage, free himself from his entanglements by selling all, or, where not so deeply involved, a part of his estate. But then he would cease to be a landowner, or a great landowner, or so great a landowner as he had hitherto appeared to be; and land is generally very landowner's evil, and is generally very landowner's evil, which usually is the form of inability to borrow more money on mortgage, or to keep down the interest on existing mortgages.

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What will be the condition of the tenants on the estate during this long lingering period of decadence may be imagined; and it will be a part of the purpose of these papers to show the manner in which the unimproved and settled estate, and the incidental consequences of incumbrances and settlements obstruct and prevent agricultural improvement and production. The field is a wide one, the instances we shall gather will be numerous, diverse, and occasionally startling.

Intimately connected with the feudalism of our real property law, is that truly Unchristian and oppressive code called the Game Laws—"a hostial idyll" as Blackstone, in his "Commentaries," tells us, of the forest laws which the Norman conquerors introduced to this country, and "founded on the same unreasonableness of property in wild creatures," both being "productive of the same tyranny to the Commons." The absolute and exclusive possession of the game by the landowner, through the game laws, and game preserving, as well as the pecuniary losses caused by game, and for the sake of game, will often form prominent topics.

Nor shall we overlook such points of practical husbandry as have a general interest, or influence the progress of production, or the well-being of the poor, or the opinions, of the industrious classes engaged in cultivating the

soil, or the landed proprietors, who gather so largely of the fruits of the soil in the shape of rent.

The reader who will follow us through these papers will find nothing more certainly depreciable, in various forms and under widely-differing circumstances, than the fact that the aggregation of large masses of land in the hands of individuals, for which our aristocratic classes are no sager, is not conducive to the progress of the nation, the wealth of the landowners, or the well-being of the industrious classes.

SWIMMING FOR WOMEN.

HENRIAN MELVILLE, in one of his delightful romances, draws a charming picture of a young Polynesian woman sitting watchful on the rocks overshadowing a quiet pool, while her infant sprawls and splutters in the water below, learning miserably from Nature, not unlike a young frog, how best to steer its way in the world of waters. As time is done at a very early age, the little creature learns to swim even before it can walk, and so grows up into a fascinating kind of amphibious animal, as much at home in the water as on the land. And do not all South-Sea travellers—those luckiest of a lucky race—speak aptly of the sleek of dark-skinned children who come swimming round the ship, like so many ducks in water, their black trousers floating on the water behind them, and their plant limbs cutting through the waves with no more trouble than a bird's wing through the air!—accounts of actual life which make Grecian fable true, and give reality to the beautiful legends of Germany. Now, we think English people need not go to quite this length. We need not attempt the wholesale education of our infant population, save in tubs and nursery-baths; nor need our fair friends at Brighton and Hastings swim out to meet their brothers and cousins coming home in the great East Indianian yonder. Beautiful as the sight would be—superior to the South-Sea Islanders in picturesque, if not equal in poetry, it would be one of the kind of thing that would be considered as a mark of national manners; whereas our illustration from the Pacific is not meant as an argument for St. George's Channel. But there is a circle within this wide outer range, a little land-locked lay that is not the illimitable ocean. Granting that it would not be desirable to send our wives and sisters, as the heroines of the novel, to the open sea, to learn to swim, like a bed of floating tulips, we might at least teach them how to keep from drowning, if, by chance, they got into deep water when so not was near, and how to manage, so that they would not drown others who might venture to assist them. In general, it is a work of infinite peril to attempt to save any unfortunate man or woman who does not know how to swim. Their frantic efforts, their wild clatchings, and the tremendous force which terror gives to the grasp, frequently prove fatal even to the stalwart men and accomplished swimmers, who might have saved a score of persons had they known how to save accepted aid. Scarcely a summer passes without some terrible catastrophe on the English and Irish coasts, or in the quiet bays along the coast. Now a mother and her daughters,—now two poor young ladies bathing by themselves in all fancied security, both from danger and discovery,—now a whole family, mother, brother, father,—or a pleasure-party wrecked close to the land, and on a perfectly still day, yet all drowned, except, perhaps, a boy or girl who saved himself by clinging to a floating object, who, more cautious than many, distribute his power to save himself or others, if over-weighted and impeded by frantic women clinging closely to him. But these shocking catastrophes produce no practical result towards prevention. They go the round of the newspapers, and everyone cries "How dreadful!" and women are advised to bathe during the summer, and to strike home, and happy hearts, rich in life, realize the sorrow of those bereaved so cruelly. Sometimes a daily paper or a weekly periodical finds a leader or an article on the tragedy; perhaps a post publishes a sonnet or an ode; and there the matter ends. Society has felt—the press has spoken; and caution and speech are then laid aside until another oceanic crisis, when they reappear as good as new, and perform all their offices over again.

We are generally active enough in our busy English life; and when once an idle stroke strikes its roots into the public mind, it spreads and grows with irresistible power. But how to get the seed fairly sown? How to influence people to active energy? How to overcome that terrible disinclination to useful labour of an overtasked race? We all dread any increase to our work—the idle classes themselves having plenty of vicious self-imposed duties to perform; and as even swimming-baths and classes must be organized before they can be established, and fathers and mothers must "see about it" before their daughters can be taught to swim, and the matter of new occupation, and as the subject does not press, and there is no hurry, and some of us think the idea queer and the practice equivocal, it gets put off from day to day, from month to month, and finally from year to year; in fact, until a terrible accident sets us all thinking again—"What a good thing it would be if every man, woman, and child in England knew how to swim!" We have plenty of means and opportunities for this, if only we make use of them,—lakes and rivers for the inland counties, and the broad sea-coast within a few hours' journey from everywhere. Bathing is popular; sailing and rowing are popular; but swimming has been undervalued and neglected, as a matter of general education, even for men, while of women the average of those who swim for themselves in the water is the most ordinary puffers of mind, is wonderfully small for a nation of out-of-door "Amazonians," as the French delight to call us. Now, there is no reason whatever why women should not be taught to swim. There is nothing specially masculine in the use of bearing oneself with courage and safety through the water; and anything which tends to the better development of the body, or the greater power of self-preservation, belongs as much to one sex as to the other. The contrary opinion would inevitably lead one to that "untenable logic" of which we can never rid ourselves, to the golden lines of the Chinese, and the acceptance of cramped feet as the special and graceful characteristic of a perfect womanhood. We have learned to learn women, having four limbs, like the rest of us, may not learn to use them in the most satisfactory manner pointed out by Nature; and what there is in swimming more essentially unwomanly than there is in bathing, walking, rowing, or riding.

The French, who are very much less "advanced" than we in the physical robustness and energy of their women, have yet numerous swimming-baths for ladies, both in the Seine and on the coast, and the experiment has

been found to answer perfectly. Many English ladies of our own acquaintance have learned of them, to their great benefit and delight, including a proper womanly admiration of the costume, which is at once modest and coquettish, useful and jaunty, as the French understand so well how to arrange. Indeed, the outdoor cycles of any improved swimmer be picturesque and well contrived, to be generously received in France; so that neither swimming-clubs for ladies, nor gymnastics, would have got such patronage there, if the milliner had not been first called in to stitch the banner into fashionable shape. *Le chic* could not be dispensed with, even in a bathing-dress. We also have tried the same experiment, many times, but the thing has never thrived abroad; and save in a few isolated instances here and there, English women have eschewed swimming as an exercise quite foreign to their nature, and not at all requisite to their needs. Not that the bias is new, or that it has not been actually tried; indeed, at one time, it seemed to make more way than it does now, seeing that many years ago, on the occasion of one of the royal visits to the city, they are not too early a test of this, or the later years of the last reign, a certain "Swimming Company," consisting of so many ladies and so many gentlemen, applied to be admitted into the procession. The Lord Mayor refused, on the plea of the companies being already too numerous, but suggested that they should advertise a swimming match in the Thames, to divert a few of the spectators from the line of royal and civic train. Since then the company seems to have pined away altogether, for want of public support; or if existing at all, existing only in the densest shade of retirement, unknown to the world at large, and devoid of both sympathy and patronage. But there are, we believe, in actual being and in actual existence, a few ladies and gentlemen, scattered about London, started on independent grounds, and as mere matters of private speculation; but these are so little notorious, that they are utterly unacquainted with their locality. If they exist at all, other than in mere idea, we shall be glad to know of them. They may be mere delusions altogether; or they may be a regular fancy,—so many a noble lady, who is well known not widely visited; and still the practice of women learning to swim, as a branch of general education, remains as far off as ever from a satisfactory conclusion.

There are many swimming-clubs about the country; one of the most notable, which is, perhaps, the "Clyde Swimming Club"; but these are exclusively for men, women being shut out so jealously from all participation therein, as from the house dinners of the Carlton, or the smoking-room of the Reform. And the point which we wish to specially insist on is swimming for women; so that for a woman not to know how to swim would be as much a mark of "fickleness" and incapacity as if she did not know how to sew, and absolutely surrendered at a title. As an exercise it is invaluable: as a guard against fatal results, in case of a sudden accident on the water, it is of course beyond dispute; it is at once healthful and useful, good for the body, and advantageous to everyone concerned, in times of peril or panic. How many hundreds of lives have been lost for want of this simple acquirement? What frightful tragedies have resulted from the least dangerous accidents, all because a few luckless creatures were never taught to use their limbs in the water, and lost their presence of mind as soon as the first shower of spray dashed up into their faces! To learn how to swim is, in reality, more essential than to learn how to ride, or to play the piano, or to make such choices for women, the other as common as French and the pianoforte. We have not yet come to the right understanding of the law regulating fashion and national prejudice; if we had, our work would be comparatively easy, and society might be mured by a much easier leverage than now, which would be to be done without costly and cumbersome organization, with much expenditure of time, money, and influence.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

(Continued from p. 157.)

THE account which is given by one of the biographers of the impression Nelson made on Sir William Hamilton in his first interview, derives a special interest from the fact that the statement comes direct from Lady Hamilton, under whose inspiration the biography was written. "Sir William," says the writer, "on returning home, after his first interview with Nelson, told Lady Hamilton that he was about to introduce to her a little man who could not boast of being very handsome, and who would have the greatest man that England had ever produced. 'I know it from the very few words of conversation I have already had with him. I pronounce that he will one day astonish the world. I have never entertained any officer at my house, but I am determined to bring him here; let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus.' This is, doubtless, true in the main, but it is, possibly, a little exaggerated in the language; and the reader cannot fail to be struck by the remarkable inconsistency of character exhibited by Sir William, whose sagacity in detecting from a few words of conversation qualities that were one day to 'astound the world,' is singularly contrasted with his weakness in making such a parade before his wife of the new-comer's merits, and in bringing him home to his house, contrary to his usual custom. Sir William was at this time sixty-three years of age, and had been married two years, his relations with Lady Hamilton, however, having extended over a longer period. It is unquestionably a fair evidence of ability and integrity of life, that Sir William Hamilton held the post of English Minister at the Court of Naples for thirty-six years; and if, on the other hand, we have a set-off in the feebleness of his nature concerning other matters, we must endeavour to adjust the balance as equitably as we can. The discrepancy is displayed in reference to Nelson; and yet, after all, have been so profound as it is here represented; for the same authority furnishes us with reason to suspect that the hero may have himself suggested the prophecy with which the Minister awakened the curiosity of his wife. Nelson, it seems, was as much taken with Sir William as Sir William was with Nelson, and addressed him in these terms:—"You are a man after my

own heart, you do business in my own way; I am now only a captain, but, if I live, I will be at the top of the tree." By an easy figure of rhetoric, the top of the tree became magnified into something that was to astonish the world.

There is no ground for supposing that Nelson was captivated by Lady Hamilton at first sight, as has been hastily asserted. On the 14th of September he conveyed his first impressions of her in a few lines to his wife, "Lady Hamilton," he writes, "has been wonderfully kind and good to Joseph. She is a young woman of amiable manners, and who does honour to the station to which she has been raised." The Joseph mentioned in this passage was Mrs. Nelson's son by her former husband. Lady Hamilton at this time was twenty-nine, and in the zenith of her beauty. With strong natural talents, she had begun life under circumstances which placed education beyond her reach, and it was not until she formed that connection from which she had, only within the previous three or four years, been withdrawn by Sir William Hamilton, that she enjoyed an opportunity of improving her knowledge or cultivating her tastes. Her progress, especially in music, was surprising; and the exquisite perfection of her form, which had previously attracted the admiration of English artists, acquired additional graces from her studies of drapery from classical originals in Italy. She had great skill in singing, considerable powers of mimicry, and possessed all the requisites of voice, person, and delivery for a consummate actress. Mr. Pettigrew tells us that he had often heard from the Duke of Sussex of "the wonderful effect produced by the combined vocal powers of Lady Hamilton and Mrs. Billington," when they used to sing together at Lady Hamilton's parties at Naples; and Romney, the painter, speaks with enthusiasm of her acting in private, in London, before several people of fashion, just before her marriage. "She performed," he says, "both in the serious and comic, to admiration, both in singing and acting; but her Nina surprised everything I ever saw, and, I believe, as a piece of acting, nothing ever surpassed it." The effect she produced is described as unprecedented. She became the talk of the whole town, and the most tempting proposals were made to her to turn her abilities to account. "Gallini," says Romney, "offered her two thousand pounds a year, and two benefits, if she would engage her life; in which Sir William said, pleasantly, that he had engaged her for him;" Romney himself was one of the most enthusiastic of her admirers. She was, as Hayley, describes it, not only Romney's model but his inspirer. From her he drew his greatest examples of womanly loveliness in form and expression; and her features may be traced in his *Joan of Arc*, his *Magdalen*, the *Pythian Priestess* on her tripod, *St. Cecilia*, *Cassandra*, and many others.

Upon Nelson's arrival in the Bay of Naples, the King was so anxious to hear the news from Toulon that he went ashore, and sent for the captain of the *Agamemnon*. On the following day, Nelson attended His Majesty at Portici, and on the 15th the King visited him on board his vessel, and afterwards received him at dinner, placing him on his right hand at table, before the Ambassador and all the nobility present. Nelson furnishes all these details in his letters to his wife, and to his uncle, Mr. Sackling, and speaks with particular emphasis of the attention bestowed upon him by Sir John Acton. "The Prime Minister, who is an Englishman, Sir John Acton, Bart.," he writes to his uncle, "makes much of us. We are called the Preservers of Italy. I am to carry the handsome letter that can be penned, in the King's own hand, to Lord Hood, and six thousand Neapolitan troops, to assist in preserving our possession." He reckoned without his host with respect to the troops; but the letter more than fulfilled his expectations. Writing to his wife on the same day, he says that he was indebted for this letter to Sir William Hamilton and Sir John Acton. Nelson was in error in speaking of the latter gentleman as an Englishman. His family were English, but he was himself born at Boulogne, in 1736. Having early acquired a reputation for ability in naval affairs, he was employed in commanding the *Xanthippion* navy, and showed so much activity in that office that he was promoted to the office of Minister of Marine. He was a man of great ambition, and is said not to have hesitated at any means that offered to advance his influence at Court. Step by step he absorbed the whole power of the state; was not only Minister of Marine, but also Minister of War; afterwards Minister of Foreign Affairs; was then made a General, which placed the army in his hands; and finally was called to the head of the Ministry, which was formed of creatures of his own. He is accused by General Pitt of sacrificing the interests of Naples to personal objects; but the state in which he found the Court shows that the line he adopted was in a great measure indispensable to the safety of the kingdom. A strong ruling mind was wanted, and he supplied the disquiet. The Queen was proud, and had a strong will, and an inordinate love of power; but she could not have accomplished anything without a capable minister. Ferdinand was a weak, foolish prince, entirely abandoned to pleasure. Sir John Acton said of him that he was a good sort of man enough, because Nature had not supplied him with the faculties necessary to make a bad one; which seems to express all that is necessary about him in a few words. The Queen attempted to public teachers, and found in Sir John Acton a zealous and competent adviser. When the French Revolution broke out, and her sister, Marie Antoinette, fell a victim to the popular passions, Her Majesty, alarmed and alarmed, made preparations to take part in the great European movement, but was overruled by a fleet of French vessels which was sent into the Bay of Naples by the Republic. Through Sir John Acton, however, she entered into a secret league with England; and when Nelson arrived with

the news of the occupation of Toulon, immediate measures, as we have seen, were taken to carry its provisions into effect.

While Nelson was lying in the bay, intelligence arrived that a French man-of-war, and three sail under her colour, had anchored under Sardinia. Sir John Acton forwarded this intelligence at once to Nelson, who, although his ship was unfit for such a service, having nearly a hundred sick on board, set sail within two hours afterwards. The suddenness of this movement disappointed him of a grand festival he had planned in honour of the King, who was to have been entertained on board that very day. In the morning the ship was full of company, who had come to breakfast, preliminary to the arrival of the King: Sir William and Lady Hamilton, the Bishop of Winchester, Mrs. North and family, Lord and Lady Plymouth, Earl Grandison and his daughter, and many others. In the midst of the gaiety, the news of the appearance of the French on the opposite coast descended like a shell upon the merry company, and the party was instantly broken up. Nelson failed in his efforts to discover the French. He suspected that they had either got into Leghorn, or were housed in some port of Corsica; and after cruising about in vain, he put into the former port, partly, as he tells us, on account of his poor sick men. It is from this place he addresses Sir William Hamilton in the first letter of our indebted collection. It runs as follows:—

LEGHORN, September, 27th, 1793.

DEAR SIR,—I came in here Tuesday evening, having seen nothing of the vessels I went after, nor are they arrived here. In my hurry of sailing I find I had brought away a letter to you. Don't call me an ungrateful creature for it; I put it in your hands, and I have the highest sense of your and Lady Hamilton's kindness, and shall rejoice in an opportunity of returning it. I am here not a little teased by *L'Esperance* French frigate of forty guns, who is going to sea. I have given notice to the governor of my intention to go on every hour since my arrival; therefore I shall not remain one moment after he is sailed. I will not break the neutrality of the port, but in the present case, with such people, a luncheon license may be taken. If I can lay hold of him, the two Corsica may negotiate for his restoration. What may happen to us, I am indifferent to, if it will serve our country; at all risks I will not suffer a ship, nothing better than a pirate, to get loose amongst our trade. Only yesterday the crew refused the captain to be sergeant of marines, made the sergeant lieutenant of marines, and the lieutenant of that corps to be captain of the ship. With no small difficulty the captain got on shore, but not a rag of clothes will his miscreants give him. Since I have been here two French row-boats have been lying outside the Mole, and to-day an English ship has sailed, upon which, if necessary, I shall ground a defence of my conduct. He has five hundred men, and says he will load on all I put to sea after him. I shall most assuredly give him the opportunity, if he pleases. She is a most noble frigate, of twenty-eight, 18-pounders on her main deck. One of my *Reclus* vessels, I find, is likewise, afterwards bound to Marseilles, the property being the French. Sir, I have told you a most interesting story for Toulon, and if this Frenchman is not gone, shall endeavour to lay in his route.

I beg my respectful compliments to Lady Hamilton, and that you will believe that I consider myself your most obliged,
SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON, K.B.

HORATIO NELSON.

They tell me the Neapolitan squadron was between Gorgona and Cape Corso on Wednesday morning.

The *Rogue* vessel was the ship he had intercepted on his way to Naples, and sent into Leghorn to be examined. The vessel was cleared by the authorities, and the expected prize was lost.

The next letter, or rather portion of a letter—for it seems to be only the fifth page of a communication which occupied a sheet and a half—leaves no date: the date having been written, as usual, on the first page. But some hint—probably that of Sir William Hamilton, to whom it was addressed—has supplied the deficiency, by inserting at the foot "September, 1794."

The sending off the private adds to the kindness I have already received from you and Lady Hamilton. I have sent 20 dollars; I do not know if I am right in my calculation. I shall go off Monte Christ when I shall hear something, and shall act accordingly. I know you carry the good wishes of yourself and Lady Hamilton, and I am sure you will move service to me. I shall be glad to see the water. Before you get this letter I shall be under sail. My poor fellows, when I told them the service they were going on, said they would exert themselves to the utmost. Please to put in your letter to Lord Hood where I am gone.

Believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged,
HORATIO NELSON.

An interval of eight months occurs between the date of this letter and that of the next. In the mean time Nelson had not been idle. After reanimating a few days at Toulon he was sent to Sardinia with secret orders, and off the coast fell in with a French squadron, consisting of three frigates, a corvette, and a brig; and immediately closing one of the frigates, a severe action ensued, which lasted nearly four hours. The enemy was so much disabled as to be obliged to relinquish the engagement; and the *Agamemnon*, having her main-top-mast shot to pieces, and her main-mast, mizen-mast, and fore-yard badly damaged, was unable to continue the pursuit. After this incident Lord Hood ordered Nelson to take the command of a squadron of frigates off Corsica and the adjoining shore of Italy, to protect our trade, and look out for certain frigates which were supposed to have gone in that direction. "These," says Nelson in one of his private letters, "are the ships I had a little brush with, joined with one or two others." While Nelson was engaged upon this duty, Toulon was evacuated. The Republican army invaded the place on all sides but the sea, which was held by the English. Her Bonaparte, only three-and-twenty years old, distinguished himself, by his foresight and energy, as a captain of artillery, and was speedily raised to more important commands. It was impossible to defend Toulon without a powerful army; and every day more clearly demonstrated the hopelessness of the case. Finally it was determined at a council of war to evacuate the town, which resolution was carried into effect, but not without a terrible sacrifice of life,

owing mainly to the fury of the French troops, and the consternation of the wretched inhabitants. This was in December, 1793.

Early in the ensuing year, Nelson was cruising off Cagliari with a small squadron, for the purpose of preventing the French from receiving supplies, and kept up a constant communication with General Paoli, between whom and Lord Hood a convention had just been concluded, by which the British agreed to assist the Corsicans in expelling the French from possession of the forts, Corsica being, under this convention, ceded to Great Britain. Nelson's work was incessant in watching the coast and harassing the enemy, which he did effectually. They had a warehouse at St. Fiorenzo, a harbour of great importance. With only 120 men, Nelson landed, destroyed the warehouse, burned the mill, and threw the flour into the sea, before the French could bring up their force, amounting to 1,000 men, to oppose him. In three weeks afterwards, St. Fiorenzo was besieged, and Nelson kept a journal at this time, in which he noted down, almost daily, every occurrence that took place; and there is scarcely an entry in which we do not find some signal danger inflicted on the enemy. On the 6th of February, for example, he lands at Centuri, takes possession of the town and harbour, and burns six polacres, four of them loaded with wine for the French ship; on the 8th, he lands at Maginaggio, and burns eight sail of vessels, takes four, and destroys 1,000 tons of wine; on the 12th, he attacks a courier-boat, and carries her after a sharp contest; and on the 19th he lands at L'Avana, takes the Tower of Momo, and drives the enemy with gun-shot off Bastia.

These are only a few illustrative incidents out of the daily round of activity in which he was engaged. He fulfilled his orders so successfully, allowing neither troops nor provisions to enter Corsica, nor frigates to come out, that Lord Hood appointed him to a similar duty off Bastia.

[ERRATA.]—We are obliged to a correspondent for drawing our attention to an accidental error, which occurred in the correction of the proof, in the introduction to the "Isolated Letters of Lord Nelson." It occurs in the first column, where it is stated that "Two years later the scene is changed to Antigua." It ought to be "one year later." Nelson, in fact, was in Antigua less than a year after his St. Omar attachment, and remained some months beyond the year, his first letter about Mrs. Montagu being dated September, 1794, and his last May, 1795; so that when he formed an attachment for Mrs. Xalet in the following November, it was little more than six months "after the death of the 'tarnished tree.'" With this correction, the dates are strictly accurate.]

[To be continued.]

RAMBLES BY RAIL.—No. III.

BY THE GREAT WESTERN, TO TENBY.

THE southern portion of the county of Pembroke is, perhaps, the most peculiar district in Britain. Although situated at the furthest extremity of Wales, English is the language universally spoken by its inhabitants. From that circumstance it has been called "Little England beyond Wales." Its people, however, are not of English extraction. They are the descendants of those Anglo-Normans and Flemings who, in the twelfth century, took possession of the country, and were the chief means of subduing Ireland and Wales to the English Crown. And they retain to the present day characteristics of this origin, in their vocabulary, in their manners, in their personal appearance, in the very tone of their voices. Amongst the notables South Pembrokehire has produced are St. David, as saint; Giraldus Cambrensis, as historian; Henry the Seventh, as king; the Lady Nesta and Lucy Waters (mother of the unfortunate Monmouth), as beauties; Robert Rees, as a man of science; and Thomas Panton, as a warrior.

The scenery of the country is unique. Its coast is stern, gloomy, and iron-bound, with cliffs of so imposing a grandeur as to have excited the enthusiasm of rough old Fisseli in such a manner that it was with difficulty he was restrained from casting himself headlong from their summits. In the interior the landscapes, lovely and everywhere distinguished for its excellent proportion, give an impression I have nowhere else experienced, that it is continually haunted by the "goblin" of the place—and seems to have a kind of innocent sorcery quite peculiar to itself. Remains of antiquity scattered over the land—monuments raised by Irish hands of old; Danish enclosures, in their original character, of historic note crumbling into decay; all tend to heighten the feeling and to increase the charm.

It is in this interesting locality, at a distance of nearly 300 miles from the metropolis, that Tenby is situated.

The railway does not extend, up to town, but comes 12 miles off, on the shores of Milford Haven. Thence the traveller, having crossed the harbour in a steamer, takes coach, and in an hour and a half alights at Tenby. Or, he leaves the train at Narbeth-road Station, and proceeds in one of the conveyances that there await his arrival.

The little town is very ancient. It runs along the margin of a small but lofty peninsula which juts out into the Bristol Channel, and which tradition holds to be the sacred island fabled to have wandered, like the Ark of old, from place to place, and finally to have become stationary, "on the border of the flood," in the place it now occupies. It was certainly of importance amongst the Welsh, and when at length the "mild" of their predecessors, it was has been the most impregnable fortresses in South Wales. At present it has no claims to consideration in that respect, but is held in high estimation as the premier watering-place of Wales. In the wintry months it looks down upon the everlasting turmoil of waters that surround it, and is, in the highest degree, wild and grand and solitary. Towards the end of May there is a change. It has become calm, sweet, and beautiful, and leaves an impression not unlike that excited by the gray dawn, on a spring morning, when birds, flitting from tree to tree, shake off the dew from the branches. The little town has been cleaned and garbed; bathing-machines are then taken out of the winter-quarters, and brought down to the beach; and the first arrival of coaches from the railway station is watched with some anxiety by lodging-house-keepers. In the middle of August the crew is different.

The season is then at its height. Most houses are full, or have had people "in," and coaches are consequently looked upon with some indifference. In the mornings the streets are filled with strange faces. Some are leaving in flys, on an excursion to the caves or crabs, for which the district is renowned; some, with fishing-lines and gins, are finding their way to the pier, to embark for a day's fishing in the bay; some, provided with jars, hammers, and chisels, are setting out on a zoological expedition, or intend taking a geological survey of the neighbourhood. The sands are alive with promenadees. Bathing-machines are in constant requisition, and "Old Mary," the bathing-woman, has more work than she can do. Gentlemen with telescopes perch themselves on the rocks, and seem much interested in the ships traversing the bay; ladies, with their hair hanging over their backs to the rock, walk about in *diabolillo*, or sit skimming the ruins on St. Catherine's Dock. The evenings are devoted to the arrangement of aquaria, the mounting of ferns, or the cataloguing of geological specimens. Those, however, who are not scientifically inclined, get books from the circulating library, or walk on the Croft, to listen to the band. Balls occasionally take place, and then the little town is as stir till a late hour in the morning, and every fly and sedan-chair is put into use; lamans, in aid of the funds of some charitable institution, now and then give the ladies an extraordinary opportunity of being at once useful and interesting; and, once a year, horse-races bring together the "comely" families, who take lodgings for a week, and thus have an agreeable annual reunion.

There are three hotels at Tenby, and ample accommodation for those who prefer private lodgings. The hotel-keepers are reasonable, and apartments can be obtained at prices varying from one to twelve pounds a week. The town, as already observed, did not spring up to suit the convenience of visitors; it has, however, considerably modified itself to meet their wants. No speculator has harnessed it into notice; but it is interesting, and must be valued, for what Nature and the past have bestowed upon it. In positions, indeed, every advantage that Nature can give—fine sands, transparent water, a commanding situation, fine scenery, and a genial climate. Yet it still wants many of those conveniences that towns of less pretensions have to offer, and that Tenby must have before it can justly be considered, what its admirers often term, "the gem of the British south-western coast."

Those who run down to Tenby, with a return-ticket for a week, will be able to pass away two days very agreeably in the examination of the town and its vicinity, and in fishing in the bay. The neighbourhood, however, has very much to show of the grand and beautiful, and the remaining time may be most advantageously spent in visiting the places I have set down in the following—

ITINERARY.

| First Journey. | | Third Journey. | |
|------------------|--------|---------------------------|--------|
| TENBY to— | Miles. | TENBY to— | Miles. |
| Swansea | 14 | Stockpole Court | 15 |
| Gardfrost | 2 | St. Govan's | 17 |
| St. Fiorenzo | 4 | Stack Rocks | 18 |
| Curry Castle | 6 | | |
| Pembroke Dock | 10 | | |
| Second Journey. | | Fourth Journey. | |
| TENBY to— | Miles. | TENBY to— | Miles. |
| Llystyd Caverns | 4 | Swansea | 5 |
| Manorbier Castle | 6 | St. Isells | 4 |
| Lamphey Palace | 8 | Amroth (Submarine Forest) | 5 |
| Pembroke | 10 | | |

Reviews of Books.

ONE OF GEORGE THE THIRD'S BISHOPS.*

RICHARD HYDE was the son of a farmer in Staffordshire. He was born in 1720, and died in the year 1808, Bishop of Worcester, over which see he had presided for nearly twenty-seven years. He began life without a friend or patron; and by his talents as a writer, his gifts as a preacher, his acquirements as a scholar, and his virtues as a clergyman, he became first a rector at Tharston, then preacher at Lincoln's-inn, then Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, then Bishop of Worcester, and finally, as a prime favourite of the king and queen, was tendered the archiepiscopal mitre of Canterbury—an honour which he magnanimously declined.

The modesty, the plainness, the highest, the noblest, and the greatest in the land, all delighted in honouring the man of humble birth; and to his credit must it be recorded, the advancement gained by him, and the respect testified for him, were acquired by no unworthy means. He won them fairly and retained them reputationally. Nature seemed to have formed the farmer; so he was as a ripened ornament in the midst of a courtly circle; and he prospered as he had outgrown his position by no artificial arts, but by a strict and scrupulous guardianship over his own self-respect. How complete he was a courtier, and how well he could keep the court secrets, the present interesting volume demonstrates.

Amongst other proofs of the high estimation in which he was held by George III. was his selection to be, in the year 1775, the difficult and responsible office of Preceptor to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. What must this modern Seneca have thought of the two little scampish Neroses that were entrusted to him? What tales he could have told of them, as times and circumstances developed their evil dispositions! What must have been the conscientious confusions respecting the young scoundrel George, and the juvenile prodigal Frederick? The biographer has little to tell on these points, and the secret thoughts of the episcopal preceptor cannot be disinterred from the grave. The only written record of Doctor Hyde's opinions concerning the royal pupils is contained in the two following brief extracts: the first dated in the year 1776, and the second in the year 1777.

"The young princes (I do not say it for their sake, and in the way of complaisance), are extremely promising."

"Dr. Uglan sent me his sermon on the article of the Christian faith. I am

* Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Rev. Richard Hyde, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester, with a Selection from his Correspondence and other Unpublished Papers. By the Rev. Francis Kilgour, M.A., Editor of the "Literary Remains of Bishop Warburton." London: Richard Bland, 1808.

delighted with them. They will do infinite service at Cambridge and elsewhere. I sent him word I should put them into the princes' hands, when they had finished Archbishop Becker."

What a subject for an historical painter!—the cov, prin, maidly Hurd presiding over the religious reading of poor Caroline of Brunswick's future husband, and Mary Anne Clark, a "gentleman."

The Bishop's *fortis* was "the portrature of characters." How well and how accurately he could have depicted his royal pupils, if he had chosen to do so! We know, from the literary remains of Dr. Parr, he was disliked by the Prince of Wales; and yet, all we can glean of Dr. Parr's judgment concerning the young prince is to be found in the following scrap of an old woman's gossip, which a hildren in the *Adelphi*, p. 378.

"My grandmother, Mrs. John Parsons, used to tell the following anecdote of the bishop. She described his manners as particularly soft and winning, his voice as low and musical. Shortly after his arrival at Hartlebury, who said to him one day as they were sitting together, 'How do you think your pupil His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will turn out?'—'My dear cousin,' the bishop replied, laying his peculiarly ample white hand upon her arm, 'I can hardly tell; either the most polished gentleman, or the most accomplished blackguard in Europe,—possibly an admixture of both.'"

If we give full credit to the biographer of Doctor Hurd, we are bound to believe that he was a most mild, kind, and plausible old gentleman, and at the same time a very eager disputant when the character of his friends was assailed, or their principles impugned. At the same time we find that the good bishop never logged at the use of a harsh expression in reference to the living or the dead when he felt displeased with them. Is this apparent inconsistency—placidity of temper, with the use of vituperative phrases, and combatives with the pen—a natural contrast? We believe it is. The amiability that will patiently bear with, or overlook the errors of those it loves, may exhibit a very fierce and even intolerant zeal when aroused by what it conceives to be the wilful perversity and deliberate injustice of strangers in whom it can see nought but faults, as it never has had the opportunity of being acquainted with their countenance and their quality.

To the world, however,—that world which reckons so much and thinks so little upon what mankind has the opportunity of observing, it will appear strange to see such uncharitable, unkindly, and intolerant phrases coming from the pen of one who is described as being a placid, good-natured, benevolent, and kind-hearted prelate.

We quote from the bishop's own letters:—

"To say the truth, there is a wondrous scarcity of reputable clergymen in this country; sober are rare, but learned I have not heard of one near me."—p. 11.

"To describe the curiosities of these two places [St. A. Fontaine's and Sir R. Walpole's] would require a volume. 'Tis most unfortunate that the masters of both of them are such rascals."—p. 78.

"The root of that crew of miscreants."—p. 78.

"His infamous master."—p. 78.

"The nearest and most contemptible of all my princes."—p. 78.

"Something between a fox and a hyena."—p. 79.

"A she-monster."—p. 79.

"All I do know is, that he [Priestley] is a wretched conceited, and of a virulent spirit."—p. 166.

"You know my opinion of Dr. B. [Dr. Butler, the bishop of Oxford]; I don't like him as a prostitute man."—p. 114.

"When I blamed your friend St. Asaph [Bishop Shillingley], it was for preaching at all such a vulgar, I never troubled myself about the side he took in the dispute. In great part, the cause was a natural quarrel."—p. 113.

"He [Robertson, the historian] wishes to Gibbon and Raynal make me suspect his religion to be of a piece with that of his friend Hume."—p. 132.

"I have very little kindness for any Scotch writer, except one or two, and for these only on charity because they have the feelings of men. Vanity, parade, false taste, and insidiously are the portions of the rest."—p. 133.

"That enemy of all goddesses, David Hume."—p. 137.

"Priestley's nonsense is not to be wondered at; but his impudence in sending it to me, and calling upon me to read it, shows him to be out of his mind. I suppose he was too full enough to think I would dispute with him."—p. 145.

"His [Gibbon, the historian] loaded and luxuriant style is disgusting to the last degree; and his work is polluted everywhere by the most immoral as well as irrelevant insinuations."—p. 167.

These specimens of the worthy Bishop's manner of dealing with those whose opinions he disliked, will give the reader some idea of the temper in which he was engaged, and that at one period occupied an small share of attention in the literary and religious world. Unfavourable peritests of Bishop Hurd are to be found in the writings of Dr. Parr, and scattered through the letters of Horace Walpole, and yet no fitting memoir vindicating his memory, and demonstrating the intrinsic goodness, was published until the appearance of the present volume. We congratulate its author, the Rev. Francis Kilvert, upon the manner in which he has executed his self-imposed task. With few materials to work upon—for the career of Bishop Hurd was too prosperous to be eventful—he has contrived to compose a volume which will be read with pleasure by every man who has a taste for literature, and takes an interest in the studies of a most accomplished writer and a truly ripe scholar.

Could we afford the space, we would enrich our columns with extracts from the Letters and the Counsellor's Book of the Bishop. We cannot do so, but strongly recommend Mr. Kilvert's work to general perusal. It is a truthful book—interesting, amusing, and instructive.

FROM HAY-TIME TO HOPPING.*

THE title of this little book is a stroke of genius. It is full of pictures. It takes us at once into the country, and drops us in the very thick of rural pleasures and occupations. The reader is made to feel that he is conversing with us in the works; we hear the stroke of the woodman's axe, the chirping of birds, and the lowing of cattle; we see the loaded wain come rumbling through the ruts out of the farm-yard; haymakers and reapers are dancing the hay in and out of the printed letters; and the title-page is alive with long vistas of rich hay-bushes and blossoms, through which crowds of picturesque figures

* From *Hay-time to Hopping*. By the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres." London: Chapman & Hall.

may be seen clustered here and there under the shadows. We expect a look about country associations from the author of "Our Farm of Four Acres;" but whoever looks for a manual upon grass-lands and domestic breeding in the present volume will not find what he seeks. But he will find something a great deal better—a charming story, a charming, a texture of rural scenes. The background is an English village, with its ancient church of dark-grey stone, protected by a massive square tower; fields, farms, green lanes, mansions, the park and the glebe, and all the other useful and decorative features of a bright, plentiful little settlement are scattered about; and the persons who contribute the human interest to the story are the persons who, from time immemorial, appear to have constituted the "society" of such places, both above and below the salt,—such as the great family who live up at the "Court," the "Brown-Haughtons," and the "Jones-Mercedites," who are always in doubt whether they ought to visit the "new arrivals," and who are always to be found with their heads up in the air in small communities; the doctor, and his bustling, cheerful, talking, hearty wife, known all round the place for the good she does as the "doctress;" the elegancy; and a comprehensive variety of characters supplied by the rustic population in general. The story which runs the gaudier through these people is a love-story—or rather a couple of love-stories, culminating at the close into a couple of weddings. The conduct of the story is exceedingly natural. There is nothing strained for effect. There is no false sentiment. Every person who is introduced does exactly what he, or she, would be likely to do in the issue of circumstances in which he, or she, happens to be placed, just as if there were no such thing as an artificial result to be brought about, in which the individual is to be according to a great *raison d'être* for the glorification of the author. The story moves on of itself; very quietly, but always progressively. The conversations are so perfectly easy, and there is so little appearance of premeditation, or artifice, in the structure or management of the incidents, that we might fairly suppose the style to be a direct transcript from actual life, if we did not see the plain, the simple, the direct, that a skilful fiction is often more true to life than particular realities.

Mr. Wilkie Collins, in the preface to his new novel, begs of the critics not to forestall his effects by telling his story. The authors of this simple tale lays us under no such restraint, and, if he do not tell his story, it is not because we could have any apprehension of spoiling the effect of the book, but because the charm of the story so essentially depends upon its moral aversaries, that we should fail to convey, by a mere outline of its events, which might be despatched in half a dozen lines, an adequate sense of its character, and still less of its merits. The frame, in this case, is indispensable to the picture.

One of the scenes that by the sheer force of their truthfulness, will strike all readers who have any practical knowledge of the country, is the description of the harvest-supper. The circumstances leading up to it are depicted with surprising fidelity; the gables of preparations, the small difficulties, the cross purposes, the expedients, and above all, the gathering in the hay and flurry of spreading out a table on the lawn, large enough for all the guests, and, above all, the guests themselves—all presented in minute detail. We will give one passage, to show the insight which the author possesses into the modes of life so happily delineates, and the excellent use she makes of it:—

"Seven o'clock was the hour fixed for the gathering: a little before that time, parties of three and four began to assemble on the lawn. How slow and yet how happy they looked as Henry shook each by the hand, hardened and bronzed by years of honest labour! The children cling to their mothers' gowns, and stare with looks of wonder and delight at the preparations for the supper. The boys, from sixteen to twenty, were close by home; they hang down their heads when spoken to, and figured the brims of their hats, as if they endeavoured to force from the hand felt a reply to the kind welcome they received. All the men were in black, and clothed however; their gait, their gait, their gait, their gait, and white were mostly worn, though some of the younger ones were smart in suits of black or green velvet; a few long-tailed black coats, too, could be detected among the guests, but they were mostly worn by men who had passed the boundary of middle life; the well-preserved gentlemen appeared as if they might have been near when the shatterly-looking women by the side of the women were country brims. I am sorry to record the fact, but middle-aged women in the country are almost invariably shabby in appearance; and very rarely have I seen one who, at that period of life, can be called good-looking; hard work and scanty fare, and the destruction of the complexion, may have done this. . . . Yet all but the young unmarried women who took their seats at that table were shabby in appearance, and, with the faded richness in their shabby bonnets, light-coloured velvet dresses, and unsightly-pointed shoes, offered an indelicate contrast to their class, devoid of any of the graces of dress."

Other questions relating to the condition of the labouring classes, and many household problems in country districts, are touched upon in the course of this truthful little prose idyll.

A MODERN SOLDIER.*

IT, on our own merits, modest ones are dumb, T. H. Kavanagh, Esq., is not, strictly speaking, a novel; and, in the country, without any of the usual his-daring exploits and desperate adventures, we must excuse that the style in which they are described has reminded us of characters, dramatic and historical, of one of whom it was said, "None but himself can be his parallel." For example, there was one Parolles, a very bragging chump, and there was another, quite his equal, of the name of Bohadri, who drew him as the dog Billy used to settle his. "Twenty now; kill them too." Then there was a fat fellow called Falstaff, who boasted not a little; but Mr. Kavanagh, upon the whole, in his glorious achievements, might be more aptly compared with Cincinnatus, for he flattered the rebellious septagenarian who the Roman flattered the Volscians, and might in like wise exclaim,

"For a reader's amusement, however, this country epigon rather adds to the attractions of the volume. If we are deeply interested in such extraordinary perils as life, and such marvellous deeds as were performed, and have immortalized Ferdinand Mendez Pinto and the Baron Munchausen; we cannot resist a like feeling in the narrative of 'Look Back to Kavanagh,' who, nevertheless is an extremely distinguished individual, and complains

* How I won the Victoria Cross. By T. Henry Kavanagh, Esq., Assistant-Commissioner in Oaths. Ward & Lock.

bitterly of his ill luck now, and the ungrateful return awarded for his never-to-be-too-highly-appreciated services. We remember that the famous "Living Skeleton" was also a Kavanagh. Can it be possible that the directors of the East-India Company and Her Majesty's Government conspired to relieve him of the miserable condition of his nautarick? Colonel Sykes and Sir Charles Wood might be capable of so base an act, but our author has refrained from specifying it.

But, despite of its absurdities, there are many statements in this little volume which, coming from the pen of the man who has lived nearly thirty years, really lauded in the fray, and might indeed say, in his position, *opimus pater matris fidei*, we will venture to touch upon, in the belief that they are sufficiently authentic and curious for popular notice. Mr. Kavanagh held a civil appointment in Lucknow when the rebellion broke out; having been, on the evacuation of the city, in 1858, made superintendent of the office of the Chief Commissioner. When the rebels broke he enlisted himself among the gallant Volunteers who contributed their noble exertions and their blood to the defence. It was in this honourable career that he did his valiant deeds, for which the "Government did little to honour him,"—for which he did not get the Victoria Cross, the Court of Directors having refused to endorse Lord Canning's recommendation for distinction, for which he did get £2,000 and immense celebrity in private society, and all which he was advised to write in a book to make potent and commensurate, as proven by the work before us.

His picture of Lucknow and the war, of slaughter and massacres, of terrible vengeance taken by the Europeans the extent of which he conveys, of suffering too horrible to think upon, and his own grand portrait in the front of all, make up the exhibition. It is evident that he was the soul of valour, self-devoted to his country's cause, indefatigable, impetuous, heroic, and merciful, the directing spirit of the swirling tragedy; and that, with directing the command, he was the leader in action, pointing out what ought to be done and what avoided, it might have gone wrong with Lucknow, Oudh, and the Indian Empire, had he not been there to play the part he did. One feature is brought more prominently out than we have hitherto seen, namely, the inviolable attachment and fidelity of many of the natives, *anglo-soldats* and servants, in the trials of the severest trials, and the devotion and courage of so many of their companions. Surely this may be received as a sign that, with kind and judicious treatment, the future of our eastern world may be rested on bases more secure than those the overthrow of which led to the calamities here so fully described. The illustrious efforts of Havelock, Outram, and family, of the fine old Highlanders, whose names are well known to Europe, and their reference, honoured in by a multitude of cruel enemies, and daily losing strength by fatal casualties and privations, the shade thickened over the devoted land that defended the last fortified posts of Lucknow. The doubt of success, the alternation of hopes and fears, the dreadful apprehension of a fate worse than death, which distracted the unhappy women shut up in the fortifications, though not preventing them from continuing to administer to the necessities of the sick and wounded, and sharing the dangers of their husbands and brothers exposed to every contingency for life or death, offer a spectacle at which humanity might tremble while it wept.

It was not the end of this appalling tale of things that Kavanagh tells us he volunteered to pass his life in the service of the East-India Company, to get accurate information to Sir Colin Campbell of the true condition of the garrison, and guide him in the safest course to penetrate for its relief. The details are romantic. In company with a *sepoy* spy who had found his way in, Kavanagh deemed it possible, though desperately perilous, to find his way out. And so, having got the permission, he started off for the beleaguered heads of the "nigger" tent, and clothed himself after the Oriental fashion, and at midnight marched forward on his hazardous expedition. The details are flowery, and the incidents startling. Answering challenges from sentries and pickets, wading rivers and creeks or swamps, hiding and dodging, tend to a fortunate arrival in the morning at the British camp, where our hero is well received and cordially welcomed. No doubt the intelligence an individual in his position could furnish must have been most acceptable, and far superior to what could have been learned from a curt despatch or a cannon spy; but Mr. Kavanagh certainly rides the high-horse throughout, and forces us to mingle his story, from its being so awfully overlaid with assumptions of the inviolable importance of his interference with every person and on every occasion. He is in fact the *deus ex machina*, and all the rest merely agents, if not puppets, moved by him. We have said that Sir Colin Campbell gave him a cordial reception; and to rest him after his notable night's promenade he was put to bed in a tent before proceeding to business. And now for a sample of the splendid dithyramb:—

"Aristomenes ventured alone, at night, to the city of Sparta, in a spirit of defiance, and fixed a shield on the Temple of Minerva, with an inscription, that he dedicated it to the goddess from the spoils of the Spartans. The removal of Heracles is greater than the removal of the statue of Minerva. The removal of Heracles, whilst the last beams of the bridge fell clashing into the water, to save his friends. The Romans nobly honoured him with a statue, and as much had as he could plough round in a day (what a fine statue, such a process might attain even in Odysseus!); and the Athenians awarded the cost of a day's food to reward him. The noble Minerva, to deliver his country of a dangerous enemy, poured into the camp of Vercasse to kill him, and when tonight before the king, he thrust his hand into the fire, and held it in the flame with unnumbered countenances, exclaiming, 'See how the flames are the tortures can avoid to make a brave man tell the secrets committed to him.' The world has not yet forgotten the will-devotion of Deiane and his son," &c. &c.

Now, the argument is, that those were poor affairs or extravagant bravadoes, and the author pots the moral:—

"Yet the fane of their deeds has reached through the ruin of ages, to excite us to emulation. Should I be remembered when the records of centuries are consumed for the insignificant of youth? Should I be honoured with a statue (nothing of the ploughing-meat), and would every Englishman misread the cost of a day's food to reward me?"

Alas! no: John Bull, we fear, is too fond of his inward man; and as for our states, they are generally so bad that no man person can be ambitious of the *ex premo carissimo* of youth.

The fighting in the streets of Lucknow, the butcherings and the plunderings, are sickeningly vivid:—

"The appalling sounds of cutting, hacking, and stabbing were heard all round,

with the dreadful screams of the complainants. 'Gawpoo, boys! Remember our women and children! Money! No mercy for you!'"

Miserable creatures! a day of retribution had come. Kavanagh is the first to relieve the garrison, who greet him with three cheers; and he introduces Sir James Outram to Sir Colin Campbell:—

"I effected the grand object of my ambition (he adds): I saved many lives, and the public treasure, amounting to over £300,000, and the Government of India gave me for this and the other more important services £2,000. Contrast this with the liberality of the public to Tom Sykes!"

Indeed, and indeed, we cannot. The task would distress us. We must withdraw from the contemplation of our mighty compatriot; but yet justice requires one quotation more:—

"I was engaged in a room with three swordsmen. I was so fortunate as to dislodge the first by a blow on the head, which broke my sword in two; the second, thinking me powerless, made a desperate cut at my neck, but I happily dodged him one across the face that rolled him on the floor. The third turned about, I pushed him by the shoulder into the doorway, and he dashed to the ground. I stumbled forward in a gateway, and was instantly run over by several of the enemy, so frightened that they did not see me!"

Previous to this, one of his chief directions was to meet the Pandies underground, where they were running their mining galleries, and shoot them there with revolvers. He has now gone back to India in a respectable official capacity, civil judge under the present regime, and we doubt he is not, should any other avowed crisis arrive, he will be ready to perform as much again for his country's salvation and his own glorification.

LADY MORGAN.*

WHATEVER may have been Lady Morgan's faith, she was Irish to the heart's core, and, together with very considerable talent and vivacity, possessed many of the great qualities of the soil. The space which she occupied for upwards of half a century in the literature of her country entitles her to a large measure of posthumous honour; and we rejoice to find her character, in the hands of one who feels so warmly and can express himself so well. The champion of a lady may well be excused if he is occasionally more ardent than the enemy of a right impartiality would perhaps justify. He rarely transgresses the bounds of good taste, and, except in one instance, is a candid and generous censor of the opponents of his friend.

Mr. Fitzpatrick's book is well adapted to extend Lady Morgan's fame among a class of society where her name has hitherto been no recommendation to a closer acquaintance. It is a most agreeable volume, and will find acceptance in all circles.

The life of a mere woman of letters is seldom diversified by the incidents or adventures which give a charm to female biography in general; but that of Lady Morgan was not without its romance. It may be questioned if any of her own novels can produce a "situation," so striking as that which occurred on the morning of her marriage with Sir Charles Morgan. It is related by Sir J. Emerson Tennent, who received this truth truer than any fiction, from the lips of the "fair incognito" herself, at a period of her life when the reader of the novel had failed from her own character, and she could confess her frailty without a blush. When very young, she had formed a mutual engagement with a youth named Crosely, younger still, who shortly afterwards was appointed to a cadetship in the Indian army.

"The correspondence (between Sir James) continued for some years, though so interrupted that a considerable suspension took place, during which the lady's position and prospects had been continually rising, and her marriage at length solemnized with Sir Charles Morgan. On the morning of the wedding, the post arrived before the procession to the church, and the sister of the bride took charge of her letters for Miss Oremont. These she opened on her return to the house, and amongst them was one from Crosely, accounting for his long absence by the necessities of a period of uncertainty, which had now ended by his receiving some promotion in the army, and a staff appointment in the service of the Nizam. This was the long-looked-for point in his career, and, having at last attained independence, he wrote to thank the performance of their early engagement, and propose an immediate union."

It does not appear that "the brave Aloose" took any further step towards his imaginary, for the enforcement of the plighted vow; but if he ever did return, on such thoughts intense, and met the matured substance of his former young dream, on *grand issue*, at the Irish Court, as described in the following sketch, the reader will scarcely wonder that no ghostly result ensued:—

"Here it was (says a correspondent of our author) that I saw Lady Morgan for the first time; and as I had long pictured her to my imagination as a sylph-like person, nothing could equal my astonishment when the celebrated authoress, as she presented herself before me, was so different from the airy creature in the midst of that dazzling scene of beauty and splendor. Every female present wore feathers and tains; but Lady Morgan scorned such appendages. Hardly more than five feet high, with a spine not quite straight, slightly uneven shaven above, Lady Morgan glided about in close-fitting, and her wig, bound by a fillet or solid fold of gold, her large face all animation, and with a witty word for every body."

The last twenty years of her life were spent in London, where she resided in a street adjoining Hyde-park, and gave her evenings entirely to social reunion of all kinds, but chiefly affected, like Tommy Moore, the company of the *Rip Dips*.

The guests (says her biographer) included nearly every person of literary or personal distinction. His Imperial Majesty, the present Emperor of the French, was a constant visitor. His mind, said Lady Morgan, in conversation with a friend, seemed to be always alive hourly and working strongly. It would fall into frequent reveries, and he remarked that, whenever a *black case* to the door, he always started strongly."

No doubt he thought he was "wanted," and that the *rap came* for him. We have no space for the fund of literary and miscellaneous gossip which relieves the graver parts of this publication, and renders it one of the most amusing volumes of the day.

The conclusion of the whole matter, or as Mr. Fitzpatrick has it, "the

* Lady Morgan, her Career, Literary and Personal. By William John Fitzpatrick, J.P. Street, London.

great moon" of her ladyship's life, like that of Tom Sowers, may be summed up in one brief word—*luck!* That was the secret of her success. To that it is owing that her executors were able to administer to so round a sun as shines thousand pounds. "To no code trails, and contra auditorio ito!"

—Such was the device on her Annunciation *pelta*. Had she, at the beginning, yielded one foot of ground to those bad boys the reviewers—had she not risen more determined, after every fall, to "go in and win," her genius and her lore would have availed nothing. With some public favourites, "luck is all," with Lady Muggins it is *gladness*.

And now, *languis re!* I take our leave of her ladyship respectfully and kindly, with many thanks to her biographer for the pleasant hours we have enjoyed over his pages.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

"Down by the sea!" At this season of the year there is freshness and health in the very rocks; and, ay, and glorious music lodes; for what tune is like that slow, solemn grumble of the waves breaking on a sandy beach, or the sharper, wilder note they strike on a rocky shore? Chorded concertos and straining singers can be tolerated, my appreciation, in winter, but the only thoroughly enjoyable music when the days are long and the sun shines bright in a sky of blue is that which Nature's musician makes in her vast cathedral, and there is none in that orchestra so competent as the sea.

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than jets from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on cold waters between walls
Of shadowy crannies, in a yew-tree mass;
More that gentles on the eapart from
Than bird-calls upon the spring breeze;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blisful sky."

Or, if in the summer weather we reject the lofty later's philosophy, and "go in" for other enjoyment than that which consists in "living reclaimed,"

"With half-blind eyes one may
Falling asleep in a half-dream,"

where are we so likely to find amusing and instructive recreation as down by the sea? Almost every rock-pool is full of life. In this one the snail-moss, large-eyed blenny, dart to drawing-room aquariums for its sociable disposition in confinement, but now as well as the chaunio of the Alps, darts about in free unrest; and the slow, ungainly crab is making frantic efforts to escape into some dark corner from the poke of your inquisitive stick. Here the tiny hermit is incessantly dragging forth his long footless fingers, in search of invisible food; and there the brilliant plumes of the sepiolae, whose white and serpentine forms cover almost every stone in the pool, are continually in play. Glance into this other pool and you see an actinia—red, purple, violet, or fawn-colour it may be, but in any case beautiful, with its gracefully curving tentacles, or bristlers, or, as the poetical countenance suggests it, the "luscious line of beauty;" while here also first comes the pycnogonid star-fish, ready to mutilate itself as soon as it is touched by a rude hand. Here swims the lovely sea-nouse, one of the most gorgeous of marine animals,—whose charms even Science herself could not withstand, and so named the pretty creature with Aphrodite—with apocryphal colour, yellow, and blue, purple, and emerald,—all the hues of Iris lay upon them with the changing light, and shine with a metallic effulgence; and there the transparent prawns, with its huge eyes, and long legs, leaps, as leaps a grasshopper on the green. In this other pool the sea-hare, ruddy round upon, turns the water into blood; while in that, the edonid, spiny sea-urchin, repays; and yonder, in the sand, trebellae, wonderful "tetter," as he is called, rears his dwelling with a compactness defying human hands to imitate. And evidence of the marvellous bearing of the phobias lies scattered about in many a stone, and if we step down to yonder rock we may even observe him at his work.

These and hundreds of other things may be seen during our holiday down by the sea, if we place ourselves under the practical guidance of such an accurate and conscientious observer, and genial and gossiping narrator as Mr. Harper.

Mr. Harper, though a popular writer, is no mere compiler. Avoiding as much as possible scientific terminology, he yet overcomes with all the patience and accuracy of a scientific man. In the book now before us, and which has just been issued, *Mr. Harper has furnished us with some new and astonishing facts about that much-vaunted question of crinoids. Hitherto it appears to have been the general belief that crabs cast their shells annually, until such time as they had attained their full growth, when the process of exuviation, as it is called, rears his dwelling with a much more intelligent and accurate naturalist than himself, Resonant, describes the crab as swelling to an unusual extent, and first bursting the shell "at its junctures between the body and the tail;" the animal then "disregards itself of every part, one after the other, each part of the joints bursting longitudinally." The process is further described as so violent and painful as to cause death in many instances. Various other authors of note adopt much the same view, not only regarding the annual casting-off of the shell, but also as to the painfulness of the operation, and the piecemeal character of the exuviation. In the book now under our notice, Mr. Harper, who has had the good fortune to witness several cases of exuviation, satisfactorily shows that naturalists are quite wrong in assuming such facts. The exuviation may at a loss. In the cases which came under his observation, the operation was neither violent nor a piecemeal character, and it occurred in the same specimen not once a year, but five times in the course of six months. The author thus describes the process of exuviation:—

"I observed that his (the crab's) shell had just opened near the tail. . . . The operation did not extend to the head, . . . the animal was not in any way, and at first almost imperceptible degrees. The shell, or carapace, was slowly raised over the back, and gave one the idea of the rear view of a lawyer's wig when tilted over his brow, thus exposing the natural black hair on the segment below, as the hair of the crown of a wig. The animal was very dark in colour, while the old case assumed a whitish hue. I need hardly say, the legs, sheaths of the crab did not split open, and yes the corresponding limbs were drawn out with the greatest ease. Moreover, they did not appear in view one by

one, but in a cluster, as it were, and packed close to the bent body of the crab. During the entire process the animal appeared to me securely any exertion whatsoever, certainly not so much as any insect being vociferous in throwing off the most trifling garment. In fact the crab seemed to swell painlessly, and gently roll or glide out in a kind of ball. Until it had completely creased from its old shell, it was somewhat puzzled to guess what shape it would eventually assume. The eyes and antennae, as soon as they left their old sheaths, commenced together with the feelers, to work as usual, although as yet they were still inside the exuvium. This circumstance was distinctly visible by looking through the side of the half-cast shell. It was a curious and extraordinary sight to see the eyes gradually lose their brilliancy, and exhibit the flinty lock-like appearance of death, while the act of exuviation was being accomplished."

With reference to the frequency of exuviation, Mr. Harper writes:—

"I feel justified in stating, confidently, that the moult of the crab (in its comparatively youthful state, at all events) takes place not only once, but many times during each year of its existence. My specimens may, perhaps, be considered exceptional, as they were produced by a young crab, and as yet they were almost of adult. The cast-off shells lie before me I write. There is a set of three belonging to the same animal, exhibiting with marvellous exactness the gradual development of a broken claw. In the first, the member appears very immature; in the second it is nearly twice its former size, and in the third it has advanced to its natural form and bulk. To my regret, I cannot state the exact period that elapsed between each successive moult; but I am confident that the two were cast in the course of a very few months. . . . The next series of specimens, five in number, possess even still greater interest than the first, inasmuch as they were produced by a young crab, and as yet they were consecutive intervals.—The first moult took place on 11th April 1858; the second on the 22nd May following, the third on July 2nd, the fourth on the 30th of August, and the fifth on the 25th of September of the same year; so that between the first and second period of exuviation there was an interval of forty days; between the second and third forty-two days elapsed; between the fourth and fifth forty-eight days; but, singular to state, between the fourth and fifth moult only twenty-seven days intervened. My first impression was, that as the creature grew older, its shell would be renewed less frequently, and the dates of the moultings seemed to support this idea until the fourth moult. It had occurred to me that perhaps the operation might be accelerated by the amount of food which the crab consumed. In order to test this, I fed the animal carefully every day, as though he were a prize beast about to be exhibited at some Christmas show. Nothing loth, he ate of everything that was placed before him with a gusto that would have done credit to an alderman. The result was that the shell was renewed in less than half the time that elapsed between the preceding moults. These interesting investigations have been conducted thus far so satisfactorily, were suddenly brought to a close by the death of my protop."

It is astonishing that the discovery of such interesting facts—for interesting they must be, even should subsequent investigation prove them to be exceptional,—should have been left to an enthusiastic amateur. When witnessing the process of exuviation on another occasion, it occurred to Mr. Harper that it would be of great consequence to make a series of drawings as well as "while it was yet only half completed, in order that others also might be enabled to witness the marvellous act of exuviation." He accordingly lifted the crab out of the tank where it was, and dropped it into a quantity of spirits, thus causing its immediate death, while as yet only half of the animal protruded from the shell.

The specimen shows at a glance the increase that instantaneously takes place in the size of the crab after the act of exuviation is performed; the animal emerged being on a scale considerably larger than the old covering, which, however, is conspicuous enough to hold that half of the animal that had not effected its deliverance at the moment when the novel arrangement was so unceremoniously severed. The fourth and fifth pair of legs are free, while the eyes and antennae are also drawn out of their sheaths. The *chela*, or large claws, being still undischarged, serve to bind threads to its rigid integument, and thus enable the act of exuviation, or one phase of it at least, to be distinctly apparent."

In connection with phobias, and their boring, Mr. Harper has also some interesting and original observations to make, which we have not space to discuss, but which may not be unworthy of the attention of naturalists. The Mountain-sucker fish, not hitherto supposed to be a *habitat* of the Firth of Forth, Mr. Harper asserts he has found often there; and the admirable delineation from nature of a specimen the author had in his possession, seems to tally well with those furnished by Donovan and Yarrell. Altogether the book is one of the most valuable for thoughtful study as well as for pleasure-seeking by the amateur, though the author's long and gossiping style in some parts hardly does justice to the manifest exactness of his observations.

THE WEATHER DURING THE MONTH OF JULY.

(By JAMES GLASHIER, F.R.S., *Regent Observatory, Greenwich*.)

THIS state of the weather since I wrote to you at the end of June, and published in your number for July 7, has been very unaccountable up to the present time, August 24th. I will, however, confine my remarks to the weather in July, and next week will submit you an account for August.

Till the 15th no rain fell, but during the remainder of the month it fell nearly on every day, and on one day, the 28th, to an amount exceeding one inch.

The temperature was always low, and this degree of cold was experienced from what quarter soever the wind blew. The sky was almost always cloudy.

The numbers in the second column of the following Table shows the highest reading of a thermometer in the shade at the height of 5 feet above the soil daily. (If these readings be compared with 74°, which is the average highest temperature for July, the deficiency of high day temperature will be at once seen.)

Those in the third, the minimum temperature every night, whose average value is 55°; and if each reading be compared with this value, the deficiency of night temperature will be evident.

The numbers in the fifth column show the mean temperature for each day, and those in the next column the deficiency of temperature day by day. It will be at once observed that on five days only did the temperature attain its average value, viz., on the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 15th and 17th; on all other days it was below, and generally to large amounts.

* *Originals of Green's Life, or, Book-Poets and the Lessons they teach.* By John Harper, London: J. Nelson & Sons.

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THE SESSION; AND ITS MORAL.

THE long and weary Session of Parliament has at last been brought to a close. The jaded members have spread themselves over the counties, to attend to their own affairs, or over Europe and America, in search of health, excitement, and change of scene. For five months the orators and the gabblers will be equally silent, unless in the smaller arenas of public dinners or meetings. The Executive Government, untroubled by the dangers that all Governments incur in constitutional countries, while any kind of Parliament is in session, is left to the sole management of affairs, exposed to no criticism but that of a press which may be kept in ignorance of its proceedings, until criticism shall become useless,—and to the operation of that public opinion which, even though it may prove adverse, can execute no judgment except through the votes of a parliamentary majority. Until February next, therefore, the Ministers may repose in peace. If their lives be spared, and they remain united amongst themselves, no rivalry can overthrow them in the interval.

The Session has been productive of so vast an amount of talk, accompanied by so little apparent work, that it has become a fashion to deride parliamentary government altogether, and to sneer at free institutions as if they were incapable of producing men competent to manage the affairs of a great nation. But the speakers and writers who indulge in such opinions, and not the members of the Parliament which they condemn, are the real gabblers, and darkeners of counsel with vain words. It is the especial business of Parliaments to talk; and it is only when, urged and incited by over-ambitious and over-zealous ministers, they attempt to do a greater amount of work than public necessity calls for, or than public opinion would support, that they are justly open to reproach. The true history of the Session which has just been brought to something like an ignominious end, proves that although a great amount of unnecessary oratory has been expended, a very considerable amount of valuable work has been performed; and that, if the Ministry, by means of its various members and subordinates, had introduced fewer important measures, which it was unable even to attend to, much less to carry to completion, a still greater amount of useful business might have been dispatched at a much earlier period than the month of August.

The Budget, the French Treaty, and the National Defences, with the minor but important questions directly or indirectly arising out of them, were quite sufficient to monopolise the time and the eloquence of Parliament, without the host of measures which the personal ambition of each separate member of the Administration endeavoured to force upon the unwilling attention of the House. But when, in addition to these great subjects of debate, all of them of paramount urgency, there were fifty vast, and some of them almost revolutionary, measures to be discussed, to say nothing of the yearly increasing private business on which Parliament has to legislate, what could happen but a break-down! First in magnitude was Lord John Russell's Reform Bill—of itself quite enough to consume the energies of the Session. With such a measure—affecting so many interests—is it surprising that talk prevented work, and that business wellnigh came to a standstill! Sir Richard Bethell's bill for the amendment of our mercantile law in the matter of Bankruptcy and Insolvency—a bill with nearly six hundred clauses—was another obstruction. Possibly it was a right thing to be done some time or other, but it was not the right thing to be attempted when matters of greater urgency demanded the whole attention of the Legislature.

There are but two specimens of the hindrances; but we might run through the list of the measures promised in the Queen's Speech at the opening of the Session, and afterwards announced with more or less flourish by the Ministry, by the Opposition, and by independent members, and come to the same conclusion with respect to them all, viz, that they were too many and too important to be undertaken in any one year; and that the reproach of want of business capacity does not so justly lie upon the Parliament that could not proceed with them, as with the Ministry that thrust them upon attention without a reasonable hope of carrying them to maturity.

Nevertheless, and in spite of all these drawbacks, the Session is not fairly liable to the accusation of barrenness. Mr. Gladstone's Budget, mutilated though it has been by the House of Lords—which set, in this instance, a mischievous and dangerous precedent,—is a remarkable and laborious, as well as a highly important work, which links itself intimately to the cognate subjects of the French Treaty and the National Defences. These three form the real business of the Session; and it is instructive to observe how they severally entwine themselves with the affairs of the French Emperor. The possession of the throne of France, and the command of the finest, most numerous, and most ambitious army in the world, by the heir of the name, the policy, and the hopes of Napoleon I., imposed upon Great Britain the unhappy necessity of not only renewing, but of increasing the amount of the Property and Income Tax that was to have expired during the present year. Because that eminent, able, and aspiring monarch is where he is—and what he is—the Budget of our national expenditure had to be framed more strictly in accordance with the possibilities of his career than with the necessities of our own. Because he was strong, we found it imperative to make ourselves stronger, or we ran a risk that no prudent nation—were it only one half as rich or one half as vulnerable—ought to have incurred for a single day. We were compelled to consider our National Defences, because France had unsettled Europe; and we were too important a member of the European Commonwealth to be unaffected by the perturbation which France had caused, and the future convulsions to which it might lead. For these reasons we renewed and increased the Income and Property Tax, and set our financial house in order, to be prepared for every contingency. The treaty negotiated by Mr. Cobden grew from the same stem. If it cost us so much in money, as well as in anxiety, to have such a neighbour as France, with such a great and mighty autocrat to rule over it, surely it was better to cultivate the relations of commerce with a people against whom we had no grudge,—to exchange our superabundant calicoes and woollens for their superabundant wines,—and multiply our business with them to such an extent as to prove to them, as we had already proved to ourselves and to the rest of the world, that Free Trade was the source both of prosperity and of peace, and that war with a good customer is both a crime and an absurdity. Such was the conviction that prompted the French Treaty. It is one that is deeply imbedded in the popular mind, and is not to be eradicated by the hostile criticism of a few false free-traders, who are in favour of chesquens and freedom in every article except the particular article which they may happen to manufacture. That conviction will grow; and if it will only take root in France as effectually as it has done among ourselves, the day may speedily come when the armaments of both nations may be made more consistent with good-neighbourship.

as well as with Christianity, than they have been since the days of Cressy and Agincourt.

In the perils times in which we live, the ancient and illustrious Parliament of Great Britain has great responsibilities. It has to set an example not only to the people whom it more or less completely represents, but to the world. To make its example efficacious, it has other things to reform than its constitution. If it would be respected, it must reform its own modes of procedure. It must attempt less, and accomplish more. It must, above all things, guard its own privileges and prerogatives from the aggression that it has too faintly suffered at the hands of the House of Lords. If it ever relax its grasp upon the national purse—if it allow any authority but its own to originate a new tax or reimpose an old one, contrary to the legally expressed decision of a parliamentary majority, it will abdicate its only valuable function, and, like the Stuarts and the Bourbons, it may march to political annihilation as fast as it pleases. It was a bad sign of the public spirit of our day that an aggression, which, forty or even twenty years ago, would have set the whole country in a ferment, should have been sneered and pool-pooled out of discussion. It is the highest wisdom to stop the beginnings of evil; but of this wisdom the Parliamentary Session of 1860 has been lamentably deficient.

DIPLOMACY; AND THE DEAD SEASON.

THE first of September has come, Parliament is prorogued, and partridges are, it is to be hoped, getting less plentiful in the stable, and more plentiful on the table. Public business is rapidly subsiding into abeyance, and if it were not for an unusually large number of failures, private business would be almost at a standstill. But while the community at large is enjoying, or preparing to enjoy, the repose of the long vacation, there is one department which offers an exception to the general rule. It is now that the Foreign Office wakes to new life, that its agents abroad start into activity, and that officers commence their autumn labours. The prerogative of that inconvenient talking institution, the British Parliament, is the signal for our good friends and allies to prepare their agenda for the next year's exploits. Some nationality is probably to be consoled, or some Rhenish Savoy, putting for liberty, is to be annexed. It is the carnival time of diplomacy. It is now that our Foreign Minister requires all his eyes not to see, and all his ears not to hear, while we depend only on that Fourth Estate, which knows neither slumber nor sport, to keep a watchful look-out for the storms which may be brewing. The fate of Italy, probably of Turkey, will be decided during the recess; Parliament will not assemble but be told of *fille accomplie*, or it may be suddenly evoked to vote the supplies for a war already determined on, which will cost more than the Crimean blunder, with as bootless results; or, worse still, may envelope in its horrors the whole human race. These next months will be monuments in the history of Europe, but we shall be allowed no voice in determining their course. This is the special province of Diplomacy, which we know is equivalent to saying that Great Britain will not influence the decision. Strange to say, the people, that is the Parliament, are content that such things should be. A burst of indignation from the public press is, indeed, sometimes followed by a growl from some troublesome member in Parliament, but the minister rises, pronounces the magic word "diplomacy," and the House is counted out. Diplomacy is the *Alphabetum* of state conjurers; it is a sufficient answer to all objections. As a science confined to a few it has always been regarded by the uninitiated as a mystery, and it has had the fate of all mysteries. Formerly it was revered, now it has become a laughing-stock, and still it governs the world. The Sultan and the Shah regulate their movements on the fiat of the court astrologer; so we do nothing but under the direction of our augurs; but the Eastern peoples believe in the supernatural knowledge they invoke, while the Western nations deride the pretended wisdom they lay to. Is, then, diplomacy a juggle, or are its professors at fault? Is there nothing in a science which still commands our assent, while its modern results do not satisfy our reason?

There was a time when the fad of a family was provided with a commission in the army, and the emigration was sent to sea. Thanks to the progress of sound learning and religious education, we have now neither fads nor fickle, at least there is a strong determination to discourage their growth. If we cannot altogether destroy the weeds, at least we are resolved not to employ them. An incurant examination has closed the doors of the Horse Guards to the inevitably ill or stupid, and a phantom, of the same terrible proportions, warns him from the sanctuary of the cockpit. The nation, that is, the "upper ten thousand," was on the point of being reduced to the greatest straits in regard to the disposal of its weeds, had there not been discovered a convenient, unapproachable little pasture, in which to plant them becomingly out of the way. The Police Force offers, indeed, an asylum to the thistles and nettles; the unsavoury, hard-fisted, unteachable; but for the soft-skinned and cultivated produce of the drawing-room—the pimpernel and poppies—something better was required. This something has been discovered in Diplomacy, that one profession in which no knowledge appreciable

by examiners is required, nor any learning insisted upon more abstruse than an imperfect acquaintance with the art of spelling; in which a medium of bad French excuses an utter lack of intelligible English, and Vattel and Tuffendorf are advantageously replaced by *Times* leaders and the "Turf Calendar."

Having settled this matter so satisfactorily, we have no right to be astonished that we are outwitted and baffled as often as our representatives, thus chosen, meet those of other nations. We may console and justify ourselves by saying that Diplomacy is the science of coquetry and the art of lying—branches of useful knowledge which require little teaching and less learning. That the men we have appointed to the office are the very men for the place, and that their little success is only the proof how well they have resisted the influence of Russia, which has introduced throughout Europe a Green-Scalvonic aptitude for deceit repugnant to our honest Anglo-Saxon natures. But we might find another explanation of the phenomenon of our diplomatic failure, in the fact that Diplomacy has, or has had, another meaning than that which we have given, and that in all other countries it is recognised as a science with fixed rules, to be studied as accurately and as regularly as medicine or mathematics. It is only in England that the waifs and strays of "good society" are considered the best guardians of national interests, or that ignorance can cope with knowledge in the discussion of the most complicated laws. The nation has seen the battles gained in the field lost at the council-board by its highly-trained plenipotentiaries; and the people have been satisfied, or at least silent. In Russia the founding hospital is the favourite nursery for diplomatists, a system the very opposite of ours, but found to work equally satisfactorily—for Russia.

The function of true diplomacy is, not to elate our enemies or our allies, or even our countrymen; neither is it to meddle in the internal affairs of other nations. The old-fashioned *ars diplomatica* was, in its origin, the knowledge of deeds; hence it was especially applied to the knowledge of those public deeds on which international law is based. A diplomatist was one whose occupation was to preserve such deeds, and to frame others in harmony with all those which had gone before them. In this capacity he was bound to uphold Right, and prevent unnecessary wars. His aim was to protect the interests of his country, to do which effectually he was bound to consult those of humanity at large. The members of this profession were the gravest, the most learned, the most accomplished men of their age—clergymen, warriors, or legislators.

Now the object of our diplomacy is far oftener to meddle in the affairs of weaker states than to defend the principles of law and order menaced by powerful ones. We employ men to intrigue at Madrid or bully at Athens, while we fail to make ourselves heard in Paris or Vienna. The result is, that diplomatic secrecy has no longer a meaning except as regards ourselves. Public feeling is not yet so desensitised to right that we could bear the knowledge of what we are ourselves doing by proxy. Hence the necessity for those falsifications of despatches which are the *opprobrium* of our public men. They are so ashamed of their own acts that even the responsibility of office does not deter them from mutilating or even falsifying state papers. At the Old Bailey the actions would be punished as forgery which in the House of Commons are applauded as clever statesmanship. It would seem that public morality is the very reverse of private. We have before us a pamphlet on the Afghan Papers, published in a blue-book in 1859. It illustrates what we have been saying. A second blue-book, containing the same papers, was published with the date of 1859, and on comparing the two, we discover that the Ministers of the Crown had before the great council of the nation a series of despatches which had been deliberately falsified. Of sixty-five despatches, forty-five were garbled or altered in the first edition; words were erased, or others substituted in their place; sentences and whole paragraphs were suppressed; and, in a public servant (Sir A. Burnes), was thus made to advocate a policy of which he absolutely disapproved.

We recognise the utility of the diplomatic corps as a provision for our inquisables, but to this we would confine its functions. The withdrawal of our ambassador, from Madrid, a few years ago, produced no injury to English interests, none good perhaps to Spain. It is a precedent which might be advantageously acted upon in other countries, but in the mean time we must look to the press for protection from the consequences of the diplomatic season which is opening.

THE POLICY OF RUSSIA IN THE EAST.

HISTORY unfortunately discloses to us but one method by which nations have invariably attained greatness. Territorial aggression, in one form or other, seems to be an indispensable condition to national prosperity; and although there is a large section of politicians in this country with whom we have many sympathies in common, and for whose opinions we entertain the profoundest respect, who entirely repudiate this doctrine, as one opposed to the more enlightened views of political economy, the fact remains, and it is one which in the present state of European politics deserves our consideration. It is no less true that, as by the consistent prosecution of an

aggressive policy, nations have risen to greatness, so they have at last exerted their downfall to this propensity pushed to an inordinate degree, and that which once proved the prime element of their grandeur has finally contributed chiefly to their destruction.

It is interesting at the present time to compare the various developments of this same active principle of aggression as illustrated by the policy of the three most powerful nations of modern times. In England we are in the habit of concealing the iron hand beneath the velvet glove; our object is commercial, not territorial extension; and if unfortunately it is sometimes necessary for our soldiers to ratify the contracts of our merchants, or to take a province in exchange for a bad debt, this is only an incident in trade, and not its legitimate scope and tendency.

Those politicians, known as the "peace party," are of opinion that every commercial advantage might be gained without coercion, or the exercise of a material pressure, which is often not to be justified upon moral grounds. Their views in this respect are based altogether upon theory, and display an entire lack of practical knowledge of the character of those semi-barbarous peoples with whom we maintain commercial relations. Almost every foreign market which we possess has been won at the point of the bayonet; and although it is deeply to be regretted that this should be so, we doubt whether, as a nation of quakers, our trade would be so extended, or our position so firmly established, as by the more violent policy which has been employed. We are far from approving altogether of this policy, morally speaking, and believe that the period has arrived when further acquisition of territory would be a source of weakness rather than of strength, and that our naval and military forces will find ample occupation in maintaining that prestige which England possesses above the world, without seeking to extend her conquests.

The policy of France, though no less aggressive than that of England, is conducted upon different principles and influenced by an entirely opposite set of motives. National glory takes the place of dollars, and it is not so much the desire for territory as the excitement of gaining it, that tempts the Frenchman to acts of violence. With an organization and an army essentially adapted to the prosecution of European wars upon a grand scale, France will always fail utterly in military operations undertaken in distant quarters of the globe, while every addition to her territory which is isolated and remote, is a serious element of weakness, and an endless source of anxiety. The only power which can afford to own distant colonies is that to which possesses the command of the sea. Impressed with the truth of this conviction, the present ruler of France confines his ambition almost entirely to Europe and the more contiguous portions of the neighbouring continent, and seeks to regain, by a combination of diplomatic and military operations, that position which his uncle achieved by force of arms alone. The dominant principle, then, of English policy is the desire for trade; that of France is national vainglory; Russia alone is animated by the lust of territory. In the cases of both the other countries, the extension of the frontier is subservient to other ends; in the case of Russia it is the moving principle.

An attentive study of the history of this gigantic power during the last sixty years will convince us that this is the key to that policy which has now become traditional. Each successive Czar considers it a sacred duty to carry on the work so successfully prosecuted by his ancestors, and all the energies of the Foreign Office are devoted to the accomplishment of this grand purpose. The rise and progress of Russia is unexampled in history. Within the last century it has more than doubled its area. The whole frontier, from the Baltic to the Sea of Tartary, is composed of provinces which have been annexed since the death of Peter the Great; and the work of territorial extension is progressing slowly and steadily, but not the less surely, because it attracts little attention in this country. It is, indeed, specially conducted with a view to secrecy, and is an insidious process, which has been reduced almost to a formula. It invariably begins with the disorganization of the country to be annexed, by means of corruption and secret agency, pushed to the extent of disorder and civil confusion. Next in order comes military occupation, to restore tranquillity, and the result has always been, protection, followed by incorporation.

Every year the frontier of Russia, in Central Asia, is being steadily advanced across those arid steppes, where the nature of the country would defy the advance of an army, so long as it remained in the hands of an enemy. Like a riding tide, each successive wave encroaches upon the shores of the Central Asian states, until they become at last submerged.

In the case of her most recent acquisition, with reference to which we are in possession of some special information, Russia has departed from the formula above indicated, and acquired a territory equal in extent to the South of Europe, by virtue of a treaty with China, made in 1856, which the Government of that country seems now disposed to repudiate.

Until that date, the country lying to the north of the Amur river, forming a portion of Manchuria, was comprised within the limits of the Chinese frontier. The Russians were, however, in the habit of ascending and descending the river in boats, in defiance of the

objections of the Chinese authorities, upon its banks, who never ventured upon hostile measures to bar their progress. Nevertheless, it was considered desirable, not merely to secure the river itself, but to annex the province on its north shore, as well as a strip of territory on the opposite bank of the Amur, extending along the shores of the Sea of Tartary, almost as far as the Corea. The results of this acquisition, and the present condition of the newly-annexed territory, may be summed up in a few words. On the left bank of the river, and near its mouth, has been established the capital of the new colony. It is the residence of the Governor, contains a considerable garrison, and is a place of increasing commercial importance, as the outlet of the produce of Eastern Siberia. The population of this town, by name Nicoslavsk, has been estimated at 10,000, including the garrison; but this is probably considerably exaggerated. The value of the river Amur for navigable purposes is somewhat diminished by the bar at its mouth, on which there is from fourteen to fifteen feet of water. This once crossed, the navigation becomes easy, and two steamers ply regularly during the summer to and from Nicoslavsk to Nerchinsk—a distance of about 1,500 miles. This city, near which are some valuable mines, is situated on the Gilka, a navigable tributary of the Amur, and at this point passengers and merchandise are disembarked and conveyed across the Yabloni range on horseback—a tract of about 100 miles—to the river Selenga, whence they are conveyed in a steamer to Irkutsk, the capital of all Siberia, and the residence of the Governor-General. The journey from Irkutsk to Nicoslavsk occupies thirty days, while that from Irkutsk to the mouth of the Amur is usually performed in fifteen. One or two large Chinese towns are situated on the southern bank of the river; the country is sparsely populated by semi-barbarous tribes, contains forests of magnificent timber, and is rich in all descriptions of poultry; but the most important feature of the new province is the imperial port, situated in the 49th parallel of latitude, upon the Sea of Tartary, and which is to be the Russian naval station for the Pacific.

By a recent treaty with Japan, Russia has possessed herself of the island of Sagalien, which produces excellent coal, is the immediate vicinity of the new port. The climate here is comparatively temperate, and the harbour commodious and sheltered. It is connected with the Amur by a chain of lakes, from which that river is entered at some distance from its mouth. There can be little doubt that the comparative proximity of the new Russian frontier to the capital must exercise a considerable influence upon the government, while fresh facilities are now afforded for a still further extension of the frontier in the same direction; viewing the subject impartially, however, it is difficult to perceive in what manner British interests can be seriously affected by the predominance of Russia in this remote quarter of Asia, while we foresee great danger to Russia herself. Within the last few years Siberia has been increasing rapidly in wealth and population. Few of those exiled ever return. Established with their wives and families upon their own farms, they enjoy the society of their equals, and find in Irkutsk all the amenities of civilization. By degrees the development of trade on the eastern coast will attract an independent population in that direction, with interests of their own, and comparatively unconnected from that direct control which is exercised in the less remote parts of the empire. With trade liberal ideas will be introduced; it will gradually dawn upon the exiled population that a new era has arrived, and that it may be possible to avenge their wrongs and attain their freedom at a blow. They are no longer isolated from contact with the outer world; and the day may come when Russia will find that her lust of territory has induced her to overstep the limits of prudence, and that this last great acquisition may be the first step on the road to her ultimate downfall.

DISASTROUS SEASONS—1816 AND 1860.

SHOULD the effects of the present season resemble those of former unfavourable years, there will be some trouble in society, and a more earnest turn will be given to the thoughts of the public. From the "Annual Register," from Tooke's "History of Prices," from recollections and traditions, we propose, therefore, to place before our readers some of the prominent facts of the season of 1816, which resembles in many points the season of 1860.

The spring was then extremely inclement, and the summer very wet and cold. In the neighbourhood of London the rain fell in the four months, May, June, July, and August, and the total rain fell in the year, as compared to the year immediately preceding and following, were as follows:—

| 1816. | Rain-fall in four months. | | In the whole year. | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------------|-------|--------------------|-------|
| | 12-23 inches. | | 29-7 inches. | |
| 1815, | 7.55 | " | 23 | " |
| 1817, | 8.22 | " | 21.0 | " |
| Average of the two years = 7.88 | | | 22.54 | |

In the four months, therefore, the excess of rain above the average of the two other years was 4.41 inches, and the excess above the average of the total rain-fall in the two years was 6.20 inches. The

temperature, never higher than 81°, fell, between August 16th and September 13th, to 30°, or 2° below the freezing point; while the mean temperature of the year was 46° 87', against 49° 25' in 1815, and 48° 26' in 1817.

This excess of rain and low temperature were accompanied, as are the low temperature and excessive rain of the present year, by remarkable spots on the sun. On June 18th, five such spots were especially observed by a French astronomer, who estimated one to be as large as the diameter of the earth. They continued visible in July and August; and in September were still more numerous, and of greater magnitude. At present, according to a letter in *The Times* of Monday, the temperature at St. Petersburg is higher than usual; and in 1816, while the south and centre of Europe suffered from cold and wet, Russia and other northern countries experienced only dry and warm weather.

In consequence of heavy rains and low temperature in 1816, hay was washed from the low-lying meadows into the streams, or was rotted on the ground. Fruit was abundant, but it ripened imperfectly, and in many cases burst and rotted on the trees. For nearly three months, in some districts, the farmers had harvest-work on land, and in several cases the corn was covered with snow before it could be carried into the barn. All grain, but especially wheat, was lamentably deficient in quantity, and in quality very inferior. It was so damp as to be wholly unfit for use, and was frequently kiln-dried. Fortunately, there was on hand a considerable stock of the surplus of previous harvests, otherwise the sufferings of the people would have been great.

The continent had not then recovered from the effects of the war, and the very inclement spring had occasioned a demand for corn early in the year. It was supplied by exports from England; and the price of wheat rose from 52s. 6d. per quarter in January, to 74s. 10d. in June. As it became apparent that the harvest would be very imperfect, the price rose continuously, and in December reached 105s. In June, 1817, the average price was 111s. 6d.; and on the 14th of that month wheat was sold in Mark-lane for 135s. per quarter. This was almost famine price; throughout the neighbouring continent, too, the price was very high, and French writers described the period as one of actual famine.

The distress of the labouring classes was very great in England, and as the price of corn rose, and as miners, colliers, and others, found their employment diminished, considerable disturbances ensued. On the opening of Parliament, in 1817, the condition of the people was referred to in the Prince Regent's speech, and measures were speedily brought forward to give relief and employment. Unfortunately, a riotous prevailed that the remedy from war to peace was the chief cause of the public distress, and sufficient weight was not assigned to the defective harvest. Statesmen, as is natural, look more to their own acts than to the laws of the material world, and as they generally mean well, they as generally conclude that only an untoward disposition in the people mars their success. On his way to Parliament, the Prince Regent had been insulted, his carriage-window was broken, whether by a stone or a shot was never ascertained; and, making little or no allowance for the sufferings occasioned by a dearth, when only blessings had been anticipated from victory and peace, the Government adopted measures of rigid coercion. Laws were hastily passed to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and prevent seditious meetings. The dissatisfaction and discontent which arose from comparative destitution and positive want were ascribed to "factious individuals," and a state almost of civil war ensued between the Government and the hungry multitude. Riots occurred in almost every part of the country; incendiarism was common; great assemblages of colliers in Staffordshire, and weavers and spinners in Lancashire, proposed to march on the metropolis; and in the metropolis itself ragged riot and insurrection. The troops were everywhere actively employed; the magistrates were armed with additional powers; and thoroughly discontented people were only prevented, by extreme vigilance and severity, from organizing a rebellion.

The year 1817 is one of the most painful in our modern annals, but we should have been slow to ascribe its many woes to the defective harvest of 1816, had we not noticed in England and in France, both before and subsequent to that year, several examples of general tribulation immediately following bad harvests. Thus, in 1756, in 1757, and in our own time in 1811, there were disorders and disturbances in England, consequent on short crops. In France, from a similar cause, there were insurrections in 1770, 1775, and in 1789 a severe scarcity was the forerunner of the terrible Revolution. Short harvests, too, preceded the revolutions of 1830 and 1848. No circumstance, then, has a greater influence over the well-being of society—over the security of the Government and the contentment of the people than—the yield of the harvest.

With the facts of great excess of rain, low temperature, rotting hay, a very backward harvest, and great spots on the sun, now brought continually under the notice of the public, we need not expatiate on the striking resemblance between the seasons of 1816 and 1860. The latter, however, is not yet closed; and till then, great as is the similarity between them, we cannot speak positively as to

which of the two is the more unfavourable. Mr. Glaisher told us last week that the mean temperature of July, this year, was above the mean temperature of July, 1816. The rain-fall in June of the present year, 5·8 in., is greater than the rain-fall in June, 1816, 2·4 in.; but we are not in possession of the official returns subsequent to June to enable us to institute a fair comparison. Admitting, however, that 1860 is at least as unfavourable, from excess of moisture and lowness of temperature, as 1816, no one anticipates either such high prices or such terrible disorders as occurred in 1817. The average price of the quarter of wheat, in January and June of the two contrasted years, was—

| | January. | June. |
|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| 1816..... | 52s. 6d. | 74s. 10d. |
| 1860..... | 52s. 11d. | 55s. 0d. |

The price, therefore, this year, is nearly 20 per cent. lower than it was then, and in an equal interval has risen much less. Then the whole continent was disordered; production was everywhere damaged and impeded, and England had a stringent Corn Law. Now the continent is generally better ordered; production is established for our market; we have a large corn trade, which embraces all Europe, and is susceptible, if occasion serve, of great extension. America, too, and Africa—at least Egypt,—are now sources of continual supply, which, at any time like this, may be indefinitely enlarged. Free trade has secured the national contentment. The whole nation is thoroughly convinced that the Government is one with it, and will do all that it can to alleviate whatever disastrous consequences may ensue from the wet, cold season of 1860. All the people are now animated by a spirit of loyalty to the Throne, and of mutual sympathy; and in conjunction with the Government will lessen as much as possible, while they bear in common, the general misfortune. And all this we owe to the triumph of the great and civilizing principle of FREE TRADE.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

THE Count de Persigny, President of the Council-General of the Loire, and Ambassador from the Emperor of the French to the Court of Great Britain, has just made a remarkable speech. He states—

"The military rôle of France is at an end. It affords me great happiness to be conscientiously able to say, that an era of peace and prosperity is dawning for Europe."

How does the Count know? He may know the intentions of his friend the Emperor, or he may not. But even if he do know, how can he conscientiously be able to state that such an era is about to commence, unless it be upon the supposition that France can command all Europe; and that the issues of peace and war are entirely in the hands of the Emperor. That they are so to an extent far greater than is consistent with the self-respect of the Great Powers of the continent, is undubitably, but too palpable a fact; but that Napoleon III. is absolutely the lord and master, as M. de Persigny seems to imagine, is not quite so obvious.

If France will scrupulously confine her attention to her own affairs, the era of peace and prosperity will be nearer than it might otherwise be; but, even in that case, the fate of Turkey and the independence of Italy are events that are certain to be troublesome enough in their course towards completion to justify the world in believing that M. de Persigny is either too sanguine or too presumptuous. When he states that "the Emperor has placed France in her legitimate position without shaking the confidence of Europe," Austria, Prussia, and Russia—and even Great Britain,—may stand aghast at the hardness of the assertion. If France be in her legitimate position, and desires no further extension of her frontier, Germany may cease to fear for the Rhine, and Belgium for her independence and her free constitution; but when M. de Persigny asserts that the position, such as it is, has been attained without shaking European confidence, he calls black white, and perverts facts (perhaps innocently) to serve the Imperial purposes of the moment.

It is notorious to all the world, and ought to be so to M. de Persigny, that European confidence is shaken in everybody and in everything, except in Garibaldi and in the triumph of the Italian cause; and that the European system is so rotten—from St. Petersburg to Constantinople, and from Paris to Vienna,—that there is not a Sovereign, great or small, in its whole boundary, who is not mistrustful of his neighbour; and not a nation or a nationality which does not distrust France more than it does its own rulers. M. de Persigny is one of the few honest men among the race of modern French statesmen. He no doubt speaks as he feels; but we are afraid that his pleasant convictions are due to his good heart rather than to his sound judgment; and that his picture of the future—painted *en couleur de rose*—is but the vision of an excited imagination. His Imperial Master knows better. When Napoleon III. shall disband two-thirds of his army, and induce Germany, Austria, and Russia to imitate his example, we may believe in the dawn of the new era of peace and prosperity—but not till then.

at Lyons, he refers to the distrust excited against him abroad, and begs the industrious inhabitants of his manufacturing capital to take no heed of idle clamours, but to devote themselves to the pursuit of industry and commerce, in the firm belief that, at present, there is no reason to anticipate any serious war. In all places visited by the Emperor and Empress they have met with a warm welcome, and nowhere have they been received with greater enthusiasm than at Chambéry.

The important words contained in the Emperor's speech at Lyons, were doubtless considered insufficient to unfold his new policy of peace. A commentary was necessary, and this commentary has been supplied by M. de Persigny in an elaborate address, which he delivered on Tuesday last, in opening the Council General of the department of the Loire. The most important statement in the speech of the ambassador is that the French Emperor is of opinion that the Russian war and the Italian campaign against Austria, have terminated the diplomatic difficulties which embarrassed the early part of his reign, and have so far solved them, as to render any future warlike demonstration on the part of France unnecessary, whatever may be the complications of European politics. The apprehensions entertained in Germany respecting the Iberian frontier, and the fears of an invasion current in England, M. de Persigny does not consider worthy of serious discussion. "To believe," he says, "seriously that either England or France would be disposed voluntarily to produce between the two greatest powers in the world that formidable struggle in which they would both alike have everything to lose and nothing to gain, is the very climax of folly."

The efforts of the Emperor to increase the internal prosperity of France form the theme of several recent articles in the French newspapers. The most remarkable of these is a very long account, published in the *Moniteur*, of the improvements carried out in the French capital since the fall of the Republic. These great improvements have not caused a drain upon the revenues of the State. They have been, according to Dr. Veron, the author of the article in the *Idées*, on the contrary, a source of revenue to the city of Paris, its credit having steadily increased since they were undertaken.

At the last meeting of the Society for the Economization of the Science of Political Economy at Brussels, the national prosperity of France was discussed in connection with the probable results of annexation on the welfare of the people of Belgium, when it was shown by incontrovertible statistics that it would in the first instance double the present burden of taxation, raising the proportion of the public debt falling on each citizen from 130 to 250 francs. The unanimous opinion came to by the society, after a thorough investigation of the whole subject, was "that in every point of view—material, moral, and political—it is the interest of Belgium to remain free and independent."

The Committee of the Austrian Reichsrath has divided into two sections, each of which has published a political scheme. The result of the adoption of the proposal of the majority would be to confer a liberal constitution on Hungary, but to three recent articles in the French newspapers. The most remarkable of these is a very long account, published in the *Moniteur*, of the improvements carried out in the French capital since the fall of the Republic. These great improvements have not caused a drain upon the revenues of the State. They have been, according to Dr. Veron, the author of the article in the *Idées*, on the contrary, a source of revenue to the city of Paris, its credit having steadily increased since they were undertaken.

Great excitement prevails in Hungary. General Benedek, a few days ago, returned to Vienna to resign his post as Governor of Hungary, he having refused, in the event of a hostile demonstration among his countrymen, to carry out coercive measures against them; but he has been persuaded to return to Puth, and to remain there until the decisive debate in the Council of the Empire is over.

There is little news of importance from the East. The French and Russian parties are now at odds even in Montenegro, and murders have been recently committed by Turks in Serbia, but there is no longer any dread of a general outbreak. Farouk Pasha conducts his prosecution at Damascus after the barbarous and atrocious fashion of a Turkish Pasha of the old school, inviting suspected persons to a friendly interview, and then quietly handing them over to justice.

A plan for the permanent government of Syria is suggested in a recent number of the French official paper, by M. Saint-Mère Girardin. He lays it down that the Christian population will not be safe until it is placed under the protection of a European military police. The jealousy of the Great Powers of course prevents any of them from sending troops into Syria for its permanent pacification; but this is no reason why some of the minor states, which are either neutral or empire no distrust, should be deterred from supplying a force, to be supported by the Turkish Government, or by revenues raised for the purpose in the country.

A letter from Beyrout, dated the 10th ultimo, states that vessels had arrived that morning with 2,000 French soldiers on board, who were to disembark in the evening, to the intense gratification of the European and native Christians, who have awaited their arrival with all the impatience of men whose lives and fortunes were placed in jeopardy by delay.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

We commence our weekly review of corn, money, and other great elements of business, by stating that the price of new white English wheat per quarter (the best) was, prices generally—was, in Mark Lane, on Wednesday, from 68s. to 67s. This is about the same as the price on the same day last year, but it is from 5s. to 7s. per quarter above the price of the previous Wednesday. There was no rise on Wednesday, chiefly in consequence of large arrivals from America. To have some striking proof, we shall refer in this article to the condition of the corn market and the other elements of business at the time of the year, so as to enable the unprejudiced reader to form an opinion for himself. Then the price of similar wheat was from 48s. to 46s., and had a tendency downward. The average price of the six weeks ended the 18th inst. was 58s. 1d.; last year at the same period it was 55s. 6d. A similar fact may be observed in the case of potatoes. Potatoes, such as regents, were last year from 80s. to 100s. per ton; they are now from 100s. to 120s. As many are damaged and will not keep, they will be sent quickly to market, and the price at present may not rise very much, while it will average very much with the quality of last year's crop. Wheat was last year from 4s. to 4s. 2d. the 80s. for the carcase, making the offal, is now from 5s. to 5s. 6d. Prime mutton was then 4s. 2d. to 4s. 4d., now it is 4s. 8d. to 4s. 6d. Thus the price of food, especially corn, is high, and is rising. One gratifying circumstance is that in the week the cattle and sheep markets have slightly declined.

The public is well aware that this peculiarity is the consequence of the weather. It is to be hoped to some extent all kinds of trade other than that connected with the production of corn from abroad, which it promotes. In 1859 more wheat and flour was imported than the average monthly import this year, and more than in July last year. At the same time much less has been imported in the seven months of this year than last; but the deficiency will very soon be more than supplied by the large quantities of wheat which have been ordered from July last year. The great fact of the time, so far as business is concerned, is the high price of food, with the tendency of the price to rise, stimulating the foreign corn trade into unwonted activity.

The money market was the week last both active, and the demand considerable. Last year at this time the minimum rate of discount at the Bank of England was 2½; now it is 4 per cent. There is no obvious cause for a dearth of capital as of corn, yet it is comparatively scarce. This is probably more immediately the result of demand of several great undertakings, which have been ordered in the past few months, than of any unusual speculation. On the contrary, there is comparatively little activity in our manufacturing cities and commercial havens; and, apart from the tendency of large imports of corn to lessen the bullion in the Bank, which curtails in the proportion the amount of legal tender, there is nothing in the condition of business to induce us to suppose that the demand for money will become extremely active at present. Expressing the facts in millions, the principal features in the condition of the Bank of England, which may serve as a clue to the condition of the money market, are as follows:

Week ended Aug. 26, 1859. Week ended Aug. 27, 1860.

| | | |
|-----------------------|------|------|
| Notes in circulation | 22.5 | 22.0 |
| in reserve | 9.6 | 8.7 |
| Bullion | 10.8 | 15.6 |
| Government securities | 11.2 | 8.6 |
| Private ditto | 19.8 | 19.8 |
| Government deposits | 6.1 | 5.5 |
| Private ditto | 14.1 | 13.8 |

The lessened quantity of bullion, of Government and of private deposits, and the greater quantity of Government and private securities, with a diminished amount of notes in circulation and in reserve, all concur in indicating, as compared with last year, a less quantity of disposable capital, and a less demand for it. The Bank of England has necessarily many customers for loans at its minimum rate; and in Lombard-street the best short-dated bills are discounted a little below this rate, while long-dated bills cannot be discounted under 4½ per cent. This diversity shows that distrust prevails among the moneyed classes, who will readily part with their cash on easy terms for very short periods, but, expecting a greater demand, will not lend it except on much higher terms for long periods.

At present Canada has about 93, and have been, with trifling variations, steady at that price for some time. Last year at this period they were 90½. Taking the London and North-Western Rail as one of the stoutest, the price of the shares was last year 96 to 98½; last week it was 102½ to 102½. This week the price has never been reached, but the comparison between it and the price of Canada indicates that rails are the more improving property. A delicate harvest will induce less to loosen traffic on railways, and in proportion the price of railway shares may not continue to rise faster than the price of Canada. Those who deal in stocks and shares make it a rule to be especially discerning in the case of shares, and, therefore, the present dullness of the railway share market is in part the consequence of the anticipations that the traffic will not increase hereafter so fast as heretofore; otherwise the present prices of railway shares, in comparison to the prices of other stocks, are encouraging. And this is equally true of railway property in France and the United States. In fact, the value of the capital invested in railways and similar undertakings will increase with population and wealth, while State and other debts have in them no such healthy principle. They only rise in price when capital is very abundant, and funds in adequate quantity.

Neither the prorogation of Parliament nor M. Persigny's speech, the two political events of the week of most importance, had any marked effect on the stock or the market. It continued steady after they had occurred as before, and prices underwent no material alteration.

Prices generally have for a considerable period been very steady. At this time last year, for example, the price of B plantation yellow sugar was 24s. 6d. to 31s. per cwt., now it is 24s. to 24½; the price of cotton ten was 1s. to 1s. 3d. per lb., it is now 1s. 1d. to 1s. 3½d.; and the price of Indian corn was 1s. 1d. to 1s. 2d. per cwt., now it is from 2s. to 2½s. 6d. Cotton is now much cheaper than it was last year at this time; then Upland at Liverpool was from 6d. to 6½d. per lb., now it is from 4½d. to 5½d. Great exertions have been made to secure a supply; none were able to decrease the supply of food, and now for some time the supply is abundant, and the higher very much wanted. Wool is something cheaper than it was last year. On the whole, the markets for raw materials and colonial produce have been steady for some time. The demand has continually increased, and the supply has increased also.

The illustration which has characterized the week, in which, except the rise in the price of corn on Monday, has not been marked by great changes, is not due to any want of enterprise, or any deficiency in the materials with which commerce deals. There is, however, some uncertainty as to the effects of a short

harvest, which has not been experienced for several years, and it is likely to be particularly injurious to some branches of business. To meet all the credit that has been taken in the expectation of the usual crop, there will be an insufficiency. Some traders must be less successful than they have anticipated. On whom the blow will fall,—the farmer, exposed to great expense to gather in his harvest, and unable to obtain a corresponding remuneration; the tradesman, who has speculated on what he was to gain from supplying the farmer, or the merchant, importing, perhaps, more corn than the market for in 1857, cannot yet be known; but the certainty that there will be losses make all distinct.

In most of the markets there was last week considerable activity, and this week there has been a proportionate dulness. We have already stated the chief prices, and have only to add that if the trade of the week be satisfactory, the whole trade of the year, as far as it is known by the official tables, is fully as large as ever. The value of the exports in July was £1,522,693, against £11,286,461 in July last year; while in seven months the value was £7,642,687, against £7,128,610 in the same months of 1859. But it must be remarked that trade has increased relatively more with foreign countries than with our own possessions; the exports to the East Indies, which increased very much in 1859, have this year declined materially. The imports have increased, and in the six months amounted in value to £22,465,487, against £7,514,946 in 1859. This increase is partly balanced by a great falling off in the previous months, the value of which imported in seven months was only £12,971,203, against £23,350,350 in seven months in 1859, and £18,046,331 in 1858. The imports, it must be remembered, comprise the raw materials of our manufactures and the basis of our enjoyments, and their increase augurs well for the future prosperity and well-being of the community.

SKETCHES FROM THE HOUSE.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

CAN THE mistakes? Does not the entire British nation breathe more freely? Has it not grown in every age, and in every age, daily each of St. Stephens. Does not all mankind rejoice at the condition of the nation, the conscious click-click of the parliamentary mill? Are we any better than the street musician, unskilled player of trombones, performers upon ill-tuned lured-organs and automatic lured-guitars, who outrage and affront Mr. Babbage Hall by playing under his nose and disturbing him in his peaceful and legitimate pursuits? Are we not a nuisance? Will any deny that we are an assembly of vain talkers, empty praters, self-seekers? If, in any mixed company of practical Englishmen, I admit I am a member of Parliament, is not the new problem upon me to show why they should not like me? When I call my constituency together, is not the case equally upon me to show why they should not turn me out? If any man of business conducted his affairs as we have conducted ours, would he not go into the Gazette? If any English matron dabbled and wasted her time as we have wasted ours, would not her children run about with holes in their stockings, and her household become a by-word? We are an example to the nation! Pshaw! Was there ever a worse House of Commons? Had any legislative assembly ever sit so long, talk so much, and do so little? Fugh!

My own particular sufferings have been indescribable. The late remembrance of them excites the actions and passions, such as provoked from Miss Tabitha Bramble at the recital of *Linnæus's* tortures among the Indians. As for Mr. Bull, he takes up his morning newspaper, throws it from him with a grunt when he sees twenty columns of parliamentary drivel, takes it up again, and perhaps eliminates in a few minutes the half-dozen grains of wheat from the basket of chaff. The talkative member, too, has his consolation. If his name do not appear in the debates to-day, it will be there to-morrow. He submits to be bored on Monday, in the hope that he may be allowed to bore somebody else on Tuesday. But a silent and unassuming member, who takes his seat with the Speaker at four o'clock, and likes to be in the House when the man at the door cries "Who goes home?" has no resource like Mr. Bull, and no consolation like Mr. Peter. The end of such a Session finds him reduced to the last state of mental prostration. Messrs. Ayrton, Edwin James, Danby Seymour, and Darby Griffiths ought to be bound to carry him home on a shutter; with Horsman, Kinnaird, Malins, and Denton following, as an English relay; and G. Bowyer, Butt, Homeboy, and McGuire as an Irish contingent. These wretched representatives have not only ruined my health and nerves by keeping me out of bed until three and four o'clock in the morning; they have pursued me with unrelenting hostility into the land of dreams. The honorable and learned member for Marylebone has sat heavily upon me in a nightmare. The honorable and learned member for the Tower Hamlets has roared and bawled me at the stake, and, like his language, so with everyone. That air of concentrated conceit, and the itch for talking on any and every subject, that has made him the most stuporous bore in St. Stephens. Mr. Bull may believe me or not, as he likes, but I assure him, on the faith and honor of a silent member, that if the score of M.P.'s I have enumerated had been clapped under lock and key at the beginning of the Session, we should have had time enough to pass both the Reform Bill and the Bankruptcy Bill. I suppose there is not a lunatic out of Bedlam who would maintain that public business would have suffered anything by their absence. Avenue me, I pray you, virtuous Tabitha Bramble, against these fell destroyers of my health and patience,—these our torturers, these organs grinders. May every face, eye, lip, and ear at the recital of their cruelties. And then conceive, if you can, my unspeakable delight on Tuesday, when the Usurper of the Black Rod, in all the splendor of blue-and-gold, knocked at the door of the House of Commons, and asked me (with others) to please to step into the House of Lords and hear something to my advantage.

The lords and metropolitan members (they are nearly convertible terms) mustered very strong on the last day of the Session. Our Noble Viscount was, of course, the central figure of our Parliamentary Gallery. We all looked at him with interest and pride, as he sat, so jaunty, so active, so cheerful, so bawling red he appears. Our Noble Viscount, who rides a horse, so "wanting race." In the earlier days of the Session he left the running to his "chamberlain" of the Exchequer. Then Lord John took it up, and we had a neck-and-neck race

between Reform Bill and Budget, which ended in Budget breaking down at Paper Hill, and Reform Bill falling lame at the straight running. The Attorney-General, upon Bankruptcy, then came to the front, but, becoming petulant, he threw up the reins in a tiff. Our Noble Viscount now for the first time drew ahead, and from this moment to the end of the Session he was never headed. According to the most careful and accurate calculation I have been able to make, our Noble Viscount has been in the House for two hundred and two hours, after midnight, since Parliament met on the 24th January. Six and seventy of significance, expended by his ordinary ministerial duties and avocations, would have killed half a dozen fine young English gentlemen." Our Noble Viscount, when he stood at the bar of the House of Lords on Tuesday, to hear his own Speech read by his Lord Chancellor, looked a little pale, and somewhat thin, since he listened to the voice of his Royal Mistress in the same spot, but appeared to be in the enjoyment of undiminished vigour of mind and body.

I must leave the other members until I return from the House of Lords,—so anxious am I to appear at that bar, perchance to be told that I am, by the fanatics of others who are not Silent Members, an idle and unprofitable servant and subject of Her Majesty. The Parliamentary mill was in full chafe when Sir Augustus Clifford tapped at the door. Bailie Cochrane had found time to "call attention" to the Militia; Spooner was going to "call attention" in the rainy weather; Edwin James and Mellor to the necessity of appointing two Solicitor-Generals at the next vacancy; and Ayrton to the abominable loggery of certain members, which has all but prevented him from getting in a word edgewise. But Black Rod advanced to the table, and making three obeisances, said,—“Mr. Speaker, the Lords Commissioners desire the immediate attendance of this Honourable House in the House of Peers, to hear the Commission read.” If he had left Her Majesty on the throne, would Sir Augustus have held such civil parity with your honorable friend? No! But would he have said, with a serene and peremptory smile, “Mr. Speaker! The Queen commands this Honourable House to attend Her Majesty immediately in the House of Peers.”

The Speaker rises and leaves his chair; Lord Charles Russell comes to the table, and seizes the gold mace, and then we all march off to the House of Lords. Arrived at the bar, we put our Speaker in the centre, with Black Rod on one side of him, and our Sergeant-at-Arm on the other. Our Noble Viscount, as our most distinguished Parliament man, stands on the right of Black Rod, and Sir Charles Wood, as the next senior Minister, and not at all as a distinguished Parliament man, on the left of the Mace. For the rest of us, we push and shove ourselves into the best places, after the manner of Englishmen, that is, to our mutual discomfort, and without the least necessity, and then we look round, and compose ourselves to the due enjoyment of the imposing spectacle.

The throne was uncovered, and so were the royal chairs of state. Between the steps of the throne and the woodwork was a long cushioned seat, upon which several "objets" were placed, who seemed at first to be guys, but when, on a closer inspection proved to be the Lords' Commissioners. There were five of them, and all were cocked-hats, and the scarlet robes of peers, barred with ermine. The figure in the centre was discerned to be the Lord Chancellor, by his tall bag and by a three-cornered hat, such as our own the portraits of his illustrious predecessors, Sir Thomas More, on his right was the Duke of Somerset, and on his left Viscount Sydney, who wore a white wand, and had a white rosette on his robe, in token of his office of Lord Chamberlain of the Household. The other Commissioners were Lord Stanley of Alderley, and Lord Montagu. They all sat covered.

We are in the House of Lords, but not one spiritual peer greets the ceremony. Yes, a single bishop occupies the right reverend bench. It is the new Bishop of Rochester, who preaches against fairs and horse-races, but will hardly persuade our Noble Viscount to give up his stud. Behind the bishop there is a dreary row of empty red benches. A tall good-humoured face is seen peering at us from the glass door of the Council Chamber. It is our late Speaker, Viscount Eversley, who on don'ts rejoices over his deliverance from Mr. Ayrton, and thinks we have not improved much in regard to legislative deeds and things since he stood at that bar, groaning because the period of his captivity was not accomplished. On the Opposition side, ten ladies, in morning costume, occupy the second bench. Two of the fairest, charming daughters of the Queen of Beauty, may be so proud of the wit and personal charms of the Sicilians as of that Lord Protector Somerset, first duke of their line, whose lord rolled from the scaffold. The Diplomatic Gallery contains the well-known features of Baron Brunow, the Russian Ambassador, who has long loved our fair country, and who, with everyone, I hear that the Stranger's Gallery was occupied by ladies, but who were not visible from the bar, they do not properly enter into my sketch.

I hope the distinguished Russians are edited by our politeness. The new bishop and the ten ladies appear to be profoundly impressed with the ceremony that begin as ours as we come to the bar. First, Mr. Speaker, who has no lot to take off, makes a lowly obeisance with his bejeweled head. Then the Lords' Commissioners simultaneously raise their hats and replace them. Then our Speaker, delighted to find himself in such agreeable company, makes them another low bow. Then the Lords' Commissioners, not to outshine in politeness even by the "first commoner of the realm," again lift their hats and again put them upon their heads. Then our Speaker, punctuated in a Spanish hallo of the reign of Charles V., transported to be *vis-à-vis* to such polite gentlemen, makes another low obeisance, and again five black cocked-hats are lifted in the air, held at arm's length, and replaced. "Compliments pass when good-faiths meet;" and the first civilities over, we severally apply ourselves to business.

The Lord Chancellor, taking off his hat, said,—“My Lords and Gentlemen,—Her Majesty not thinking it to be personally present, has caused a Commission to be preferred under the Great Seal, for giving the Royal Assent to certain bills, which is always “by the Queen herself signed with her own hand,” and attested by the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery, is then read in a stammering voice (one of the ancient usages of Parliament) by one of the clerks

as the table, called the Clerk of the Crown in Parliament, or the Reading Clerk, because he never can read. When the clerk came to the names of the right doubly-beloved counsels and councillors appointed of the Commission, the Lord Chancellor, according to custom, raises his hat, in token of respect to the sign-manual and the Queen's pleasure. One of the other Lords' Commissioners seeing civilities going on, and being somewhat new to the business, also raises his hat, but, discovering his mistake, replaces it upon his head in some little confusion. Then the other Lords' Commissioners, as they are severally named, all make their obeisances, and bow by the precipitate peer is able to take off his hat at the proper place.

The ceremony of giving the Royal Assent to the bills is then gone through, it is in this wise: The Clerk of the Crown stands on the west side of the table, with his face to the Lords' Commissioners. He makes an obeisance to their lordships, and then reads the title of a bill, after which he makes another obeisance. The Clerk of the Parliament (Sir John Shaw Lefevre), standing on the other side of the table, and facing the Lords' Commissioners, first bows, then declares the Royal Assent, and then bows again. As there were fifty bills and four bows to each bill, this made up the number of two hundred obeisances, or one hundred to each clerk. Everybody knows that the Royal Assent is signified in Norman-French, which, to the uninitiated Russians in the gallery, sounded like the French of Cockaigne. The bills of supply—the only bills carried up and presented by our Speaker's own hand—received the Royal Assent, according to immemorial usage, before all the other bills. The Clerk of the Parliament pronounced the Royal Assent to these bills in the well-known words—*« La Reine veut que les bills soient acceptés, accepte les bills, et ainsi le veut. »* For the public bills the form of expression was *« La Reine le veut. »* When the Clerk came to the private bills, he said, *« Soit fait comme il est désiré. »* Sir J. Lefevre's predecessor embosomed the traditions of a hundred Parliament in his style of pronouncing the Royal Assent. It was the style generous and despatch, such as befitted the ungracious mind of a Tudor or a Plantagenet, who for two pence would chop off Mr. Speaker's head. But when this peppy old gentleman had backed his last *« soit »,* the whole thing was seen to be incontinent with Reform-Bill days and the reign of Queen Victoria. Sir J. Lefevre's tone is tempered by a consciousness of constitutional government. It is not wanting in dignity, but there is a dash of mildness in it, suited to those later days of popular power and mutual concession in the great council of the nation.

After the bills had received the Royal Assent, the Lord Chancellor, still covered, proceeded to read the Queen's Speech. His Royal Mistress would have read it a hundred times better. His Lordship's voice was pitched too low, as if he were charging a grand jury, instead of addressing a crowd of gentlemen, twenty or thirty yards off. His tones were slightly tremulous; yet, making allowance for occasional indistinctness, Lord Chancellor Campbell read the Royal Speech with great deliberation and impressiveness. *« Great virtue in an 'if,'* said my neighbour, as the Lord Chancellor read, *« If no Foreign Powers interfere in Italy, and if the Italians are left to settle their own affairs, the tranquillity of other states will remain undisturbed. »* Our Noble Viscount, we pronounced, had put a very good line upon our do-nothingism—*« main Her Majesty may also had »*—given her ready assent to several measures of great public usefulness—praised our measures of law reform, and finished by saying, *« You will, on returning to your several countries, have duties to perform, severely less important than those which have occupied you during the Session of Parliament, »* which, we added, *« may very well happen. »*

The commission for procuring Parliament was then read, with the same ceremony of each peer raising his hat when his name was mentioned. The Lord Chancellor declared Parliament prorogued until Tuesday, the 6th November, which, it will be observed, gives Guy Fawkes a chance. Mr. Speaker and the Lords' Commissioners now took leave of each other, with the same ceremonies as before, but for a longer interval, as they mutually hoped, than until the 6th November. We returned to our own House where the Mace left the Speaker at the door, as a token that the right hon. orable gentleman's authority had departed, and that all that was now to be done was private, unofficial, and unofficial. The Speaker went to his chair, and, standing, read the Queen's Speech; the members also standing bareheaded, and listening in attitudes of respectful attention. Mr. Bernal Osborne, junior, as usual, drew attention to the fact that old Mr. Spencer, the great parliamentary champion of Exeter Hall, and antagonist of Maynooth, and Sir George Boyce, the member for Rye, and champion of the Pope's temporal rule, stood side by side—unconscious of each other's proximity—as the Speaker read the Speech. Our Noble Viscount then went up to the Speaker and congratulated him upon the conclusion of his arduous labours. Sir C. Wood, Sir C. Lewis, Mr. Villiers, Mr. Brand, Mr. Weymouth, Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, Sir Frederick Smith, Mr. Colclough, Mr. Scholefield, Sir J. Duke, Mr. B. Osborne, Mr. Bass, &c., followed. Even Mr. Ayton had the hardihood to present himself, and to tender his congratulations; and such was the good humour of the moment, that he was not rebuffed. And thus ended the Session of 1860, leaving us, as a legacy, its stormy and chequered memories of a Commercial Treaty, a Paper Duty repealed and restored, a War Income Tax in peace, the legislative *pilotes de relâche* of the Session sent back in the kitchen to be re-cooked, Savoy and New Annations, an expenditure of £70,000,000, and Garibaldi in Italy. Session of great promises and little performances! I would except the Chiltern Hundreds. If I thought I should have to groan and sigh, and lose my rest over many such.

THE EXCURSION TO ETRA AND VESUVIUS.—The armed party of excursionists to Southern Italy has been organized in London, and will shortly leave for Naples. In Scotland the movement has been very successful, the numbers of volunteers enlisted at Edinburgh being already 110; while the numbers enlisted in Glasgow had risen on Tuesday night to 160, the first volunteers' meeting having taken place only on the previous day.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE Town is more empty than ever. It is not alone the Upper Ten Thousand that are fled; but the entire population seems to have abandoned the West-end. After the late season and the bad weather, tourists seem to have concentrated all their energies to get away by the 1st of September. The cheap trains have done their part, and no one is left in town but the poor Government officials and the gentlemen of the press—or, at least, as many of both sets as are still required for the business of the nation. The few people to be met with in the streets have a country air about them. The cabs loiter and crawl more than ever. This "creeping," as it is termed, is an offence under the Police laws—but there never is a policeman when he is wanted, to enforce law and order. These creeping vehicles are most dangerous to foot passengers who desire to cross the streets; for, whilst counting on the slow pace of one, another comes by at a dangerous speed, and the unwary traveller on the *pavé* is knocked over before he knows where he is. The crossing-sweepers and the beggars neither aggravate the evil. The policemen neglect this part of their duty altogether. If Sir Richard Mayne will not look to it, the public press must remove the grievance.

A considerable number of our more enterprising tourists have made their way to the stirring scenes of Sicily and Southern Italy. The majority go for pleasure, including several of our senators, just released from one of the longest, latest, and most wily Sessions of Parliament on record; but not a few of our spirited young Volunteers seem to have more than mere holiday-seeking in view. The "Excursion to Mount Etna," which has been planned by the friends of Garibaldi, has assumed a large proportion, and has a shrewd air of business about it. There are already more than 800 fine young fellows enrolled, and it is expected that the party will be made up to 1,000 before the departure, which is fixed for next week. It will not be easy to overtake them. If the excursionists do not quicken their movements, they will miss the interesting sight of the embarkation of the *Redoubt* from the shores of that most splendid country, which they have kept in slavery and misery so long. The appeal made by the noble ladies of England, for relief of the sick and wounded volunteers of Italy, has been nobly answered. But much is still wanted. The sufferings of those who have been struck down by the hired oppressors of their country are described in late letters as very severe. There is only wanting to announce this fact to arouse the warmest sympathies of the men as well as the women of England to hasten to their relief.

Although the Session is but barely over, there is abundant evidence already to show that a great accession to the "business" of next year will proceed from the necessity of legislating for the metropolis, which cannot be much longer deferred. The streets and thoroughfares must be looked to. The public buildings, and the so-called works of art, which disfigure, instead of ornamenting the metropolis of Great Britain, are positively disgraceful to us as a nation. Mr. Cowper had better look to it in time. It is not so prepared with plans to remedy some of the most glaring defects in the public monuments of London, and to do something in the matter of widening the great existing thoroughfares, and providing new ones, the public will begin to ask what is the use of his office. We would advise the metropolitan members also to make themselves up in those matters, for they will brook no longer delay. Instead of wasting the public time over crude attempts at over-legislation, and squabbling over supplies, they must endeavour to get up the supplies for the relief of the public streets and the improvement of the public buildings. Instead of providing new constitutions, the constituencies that exist will demand some reform in the system that interfere with the comfort, and disarrange the business of every one who has occasion to pass from one part of this crowded city to another. It is not so crowded just now; but that is the very time to see the defects, and to study the remedies.

Mr. Disraeli remarks—in "Conspicuity," if we recollect right—that at no time are the streets and buildings seen so well as in the grey light of the early morning. The members of the House of Commons had many opportunities of this sort lately. They could admire the Strand (which Mr. Disraeli calls one of the finest streets in Europe) as they passed up from Whitehall, and they could see how much that great thoroughfare required to be prolonged through the Park to the West, whilst the town is already so far extended, and whither it is still extending so fast. There is only the old street in Charing-cross (which is much better than many of the new ones), and two or three holes in Spring-gardens that stop the way. The public must insist upon this most necessary opening being made, as well as on the demolition of the ugly statues of Carlton House, and the completion of Carlton-terrace, which will pay a good share of the expense. The public will demand, too, if we are not mistaken, that something should be done to make Trafalgar-square more worthy of its name and situation. It is a good site, although not the best in Europe, as Sir Robert Peel could tell it, who knew as little about Europe as any honest English statesman of his time.

The question of the Artisans' Voluntary remains at a standstill. Lord Salisbury still declines to end them, although it is understood that Lord Palmerston is strongly in favour of the idea. Should the Marquis not alter his decision, we understand that the first battalions will be raised in Surrey; the Lord-Lieutenant of which county is favourable to the movement.

The statue of Jenner is not a bad one, but it is entirely out of place. Surely a more appropriate site could be found for the commemoration of one of the benefactors of the human race. The statue of Sir Charles Napier is so bad that it ought to be put anywhere but in the prominent position where it is placed on trial. We do not like this system of placing great stone memorials upon trial, it is as difficult to get them removed. The statue of the Duke of Wellington on the arch in Piccadilly is the ugliest thing in London, until the Guards' memorial was erected in Waterloo-place. And yet the respect felt for "the Duke" and for the valiant warriors who defended the flag of England through the wintery campaigns of the Crimea, will probably keep these two prominent deformities of modern London where they are.

The small sum voted for the interior accommodation of the National Gallery will probably be laid out by Mr. Venetothorpe, according to the proposed plan, in such a way as to increase the accommodation of the building. But so long as the Royal Academy remains, we cannot hope for anything like a building worthy of a national collection of pictures.

However little has been done this Session respecting the three much abused institutions at Brompton, Bloomsbury, and Trafalgar-square, the ground has been somewhat cleared for future action, and next year we may be able to profit somewhat from past failures, and put all three houses in better order.

The Industrial Exhibition at Kensington will go on in 1862. The guarantee fund subscribed is £358,000, and the commissioners of 1851 have granted the ground.

Messrs. Langman have some new works of interest in preparation. A new edition of Moon's "Lalla Rookh," with numerous illustrations from original designs by John Tenniel, engraved on wood by the brothers Dalziel, will be ready in October.

The same publishers have obtained possession of the "Autobiography of Mrs. Piazzi," with a collection of her letters. This collection has remained, since her death in 1821, in the family of her late physician, Sir James Fyfe. The autobiography will be published shortly.

The "Narrative of the Canadian Red River, and Assiniboine, and Lake-Indian."

Exploring Expedition," drawn up by Mr. Henry Wode, Professor of chemistry and geology at Toronto, is preparing for publication by Messrs. Longman. A series of thirty photographic views of the scenery will be published simultaneously with this work, by Mr. W. J. Hogarth, of the Haymarket.

A "Treatise on Mills and Millwork," by William Fairbairn, corresponding member of the National Institute of France, is in the press.

On Monday next Messrs. Stobley and Wilkinson will conclude a sale which has been going on during the past week, of miscellaneous books. Among the lots will be found a rare collection of the works of the poet George Withers. We call attention to Lot 774, being the first edition, which was suppressed, of "Alonzo Striped and Whipped, or, Satirical Essays." It may not be known to most of our readers that it was for these identical "Essays" that the poet suffered imprisonment in the Marshalsea, which led to English poetry his celebrated "Shepherd's Hunting," Lot 788.—Our "Meditations Upon the Lord's Prayer," is interesting from the fact of its great scarcity, most of the copies having been destroyed in the Great Fire of London.

The City Corporation Library will be reopened on the 14th of September. It now numbers upwards of 4,000 volumes. The library is open daily for visitors, from ten till five. Admission can be gained by introduction by a member, or by tickets, which the members of the corporation have the power of giving. The visitor will find the rules similar to those of the reading-room of the British Museum. A portion of the library is selected for circulation among the members, and thus the exclusiveness common to royal and corporate libraries is, in this particular, depurated from.

It may be interesting to our readers to learn that the committee charged with the collection of Napoleon the First's writings (some volumes of which have already appeared), have a suite of rooms devoted to their interesting labours in the Palais Royal, where clerks are employed in making clean copies from the almost incomprehensible writings of the first emperor. The policemen and some with which none of these relics have been deciphered are not without. Still, indeed, which we saw not very long since, appeared like so much yellow paper blurred with brown ink.

The St. James's Theatre is about to pass out of the hands of Mr. Clarendon, Jun., and Mr. Willott. Mr. Alfred Wigman, late lessee of the Olympic Theatre, is the new entrepreneur. He has taken a lease of the house for seven years.

A very interesting first appearance took place at the Princess's on Monday evening. It was that of Miss Maria Harris, the daughter of Mr. Augustus Harris, manager. The piece in which this young lady appeared was a farce called "The First Night," an amusing version of "Le Père d'Antant." It is well known from the English form in which it was presented at the Olympic Theatre. The interest of the performance on Monday night, at the Princess's, lay in the striking fact that the father was really instructor and father, and that the daughter was truly pupil, daughter, and pretending and veritable actress. The entire performance was highly and deservedly successful.

At late Alfred Smith's famous Egyptian Hall, a comprehensive and splendid Diorama of striking points and places in Europe is to be speedily exhibited to the public. It is to be a first-class exhibition, with light, line, and music of Mr. Charles Marshall is ample guarantee that, in pictorial respects, the panorama will be unique.

The "St. Devon Marine Hotel Company," has purchased one of the finest and most romantic sites in Devonshire for a palatial hotel. This spacious and noble establishment is to be placed amidst the cliffs and spreading woods of Kingswear, on the Torbay side of the Dart. This splendid hotel, which will be the precursor, we anticipate, of a beautiful little seaside town, will be close to one of the most interesting places in the kingdom—Dartmouth. By means of the new railway, extending from Froggry to Dartmouth, the Marine Hotel will be brought within five hours of London. It is to have two seasons, a summer and a winter one. Myrtles, magnolias, and other bloom in the open air; roses are to be found in January; and the climate is genial, sunshiny, and delicious as that of the south of France, without its extreme heat.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE HONOURABLE JOHN WILLIAM FORSTER, ESQ., of 17, Grosvenor-square, London, formerly M.P. for Barnstaple, died at Madras, on the 23rd of June last, aged 40, having executed his will there only a fortnight before his death. He was the second son of Earl Forster, K.G., and had left personal property valued at £12,000, which he bequeathed to his family, with a few exceptions in favour of some personal friends. He leaves a wife, the late Mrs. Anna Maria Forster, M.P. for Andover, a life-interest in the sum of £5,000, and the prin-

cipal as his decedent be given to his brother's children. There are two legacies, one of £1,000 to the Bishop of London, for church endowments in his diocese, and the other of £500 for church and educational purposes in the locality of the family residence at Castle Hill, Devon, Lord Forster having the patronage of six livings—three in Devonshire, and three in Lincolnshire. The testator's brother, Viscount Ebrington, is appointed sole executor and residuary legatee. The Earl of Portsmouth and Viscount Ebrington are nominated trustees.

JOHN HENRY CANCELLER, ESQ., who was one of the Masters of Her Majesty's Court of Common Pleas, a magistrate for Middlesex, and late residing at Barnes, Surrey, and St. Leonards-on-Sea; formerly of Chester-le-foze, Regent's-park, and of Sergeant's Inn, Chancery-lane; died at Guilford, on the 22nd of June last, aged 62. This gentleman made his will on the 13th of February, 1852, to which he added a codicil three days prior to his decease. The personal estate was sworn under £8,000. This, of course, is exclusive of the realty. The executors named are Charles Cancellor, Esq., the brother; the Rev. John Henry Cancellor, the son; and Mr. Cancellor, the nephew, but who is not acting. His freehold estate at Barnes has been left to his wife, and on her decease, to be divided by his eldest son John, to whom he also leaves his freehold property situate in Gray's Inn-lane, and an equal share in the personality together with his other children.

JAMES BRAND, Esq., merchant, of New Broad-street, London, and of Bedford Lodge, Baltham, Surrey, died 12th of June, 1860, aged 61, possessed of estate, real and personal, the latter estimated for probate duty at £250,000. The will is dated 26th of January, 1855, to which are added four codicils; and he has distributed his immense property, real and personal, almost entirely amongst his family. He bequeathed to his eldest son, James Brand, Esq., of Dewlish, Hereford, formerly of the City of Bath, died on the 20th of July last, having made his will on the 6th of July, 1850, which was proved in London on the 20th of August, by Richard P. Long, Esq., the nephew, and Richard Walsley, Esq., the son, two of the executors. The testator died possessed of both real and personal property, the latter being £15,000. Mr. Walsley inherited considerable freehold and landed estates under his father's will, which are to descend to the five sons of the testator in succession. The son being thus amply provided for, the testator has bequeathed to his eldest son four children the sum of £20,000, to be paid to him on his decease; to be repaid, taking a life-interest. The estates which will ultimately fall in be bequeathed to his grandson, John Walter Hawkehurst, the son of his daughter Florentina, and John Hawkehurst her husband, with a desire that he should assume the name of "Walsley."

THE REVEREND THOMAS CLAYTON GLYNN, M.A., of Durrington House, Sheering, Essex, and of Orsett-terrace, Gloucester-road, Hyde-park, formerly of Gladwin, Essex, died, at his town residence, on the 17th of June last, aged 71. He executed his will on the 9th November, 1856, which was proved on the 10th of January, 1857, by his eldest son, Clayton William Procter Glynn, Esq., who is nominated sole executor. The testator is the son and heir of the late Colonel Thomas Glynn, from whom he inherited considerable landed property; the greater part of the estates are, however, settled upon his (the testator's) eldest son, so that he also inherits the realty of the real estate. He also leaves to his eldest son his carriage, furniture, and other effects absolutely, excepting the plate, jewellery, and pictures, which are to come into the possession of the party inheriting the mansion and estate of Durrington, and to be considered as hereditary. This gentleman was employed under his management in the East India Company, and was paid £12,000, to be applied for the benefit of his younger children, and has divided the residue of his property amongst all his children, with the exception of his eldest son and his youngest daughter.

SIR WILLIAM HENRY KAT., Q.C., of Pinfold House, Hertford, and Upper Harley-street, London, who died a widower, on the 13th of July last, at the age of 87, was possessed of real and personal property, the latter sworn under £30,000. The will is dated 10th June, 1852, and there are three codicils. Probate was granted on the 26th of August, to his executors, namely, the Rev. Henry, his eldest son, and Henry Egerton, Esq., barrister, Lincoln's Inn. The estates are under settlements, and his property he has bequeathed to his son and son, the Rev. W. Henry, in trust, to carry out certain stipulations for the benefit of his children. Sir William was twice married, and had left a large family. He was a member of Lincoln's Inn, and obtained a silk gown in 1830; had held the offices respectively of Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, and a Master in Chancery, having declined the acceptance of a Judgeship. He represented Hildon, Newport, and Marylebone successively in Parliament.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. VIII.

MR. WASTAFFE WRITES THE EULOGIUM OF STUPIDITY.

ERASMUS wrote the praise of Folly. I write the eulogium of Stupidity. I have never read the book of Erasmus, and probably never shall; and neither know his argument nor the instances by which he supported it. This fact I mention, lest I should be accused of plagiarism. As Coleridge says in one of his prefaces—"There are such things as fountains in the mind," and we must not imagine that "every stream we see flowing must come from a perforation made in some other man's tank." My ideas on this subject—such as they are—are mine own, drawn out of my own fountains; although Erasmus, out of his fountains, may, for all I know, have drawn a very similar liquor. But I consider my theme a much greater one than his. A fool may be a wise man; and a wise man may be a fool. Folly may be either a deficiency or an excess of wisdom. "The folios of the wise" would make an instructive book, or even a whole library; but Stupidity, without a scintilla of wisdom, transcends Folly a thousandfold, is a greater power in the world, and one of the sturdiest bulwarks of civilization and society.

I know very well the kind of criticism with which I shall be met in attempting to do justice to this great subject. I know the old and stale quotations that will be employed. "Who sells great authors' works should,

sure, himself be great." "Who drives fast alone should himself be fast," "Who writes of snobs should be himself snobbish." "Who writes on folly is himself a fool;" and "Who praises stupidity is himself a prince and a lauder of stupidity." But I take such quotations at their value, which is very small; and say nay in spite of them.

The advantages of Stupidity are not confined to the stupid person himself, but extend their benign ramifications through all the society, state, commonwealth, system, or civilization of which he forms a part. Is it not payable to every one who looks carefully around him, that all his happiest friends are the most stupid, and that men of great intellect are seldom either contented in their minds or prosperous in their circumstances? It may be laid down as an axiom, that a certain amount of stupidity is absolutely essential for worldly success. *Il n'y a que les imbéciles qui sont heureux.* Experience shows that a very intellectual shopkeeper or trader will generally allow his vagrant intellect to divert him from the narrow path that leads to wealth, into the broad way that leads to bankruptcy. The stupid man, who has just wit enough to buy cheap and sell dear, never picks a pocket or forges a bill, or gets into any trouble that he cannot get out of. Fools may do such things, and fools only; but respectable Stupidity, looking after cent. per cent. by the recognised rogues of trade, would no more think of such aberrations from the line than a jackass or a porker.

It is only genius or talent that gets itself into difficulties, and that misculcates the means to its end. The truth was exemplified by *Æsop*—a very able and doubtless a very unhappy man,—in his popular fable of the Hare and the Tortoise. The hare was genius, and went to sleep, full of confidence in its own powers to win anything against any opponent. The tortoise was the stupid and estimable man of business, who attended scrupulously to the task set before him, and so left genius in the lurch. Did ever a poet make money, unless he had some commonplace business to attend to, in addition to his poetry? Shakespeare the manager of a theatre, looking after the main chance, may have gained a fortune; but Shakespeare the poet, we may be sure, never gained a penny by his poetry. Was there ever an inventor—a man of an ingenious mind, a lively fancy, and a ready hand, always taking out a patent for some admirable contrivance of utility or beauty—who was poor and wretched?—or who was not compelled, for want of a few pounds, to part with his patent to some stupid capitalist, with just sufficient brains to know that a good thing was to be made out of the brains of another? The man of genius is always in advance of his time, which consequently does not care for him, and allows him to starve; but the stupid man is of his time—with it—in it—lives by it, and would scorn to march an inch ahead of it. Let a man write a thousand books, and he will be voted a bore; but let him sell a thousand cheeses, or a thousand pairs of boots, and he will gain a comfortable per-centage, and no one will hate him or be envious of him for being better than his neighbours. The invariable tendency of intellect is to make a man dissatisfied with himself and his kind; but Stupidity is warm and comfortable, and never complains. Occasionally, "when it thinks that it thinks," it may be heard quoting, parrot-like, after its heavy dinner, washed down by its heavy port, the lines of Pope:—

"—as in writing *Boswell's* style
One truth is clear—no spring is tight."

And, after all, Stupidity is right, and Reason is a firebrand, that would set the world in flames, if it could work its wicked will. Luckily for the world, Stupidity is the wet blanket that puts Reason out, and saves us from the misery of the conflagration. A man of any intellect at all cannot but be discontented with much that he sees in his own condition, and in that of his fellow-creatures; but Stupidity takes the world as it finds it,—costs well, drinks well, sleeps well, and grows as sleek, as fat, and as puny, as it can. Behold the sown upon the dunghill, stretched at full length, with the sunshine streaming down upon her ponderous carcase, in the warmth of which she lazily twitches her little curly tail—what cares she for war and rumours of war, or for the countless miseries that afflict both the just and the unjust? Let the keen philosopher groan over such matters, for he is a fool, and may have some degree of sense; but the sown is no fool, but a stupid. Satisfied with her dunghill and her sunshine, she grunts her acquiescence in things as they are—too complacently comfortable even to pity the beggar who pases by and envies her her spathy.

The public advantages of Stupidity are of a still higher order, and stand on a far more comprehensive basis. Folly is the Liberal and the Reformer, but Stupidity is the great Conservative. It is this element of society that keeps its framework together. Stupidity—dense, addid, granitic, with its *vis inertie*—enables society to bear unshaken all the storms, buffetings, and angry waters of theory and philosophy, that would otherwise wash it away. If the world, by its unhappy fatality, were at some future day to contain none but clever men and women, it would speedily become an unfit place for a gentleman or lady to live in—a world of wolves, and tigers, and boar-constrictors. Instead of one man, every forty or fifty years (as in our stupid age), there would be war perpetually; foreign war, civil war, household war,—war in every shape, form, and degree,—triumphant anarchy, and a gradual disappearance of the human race. Hark!—didst thou think what a stupid creature it is, and yet for what immense quantities of its beautiful bowdler's trials and furies are indebted to it? Then look at the spider; he also can spin silk and hew better than that of the silkworm. But the spider is not stupid. On the contrary, he is remarkably clever; and what is the consequence? Put him with his fellows—say a thousand or ten thousand of them;

and instead of spinning silk, like stupid silk-worms, the whole community will take to quarrelling, out of the sharpness of their intelligence. War and death rage in the factory, and lead to ultimate annihilation of spiderhood. So would it be with men, were it not for Stupidity. At considerable intervals a man with a keen intellect comes into the world—a fool only, and not a stupid by any means,—and he discovers and proves to his own satisfaction that monarchy, or aristocracy, or priestcraft, or the accumulation of wealth, is an evil that ought forthwith to be abated. There is immediate danger of an uproar. Were it not for the influence of blessed Stupidity, the whole nation would begin to think, and the end would be *REVOLUTION*. What has caused the misfortunes of the French, from 1789 to 1815, and from 1848 to 1860? Their intelligence, *£.*, their folly—nothing else. They were not quite stupid enough to be happy and contented, so, foolish Monsieur Jean Jacques Rousseau and foolish Monsieur de Voltaire sent them a-thinking on the wrong tack; and lo, the vessel of state was cut loose, and floundered out into the deep waters of doubt, dismay, and hopelessness, where it still drifts about, unconscious of a harbor, somewhere in the possession of a mutineer, at others in that of a pirate, and more generally with some captain or other who knows no more than the crew whether he is going and what he wants.

A social philosopher—a fool, certainly, but as certainly not a stupid—preached to the world, about a dozen years ago, the great doctrine that the good things of this world ought, in common fairness, to be equally shared amongst all mankind, and that there could be no such thing as poverty in any true scheme of civilization. "Property," said he, with a loud voice, "is theft." If everyone had been as clever, and as foolish, as this philosopher, and had assented to his logic, where should we all have been by this time? Back again into barbarism,—or very close upon it. But the benevolent and beneficent agencies of Stupidity came to the rescue. Few people heard of the philosopher—still fewer understood what he meant,—and Stupidity, when it did hear, and did understand, instead of grunting and laughing him down, as it ought to have done, if it had been true to its own nature, became somewhat alarmed, and began to squeak, like the sow, its prototype, when the knife of the butcher is ominously near its throat. A very strong man, and no fool, saw the opportunity thus afforded him, and made himself Lord and Master, by force of the acquiescence of Stupidity, and has consoled it, flattered it, and fattened it ever since. Under his fostering eye, Stupidity has grown richer than ever; and foolish intellect has had to look for a home somewhere else than in his dominions.

Nor in our own realm is there much, if any, chance for those fools, the over-ardent reformers, and the apostles of a new social philosophy. You may batter down stone walls, but a fortification of mud and earth defies your cannon-balls. You may send your shot through Vauban's masterpiece of building, but you can do nothing against tales of cotton. How are you to reason with midges? You can kill them by thousands (which proves nothing), but they come on in millions. To argue with a crowd, in a direction contrary to their Stupidity or their prejudice, is to attempt a more hopelessly-aggravating task than that of Sisyphus. For what use are the old ruts left, unless for Stupidity to travel in? Stupidity takes the comfortable side, and does not meddle with principles. It cobbles the old shoe, and does not fashion a new boot. It sees that there may be one abuse here, or another there, but feels that it would be far too much trouble to attempt to remedy it. It admits that there may be a deluge, but says "it will not be in my time." And, like a good, easy, amiable creature—which it is,—tells poets to sweep crowns, and not bother their brains; and philosophers to grow mangled-worried, or spin calico, or retail adulterated stout, and not perplex themselves about the schemes of Providence or the happiness of society.

Like Stupidity. It keeps the peace. It anchors the ship. It favours the Lord Mayor's coach. It supports Law and Physic. It maintains crime and men's hats. It uses itself nothing. It is the break and the buffer of the train. It makes the world habitable; and if you are a man of genius, and by any chance happen to become fashionable, it shows and follows in your track without knowing anything about you; and swells the chorus of your fame with its multitudinous grinnings. Blessings upon it! In its case the prayers of the Eastern people for the despotic sovereigns are fulfilled. It lives eternally. Its shadow never grows less. Law supports it. Literature panders to it. Fashion loves it. Custom perpetuates it. Respectability worships it. It pervades the earth like an atmosphere, and, though the stars of genius shine through it, men live not by the stars, but by the air. It is great as truth, and, like the truth, it prevails. STUPIDITY FOR EVER!

RAMBLES BY RAIL.—No. IV.

BY THE BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST TO FORTSMOUTH.

THE Brighton Railway is the most useful ventilator of London. As a health-restorer, it produces a material and beneficial effect on the weekly returns of the Registrar-General. Its chief representative may be not imply termed Volunteer Sanitary Commissioner, or Physician-Extraordinary, to the Metropolis. He has most extensive practice; and the remedies he prescribes are by no means barren. The illustrious Dr. Sanguedo had one specific for all diseases—whatever the complaint, he invariably bid the patient, and administered copious draughts of warm water. Mr. Night, too, like the doctor in "Gil Blas," has always the same remedy to recommend for the preservation or restoration of health,—he only—cool air and sea-bathing. The physician's fee varies, to suit the means of his different patients; but, though there is a scale of

changes, all who are worn down by toil of hand or toil of brain, receive the same advice, and for the fee paid—whatever be its amount—be introduced to the presented with opportunities of following the directions of the physician. These opportunities occur with great frequency. Twelve times a day carriages loaded with patients leave London for Brighton and the various watering-places on the south coast. Hastings and St. Leonards to the east; Worthing, Bognor, Littlehampton, and the Isle of Wight to the west—situated large numbers of the health-economists. But the vast majority of those who leave town proceed no further than Brighton. In general the fares thither are 10s. 6d., 8s., and 6s.—first, second, and third class respectively. On Sundays and Mondays, however, as all Londoners know, passengers are conveyed to Brighton and Bognor for half-a-crown; and such numbers, and with such frequency, do they go—Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Heretics—that they have come to regard Brighton as their peculiar heritage, intended specially for their use. So they have cockneyized it,—made it the largest watering-place in the world—and caused it to be looked upon and spoken of as London-super-Mare.

On Tuesday, last week, an unusual circumstance occurred—the day was extremely fine! Unable to resist its influence, I fought my way through the deafening, granite-wearing, traffic of London-bridge, and jumped into a train, which immediately afterwards started off for Brighton. It was a fast train, and we soon flew by the Crystal Palace, passed New-road, left Chroydon and Reigate behind us, dated through the tunnel that pierces the South Downs, and, in eighty minutes, reached the terminus at Brighton. As the traveller emerges from the station, the town stretches itself out before him—ragged, chalky, comfortable, with every appearance of having been made to order, and ready to receive its guests in packages. A narrow, crooked, action does not dissipate this impression. The streets—in shops, squares, and terrace—seem to have been built by the same architect, who modelled them after those rows of open-glasses we see in the shop windows of opticians. But the genuine excitement does not stop to criticize or to admire bones and streets. The first object of sight is the sea—directly before you, and down—either with “some other young fellows,” or very likely, with his wife or sweetie—towards for the “how,” and a blow be drizzles to have. He scans the sea; accordingly for the sea he makes; and then, on the beach, finds himself one of four or five thousand who have come with the same intention. All are in the same mood. At night they return in earnest drinkables, in the consumption of which they amuse themselves, even carry eight hours at London-super-Mare. Whatever is the state of the weather, they invariably come clothed in summer costume; are noisive careful to avoid getting wet (for they imagine getting wet at the seaside to be, if anything, beneficial to health), and are very anxious to sit close to the margin of the sea, for the spray to play in their faces. At night they return in a most deplorable condition—cold, wet, and miserable, but well pleased—for, have they not seen the sea, and have they not had their “how”!

I did not get up at Brighton, but left by the next train, and in a quarter of an hour got out at Worthing. Here we arrived at the station, the rain fell in torrents, and had not the omnibus driven in waiting, I should have got wet to the skin before reaching the hotel, although it was not ten minutes’ walk. The omnibus drew up in front of the Marine Hotel, and there I ordered dinner and a bed. I saw the little town to much disadvantage. The weather kept visitors within doors, and the occupants of the hotel were all a dozen machine-like, and two laborious, hunching for a lack of better words.

Worthing, however, has the reputation of being a quiet, pleasant watering-place, with excellent facilities for bathers. It certainly does not “go ahead” as rapidly as some other places; but that, with many, will be considered an advantage and a recommendation.

The following day turned out fine, and shortly after breakfast I was again on the rail. The first station at which the train stopped was Arundel. There two omnibuses awaited our arrival. One takes passengers to Littlehampton, a small bathing-place on the coast, two miles off; the other runs to Arundel town. I entered the latter, and, after a pleasant ride through a pretty country lane, alighted at the Norfolk Arms. Arundel is a town of high antiquity, and has many interesting historical associations; but it would probably be overlooked by tourists, were it not for the presence of the neighbouring castle, which is the seat of the Duke of Norfolk. The building at present occupied by the Duke is of modern date, of various styles, and is impressive only from its size. Enough, however, of the ancient pile remains to satisfy the curiosity of visitors. Having procured a ticket of admission, at the hotel, I presented myself at the entrance-passage, and was conducted through a series of steps and passages to the Keep. Here the chief attraction is a collection of coats, that appears to divide the favor of the wonder-seeking public with the Duke’s collection of arms. Some of them are remarkably fine creatures, and one, who paid particular attention to me, was, I will maintain, the descendant of him who, for his wisdom and the gravity of his appearance, was called Lord Chancellor Thurlow, and, as such, was introduced by the intemperate keeper to that great legal functionary when he visited the castle. By the time I had seen all to be seen in the castle, and paid a visit to the church, the omnibus was ready to return to the station. I was again a passenger by it, and arrived at the station just in time to get my ticket. Two stations from Arundel is Woolgrove, where an omnibus meets each train, to take passengers to Bognor, a little watering-place, much esteemed, but that I did not visit. The family likeness, in its general character, to the other towns on this coast. The rain came down with such force that I did not venture to leave the carriage. I continued my journey to Chichester, with a commercial traveller as my *vis-à-vis*, and arrived there by the express at twenty minutes past four. Chichester is the successor of ancient Regium. The neighbourhood is rich in relics of Roman times—mosaic pavements, urns, and coins, occurring in all directions.

The present city, extended on a level plain, gives one the impression that it fell asleep 500 years ago, and has not yet awoken. The cathedral and campanile, and the houses in their vicinity, present precisely the same appearance as they do in pictures of the city. The same groups seen in the pictures, in the market-crease that banged there when the clock was striking. In the cathedral I could not help feeling a slight degree of surprise to find ladies dressed in the present mode; and when I sat down to dinner at the Dolphin Inn, I every moment expected to hear the sound of the queen’s horn, announcing the approach of the mail-coach to Portsmouth. It is an old, quiet, and agreeable country town; and few who have visited it, especially if they have

come from the noise and worry of London, but will look back with pleasure to the days or hours they spent at the birth-place and burial-place of the poet Caliban.

EMBANKMENT OF THE THAMES.

A SHREED observer of men and things once commented upon what appeared to him the remarkable fact that rivers run through all the principal cities which he had visited; a good, but unlettered Yorkshireman, known as the Village Blacksmith, when occupying a London public during the prevalence of the cholera, exhorted his congregation to gratitude to Providence for having sent the Thames through London, and for so doing, he said, might be the severity of that terrible scourge in the metropolis. Topsy believed he grew; and there are many Topsy in London who believe the name of our noble river, and who seem to think that the operations of nature are sufficient to preserve its navigation free and open to all time and under all circumstances. They have no idea—for they have never contemplated the possibility of such a contingency—that it could ever be other than it now is. There are, however, indications not merely of the possibility, but the probability, that at no distant date the river will cease to bear merchant navies upon its bosom, unless some means are adopted to preserve its navigable condition. It is in the passage through the metropolis that the Thames suffers the greatest amount of injury, and it is mainly with a view of providing a remedy that we would recommend the construction of a continuous solid embankment between Westminster and London bridges.

Let us place at a few of the agencies constantly at work to destroy the Thames. First, there is a general tendency in the sea, on the eastern coast of England, to destroy the land, and to salt up the estuaries and mouths of the rivers. The estate of the Earl of Godwin is now the Goodwin Sands; ancient Cromer is now washed over by the German Ocean; Norwich stands on the banks of an arm of the sea; and the port of Harwich, which at one time would have been sheltered by the largest ship in the world, is now so completely protected a fragment. The same powerful agent which causes the “sitting up” of rivers may, however, by engineering science, be applied to the removal of these obstructions. The tides which break up the rocks, and undermine the tide cliffs (if they better to their base, and fall into the ocean, pour millions of tons of water every twelve hours into the sea, and the limit will soon be the debris of the shores, which they deposit on the bars and shoals of tidal streams. But the hydraulic engineer perceives in the ebb a power greater than that exerted by the flow of the tide, inasmuch as it carries down with it the river water, which it had to contend against in its upward progress from the sea. The tide pours into the Thames twice every day a volume of water, the depth of water, at its fiercest seasons, is not less than 21 feet at London-bridge, and which gradually decreases, until at Teddington Lock, which prevents a further flow of the tidal waters, it is but from 1 foot to 2 feet. Between Westminster and London bridges an average of 25,000,000 cubic feet of water is thus supplied every twelve hours. The removal of the water would be the removal of the scouring or deepening of the bed of the river. Between London and Westminster bridges the total rise is as much as 13 feet, or about 6 feet 6 inches per mile; while from London-bridge to the Nore, 43 miles, the descent is but 214 feet, or only 6 inches in the mile. Beyond Westminster-bridge, and up to Teddington Lock, the river is rising, and more than a succession of this character, separated by shoals. Such is the difficulty which the tide has to overcome in order to ascend the river, that, although it has gained 4 or 5 feet in height at London-bridge beyond what it has at the Nore, still at Vauxhall the high-water mark is considerably lower than at London-bridge.

The causes of this condition of the river are to be found principally in the removal of Old London-bridge. This structure operated as a dam at the point where it stood. The diminution in the number of arches, and the increase of water-way, has admitted a greater flow of the tide up the river, and there has been in consequence a gradual deepening of the water above the bridge, by the removal of portions of the bed; but the parts so removed above bridge have been deposited lower down, in the Pool, and other parts of the Thames. The tendency of ages would be, in the opinion of Smeaton and others, to bring the Thames to an uniform level; in the opinion of some it does not appear to be corroborated by actual experience, or by the going on of the river, but a succession of this character, separated by shoals, is the result of the Commissioners, founded upon the evidence of Mr. Page and other engineers, has been to cause a higher rise and lower fall of the tide than heretofore, and is producing, as was also to be expected, a general though not uniform lowering of the level of the river bed. Father Thames, if left unmolested, will make but slow work of improving his bed, and ages will pass on before a uniform level will be obtained, even if he were left free and unfettered to his work. But the shoals of irregularities that are to be removed offer obstacles to the action of the tides which they will never be able to overcome. There is a want of uniformity in the bends and curves of the river; there is the irregularity between the breadth and volume of the water and the rise in the varying nature of the materials forming the bed; and, added to these, there are the artificial causes provided in the projections and recesses which abound on either side of the Thames; irregular dredging, and many other evils which have been inflicted upon the unfortunate river, by the capricious of those who have sought to improve it, and the neglect of those who have shirked their duty. The river was formerly entered by the sea, and the Thames are constantly struggling with the irregularities occasioned by partial embankments, and they strive, by deposit of mud-banks, such as those at Hungerford and elsewhere, to build up for themselves boundary-lines uniform in their outline. Those adverse banks of mud are the silent power of the river, and the gradual and unperceived encroachment of the mud, which is referred to in our last number, without plan or condition, which have been made upon its noble waterway. Until the banks are regular and uniform, the tides will not do their work of scouring and deepening the river. The question to be answered is, “Shall we assist the operations of the river by a regular and uniform system of embankment?” If this is not done, shoals will be formed below

London-bridge by the deposits which the ebb tide will carry down with it, and the navigation, in the most important part, will be seriously affected. If it were not for the happy circumstance that the tide rises at London-bridge much higher than at the Nore, large vessels which now come up to the docks would not be able to do so. If, by the formation of new shoals and banks, we permit this advantage to be neutralized, we shall, by our neglect, as effectively close the river, and destroy the trade of London, as if we had raised a wall of water against the city. It is not, therefore, the object of our subject. Everything that can be done to lower the bed of the river above London-bridge, provided it is not done in irregular patches, will have a corresponding effect below bridge; because there will be a large quantity of tidal water available for clearing away obstructions in its passage to the sea. The construction of an uniform embankment would greatly assist this flow of water by giving to it a more regular and rapid motion. The necessity of counterbalancing a quantity of water equal to its own bulk; but that displacement would be more than counterbalanced by the removal of the mud-banks on the side, the material taken from the bed of the river, which would be used for filling up between the walls, and the gradual deepening of the channel which would consequently take place. With the exception of the small quantity of mud which would remain on the bed, the whole materials of the embankment would be taken from the banks, and the river would be enlarged.

Hitherto we have spoken only of the advantage which would result from enhancing the river within the metropolis, so far as its navigation would be effected. It must not be forgotten, however, that the construction of two new roads in the river, for such is the only proposition worthy to be entertained, would produce a great deal of inconvenience to the City, and to Westminster and Chelsea, and relieve the overcrowded thoroughfares of a large portion of their passenger and goods traffic. The journey from Charing-cross to the Bank has become, in point of time, almost as long as from London to Brighton; and to each the cluster of railway stations is a great hindrance, and the delay of the traffic is becoming almost impossible. The more money value of the time lost in going to and returning from the City or the railway stations, would, in twelve months, more than suffice to build the Thames Embankment. The amount of annoyance, disappointment, sorrowing of temper, to say nothing of the perils of the river, and the expense of the traffic, would be incalculable. It is not only the bus drivers, and others, as a sort of safety-valve to their feelings, would, if it were possible to prevent them each day in any visible shape, a record affords, the most extraordinary evidence of the rudeness of Londoners, and the readiness with which they will grumble and submit to inconvenience and annoyance, that is, the more they are inconvenienced, the more they are inclined to be impatient of the "communications of the metropolis." It is a subject almost as old as the embankment. When London was first built there was no necessity for roads, for there were no carriages to run upon them; to Britons, and Romans, and Saxons walked to their Banks, and Exchanges, and to the City, and to the Palace, and to the Court, and to the House of the nobility, or hackney coaches for the commonalty, and carts and vans for the traders, there has been a constant struggle to widen and adapt the streets for the new description of traffic. Railways have created so much additional traffic, and the necessitous population has been obliged to be cramped to the requirements of the day, that the old Pudding-lane and Tyndal-lane, the Sturata to the augmented traffic of London-bridge in the time of the last of the Georges. The House of Commons, and other authorities who are supposed to look into these matters, act in regard to them with the strongest caution, and it is not till it is too late that they are obliged to do so. The House of Commons, that if railways were made from Charing-cross to the railway stations at London-bridge, crossing the Thames at Hungerford, it would materially relieve the traffic going east and west of Temple-bar, and a bill was passed, graciously permitting a company to spend one million of money in widening the streets of the City, and in building a new road, leading from the southern and north-western districts of England; and from the southern and south-eastern counties, to be concentrated into the very heart of the city of London, in the small valley formed by Holborn-hill and Skinner-street on the one side, and Ludgate-hill and Fleet-street on the other. What the result of this bill will be, it is not possible to say, but it is probable that the metropolis railway, as completed it will not be difficult to predict. At arrival and departure of each train the leading thoroughfares will become all but impassable, and the city of London will be the great focus for goods and passengers to and from all parts of the United Kingdom and the continent. It is not till the year 1862, that the City of London was obliged to do so, and last year they called a new street, from Southwark to Blackfriars-road, with a view of diverting some portion of the traffic from the City. Beyond pulling down a few houses in the Borough, nothing, however, has been done. A sum of £50,000 was assigned out of the produce of the extended local tax to the City of London, and the City of London, in the year 1862, has the work is no nearer completion than it was twenty years since.

The high price of land and property in London is a serious difficulty in the way of all projected street improvements. The new street made some years since from Oxford-street to Holborn-sec, for land and property, at the rate of £37,380 per acre; the one from Row-street to Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, at £27 per acre; the short one from Mary-street to St. James's-street, at £108; the one from St. James's-street to the Strand, at £100; and the one from the Strand to the Strand, at £100. When land is sold to the Metropolitan at the rate of more than £200 per acre. When land is sold to the Metropolitan at such enormous value as this, surely it would be worthy of consideration to take two new roads out of the river Thames, more especially when the area can be well spared, and the formation of the roads would be a great advantage to the city. The new roads would be 100 feet wide—the one wide as London-bridge—could be made about the north side of the Thames, between Backsians and Westminster bridges, with carriage-way, footpaths, and railroads, for £214,685. It is not half the cost of one of those iron-rod-and-iron-rod frigates which we are so much in the habit of building; and but little more than the amount of one day's natural expenditure.

A third great and useful purpose which an embankment in the river would serve, would be the providing means for constructing a portion of the great low-level sewer. This sewer could be built in the embankment, and thus avoid the great public inconvenience with which the metropolis is threatened of having the whole line of the Strand, Fleet-street, and the thoroughfares leading eastward blocked up for many months, while the work of building

The sewer is going on. It is impossible to estimate the loss to the tradesmen along these streets, the annoyance to the public, the danger to house property and to public buildings, which the excavations required for this monster sewer must entail. The committee of the House of Commons which has just reported on the subject, has recommended that the Government should provide for the construction of this sewer along the forebore of the river; but if the recommendations of committees and commissions without number were of any avail, we should not now have to impress upon the public, and to urge upon the Government, the necessity of taking such measures to induce the executive to act upon these repeated recommendations, and give the necessary power to somebody to do something which would save what every one must feel to be a great and much-needed public improvement.

AN INTERCEPTED LETTER

THE following letter has been forwarded for publication. It appears to be a very extraordinary document. The signature, P., is the first letter for "Peregriny," an illustrious individual, honoured lately by an epistle as remarkable as any that ever reached Rome, in "the good old times," from Caprasa. Can it be possible that the following is the genuine, truthful reply to the Imperial message? We offer no opinion; but leave the matter to the judgment of the reader.

« **SIRE.**—Il faut que la franchise engendre la franchise: votre lettre est un chef-d'œuvre du style loyal et franc; je l'achèterai d'y répondre de la même façon. »
 « Vous avez raison: les affaires sont compromises à un tel point, qu'il est certain que ni les conversations personnelles (du reste sans votre intérêt), ni les lettres, ne pourraient servir à rien. Je ne puis que vous le dire, sans vous tromper, Sire: c'est une union pratique et opiniâtre: elle regarde les faits, et non pas les mots. Votre lettre est excellente pour le théâtre ou pour un roman, mais elle ne peut servir à rien. Je ne puis que vous le dire, sans vous tromper, Sire: c'est une union pratique et opiniâtre: elle regarde les faits, et non pas les mots. »
 « **Monsieur l'abbé.**—Dieu! que vous l'oubliez en vendant la robe! Il est difficile aux os: mais l'épître du vieux roi paraît presque divine sur le contraste du ministre, et il n'est clair qu'avec l'ensemble du difficile de ne mesurer pas la mesure de la franchise, et de ne pas se laisser aller à la franchise, et de ne pas dépasser la ligne de la dissimulation; votre lettre n'est pas naturelle, et ne peut servir à rien. Je ne puis que vous le dire, sans vous tromper, Sire: c'est une union pratique et opiniâtre: elle regarde les faits, et non pas les mots. »
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[illegible]

“ Mais ce diable de peuple est un animal *rauminant* ; il savoure et avale aisément les nouveautés fruppantes ; mais après, il *raumine* ; il a raminé les *speeches* de M. Bright, et il ramine votre lettre. Au commencement de la Session, depuis Cicéron, il n'y avait d'orateur comparable à M. Gladstone. Eh bien, le Parlement, le peuple, quoiqu'éloigné, un premier moment par l'écrit de son éloquence, ont raminé ; en raminant ils ont réparé la furie du son ; et M. Gladstone, au lieu d'être le diable de son parti et de la nation, est le roi de tout le monde.

[illegible][illegible]

"Quant à la Chine, laissez votre chemin, vous pouvez y envoyer un plus grand nombre de troupes que les Anglais, et ils sont absolument fous quand ils vous nébrent à prendre part au jeu. Il est plus que probable que la Chine deviendra le champ de bataille du commencement de la guerre mondiale; c'est bien; vous avez bien joué là. Pour l'Italie? ça me dépasse! Qui aurait cru que vos troupes mériteraient un tel choc dans leur train?"

"En un mot, Sir, vous avez les mains pleines, du politique que vous savez."

Vous avez beaucoup de peine pour la grande affaire, mais vous vous confiez quelquefois trop à ce génie. Votre lettre n'était pas écrite à votre ami Persigny, mais au peuple Anglais; mais vous y avez mis tant de finesse, que la finesse n'est plus; elle est trop trompeuse.

"Comme j'ai lu la *Revue*, je ne me salue pas votre ami, mais je reste toujours le serviteur le plus humble et obéissant de votre Majesté Impériale.—P."

(TRUE AND UNAUTHORIZED TRANSLATION.)

SIR,—Frankness is the father of unreserved speech; and as your letter is a masterpiece of candour and plain-dealing, I shall endeavour to answer it in the same style.

You are right; affairs are now so extremely complicated, we may well fear that neither personal interviews (the old remedy, look of the face, smile, nod, frank, cordial letters) will have the effect of unravelling them. You deceive yourself, Sir. This is a practical, pig-headed nation. It looks to facts, and does not care for phrases. Yours is a capital letter to read in a play or a romance, but it is too easily seen through by the English. As you directed me, I read it to Lord Palmerston; but, goodness, gracious! you should have seen him whilst I was reading it! He is to the backbone a diplomatist; but the vagabond spirit of the old jockey was very near getting the better of the restrained manner which belongs to a Minister of State, and it was perfectly plain to me that it was with the greatest difficulty he could keep from laughing in my face. Yes, Sir, this letter is a failure; it did not hit the mark: you went too far—your transgression, by a long step, the line of dissimulation; your epistle is not in keeping, and therefore it is regarded with suspicion. If I had your naïveté, there had been no trait of hypocrisy, the English might place faith in it; but where is there that one solitary trait to which I can direct their attention?

Although educated and breken in to all the arts of diplomacy, I found it exceedingly difficult to maintain myself in the presence of a fellow, Palmerston, read to me, with a wicked grin, and as if casually, "Very good, my dear Persigny; but, surely you have had another letter, at the same time, from your good friend." As to Palmerston—there are none but divellers there who stretch the slightest importance to your letter. Your friend Mr. Bright has been too busy not to venture to speak of it but in a very gingerly way. And, then, as to the press. *The Times* appears to place some faith in it; but though all Englishmen read *The Times*, still there are few that follow its vacillating opinions. *The Times* is the great organ of opinion, and it is neither more nor less than a collection of men. It is with much pain I observe your friend Mr. Bright is daily descending in general estimation. His eloquence (and his is prompt, rapid, and manly) loses its influence. His motives are, like your own letter, too easily seen through. I had been under the impression that Mr. Bright would sustain your interests admirably; for, though he is stone-blind as to consequences, yet he is animated with such a genuine unmitigated spirit of hatred against the respectable, well-born classes, that it was to be hoped he might be able to infect the multitude with the poison of his principles. He reminds me of the hero of our first Revolution. Look at him; he is a man of the highest talents, but he is a demagogue he would be a *préfecture*. Poor man! he tries to stanch, and even to dry up the red blood of a civilisation nation with lakes of cotton.

But this accused person is a *running* animal. It relishes, it swallows greedily, striking nothing as it goes, and having no conscience, it will run on, it has run on the speeches of Mr. Bright; and it will run on upon your letter. There was no error since the days of Cicero who was thought comparable to Mr. Gladstone at the beginning of this Session. Well! The Parliament, and the people, although they are stone-blind as to consequences, yet they have since then run on; and in running they have separated the grain from the chaff; and now Mr. Gladstone, instead of being the demigod of his party and the nation, is an object of universal contempt and derision.

When a scamp—that is, one who has no conscience, and who attempts to play the part of an honest man, and speaks or writes in a seemingly frank or candid manner, he excites distrust instead of eliciting confidence, and his conduct is watched still more closely than before. Be assured, then, that your letter will have the effect of hurrying on the opposition of the English despots. What good, Sir, was there, in the very teeth of established facts, your denying that your army and fleet were in such and such force, when everyone was in a position to satisfy himself by facts, that you were telling a fib. Such assertions only lead to investigations, and investigations are sure to corroborate you with shame. All the European Powers are at this moment on the alert, and you can neither launch a vessel nor recruit a regiment without exciting distrust. The English, it is said, are not good diplomats; and yet you have aroused, on their faces, but their anxiety for the preservation of the liberty and wealth of which they are so proud. The history of the seventeenth century proves that the English can fight as bravely for principles as the French have ever done for glory. You may dream of averting Waterloo, and pillaging the richest city in the world; but believe me that you do not mean to do so. You are a man of honour, and you care for your health. The English, who have known how to achieve their own liberties, will know also how best to defend them.

You write as if the English lived not on this earth, but in the moon. Every Englishman knows that, and you know it too. Lord KILGORE, Egyptian as you are, and particularly wished for by the French. Your inclinations to compare it; and all are aware that an expedition to Syria would be the first step on the march to Egypt. As to the Christians, it is more than probable that they were the first aggressors. All history teaches us that better. You have a long arm, and your political schemes stretch wider and wider; but still they do not stretch as far as the Russian policy; and the most sensible people here firmly believe that you and the Emperor of Russia are at the bottom of these insurrections, which come so appropriate for the ferocity of the most cherished projects of you both. But, take care, Sir; it is a dangerous association to make with you, and your schemes in the West, and leave the East to another despotism. Be on your guard that there is no collusion.

As to China—go on and prosper! You can send them a still greater number of troops than the English; and they were great folk when they allowed you to share the cake with them. It is more than probable that China will become the battle-field for the commencement of a war that is inevitable. It is well! You can make a winning game there. As to Italy: there you are beyond my comprehension. Who could have supposed that your victories would leave such a chaos in their train?

In a word, Sir, acute a politician as you are, you have your hand filled with difficulties. You have a great genius for the grand scheme, but sometimes you trust too much to your schemes. Your letter was written, and your friend Persigny, but to the English people; and you imported into it so much of finesse, that the French was palpable, and had deceived no one.

As I have read La Fontaine, I do not designate myself "your friend," but remain over.

Your Imperial Majesty's most humble and devoted servant, P.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 184.]

OUR last article upon the Nelson Letters left matters at the point when the hero had been ordered to Bastia. He immediately examined the place, and recommended that it should be besieged, expressing his full confidence of the result. Sir David Dundas, the commander of the forces, considered the project rash and visionary; but Lord Hood thought otherwise, and the siege was accordingly determined upon. It was a work of time and patient perseverance. General D'Aubant, who succeeded Dundas in the command, was so opposed to it that he did not think it right to grant Lord Hood a single soldier, and only a few artillerymen; and we find Nelson, late in March, 1794, writing to Sir William Hamilton, urging him to supply them with artillery stores. On the 3rd of April, the troops and the season, the latter under the command of Nelson, landed for the siege. On the 16th, he writes to Mrs. Nelson:—"We are in high health and spirits, besieging Bastia; the final event, I feel assured, will be conquest. Lord Hood is at anchor near the town, and our troops are active. Our batteries opened on the 11th, and apparently have done great execution." From that day the siege was carried on with unflagging vigour on both sides, the French strengthening their works, and the besiegers eventually advancing their batteries. Everything was against the English, but Nelson was still confident of victory. He complains, towards the end of April, of the conduct of the Commander-in-Chief, in leaving the expedition to its fate, and writes to his wife:—"General D'Aubant will not attack our enemy with 2,000 as fine troops as ever marched, whilst we are here beating them from post to post with 1,000." In another letter, written early in May, he says:—"My only fears are, that these soldiers will advance when Bastia is about to surrender, and deprive us of that part of our glory. The King, we trust, will draw the line of our deserts." Such was the state of affairs before Bastia when Nelson addressed the following letter to Sir William Hamilton:—

CAMP, May 7th, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hear from Lord Hood that the Neapolitan frigate which arrived this day sails to-morrow morning, therefore I will not let the opportunity slip of inquiring after you and Lady Hamilton, for whose kindness I feel myself so much indebted.

Our enemies are obstinate, but behave infamously ill, not like men of spirit; but I have no doubt we shall soon bring down their proud stomachs. Our loss has been nothing; theirs, deserters may, very great. You may remember seeing Captain Clarke, of the troops, on board *Apennine*; and has lost his right leg, and part of his right arm; but he is still, I am happy to say, likely to recover. St. Michel, and the Commander of the troops, are gone, as they tell the people, for meercs. The Mayor got off last night in a very fast-sailing boat; the ship's boats could not overtake him. My dear boy is very well, and, as you desire, has your remembrance of him. I beg to best respects to Lady Hamilton, and that you will believe I feel myself your most obliged,

Br. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

HORATIO NELSON.

The accident that happened to Captain Clarke took place in the afternoon of the 12th April, when Nelson went with Colonel Villettes, Lieutenant Duncan, and Captain Clarke, and a Corsican guide, to examine a ridge about one thousand yards nearer the town than their previous position. During the whole time the enemy kept up an incessant fire of musketry and grape, and the last shot they first killed the Corsican guide, who was standing beside Clarke, and shot off Clarke's right arm and a part of his right side. But, in this letter to Sir William Hamilton, we do not hear of the circumstance which stamps the casualty with its deepest interest—that Clarke, at the moment when he was shot, was looking over Nelson's shoulder.

The St. Michel alluded to in the letter was La Combe St. Michel, the Commissioner who had come down armed with powers from the Convention. He it was who refused to receive Lord Hood's flag of truce, which was landed in one of the *Vietoria's* boats, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 11th of April, before the siege began. In answer to the English officer who presented Lord Hood's letters, which the Commissioner refused to accept, St. Michel said, "I have hot shots for your ships, and bayonets for your troops. When two-thirds of our troops are killed, I will then trust to the generosity of the English." "On the officer's return with this message," says Nelson, who records the matter in his journal, "Lord Hood hoisted a red flag at the main-top-gigant-mast-head of the *Vietoria*; when our batteries opened on the town, citadel, and redoubt of Campouella, English colours having been hoisted on the rock over my tent, and every man giving three cheers."

By the 20th of May, Nelson's predictions were verified; the enemy sent off a flag of truce, and two days afterwards, at six in the evening, the French colours were struck from fort and post, the British colours hoisted, and the English troops, with their hands playing "God save the King!" marched into the town. "I always was of opinion," writes Nelson to his wife, on this exhilarating occasion, "that we have ever acted up to it, and never had any reason to repent it,—that one Englishman was equal to three Frenchmen." This patriotic superstition of the old days of our naval supremacy was a strong reason, with Nelson, and with every soldier in the service, not to without justification in the least enterprise, they achieved. On this occasion, at all events, it was no matter of being, for it appeared that the proportion between the conquerors and the conquered was not one to three, but less than one to four and a half. "This morning," Nelson writes in his diary, "the British Grenadiers took possession of the town gates, and the gate of the citadel; and on the 24th, at daylight, the most glorious sight that an Englishman can experience, and which, I believe, none but an Englishman could bring about,

was exhibited—4,500 men laying down their arms to less than 1,000 British soldiers, who were serving as marines."

It was curious enough that the apprehension Nelson had previously expressed in a letter to his wife, that the garrison of St. Fiorenzo would advance when Bastia was about to surrender, was fulfilled to the letter. After informing Mrs. Nelson that the French had sent in a flag of truce, he adds, "Our Fiorense army, hearing what was going on here, have marched to the tops of the heights, which will probably terrify the enemy." It does not appear, however, that they either declined, or received, any part of the glory—to which they were certainly not entitled.

Our next letter is dated from Leghorn, on the 21st August. In the interval Nelson had been engaged, for nearly four months, upon the reduction of Calvi, in which service he lost the use of his right eye, from the bursting of a shell, which scattered the rest of the battery he was directing. This was the only hurt he received throughout all these scenes of danger, with the exception of what he describes in one of his letters as "a sharp cut in the back" at Bastia. The siege over, Nelson had taken the *Agamemnon* into Leghorn, to obtain a little rest for his men. The letter of the 21st, to Sir William Hamilton, refers solely to this circumstance as a reason why the writer had not paid his personal respects to his friends at Naples, and speaks in terms of high commendation of a Mr. Pierson, a friend of Sir William Hamilton's, who had volunteered into the army serving before Calvi, and had subsequently received a commission.

After Calvi had been taken possession of, Nelson was ordered to proceed in search of the French fleet, which had taken refuge in Goujan Bay, and he was afterwards sent with despatches to the Minister at Genoa. Late in September, Admiral Hotham and Lord Hood arrived at Genoa, and a few days afterwards Nelson went to see with them. In the course of this cruise Lord Hood was obliged to go to Leghorn, to receive despatches from England, and shortly afterwards went home on account of his health. Meanwhile Nelson was ordered to watch the French in Goujan Bay. He writes to Mrs. Nelson on the 2nd October: "We have here [in Goujan Bay] eleven sail of the line, the enemy have fourteen—seven here and seven at Toulon." A few days later he writes to Captain Locker: "The French ships in the bay are so fortified, that we cannot get at them without a certainty of the destruction of our fleet. At Toulon six sail of the line are ready for sea, in the outer road, and two nearly so in the arsenal." Finding that nothing was to be done, the *Agamemnon* put into Leghorn, to get some refreshments, and early in November rejoined the fleet in Goujan Bay, when Nelson found that the enemy had given them the slip; upon which he was ordered to Toulon, to examine into the condition of the enemy's fleet. A letter written subsequently, from Leghorn, contains the result of his observations, and explains generally the state of affairs at this time—

Agamemnon, Leghorn, Nov. 21st, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—Perhaps Admiral Hotham has wrote you the present state of the enemy's fleet, and of our own; if so, this will be a *How-do-you-do* letter; if not, you will, I think, like to know the state of both the fleets, and as I was sent to look into Toulon, after the enemy's squadron from Genoa, I may possibly give you a little account of them. In the harbour of Toulon are 22 vessels of war, disposed of as follows:—In the arsenal, nearly ready, 3 sail of the line; in the inner road, the Goujan squadron, 7 sail of the line & 4 frigates in a state of fitting, are nearly ready by this time for sea; in the outer road, 5 sail of the line and 2 frigates, perfectly in appearance, ready for sea. Our transports, detained with the three flag flying, are laid up dismantled in a great degree. What are the designs of the French you are much more likely to know than myself. As the Corsica everybody supposed the attack will be on that island; in Italy, that it will be on Italy. I am of opinion the letter is most likely. Port Espica is, in my opinion, the destination of their fleet; and as they will not scruple taking possession of the Genoese forts, they will be able to not only maintain their situation, but also be enabled to secure their army in Italy, by either small squadrons, or a fleet, which the English have nothing to oppose. How Leghorn will be defended I know not; sure I am it is capable of a long siege, if provisions are laid in; but I don't think there is three days' provisions for the inhabitants in the place, and I really believe it will instantly be delivered up. What allies has poor England! Our fleet is at St. Fiorenzo resting, and nearly ready for sea.

An unpleasant business has happened with us. The crew of the *Windor* (last mentioned), and insisted on another captain and first lieutenant being appointed to the ship, which Admiral Hotham thought it right, for the benefit of His Majesty's service, to comply with, and removed the officers. They have been tried, by their own desire, by a court martial, and most honourably acquitted, the charges against them being found only unbecoming, but without the smallest foundation in truth. Various are the opinions, as you will believe, of the admiral's conduct on this occasion. I shall not venture to give an opinion on his conduct; sure I am that Admiral Hotham is a most amiable, good man, and has done what he thought best for the service.

I beg my best respects to Lady Hamilton. I do not forget your kindness to me and Josiah, who is a young man grown.

Believe me ever your most obliged,

HORATIO NELSON.

Poor *Agamemnon* is quite a wreck, being without masts; crew destroyed by the Corsican expedition.

For several weary weeks the captain of the *Agamemnon* was detained at Leghorn, repairing his shattered vessel. The delay and inactivity made him wretched. Towards the close of November, he wrote to his uncle, to tell him that matters were drawing to a crisis; that Jean Bon St. André had sent an insolent message to Lord Hood, intimating that if his lordship sent at all more flags to the Port of the Mountain, he would burn the vessels; and that the French had fifteen sail of the line ready for sea, with which they declared they were ready to fight our fleet. "Now," continues Nelson, "as Admiral Hotham is gone off Toulon with thirteen sail of the line, they may, if they

phase, I am, as you will believe, uneasy enough, for fear they will fight, and *Agamemnon* not present,—it will almost break my heart; but I hope the best—that they are only boasting at present, and will be quiet till I am ready." In this, and, indeed, in all his letters, Nelson, speaking of his ship, drops out the definite article, and calls her "*Agamemnon*," with an affectionate interest, as if she were in reality "a thing of life." The trait is characteristic.

At last the English fleet arrived at Leghorn, under the command of Admiral Hotham, and immediate preparations were made for sailing.

LEGHORN, December 1794, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will have heard from Admiral Hotham of his arrival here, for necessities and refreshments for his fleet, and of his intentions on sailing from Leghorn (therefore I now only write a line to my dear friend, as nothing occurs worth your notice, I shall not fail to write you, and perhaps oftentimes to tell you that nothing has happened, which news is often most acceptable. Reports here say the French fleet will certainly put to sea very shortly, to protect the entrance of a number of corn vessels, from the coast of Sicily, and I know they have called in their anonymous privateers from the Gulf of Genoa, and that all the men are gone to Toulon to man their fleets—this measure certainly indicates strongly an intention of going to sea. I have no doubt of the event, should they be disposed to give us a meeting, and I trust it will be a victory which may rival our home fleet, for why should not laurels grow in the Mediterranean. The Admiral, I think, has wrote to you to ask for some of the Neapolitan ships; they may at present be of the greatest service for the protection of Italy (even should a hostile force appear before us), and I am sure I perfectly agree with you, that, although it may not be proper to dislodge the whole of a campaign (which may be entrusted to a commander-in-chief), yet that, allies have a right to know what is going on at the moment. To you I may say that Admiral Fortescue is the master of all the naval affairs of the coast of the English. We all love the captain of the *Trevellick*, *Carnegie* (I believe, I know not his name). We respect the Neapolitans, and have a sincere esteem for the King of Naples, who is so attentive to all of us. You will not, I am sure, mention my opinion of Fortescue to any one, for no one in our court knows my opinion of him, although I do most of them. Letters from Genoa say that all vessels above fifty tons are detained at Nion and Villafraña, for the purpose of transporting 12,000 men somewhere. I have no doubt but Port Espica is the object, although many amongst us think it is impossible. Accounts are certain that two sail of the line are on their passage from Brutt to Toulon. *Agamemnon* will be ready, as to masts and yards, to sail with the fleet, and my ship's company get tolerably healthy; but as to numbers, we are miserably short. Col. Villot's probability is with you; he is not only a good officer, but a perfect gentleman, a character not very often met with. I beg my kindest remembrance to Lady Hamilton. Josiah assures her to always remember her goodness; and believe me, my dear sir, your most obliged and faithful,

HORATIO NELSON.

December 20th.—We are all on board the fleet, unmixed.

Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

From the date of this letter to the 16th January, 1795, when they put into Fiumara, the vessels were exposed to a series of storms and heavy seas such as Nelson had never experienced before. The fleet were twelve days under storm stay-sails. At Fiumara they remained throughout the month of January, and here Nelson's eye became much worse. "It is now," he writes to Mrs. Nelson, "in almost total darkness, and very painful at times; but, never mind, I can see very well with the other." He had a strong desire to get home, as Lord Hood had done; but he could not be spared. The inferiority of the English fleet rendered it absolutely indispensable to keep all the ships together, ready for action.

Agamemnon, Fiumara, Feb. 1, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,—As the Admiral sends a ship to you with two dispatches, I shall not say a word about the fleet, only what must give you pleasure; that, except being short of numbers, no fleet ever was in better order to meet an enemy than I conceive ours to be at this moment. We are remarkably healthy. I had letters from Lord Hood as late as January 1, and I have great pleasure in saying the fleet would have been of great service, and he begins to turn his thoughts towards this country. I think he will be here the first part of April. I am prevented for the present from going home, by our inferiority; and when the summer gets forward, I shall have that desire, but we cannot leave our duty. I do not see one of us can say what to-morrow may produce. If it would produce an opportunity for me to pay my personal respects to you, I should be much pleased. Josiah joins me in best respects to Lady Hamilton, and I beg you to believe that I ever conceive myself. Your most obliged,

HORATIO NELSON.

Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B. &c. &c. &c. but after touching at Port Fernu in Ellis, the *Agamemnon* returned in a week to Fiumara.

[To be continued.]

Reviews of Books.

THE DEVONSHIRE "HAMLETS."

THE literary history of Shakespeare's dramas is extremely uncertain and obscure. The very form in which they have reached us is often imperfect, and very often corrupt, and scarcely a trace remains to show when or how these immortal productions were first issued from their authors' hands. Not a scrap of original manuscript is known to exist; not a tradition is preserved as to Shakespeare's mode of composition, and critics are divided as to the chronology of his plays. The editors (or rather collectors) to whom we are indebted for the famous folio of 1623, profess to have had original "papers" to print from, in which they "received verse a line"; but they evidently used very extensively the "divers stolen and surreptitious copies,"

* Hamlet: by William Shakespeare, (1616); Hamlet, by William Shakespeare, 1604; being early editions of the First and Second Editions of the play of Hamlet, the very first editions of the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, the two first being printed on opposite pages, and as arranged that the parallel passages face each other; with a bibliography printed by Messrs. Tinsley.

Reviews, and has republished them in a handsome volume, with this euphonious but inaccurate designation. The subjects treated upon are as various as the contents of a play-bill, or a page in the catalogue of a circulating library. There are, for example, "Klondike," "Klondike," "Food and its Advertisements," "The Zoological Gardens," "Rats," "Lunatic Asylums," "The London Commisariat," "Woodwick Arsenal," "Shipwrecks," "Lodging, Food, and Dress of Soldiers," "The Electric Telegraph," "Fire and Fire Insurance," "The Police and the Thieves," and "Mortality in Trades and Professions."

With the merits of most, if not all, of these various essays, the general reading public, it is to be supposed, had previously been pretty well acquainted; and no one, we venture to say, until the author had thought of his title-page had conceived he was studying a treatise illustrative of one of the curious phases of civilization. To give a book something like a completeness in form, Dr. Wynter should have favoured the world with what in his idea is civilization itself; what are the circumstances that denote civilization; what is to be considered as civilization in England, as contradistinguished from civilization in France, in Germany, in Russia, in China, and in Japan. After this, all these various forms of civilization could have been advantageously contrasted with that condition of circumstances which was deemed to be civilization amongst the Assyrians, Hebrews, Greeks, and Romans. With the author's abilities and learning, he might have favoured the world with a most interesting essay upon such a theme; and he might well have concluded it with pointing to the quarterly periodicals that published his own contributions as specimens of the state of civilization in England and in Great Britain. There is, in point of fact, nothing in the literature of Greece or Rome like those publications, which appear with the regularity of the seasons, and that bring forth in such number such rich products of human intellect, wisdom, skill, and science. The *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are in themselves "Chronicles of Civilization," and should not be either in justice, or in gratitude, have been omitted by a contributor to both, if the contents of his book were in accordance with its title-page.

But though we find fault with the title of the book, we have no remark to make in respect to the various articles now republished, except it be in their commendation. Those who have seen before will gladly renew an acquaintance with them; whilst those who have not had that advantage, will be astonished at the vast collection of strange facts and shrewd observations that are packed closely together within the pages of a single volume. Where all are good it is difficult to make a selection; but still we are disposed to affirm that the article calculated to produce the strongest impression upon the public mind is the last,—"Mortality in Trades and Professions," and that which will continue to be the most universally attractive is the first,—"Advertisements." In this article, the author, whose notions of civilization are confined exclusively to England, traces the first appearance of advertisements of newspapers, when journals were struggling into existence, up to their full development in every guise and form that fancy can suggest or cupidity dictate, in the universal advertising columns of *The Times*. Doctor Wynter dwells upon every description of strange advertisements but one, and that one, in itself, the most characteristic of the high civilization to which this country has arrived. The advertisement which is taken up is that of a personable forerunner, even by the mode in which he refers to it, his conviction that one of the unerring tests of the purest state of civilization is an extreme tenderness of the domestic affections,—the love not merely of parent for child, and the child for its parents, but still more, the devoted attachment of sisters for brothers, and even the attachment of brothers to their sisters. In the same column of *The Times*, from which he has been making many comical extracts, exhibiting in their own words the absurdities of crackbrained lovers and pining spinsters, are to be found "notices" which must have made many a father shudder with fear, and that before now has shown how a mother, wiser, or a cousin were agitated by the misconduct or misfortunes of some beloved member of the family. Why did he not give specimens of these—many of them so pathetic and so heart-breaking?

We have seen somewhere a very pretty thought attributed to one of the ancient philosophers, viz., that the virtuous and the wicked members of a family never absolutely abandon the household; that the virtuous, when dead, were its tutelary deities, or *Lares*, and the wicked its malignant demons—*Lemures*. The domestic affections in England are not to be typified by idols of stone, or images of wood; for neither accident, nor calamity, nor even crime, can break, destroy, or obliterate them. They live through all ills, and survive all disasters; and the permanent proof that they do so is daily to be found in those notices which appear with such regularity in a peculiar feature of society in England—a demonstration that its heart is sound,—that neither wealth nor poverty have, in the slightest degree, hardened or corrupted it. When such a topic lay in the author's way he should, we think, have dwelt upon it, illustrated it by examples, pointed it out as being what it really is, a characteristic of English civilization, and then have sketched over it for the purpose of unravelling dwelling anonymous effusions about an obscure "Flo," or a comended "Ceneretola." The omission is not, perhaps, after all, the fault of the author. The appeals from dead hearts to fugitive relatives may have been transcribed by the author, and yet "cut out" by a relentless editor for the purpose of unbecomingly the original article to the space of "the review" in which it was published.

In republishing his "Essays" in a collected form, Doctor Wynter has imitated a good example set by others; but considering their character, and the many small incidents referred to in each of them, we regret he did not, for the purpose of making his work as useful as it is agreeable, give to his reader the benefit of an index. We hope it will reach a second edition; and should it do so, we trust that the suggestion now given may be acted upon. For such a book an index is as indispensable as for an edition of *Adrian Gellius*, *Photius*, *Atthæus*, *Pausanias*, or *Allesandrin*.

ROBERT OWEN, THE SOCIALIST.*

The life of any really eminent man must contain, if it be fairly and properly written, much matter for instruction and reflection. The name of Robert Owen, the socialist, of worldwide notoriety, heard and spoken by thou-

sands who have never known what he really did or what he tried to do and failed. Whatever may be thought of his Utopian plans for securing the universal happiness of mankind by those familiar with them,—what few may have heard of him,—yet the many to-day ignorant of his views and wishes,—neither mature nor sensual as ever been able to smother the strict integrity, morality, and charity of Robert Owen's private character, prolonged even as his long and unconsciously laborious life was,—far beyond the usual term of tenure.

The close of one of two summer seasons has not faded away from his simple grave in his native Montgomeryshire, nor the third winter's snow whitened the Norman ruins of St. Mary's, Newtown, since his friends listened to the peaceful voice of the parish clergyman solemnly committing, as "dust to dust," the earthly case of at least a kind, generous, and earnest soul. We think of Robert Owen only as the attempting founder of an irreligious sect; whose writings have, however, the effect of stirring up, or for an objectionable advocacy of communism, of co-habitation, and of property. Could anything be farther, whatever his mistakes and failings, from his real views and wishes? But in truth the ostensible good work of his life was done in the first half of it, the latter portion being an unbroken succession of failures in attempting to carry out philanthropic but unreal projects.

In our daily life we have around us blessings and good results sprung from Robert Owen's early labours, of which many glory but few know the cause. So effectually did the visionary theories of his later days, in their failure, obscure for the future as a moral philosophy, the real and lasting effects of his factory system, that the remembrance of his finest deeds was buried, as it were, under their stupendous ruins long before he himself had departed in peace from this earthly scene, in which, after all, he had been a great and efficient actor. If we revert to the early efforts of Robert Owen, we find him first a manufacturer, and secondly a teacher of the poor, an education, a liberal supporter of Filton in that precarious career which was crowned at last by the happy application of science to navigation. The Prussian national education scheme and the ameliorated paper system of Holland are standing memorials of the good effects of Owen's early publications; which, as infant-schools in our own land are the very foundations of one of his best labours. And these are not all the good results of the efforts of a man who elevated himself from a humble state, spent large sums in good causes, while still amassing greater wealth, and who, receiving but a portion to keep him from want, diminished his fortune in benevolent but visionary schemes for the betterment of the social happiness and welfare of his race. Even from his failings we are gainers of wisdom.

Robert Owen was the youngest but one of the seven children of the Postmaster of Newtown. His mother's parents were respectable farmers in the neighbourhood; and at five years old he was sent to the village school, in which, at seven, he was made a monitor, employing his leisure time in reading the books afforded him by the libraries of the clergyman, the doctor, and the lawyer. At nine he was engaged to serve in a shop; but the promptings of his natural ambition led him to seek in London a wider sphere, and thus, at ten, he was consigned to the care of his brother, a saddler in Holborn. Six years later he was in the ranks of the army, and the son of an honest and kindhearted draper, who had started in life with half a crown, as a hawker. At fourteen, kindly treated and happy as he had been, at Stamford, by the McGuffays, he was again bent on seeking a wider field, and entered a shop on the borough side of London-bridge, which is reported to have been the establishment on which he commenced his career as a ready money man. His next engagement was in Manchester, and to the extent we find Owen possessed of a happy disposition, making friends everywhere, and always maintaining himself by his own exertions. This was the great epoch of the cotton trade, from which so many of the enterprising men of our own date the foundation of their massive fortunes they subsequently accumulated. A Unitarian, whose acquaintance Owen had made, proposed setting up a factory for making the new machinery, but he had no money; so Owen, borrowing a hundred pounds from his London brother, left his situation, and commenced with his partner to manufacture "mules" for cotton spinning. His partner appears to have been unskilled in the management of the mechanical department, and Owen shortly accepted the offer of a capitalist to buy him out. Owen was now offered a partnership by his old master, McGuffay; but his aspirations looked higher than to the life of a line-draper in a country town, and he preferred to take upon himself the anxieties of a factory in Ancoats-lane, Manchester. Letting off the greater part of the machinery he commenced his business with three or four partners, received in part payment from Jones, and he soon found himself earning £6 a week. At twenty Owen abandoned this fair prospect, to undertake the management, at a salary of £300 a year, of the large mill of Mr. Drankwater, in process of being fitted with machinery for the finer sorts of spinning, and amidst the efforts of five hundred workmen, and with a large staff of management, which included what Owen got this enormous appointment were singular, and such as to display the characteristic determination of his character. Mr. George Lee, the scientific and able superintendent of the factory, had been cut out away by the offer of a partnership, and had left Mr. Drankwater, who was ignorant of the business, in a very awkward position. As soon as Owen heard of the advertisement he put on his hat, and without further reflection applied for the situation.

The reader will have seen how limited was the new manager's experience, and will not wonder that gossip predicted failure and disappointment; but the result proved that Mr. Drankwater had suggested good fortune; the situation which he had been the ruin of an unskilled man was the turning-point of advancement to Owen. His experience in goods of fine quality, which he had acquired at McGuffay's, now stood him in good stead, as the article he was required to produce was yarn of unusual fineness.

So satisfactory were the results of the boy-animal's exertions, that his salary was liberally increased, and at twenty-two he had entered into partnership with his employer and his two sons. Owen, it may be conceived, did not relax in his efforts under these arrangements, and he continued to produce yarn finer in quality, which sold for higher and higher prices. It was at this time he formed the acquaintance of Dalton, Winstanley, Crompton, and others of the Birmingham school, who were turning up when he became entitled to a fourth share of the profits. Mr. Drankwater, at the solicitation of a wealthy manufacturer, who had proposed a matrimonial

* Robert Owen and his Social Philosophy. By Wm. Lucas Sargant. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 1860.

alliance with his daughter, desired to annul the agreement, offering Owen any salary he chose to name. Owen at once thrust the agreement into the fire, remaining, however, until a substitute was obtained. The result to Mr. Drinkwater was disastrous; for the intended son-in-law proved less wealthy than was supposed; the match was broken off; the new names were not as Owen, and so the business fell into confusion, and the factory was sold.

It would have been natural enough if Owen had indulged some resentment, but he acted in a manner the reverse of this. He felt that Mr. Drinkwater had behaved towards him with kindness and liberality, that a want of firmness was the only fault he had committed, and he constructed his new factory for making yarns of a sort quite different from those fine ones by which his reputation had been established, thus writing "his gratitude in marble and his repentance in sand."

Among other duties which now devolved upon Owen was that of visiting his customers in the north of England; and soon after the new mills were at work he extended one of his journeys as far as Scotland, when he had an accidental opportunity of visiting New Lanark, a visit which ended in Owen's marriage with Miss Dale, and the establishment of that "New Lanark Factory," which had a worldwide fame, through the memorable result of Owen's management and benevolence. It was in 1779, when Owen was about twenty-eight, that this "New Lanark Textile Company" was formed. Owen's property at this period was far less than might have been supposed to have resulted to a man of so much success, but it must be remembered that he had already aided not only Faison, but both Bell and Lancaster, with a third of his entire savings—a noble earnest of his future philanthropic sacrifices.

We reluctantly omit the statement given as to the rise and progress of New Lanark, and Robert Owen's successful career there; and come to the time when Lancaster encouraged him to attempt the inauguration of a better system of education in Scotland, visited Glasgow, and Owen presided at the public dinner at which he was entertained. It was here Owen first gave vent, in a moderate and acceptable form, to his doctrine that "Man is the creature of circumstances; and that it depends on our social arrangements, whether children who are growing up shall be the blessings or the scourges of the world." How Owen subsequently unfortunately exaggerated this doctrine, and how, falling into other extravagant and imprudent notions, he wasted the remainder of his life, is the one theme of the remaining portion of his history. Although he made friends in high rank, and even amongst royalty,—although he spent large fortunes in attempting to practically realize his generous and gigantic schemes for the moral improvement of his race,—although he spared no pains or labour,—the history of his life from this date is the record of one long succession of failures. The basis of his visions was unreal, and the fabrics he reared fell one after the other, as everything based on unreality will fall sooner or later.

Owen's life is worthy of being read, if only for the sad instructions one gets from his failures. Owen's life should be read, for it is the record of an existence at once an example and a warning. It is the record of an unselfish man, labouring with every energy to do good; and if we view his failings justly we shall pity the man, without regretting that his schemes should have been tried and found wanting. The goal that has sprung from his wisest and successful deeds should be remembered in his native land, which, after all, has no reason to be ashamed of, and many reasons for being proud of, Robert Owen.

THE KNIGHT OF THE SWAN.*

The legend of the Knight of the Swan is probably more universally known than any other. The Brothers Grimm alone have mentioned nine versions; it exists in fifty different languages; six or seven princely houses lay claim to a descent from him. The celebrated Duke of Burgundy, beheaded in the Tower in 1521, declared himself to be a descendant of the Chevalier Helyas, and ordered a translation of his history to be made from Robert Goyland, under the title of "The History of Helyas, Knight of the Swans," which was printed by William Goyland. Mr. Thomas has reproduced this version in his "Collection of Early Prose Romances," lately republished.

This poem, in its various modifications, consists generally of two distinct parts: the adventures of the Knight of the Swan, and the narration of the first crusade, ending in the taking of Jerusalem by Godfrey of Bouillon. As it usually the case in all traditional subjects of this kind, the poetical and popular legend serves as the introduction to the narrative, and the hero is first invested with a mythical or fairy-like origin, in order to satisfy the imagination of the people.

The poetical fable of the Knight of the Swan has been made use of and worked upon by twenty different poets. Let us enter into a chronological inquiry upon the various works in which mention has been made of it.

William of Tyre, in his History of the Crusades, is the first from whom we date this legend. He flourished between 1180 and 1190. In the beginning of the following century, Helinand, a native of Flanders, wrote a universal chronicle, in which this fable is mentioned, and Vincent of Beauvais, in his *"Speculum Historiale,"* has quoted the passage. All this is, of course, Latin. It is not until the end of the thirteenth century that we find the French *"Chanson de geste,"* on the Knight of the Swan; but several years previously the Germans possessed three or four poems on a similar legend. The "Schwan-Ritter" of Conrad of Würzburg, the "Lohengrin," by Wilfrid von Eschenbach, the "Percival," and the "Titurel," in which this knight always occupies a prominent place.

Jacques van Maerlant, who flourished in Flanders about 1275, mentions him also in his poems written in Flemish. It was at that period that the legend became most extensively popular. Not only did poets in three different countries and languages sing of the fabulous origin of Godfrey of Bouillon, but even historical documents were consecrated to the memory of the Knight of the Swan. Among other the chronicle of the Abbey of Brege, and the history of Lambert d'Andres.

In the fourteenth century they began to translate this fable into prose from the poem of the *Trois-Clans*. In the next century the Danish popular works

on Charlemagne were circulated throughout Europe, and among them we find inserted the Saga of the Knight of the Swan. It is equally known in Iceland, under the name of Helis, son of Julius Cesar.

Caston, who received a part of his literary education in Belgium, carried this fable to England, and Winkley de Winton propagated it after him. Anon, in his work on the "History of Printing," mentions a copy, in quarto, on parchment, but this has never yet been traced.

In the sixteenth century we find many versions of the "Saga of the Swan" in at least ten different languages.

Such is the chain of tradition from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, of which William of Tyre forms inconspicuously the first link. But the fable was not invented by him; for he says that it was already popular before his time. *Liect id fuisse plurimum narranto.* With whom, then, did it originate? From what source did this legend spring? The opinions of learned writers are much divided on this point. The German Goerres traces some veinges as far back as Tacitus, where it is made of a tradition relating to a voyage of Ulysses on the borders of the Rhine. More attributes it to the French. Leroux de Lincy, in his *"Livre des Legendes,"* pretends that it is borrowed from the East, and from the "Thousand and One-Nights."

When we find in such a saga as the "Knight of the Swan" characteristics which are also to be found in Latin, German, French, Spanish, and Flemish popular legends, it is needless to assume that this similitude is the result of mere servile imitation—the traditions of one people copied from another; but it shows the original working of the popular mind on a stock of traditional fables of previous nations, around the nucleus of a tradition relating to each its several time and place. We shall say, with Mr. Dureau, that the story was primeval among many tribes and races, and that it only "crystallized itself round a great name by that process of attraction which invariably leads a grateful people to throw such mystic wreaths, such garlands of poetical darts of previous nations around the hero of its predecessor."

In the publication of the Royal Academy of Brussels, Baron de Reichenberg has thrown more light on this subject than any of his hardworking in the same field, and we consider that he has almost exhausted it.

THE WEATHER DURING THE MONTH OF AUGUST.

(By JAMES GLASSIER, F.R.S., Royal Observatory, Greenwich.)

The weather in the month of August has been of the same general character as that which has been prevalent all this year. The pressure of the atmosphere has been variable, and in August for the most part small; the sky has been far more than usually covered with cloud at this season of the year, with remarkably little sunshine. The temperature has been always low, and particularly during the day; the direction of the wind has been chiefly from the S.W., and rain has fallen frequently.

The following table shows the more important meteorological elements in the month of August. The numbers in the first column show the mean daily reading of the barometer, or pressure of the atmosphere, as far as they are compared with the reading, 29.90 inches, which is the average for the month, the error is less than the average amount of air which has passed over us will be readily seen.

The numbers in the next column show the highest daily temperature of the air; the average value of this element in August is 73°. By comparing this value with those in the table, the remarkable deficiency of high day temperature in August is seen.

The numbers in the next column show the lowest night temperature, whose average in August is 53°; and if that value be compared with those in the table, it will be seen that the nights were, for the most part, of too low temperature; the observations below their averages were small compared to the deficiency of day temperature.

The numbers under the head of Mean Temperature show the value of this element every day, and if compared with 61½°, it will be seen at once that there is no instance in August till the 29th day, in which the temperature has reached that due to the season, and that the loss of temperature thus experienced, as shown in the numbers in the next column, has been large and continuous.

Meteorological Table for August, 1860.

| STATION, CHICAGO, ILL., 1881. | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------|--------------|---------|---------------|------------|-------------------------|----------------|--------------------|-------------------|------|
| Day. | Reading of Barometer. | Thermometer. | | Range in Day. | Mean Temp. | Upper Limit of Average. | Temp. of Wind. | Direction of Wind. | Exposure of Wind. | |
| | | Highest. | Lowest. | | | | | | | |
| 1 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 2 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 3 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 4 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 5 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 6 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 7 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 8 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 9 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 10 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 11 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 12 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 13 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 14 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 15 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 16 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 17 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 18 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 19 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 20 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 21 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 22 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 23 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 24 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 25 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 26 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 27 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 28 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 29 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |
| 30 | 29.944 | 70.3 | 54.6 | 15.7 | 59.4 | -2.7 | 56.0 | 73 | W. | 0.80 |

The sign + denotes above, and the sign - below the average.

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No. 10.]

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

COMING EVENTS CAST THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

THE fate of Europe, at this most critical juncture, is hanging upon the fortunes of a single man. Even Napoleon III., the would-be arbiter of her destiny, is compelled to fold his hands, and patiently watch the progress of GARIBOLDI. The Italian Liberator himself, absorbed in the great work which has hitherto prospered so marvelously under his direction, in all probability, has scarcely appreciated the extent of his influence upon every country in Europe. Devoted to the cause of Italian freedom, pursuing with single-minded earnestness the noble purpose with which a lofty ambition has inspired him, he has not had time to consider the varied effects which success or failure may produce upon the Government and people of almost every country upon the Continent. To every foreign capital messages flash daily from the Peninsula; and we, who are calmly looking on, can best appreciate their significance by observing their effects upon the public and official mind. The foundations of the great European edifice are being undermined by the stout arm whose blows are now echoing throughout the whole civilized world, and in the crash which must ensue, the rottenest portions of the structure will be destroyed. We who dwell in a substantially-built outhouse may contemplate with comparative security the falling timbers; our only care will be to see that out of them no enterprising plunderer shall raise a tower which may imperil the safety of our own isolated abode. To ensure this it may become necessary for us to assist in propping up the most substantial portion of the neighbouring edifice. At the risk of being considered premature, let us glance behind the curtain, at the scene which the next act in the great drama will probably display to the gaze of the great European audience.

The first scene of the first act was Sicily; the second, Naples. The curtain falls before Rome. Then will come an interlude, during which the diplomatic orchestra, under the able and skilful direction of a celebrated French conductor, will execute some elaborate and complicated pieces of its own composition. The graceful waving of his magic wand will draw forth just the tones he requires from the bass fiddle of Mr. Bull, who is generally ready to play innocently into his hands; nor will the other artists be allowed to execute flourishes of their own. Then the little bell will tinkle, and the curtain rise, and we shall see, not the city upon seven hills, as we expected, but the Bridge of the Sea, waiting for her deliverer. The flight of the Pope will be reserved for the last scene, as being not only most effective, but more convenient for the development of the plot. For it is evident that if the Italian patriot makes an assault upon His Holiness at once, the protector of the head of the Church, in the person of the French Emperor, would be compelled to defend him, and an exchange of hard knocks between Louis Napoleon and Garibaldi would create an effect, and ruin the whole uniformity of the play. It is probable, therefore, that the first scene of the second act will be laid at Venice, and that, in the universal confusion which will be created during this part of the performance, which will be very noisy, menus will be taken to withdraw the French troops from Rome, under some plausible pretext, and while the attention of the spectators is riveted upon the more exciting episodes in the piece. Thus the unpleasant dilemma into which Garibaldi would force the Emperor, by advancing directly on Rome, would be avoided.

Meantime the attack on Venice is the spark which will blow up the magazine. Garibaldi, unassisted by a foreign ally, can hardly hope to drive the Austrians out of the Quadrilateral. His army,

admirably adapted for guerilla warfare, is scarcely in a condition to sit down before Mantua, and undertake a protracted siege. It is quite certain, on the other hand, that the Austrians, when attacked, will exchange defensive for offensive operations. It has even been supposed that it is the policy of the Austrian Government to strike the first blow; this, we have the best information for asserting, is not the case; but they will not rest satisfied with offering a successful resistance. If they are so unwise as to push the war into the enemy's camp, French interference becomes inevitable. The great results of the North Italian war must be made good, and the Emperor will feel bound to see that the objects which it has cost France so much blood and treasure to achieve are not defeated. The intervention of France in favour of Garibaldi will be the signal for the mobilization of the Prussian army, and a declaration of war with France, in pursuance of the engagement entered into between the Prince Regent and the Austrian Emperor at Toplitz, by which the former pledged himself to interfere in favour of the latter, should any portion of the Austrian territories be again attacked by France. The march of the Prussian legions on the Rhine will remove the interest of the plot from Venice to the provinces of the Rhine; while Garibaldi is holding his own at Venice, the struggle will be waging fiercely on the western frontier of Prussia; and the attention of Austria will be divided between the war in Italy and that in which, as a member of the Germanic Confederation, she will have to take part on the Rhine. While the states of Germany, stimulated by the recollection of their last struggle with France, and its disastrous consequences, are thus straining every nerve to regain the prestige they lost upon that occasion, and to preserve the integrity of their frontier, it is not to be supposed that outlying states, with old-standing grievances and traditional animosities, are to remain passive spectators, or that the French Emperor will fail to awaken every sentiment of jealousy or hatred which now lies dormant. Thus an opportunity will be afforded to Denmark of settling the long-pending Schleswig Holstein question, which, although to some extent arranged after the late war, from which she emerged victorious, still presents points of difficulty, which would in all probability, on the death of the present king, embroil her in hostilities with Prussia.

But Denmark and Italy would not be the only allies upon which France could count in the event of her engaging in a war with Germany. With Austria fully occupied on two sides, Hungary would be in active revolt. It is well known that during the late war every success of the allied French and Italian arms was hailed throughout Hungary as an additional step gained towards their deliverance; that the gloom which the peace of Villafranca cast over the patriotic spirits of Italy was not more profound than that which exercised its depressing influence upon the Hungarian national party; that since that peace was concluded the revolutionary spirit in Hungary has been increasing; that the concessions now promised by the Austrian Government fail to satisfy them, and that nothing short of an entire compliance with all their demands will prevent a revolution, when the approaching European conflict presents a favourable moment. If Hungary receives the modified constitution of 1848 before Garibaldi attacks Venice, Austria may feel no uneasiness for the eastern portion of her empire; but if the Cabinet at Vienna are so benighted as to refuse this concession, the attack on Venice will be the signal of a national rising throughout Hungary. It is impossible to suppose that Russia can regard this event with indifference. She will be

divided between fears for some of her Slavonic provinces and the intense animosity she feels towards Austria for the selfish policy she displayed during the late Crimean war, when her obligations to Russia for the intervention which crushed Hungary in 1848 failed to enlist her in the cause of her benefactor; it is, indeed, whispered that the Hungarian liberal party have negotiated with the Russian Government upon this subject, through the medium of French diplomacy, and that the engagement which was entered into at St. Petersburg by Count de Morny, and which, like that of Montebello, does not affect to be a treaty, comprises a stipulation for Russian non-intervention in the event of a Hungarian rising.

It is very evident that if Russia can preserve tranquillity in her own provinces she has everything to gain from such an event. The Austrian empire is at present the great barrier to Russian aggression on Turkey. The dismemberment of one empire would be the first step towards the dismemberment of the other, and Russia might contemplate with satisfaction the absorption of a considerable share of both. Hungary left to itself, possibly weakened by internal dissensions arising between the Kossuth and the aristocratic parties, with many internal discordant elements to reconcile, would fall an easy prey to Russia, whose intrigues in the trans-Danubian-Slavonic provinces would now fructify. For it is not to be imagined that the Christians in Turkey would look calmly on at Italy and Hungary in revolt, and their fellow Christians in Syria enjoying French protection while they still submitted to Ottoman rule. A revolution in Turkey is as certain as one in Hungary, and it will be carried on under the combined auspices of the French and Russian Governments, but more especially the latter, as the former will for the present be fully engaged elsewhere. Perhaps the prospect of the annexation of a considerable part of Turkey to Russia, and of the Italian provinces to France, to be followed by Belgium, may induce us to take part in the pleasant little complication, the possibility of which we have thus shadowed forth.

We do not presume to offer an opinion upon the policy for the British Government to pursue under these very difficult circumstances. Our sympathies with the liberal party may lead us to side with Russia, Garibaldi, Louis Napoleon, and Kossuth, against United Germany and the Sultan; or our instinct of self-preservation may lead us to make French interference in behalf of Italy *a causa belli*, and leave Garibaldi to be crushed by Austria. We merely indicate, in the rough, some of the probable leading features in the impending catastrophe, and wish our statesmen well through it.

THE PROGRESS OF EVENTS IN CHINA.

OUR last intelligence from China is not of a satisfactory nature. The expedition to the north had been detained by a series of gales, and the season was already so far advanced that, in all probability, the commander-in-chief will think it desirable to postpone operations until September. We understand that, in so far as the organization of the British portion of the force was concerned, it had been completed some time since, and we were only waiting for our allies to proceed to the rendezvous. We were quite prepared, by our previous experience of that organization on which our Gallic neighbours so especially pride themselves, to learn that it is as defective upon this occasion as it was during the operations of 1858. We do not mean to impute to our allies inefficiency in this respect as a general rule. For European warfare, there is no doubt that the French army has always proved itself admirably equipped. It is only when operations have to be undertaken at a distance, and the scene of war presents but slight natural interest, that a curiousness is betrayed which, in the present instance, is calculated seriously to increase the expenses and prolong the period of hostilities in China. The war in that quarter has been entered into for a political purpose, in which French feeling is in no way involved. The Emperor felt himself compelled to join with us again in revenging the insults which had been offered to the allied flags at the mouth of the Peiho, and hurried the necessary troops to those distant regions under the command of a General who had earned for himself an ill reputation in Algeria, and whose force is composed of the scum of the French army.

The British troops alone, which are despatched to the north, and which are to take an active share in the operations at the mouth of the Peiho, consist of 10,000 men; a force of 3,000 men will be left at Canton; a depot battalion and a Madras Native Infantry regiment will garrison Hong Kong, while the newly-acquired promontory of Kow-loo, situated on the mainland opposite to Victoria, and the possession of which has long been considered essential to the convenience and prosperity of Hong Kong, will be occupied by a regiment of Sikhs and a force of 400 Europeans. A convalescent depot will be formed at Chusan, or the neighbouring Island of Poosoo, at present tenanted only by priests, and dedicated to the mysteries of Buddhism. Its sacred groves will form a charming and healthy retreat for our invalids, who will be provided, for their protection, with a guard of 500 men.

The base of operations in the Gulf of Pecheli will, in all proba-

bility, be the town of Cheefoo, on the northern shore of the Shantung promontory. Here supplies are abundant, the harbour secure, and the climate healthy. It is distant about 120 miles, or fourteen hours' steaming, from the Takoo forts at the mouth of the Peiho. Here the superfluous strength exceeding the force of 10,000 men, to which the expedition is limited in the field, will be left in reserve. There are the usual rumours rife of a disposition on the part of the Chinese Government to yield, and the usual conviction in the Chinese popular mind that we shall be beaten if we attempt to take the forts. There is the usual report of rebel success, of panic in the imperial troops, and of an impending crisis. We even hear that the Governor of Shanghai has fled, and placed the town under the protection of the English, so that while we are attacking one portion of his Celestial Majesty's dominions we shall be protecting another. This should, in fact, be an additional card in our hand, and we have no doubt that Lord Elgin will avail himself of the anomalous condition of the internal affairs of China as a valuable lever with which to act upon the Government.

His Excellency, by the last accounts, had reached Hong Kong, and proceeded at once to the north. At Singapore he had, as we learn from the *Times* correspondent, in the exercise of a wise judgment, assumed the responsibility of ordering the Sikh regiment which had volunteered for active service in China, and been most improperly detained at Singapore, to Hong Kong. Just three years had elapsed since His Excellency had taken upon himself a still weightier responsibility, and on his arrival at the same spot, diverted the whole of the first expeditionary force from its original destination to Calcutta, thus saving Lucknow and Bengal. The allied ambassadors will, doubtless, accompany the present expedition to the Gulf of Pecheli, and we trust will proceed with the army to Tien-tsin, as the occupation of that city by the allied troops is absolutely essential to the success of the undertaking in which they are engaged. We say the allied troops; but in the event of the French not being in a sufficiently advanced state of preparation to commence this enterprise simultaneously with ourselves, it is to be hoped that this consideration will not be allowed to operate as a cause of delay. We are well aware that it is the opinion in certain quarters that the military movement ought not to end at Tien-tsin, but that our troops should be pushed to the gates of the capital. Apart from the physical obstacles which oppose themselves to such an undertaking, we believe that, in a political point of view, it will be found inexpedient.

It is impossible to estimate the consequences of the flight of the Emperor and his Court from Peking, which would naturally be the result of such a measure. It would probably unhinge the whole government of the empire, and involve us in as many difficulties as the Chinese authorities themselves. Even if this were not the case, it might have the effect of inducing the Emperor to remove the seat of government to another more remote and less vulnerable part of the empire. The arrival of the allied force at Tien-tsin, upon the last occasion, brought the Government to terms, and there is no reason why it should not do so again. Upon that occasion, when the treaty was made, the pressure was removed. This time it must be retained, and we hope to hear that, among the stipulations of the new treaty, will be the opening of Tien-tsin as a new port. It should be made the permanent station of two or three gun-boats, and the residence of our ambassador, who should, during the earlier period of his stay there, be protected by an adequate European force. An establishment of this nature only at a point fifty miles distant from the capital, and which has been properly regarded as the key to it, will ensure us against the recurrence of any future difficulties at the mouth of the Peiho, which river should, by treaty, be defined as the recognised highway to Peking, while the reconstruction of the forts at its entrance should be prohibited. As a preliminary to this arrangement, however, a visit by the allied ambassadors to the capital is necessary, and we trust that this vital step will form part of the programme which it is in the contemplation of the ambassadors to carry out. We have little doubt that a treaty thus consummated, and containing these stipulations, will prove lasting; and that we shall have no reason in the end to regret the expense which has been incurred in obtaining it, or to deem those measures harsh which, if energetically carried through now, will secure us a substantial peace, and save us the constantly-recurring difficulties which are alike injurious to our prestige, and attended with the most disastrous consequences to the Chinese themselves.

ANOTHER AMATEUR DIPLOMATIST.

MR. LINDSAY'S mission to the United States is at once voluntary and persuasive. He is not invested with authority by our Government, and is to rely entirely on his own eloquence to induce the American Government to give additional freedom to navigation. Having made his own way from a humble beginning up to great wealth, and now being one of the largest ship-brokers and ship-owners of the world, he may have an influence over the Americans which a man, born wealthy could not acquire. His ambitious undertaking, however, seems too plainly suggested by that of Lord Ashburton, some years ago, and Mr. Cobden's late success, to

be regarded as a bold stroke of genius before which all obstacles fall away. What his persuasive power may be, over the American Democracy, the body he must influence, cannot be known, but while Mr. Calhoun has led the multitude here by his terse eloquence, Mr. Lindsay has not always been patiently listened to by his own fraternity. As a ship-owner, his motives will be suspected. Already our ocean-steamers succeed in competition with those of the United States—they carry off the principal part of the passenger traffic; and he is avowedly to procure additional advantages for them. He will not find a favourable auditory, nor does he go at a propitious time, for the people are intensely interested in the contest for the Presidency; and the American shipping interest, the prejudices of which he is to assail is not so flourishing as to be extremely pliable. Nevertheless we heartily wish him success; and should he obtain it, his merit will be the greater for the difficulties he will have surmounted.

The shipping of the world is only now beginning to recover from the delirium following excess. More than any other interest, it was influenced by the gold discoveries; afterwards came an unusual demand for transports, to convey two large armies to the Crimea; and between 1852 and 1857 it prospered amazingly. All its resources were insufficient to meet the demand. In the four years 1852-1856, the Americans built on the average 488,000 tons of shipping yearly, while the average quantity built in the four previous years was only 280,000; in 1858 the tonnage built declined to 242,000, and last year to 176,000. Our own shipping, in the same interval, was also rapidly, though not equally augmented, and suffered, though not equally to the American shipping, in 1858 and 1859. The amount of tonnage built and registered in America in 1859 declined from the average of the four preceding years 58 per cent.; the decline of our shipping was only 15 per cent. It is now comparatively flourishing, and the Americans will not be ready to alter a law which they erroneously suppose—and Mr. Lindsay's mission strengthens the supposition—gives an advantage to their shipping over ours.

They may, indeed, be informed, that the lesser decline in our shipping than in theirs, while our coasting trade is thrown freely open to all the world, and they preserve the monopoly of theirs, is a proof that the monopoly is injurious to them. In fact, it has encouraged them to believe that they would derive greater benefit from it than is possible; and so they were led to build an excessive number of ships. Had the trade to California been open to competition from the first, it would at once have been shared by other shipping, and the expectations of the American ship-owners would not have reached such extravagant dimensions. What we regret most in Mr. Lindsay's mission is the encouragement it is likely to give to the errors of the Americans. It implies that the monopoly is advantageous to them,—and gives them a superiority which we wish to abate. The fact, however, is, that we abolished our Navigation Laws not for the advantage of the Americans or the French, or any other people, but for our own advantage. We are satisfied with the result. It has proved entirely beneficial to ourselves, and our example will in time be much more persuasive than Mr. Lindsay's eloquence. We want to convince the Americans that the utmost freedom of navigation is for their advantage, and this is more likely to be retarded than promoted by those direct efforts which are supposed to spring from interested motives.

It is deeply to be regretted that the Americans generally, but especially those of the northern and eastern states, who are the chief ship-owners, should be inclined to free-trade; but the fact is easily explained. These states were peopled when the system of encouraging trade by monopolies and regulations was in full vigour. They carried with them all the old political prejudices of Europe. Great Britain flourished in conjunction with the old system, though in spite of it. Circumstances, including a body of men devoted to literature, with leisure to investigate political subjects, have taught us better; but the Americans still cherish the old belief that a state can make trade flourish by regulations. They continue high tariffs therefore, to encourage their own cotton, their own iron, and their own woollen manufactures, and they retain the trade between the Atlantic and Pacific as a coasting-trade exclusively in their own hands, to encourage their own shipping. The error is deplorable; but nations are not to be suddenly reasoned into knowledge and truth.

Amongst the political writers of America are many who inherit the animosity of the Irish to English modes of thought; and others who still believe that England, as before the separation, seeks her own greatness by monopolizing trade. Against such passions and prejudices, which predominate in the Northern and Eastern States—which are strongest in those who claim to be the leaders of the Americans in the path of civilization—which are so much the creed of the so-called Republicans as their antipathy to slavery,—arguments can be of no avail. To succeed with the American Government, the American people must be convinced; and some converts might be made by a fervent, sincere, and zealous apostle of free trade. Mr. Lindsay is not, we believe, such a man, and therefore but little good can be expected from his mission.

CANADA;—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT.

While the old nations and old systems of Europe are in a state of ebullition, and their rulers are regarding each other with jealousy and distrust, the New World is buying itself with the more powerful and pleasing occupation of hospitality and loyal demonstrations. Canada, with the minor British provinces of North America, is giving the Prince of Wales a reception which cannot fail to be grateful both to the recipient and to the donors. Among the numerous addresses presented scarcely one is to be found that has not allusion, more or less direct, to the moral and domestic excellences of the Queen. In no part of the empire are these qualities of the sovereign more highly appreciated than in the British provinces of America, and even in the United States; and it is well that the youthful Prince should, thus early in his career, learn how much greater is the majesty derived from virtue than the merely conventional majesty attributed in Europe to all who wear the crown and wield the sceptre. The attachment of a people to the institutions of their native land may make them loyal; but it is the character of the sovereign that can alone create an affection such as the Queen commands in her distant provinces.

This visit can hardly prove abortive. The Prince goes to Canada attended by those who, though of riper years, may still learn, at least some wholesome truths. For example, it may be discovered, in this journey, that fear of Downing-street, and respect for the Circumlocution Office, are not widely felt by Her Majesty's lieges in North America; and that the colonists cling to a British connexion in spite of many reasons to the contrary, too often given them by Whigs and Tories who hold the colonial seals at home, and know nothing of the wants and wishes of the colonies, or even of their geography. His Grace of Newcastle may be well employed in noting such under-currents of colonial life as may pass within his fathomings; for there is more to see and know of Canada than floats upon the surface of her lakes, or is expressed in the joyous acclamations of a gala day. The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Newcastle may see the noble colony in her holiday attire, with her work-a-day clothes thrust out of sight; but it would be well for the Colonial Minister to make it his business to study the real character and aspirations—as well as the complaints and hardships of the people. He should hear what the backwoodsman and the new settler can tell him, as well as the story of the French *habitant* or the U. E. loyalist.

In reading that page of the world's history for which our own time is now furnishing the material, posterity will not fail to discern how little we comprehended the effect our policy was calculated to produce. Standing upon the vantage ground of a later day, with all the consequences revealed, the student will assume, with reference to ourselves, the position we now occupy in regard to the periods of the Commonwealth, the Restoration, and the accession of the third William—seasons of the seedtime of the harvest which, during the last half-century, it has been England's destiny to garner. As in the natural soil, so also in the political and social. If we sow tares we shall certainly not reap wheat. If the culture has been negligent, what may we expect but thistles! What were the seed and culture of our ancestors, we, from experience of the crop, are now able to perceive. Did Cromwell believe that his Republicanism would lead to Roman Catholic Emancipation? Did the kingcraft of James II. anticipate the institution of Orangeism? Or, did the rejectors of Franklin's appeal for accommodation dream of the empire their destiny was to be the means of establishing? It is useless now to speculate on what might have been the advantages on either side, had the great colonies of America been retained by Great Britain. It seems hardly probable that so extended a territory, with a population that nearly approaches, if it do not already exceed that of the parent state, would long have remained a dependency. And though the results of the struggle for independence have been highly beneficial to both parties, a policy so palpably suicidal as that pursued by George III. and his ministers is not to be commended, because good arose out of it. Have we grown wiser in our day?

Does not history teach us that colonies are but the life-estate of nations, the title to which is either by consent or coercion, and the term of possession a contingency? Greece colonized successfully, because her colonization entailed no inferiority: it was incorporation. Roman colonization was little, if anything, better than a military occupation. France, too, in our time, has colonized after the Roman model; with what want of success is well known. England, the great mother of worldwide possessions, has spread her institutions and her tongue in every quarter of the globe. One of these offshoots has already become a powerful nation. There are two others, at least, that are approaching a sturdy maturity, demanding the most cautious vigilance.

With regard more especially to Canada, there are many reasons why the present generation of British statesmen should beware how they do injustice to so noble a possession. The visit of the Prince of Wales has drawn the eyes of Europe upon the British provinces of North America. Among these, Canada, as the largest and most important, stands out in strong relief. Her territorial extent and geographical position are

commanding; a consideration which the British statesman should not venture to ignore. Canada is no laudible, but is truly the brightest jewel in the Crown of England—a gem for which kings and nations might compete, and which, if incorporated with the United States, would form of the latter the most formidable empire in the world, and make of Great Britain the second, instead of the first Anglo-Saxon Power of Christendom. A slight put upon, or a wrong done to these millions of British people might entail consequences which all the circumspection of Downing-street could not remedy. The thing has already happened, and there is nothing to prevent its recurrence, unless it be the better knowledge which the Prince of Wales and the Colonial Minister may bring home with them, for the future guidance of British statesmen and parliamentary majorities.

What, it may be asked, is the present grievance of the Canadians? We proceed to inform them, in the words of a correspondent from Quebec, whose letter is dated on the 24th of August:—

"Is it not (he says) a monstrous perversion, that after conceding to Canada a most liberal constitution, and recognising her right to independent action in all her social relations, the Imperial Government should have allowed itself to be betrayed or cajoled into even the semblance of bad faith with an important colony in the matter of the British and Canadian mail service? It was both a political and a moral delinquency which degraded from the dignity and character of British relations with the province, and from which the Government now suffers in the estimation of the Canadian people. The breach of faith, unfortunately, is not the whole sum of the offence. To this is added a positive and palpable slight which it is vain to attempt to disguise. The Cunard contract, and the apologetic afterglows offered in explanation, would doubtless have excited some passing discontent; but it would have been merely for the time. The repetition of the affront—in the instance of the Galway subsidy—aggravated by the marked preference of an American to a Canadian port, was of a nature calculated to wound the amour propre, and to arouse the indignation of the colonists; and Lord Palmerston's Cabinet, as well as that of Lord Derby, may rest assured the Canadians hold them alike responsible for the offence. Is the retention of a colony like Canada to be galled against the votes of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Roebuck? Are the possessions of the empire to be jeopardised to secure the parliamentary support of Irish members?"

"Recently, some persons from Canada met certain members of the 'Barnacle' family in Downing-street, to confer upon the postal arrangements between that province and England. These gentlemen had not the slightest recollection that any one of them had ever given assurances to Canada that notice should be given, or that the claims of the province should be considered previous to any renewal of the Cunard contract. Nor could they imagine how injustice was done to Canada by sealing the mails at the rate of one day of sending them to Canada direct; how any ground of complaint that the Galway and American steamships were subsidised in preference to those of Canada could arise in the minds of Canadians; and why there was any objection to the sending of the mails 700 miles round, was beyond the comprehension of any Barnacle. Wondrous Barnacles! Simple colonists!"

"To what end are lofty declarations or the granting of liberal constitutions, or rhetorical flourishes on the advantages of British connection, if British policy and British subsidies are to be made antagonistic to colonial interests? The experiences of 1776 and the warnings of 1837 have no moral for those who think a Tea Tax or a Stamp Duty the only means by which the allegiance of a people can be dissolved. We in Canada pray Heaven that the visit of His Royal Highness, attended as he is by those who should know how to look at things in a true light, may bear the fruit of a wise discernment, and perpetuate a connection which folly and mismanagement may only endanger."

It is well, not only that the Duke of Newcastle, who is on the spot, but that our statesmen at home should know the feelings of the colonists. The Galway contract has been a bad business from first to last; and it will become still worse, if, having led to such dissatisfaction in Canada as our correspondent expresses, the means be not taken, at the earliest opportunity, to show the Canadians that no future contract will be made to their disadvantage.

TWO GREAT COMPETITORS.

GARIBALDI marches from victory to victory. He is the man of the day and hour,—nay, of the very moment,—for the telegraphic wires may flash to us, between the hour at which these lines are written, and that at which they shall be printed, the heart-inspiring fact, that he has entered Naples at one gate, and that the king had departed at another, never again to wield the sceptre which he and his fathers have dishonoured. What has made Garibaldi the sole Liberator of Italy, when another great man competed with him for the character? Entirely his own virtue, patriotism, and straightforwardness, aided by the exhibition of opposite qualities in that other great man of the age who shares with him at this juncture the highest interest of all Europe. A year ago Napoleon III. was regarded in England as the disinterested Liberator of Italy, the champion of freedom, the cardinal principle of whose policy was to be, henceforward, peace, and whose most cherished desire was to develop the internal resources of his empire, and secure, by an enlightened administration, its general prosperity. Germany was at that period looked up to by conflicting interests, and destitute of that principle of cohesion in which alone its strength must consist. Prussia and Austria were

indulging in mutual recriminations,—the one reserved and indignant, the other crippled and rendered almost desperate by the humiliating results of the campaign in the North of Italy. Twelve months have produced a change so remarkable as to cause the great Emperor some uneasiness. He is no longer regarded as the Liberator of Italy, but as the despoiler of two of her provinces; and at the present juncture he enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the champion, not of freedom, but of the Pope and, as far as he dares, of the Bourbon dynasty at Naples. The pressure to which we predicted some weeks ago, that Garibaldi would be subjected, has been brought to bear upon him in its full force, and at the instance of the French Emperor. The unhappy King of Sardinia has been compelled to write autograph letters to the Dictator in a sense directly opposed to the wishes of his heart. Cavour has been tossed like a shuttlecock between Italian public opinion, and telegrams from the French capital, ordering him to outrage it. And, worst of all, the people of Italy have learned to exorcise that interference which they hailed a year ago with such exuberance of ecstasy. But Garibaldi holds on his way triumphantly. The simple man is stronger than the tortuous one; and the mightiest potentate of our time has been held in check, and may be ultimately defeated in all his machinations by a soldier of fortune.

The distrust which manifests itself in the Peninsula by the sullen murmur of a discontented people, finds an altogether different expression in Germany, over which, as yet, the baneful influence has not extended. It has produced that long-desired rapprochement between the two leading Powers of Germany, which, in the present aspect of political affairs, seemed absolutely essential to their safety. The results of the meeting of the Emperor of Austria and Prince Regent at Toplitz have been in the highest degree satisfactory, by concessions on both sides, and a mutual determination to sacrifice petty jealousies to the national weal. A cordial alliance has been formed, which only requires to be extended to the smaller states to render the accomplishment of our time has been held in check, and may be ultimately defeated in all his machinations by a soldier of fortune.

Still further East, in the resistance offered by the Porte to the French Syrian expedition, we have another evidence of the same distrust; while, in our own country, an army of Volunteers, a levy for national defences by the Government, and the general tone of the Press, all prove the same tendency on the part of the public mind. In Italy, cursing, in Germany, mutinings of crowned heads,—in Turkey stubborn resistance,—in England general armaments,—these are signs of the times which prove that the Emperor cannot direct the great power which he wields to the issues which he pleases, and that there are forces in operation in all Europe which move by a law and by a weight of their own, which France can neither alter nor diminish.

It is possible that the consciousness of the profound suspicion which attach to each new phase of the Emperor's policy throughout Europe may have the effect of retarding its development, with the view of calming the public mind, and regaining, in some degree, its confidence. We should hail with satisfaction any delay in the prosecution of those schemes of territorial aggrandisement which have been already upon more than one occasion, shadowed forth. The success of Garibaldi in Naples will either direct those schemes for a time, or give them a new and perhaps unexpected direction. A few days may suffice to show us which.

HANGING, AS A PUNISHMENT AND AS AN EXAMPLE.

ON Tuesday morning the filthiest, basest, and most dissolute and abandoned portion of the populace of London enjoyed the spectacle of a public execution in front of Horsemen-gate Goal. From twenty to thirty thousand people, including large numbers of boys and girls—the boys with pipes between their lips, and the girls with indecent language on their tongues—saw, with far more than the satisfaction derivable from an ordinary holiday, the death-struggles of the miserable assassin, William Godfrey Youngman. Of all the wretches ever brought to justice, this was among the most filthy. There was not a single redeeming feature in his case, from the first to the last. He led a plot to defraud an insurance office of one hundred pounds; and in working out the excessively stupid project, he ruthlessly sacrificed the lives of his aged mother, of his betrothed wife, and of his two little brothers, one of whom had slept unawakened on his own side on the night of the butchery. And having committed this unparalleled series of atrocities, he added to his ineffable villainy, the cowardly lie that his mother was the murderer, and that he had only killed her in self-defence. Persisting in this lie to the last moment of his life, he walked calmly to the gallows, and was hung without making a confession. It is not

sufficient to say that the execution of the good attended this monster to his doom, but that the worst ruffian and scoundrel of London felt that such a creature was not of their class or kind, but something viler than had ever come within their knowledge. There is generally some sympathy for a common murderer, especially if he walk stoically to the gallows, and do not flinch from the hangman at the last moment. But for Youngman there was none. Greener and Daniel Gool were respectable people in comparison. Atrocious as are the yet unadvised murders of the poor babe at Roud, and of the wretched old woman at Stepney, they might, and doubtless would take credit to themselves for not being such base and cowardly fiends as William Godfrey Youngman. A murderer of ordinary bloodlessness might feel himself contaminated by the touch of such a man; and as for sympathy, most people would feel more for a wolf or a skunk.

But if we allude to this case, it is not to throw epithets at the senseless crime of a dead ruffian; but to show, if we can, that the punishment of death is not only too merciful towards such guilt as his, but that its infliction in the sight of the public is highly demoralizing and degrading. And first of all the Death-punishment itself. It is an error to suppose, as the vulgar do, that Death is the severest punishment that can, in any case, be inflicted. John Sullivan, the great robber who poisoned himself on Hampstead Heath, knew of something more horrible and more intolerable than Death; and to escape that greater evil he voluntarily accepted and inflicted upon himself the lesser. Walter Watts, the forger—the gay man about town—the lessee of a theatre—the patron of actors, actresses, ballet-girls, and farce-writers—knew, in his miserable cell at Newgate, after his conviction, that there was something worse than Death—something that he could not bear even to think of. To escape it, he took Death to his arms as his friend and counsellor, and hung himself.

A thousand, or fifty thousand such instances might be cited, if need were, not alone in the case of criminals such as these, but of men overburdened with care and anxiety, and with the fear of loss of social position staring them in the face, and haunting them in their dreams, to show that there are miseries worse than Death, and to which Death comes as a relief and a blessing. The common expression that "hanging is too good" for some criminals, conveys a truth that is not sufficiently recognised; and, for William Godfrey Youngman, hanging was undoubtedly too merciful a punishment. The granting of life, and the extension of the state of public opinion would not permit, even in such a case as this, of the infliction of a hideous torture, we may well reiterate the old question, Why should there be a public exhibition of the last agonies of this or any other murderer? The spectacle is brutalizing. It does not operate as an example. It only attracts the classes who would go in the same way to see a cock-fight, or a bull-fight, if either were allowed, and who vent profane jests at a consummation which, if it be not awful, is alike disgusting, cruel, and useless. Why should not such executions be private? The official presence of the sheriff of the county, the governor of the gaol, the gaol chaplain, the gaoler, and a deputation from the jury by whose verdict the man was found guilty, would be sufficient guarantee to the public that the sentence was carried into effect on the right criminal, with the proper decency. This piece of reform has been urged over and over again; but all to no purpose. The brutal mob appears to be as much of an institution in England as the Law itself; and if the Law have its victim, the Mob must have its holiday. Why this should be, surpasses reason to discover; but that it is, not alone the exhibition of Tuesday last, but a hundred others, are in evidence to prove. We are a conservative people; and, as our good friend the "Gouty Philosopher" might say, we must pay our dues, even in the execution of criminals, to the great conservative principle of STIMULITY. We must punish one criminal in a prescribed fashion, even although by so doing we harden the hearts and deprave the souls of a thousand others.

THE NEW STAMP ACT.

THE past Session, though it has been barren of any great measures of law reform, has, nevertheless, effected some minor alterations in, and additions to the law, of considerable importance. Amongst these, the extension of the Stamp Acts holds a prominent place. The net-work of these acts may now truly be said to envelope almost every business transaction capable of being entered into, and every document necessary to give evidence of it. Mr. Gladstone exhibits as great subtlety of genius in small matters as comprehension of mind in the great fiscal revolution he has succeeded in effecting by his eloquence and industry.

Among the changes effected in the Stamp laws may be mentioned the extension of stamp duty to agreements, the subject-matter of which is of the value of £5 or upwards, instead of £20, as formerly. The duty hitherto imposed on the latter class of agreements was 2s. 6d., but now there is one uniform duty of 6d. on all agreements, with a progressive duty of the same amount, ac-

cording to their length. A thoroughly avaricious Chancellor of the Exchequer would have retained the duty on the £20 agreements, and would, nevertheless, have imposed the new duty on those above £5 as well. Doubtless Mr. Gladstone thought that the small uniform duty would be an inducement to all persons to stamp their agreements; and it is extremely probable his conjecture will prove to have been well based, for it has been of almost daily occurrence in courts of law—and particularly in the County Courts—that written evidence of contracts has not been admitted, in consequence of the absence of the 2s. 6d. stamp. It is, not, however, thought that the increase will be so great as to add much to the revenue.

Another most important alteration is the virtual annihilation of agreements for leases, by requiring them to be stamped with the same duty as leases. By this, it is probable the revenue will gain considerably, as in hundreds of cases the agreement was not followed by the execution of the lease.

The extension of the penny stamp to cheques payable to self, is the most questionable of all the recent changes. It shows how easily the wedge can be driven in after the thin end has been inserted. When Mr. Disraeli subjected cheques payable to bearer, or order, to this imposition, there was a slight outcry; but now poor John Bull submits with patient resignation.

The remaining new burdens are, a penny stamp on certificates of birth, &c. Declarations, in lieu of affidavits, are subjected to the 2s. 6d. stamp, payable on the latter. This cannot be complained of, and the only wonder is that the former were ever exempt.

Delivery-orders and dock-warrants complete the list, being respectively liable to the duties of 1d. and 3d.

It remains for the genius of a Gladstone to ferret out something else which has escaped his own observation and that of his lynx-eyed predecessors. In the mean time, let him not forget the old saw,—*Patientia læni sit furor.*

EXCURSION TRAINS.—The time seems to be fast approaching when it will be necessary either absolutely to prohibit the running of excursion trains or to enforce by severe legal penalties the fitting means for their being conducted in such a manner as that the passengers shall not be exposed to such a wholesale massacre as has occurred within the past week. Until the coroner's inquest shall have been held we refrain from making further comment upon the accident which occurred a little before one o'clock on Tuesday morning, on the East Lancashire section of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway near Helmsbury Station, about 18 miles north of Manchester. Ten persons were killed and fifty-six seriously wounded. A great party of excursionists had, it appears, gone to a *fiat* at Belle Vue Gardens, near Manchester. Their number was so great that three trains were required to convey them home. All of these left Manchester before eleven o'clock at night. The first accomplished its journey in safety. The second, consisting of eighteen carriages, reached Helmsbury soon after midnight, where the station stands on a steep incline, rising in some parts of the line one yard in fifty-two, and extending over several miles. At this place, when the second train again started to pursue its journey, the coupling-chain between the third and fourth carriages broke, and the fifteen sped away down the incline, moving slowly at first, but gradually gaining in speed as they descended. At three hundred yards from Helmsbury, fortunately not far from the line, they came into collision with the third excursion-train from Manchester, and such was the shock, that the two first of the descending carriages coming upon the engine of the advancing train, were shattered with a tremendous crash, which was immediately followed by the groans and cries of the wounded, and a fearful destruction of human life. In one case like this, the fault or crime,—or crime it is, if there have been negligence or carelessness in any quarter,—must be traced to its source. It will not do to sacrifice some poor stoker or other railway servant, if the company itself, in its over-anxiety for business and profit, have failed to take as much precaution in the public interest as any railway director would take in his own individual case. To run fifteen carriages, attached to each other, by one or more coupling irons, not fit to bear the weight of two-thirds the number, is a crime that deserves the punishment of principals as well as of accessories.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The Select Committee appointed to ascertain what additional space is required for the extension and arrangement of the collection of objects of natural history, relics of antiquity, and works of art belonging to the British Museum, have just published their report. Professor Owen, on ground that varieties now possess equal importance with species, recommends the formation of a museum of natural history, which would cover ten acres. Fortunately for the public purse, his views are opposed by the whole of the other naturalists examined as witnesses, all of whom concur in recommending a more limited exhibition, on the typical principle of arrangement, which they say will meet all the requirements of the scientific student, and, at the same time, tend less to confuse the great mass of visitors. The Committee are opposed to the removal of the natural history collection to a less central position, and recommend to Government the immediate purchase of 5½ acres of ground surrounding the present buildings, to the north-east and west, which already belongs to one proprietor, its value being estimated at not more than £200,000.

CRYSTAL PALACE—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING

MONDAY, Open at Nine. DISPLAY OF GREAT FOUNTAINS.
TUESDAY TO FRIDAY, Open at Ten.
THURSDAY, LICENSED VICTUALLERS' FETE.
 A grander and more brilliant display than ever seen at the Crystal Palace.
SATURDAY, 18th, 9 o'clock. THE GREAT CONCERT OF 2,000 PERFORMERS. Admission Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling.
SUNDAY, 19th, 10 o'clock. THE GREAT CONCERT OF 2,000 PERFORMERS. Admission Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling.
 Reader, open at 10, to the Crystal Palace, and the usual Agents.
NOTICE.—Half-dinner Season Tickets, available from 1st SEPTEMBER till 30th APRIL, 1861, may now be had, at the Palace, at Exeter Hall, and the usual Agents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—G. W. MARTIN'S PRIZE GLEES AND NATIONAL PART SONGS.—A Grand Performance, by a CHOICE OF 2,000 VOICES, will take place in the Crystal Palace, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th, and SATURDAY, the 29th of SEPTEMBER. The Band will comprise the principal performers of the North and West of England, the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and numerous additional, professional and amateur. The Chorus will comprise the most choice of vocal societies in the metropolis, forming in all an orchestra of about 2,000 performers. Principal Vocalists: Misses Clara Novello, Misses Norton-Bell, Mr. Walter Cooper, Mr. Jackson, Conductor: Mr. B. Bennett. Tickets of admission, Half-a-Crown each. Reserved seats, arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Half-a-Crown extra for each day; or a set of admission and reserved seats tickets for the two days, 2s. 6d. may be had at the Crystal Palace, &c., Exeter Hall, or of the Agents of the Company.—Early application for forward reserved seats is required.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CLARA NOVELLO'S FARWELL TOUR.—TWO PERFORMANCES, on a large scale, of the CREATIONS and MENSAH, will take place in the Crystal Palace, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th, and SATURDAY, the 29th of SEPTEMBER. The Band will comprise the principal performers of the North and West of England, the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and numerous additional, professional and amateur. The Chorus will comprise the most choice of vocal societies in the metropolis, forming in all an orchestra of about 2,000 performers. Principal Vocalists: Misses Clara Novello, Misses Norton-Bell, Mr. Walter Cooper, Mr. Jackson, Conductor: Mr. B. Bennett. Tickets of admission, Half-a-Crown each. Reserved seats, arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Half-a-Crown extra for each day; or a set of admission and reserved seats tickets for the two days, 2s. 6d. may be had at the Crystal Palace, &c., Exeter Hall, or of the Agents of the Company.—Early application for forward reserved seats is required.

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We have now a connected history of the campaign of Garibaldi and his adventurous army since they disembarked on the shores of Calabria. It appears that Reggio was attacked simultaneously by troops marching upon it in opposite directions along the coast; that while the Neapolitan steamers rushed to the rescue, a third army under Cosens crossed the strait in time to join the assailants; and that, finally, the fort was taken by a fourth party under Misori, who descended upon it from the hills, towards which it was completely exposed. With Reggio have fallen a whole string of batteries, which run along the Calabrese coast; so that Garibaldi is now in possession of both sides of the strait, and has secured the connection of his invading army with a base of operations in Sicily. The most important incident in his campaign on the mainland since the siege of Reggio was the capture, on the 23rd, of General Briganti's division, who had taken up a very badly-chosen position on a plain between the hills and the road running along the seaboard, and garden-walls and orchard-trees which hid the advance of their enemies. When the Neapolitans first saw the enemy they opened fire with four great guns, as well as with musketry. There was no answer, however, from the invaders. Garibaldi had forbidden his troops to return fire. The enemy saw that they were surrounded, and a parley was come. Then Garibaldi's presence of mind and promptitude did not desert him. He went down himself among the Neapolitans, and, instead of meeting with a cold reception, was nearly torn in pieces by the frantic admirers who rushed up to embrace him. The enthusiasm of the soldiers reached a crisis when he told them that they might disperse and go home to their families, which they gladly agreed to do, leaving behind them 2,000 stand of arms, 4 field-pieces, and 10 heavy guns. The invaders are, it appears by a telegraphic despatch, dated from Naples on Tuesday, still at Pollino, on their way northwards to Salerno and Eboli, where the decisive conflict with the Neapolitans is expected to take place. In the mean time, General Turri has landed, with four thousand men, in the Gulf of Policastro, half-way between the place where Garibaldi now is and the City of Salerno. The *Patrie* of Tuesday published a telegram, dated from Naples the previous day, stating that the Annexation Committee had received a communication from Garibaldi, to the effect that he would be in the capital on the 8th of September (this day), and in the name of Victor Emmanuel, assume the Dictatorship of the Two Sicilies; that two Sicilian vessels had arrived the same day with troops, and that great preparations were making for a general illumination of the city. This may well be. If Garibaldi really goes to Naples to-day, he will of course proceed thither by sea, leaving his troops behind in Calabria.

The insurrection having broken out to the north of Naples, in the Terra di Lavoro, on the frontier of the Papal States, it is expected that it will spread further to the north on the news of Garibaldi's entrance into the Neapolitan capi-

tal, with his army of invaders. In anticipation of such an event, General Lamoricière has issued an order of the day, directing the Papal troops "to plunder any town that may rise on Garibaldi's approach." The Piedmontese Government, however, have resolved to interfere, should such barbarous measures be resorted to. With this view, and with the purpose at the same time of checking any movement on the part of the adherents of either Garibaldi or of Mazzini against Venice, they are about to concentrate a large force on the frontier of the Papal States, which will intercept the advance of invaders from the south into the plain of Northern Italy.

Two regiments are, it is said, to be despatched from France to Rome to take the place of other troops who are to return, not now, but in the course of a short time. The French army of occupation, which is 15,000 strong, will, according to the *Patrie*, protect the city of Rome; while Lamoricière, with his 30,000 men, is engaged in defending the provinces. According to a more recent statement, the Emperor's instructions to the commander of the French troops is to defend not only Rome, but Civita Vecchia and Viterbo.

The *Monitor* of Saturday applauds the course taken by Prince Joachim Murat in disavowing those who would in his name excite troubles at Naples, and at the same time informs him that the hope he expresses in his manifesto, of being able one day to go to Naples with the consent and support of France, is utterly at variance with the views and wishes of the Emperor. This puts an end to all danger from his interference in the present complication.

There is no fresh remark of interference on the part of Austria; and it may well be that the state of the finances exhibited in a recent balance-sheet has served to damp the impetuosity of the Viennese Court. No important step has yet been taken by the Government on the reports of the committee of the Reichsrath; but tranquillity is still maintained in Hungary, although, according to a telegram of Tuesday from Pesth, it is ascribed less to the measures of the Government than to the perfect unanimity with which the national movement has been secretly organized throughout the country.

In spite of the state of popular feeling in Hungary, the Magyar members of the Reichsrath alude by the opinion that an understanding may yet be brought about between their countrymen and the Austrian Government. They are opposed, however, by a large party in Hungary, who will not be satisfied with anything short of national independence, although it is difficult to see that the Magyar section of the inhabitants will receive any accession of power should the middle basin of the Danube be severed from the German states of Austria, and a state be formed with which the Slave and Rumanian populations of Northern Turkey could scarcely fail to coalesce.

While this is the state of Hungary, very alarming news continues to be received from Bosnia, Servia, and Montenegro. In Servia the answer given by the Porte to the claims made by the Commission to Constantinople, regarding the succession to the crown, the limitation of the fort of Belgrade, and the banishment of Turks from Servia, have not given satisfaction, and Prince Milosh has written to the Central Government, that unless his demands are replied to categorically, he will take matters into his own hands, and enforce the claims of the Servians.

The discontent which prevails in all the distant provinces of Turkey will not excite surprise in the mind of any one who looks into the recently-published "Despatches from Her Majesty's Consuls in the Levant, respecting Past or Apprehended Disturbances in Syria, 1858-60." Feudalism is not the only occasion which must now be brought against the Turkish Administration; it is proved, by an array of startling facts, that the systematic policy of the Turks towards the Christian population of the East, for years back, and down to the recent massacres, has been dictated by religious bigotry, bitter and suppressed feelings of animosity against Europeans, and the savage instincts of a race who have adopted the mere outward gloss of civilization, without being acted upon by its humanizing influences. In the absence of a regular government in Syria, the pashas and villagers appear to have armed themselves, and to have organized a rude justice for the protection of life and property, administered by the petty sheiks, according to old traditions, which they proudly denominated "God's Laws," in contradistinction to the city laws of the Cadi and his books. Among a population differing in race, language, and religion, denied the advantages of a regular police, yet supplied with arms and gunpowder, and encouraged unhandly by the Government, to fight out their feuds, it is not surprising that the long course of villanous intrigue laid bare in these papers should have resulted in the catastrophe of Damascus.

The suspicions entertained at Beyrout, that Fud Pacha would find means to allow wealthy and powerful offenders to escape, have proved unfounded. Seventy Mahomedan civilians, of all ranks, have been hanged; 110 soldiers have been shot, while 3,000 adult males have been forced to enter the army. The official report of Fud Pacha, recording what he had done up to the 30th of August, has been forwarded to Constantinople, and thence transmitted to London, but it contains no fact in addition to those previously heard of in this country through the correspondents of the press.

Four thousand five hundred French soldiers have now disembarked at Beyrout—that is to say, fully two-thirds of the whole expedition. They are encamped outside the city, and their presence has caused a great fermentation in the mountains. In spite of what has been done, murders continue to be committed in various parts of Syria, and dread is entertained of a general rising among the Arab tribes to the south of the districts where the late

outrages took place. The Anglo-American Relief Committee are making great attempts to alleviate the misery of the refugees who have assembled at Beyrout—the organization of hospitals and soup-kitchens having devolved entirely upon our countrymen, in the absence of all assistance from the Turkish Government and the Maronite clergy.

A reply of the American Government to a circular despatch from Lord John Russell, requiring the co-operation of the United States, in measures to suppress the slave-trade, has just been published. It contains objections to a proposed to introduce code in lieu of slave-labour, on the ground that its effect would be to demoralize the negroes now in slavery; and, indeed, it is evident that states which discourage the settlement of free negroes, as an element of insecurity, will not consent to the introduction of another degraded race enjoying privileges calculated to excite the envy of the enslaved class.

Stimulated, perhaps, by the success of Garibaldi, General Walker, a filibuster of the old and true stamp, has undertaken to found a slave-state in the western world, which will encourage and legalize the importation of Africans. At the head of an army of adventurers recruited at New Orleans, Mobile, and other seaports of the southern states, he recently disembarked in Honduras, and took possession of the town of Truxillo, after an assault in which twelve Spaniards were killed and eighteen wounded. He means, he says, to enter Nicaragua, whence he was expelled so ignominiously some years ago, and to establish a government there which will become the firm, servicable, and natural ally of the slave-states.

The most important domestic intelligence of the week is contained in reports received from all parts of the island, that, despite the gloomy forebodings of last month, the grain crops will be of fair quality, and of more than average quantity.

There is a death of political news, the cause, no doubt being that parliamentary celebrities have too recently escaped from the hard work of last Session to think of anything but fresh air and recreation. Mr. Bright, however, from his retreat in Sutherlandshire, writes to the Secretary of the Walsall Reform Association a letter, published in the newspapers of Tuesday last, in which he declines to undertake another campaign during the recess in the cause of Parliamentary Reform. If, he says, the conduct of the Government and the House of Commons during the last Session is not enough to create some expression of opinion from the people, he has small hope that anything will rouse them to self-respect and self-defence. On the ground that no one can undertake to speak at meetings during the recess, and to attend Parliament during the Session, without overloading himself with labour and responsibility, he abandons the agitation in the mean time, recommending his correspondents, however, to stimulate local feelings and local efforts, which alone, he thinks, will ultimately lead to the formation of a strong public opinion favourable to parliamentary reform.

In the absence of all political excitement at home, the Rifle Movement commands such a large share of public attention that we cannot doubt it will soon be numbered among the incidents of the country. Last week a great meeting of the Volunteers of Dorsetshire took place at Monrore, which seems to have been accompanied by balls, public sports, and an assemblage of the gentry of the country, as well as of the classes whose wont it has been to repair to such "gatherings." In an eloquent speech, delivered at the distribution of prizes to the successful competitors, Lord Elcho compared the 150,000 men who had been organized with such elasticity into a great national militia, to the folded army which sprang from the dragon's teeth sown in the ground. He had been told by general officers who were present at the review in the Queen's-park at Edinburgh, that with such a force they would be prepared to go anywhere, and to do anything.

There are three areas situated in distant parts of the empire where the railway system is highly developed, viz., the immediate neighbourhood of the English metropolis, the Lowlands of Scotland, and the great manufacturing districts of South Lancashire and the West Riding of York. The reviews at London and Edinburgh represented the Volunteer Movement in the two first districts. A third great muster, which took place at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby, on Saturday last, proved that, despite the politics of the Manchester school, the youth of the West of England have entered into the national movement with no less enthusiasm than those of the Eastern counties. The weather was magnificent; the place of meeting was one of the finest old parks in England, stretching in magnificent lawns and glades over an area thirteen miles in circumference; the number of Volunteers who mustered to the "weapon show" was 11,000, while the spectators present were estimated at 100,000; so that, even in the absence of royalty, the demonstration was not much less successful than those of Hyde-park, and the Queen's-park at Edinburgh. The proceedings terminated with a short speech to the officers by General Wetherill, and three "good old hearty English cheers" for Lord Derby.

At the quaint old city of Quebec the Prince of Wales was received on the 18th with great pomp, by the officers of state and the civic dignitaries. He held a levee on the 21st, the same day attending a ball, at which he distributed honours among various leading citizens. On the 24th he arrived at Montreal, where he was greeted with a no less enthusiastic reception. On the following day he held the corner-stone of the great Victoria Bridge, amid the acclamations of the crowd assembled to witness the ceremony. His intelligence, good nature, and urbanity, are extolled by the Canadian and American newspapers.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE happy change in the weather has had an immediate and beneficial effect on all business. It has at once revived hopes, lessened distrust, and increased enterprise. The anticipated further rise in the corn market has been changed into an actual decline. On Monday, at Mark-lane, the price of wheat fell from 2s. to 4s. per quarter, and a similar fall—though it have not yet occurred—is likely to ensue throughout the country. Most also fell in price, making, with the fall which began last week, a difference of 4d. per stone. As confidence was restored, the readiness to lend money was increased, the money market became easier, bills were discounted below the bank rate, there was more capital seeking investment, and the stock and share market immediately improved. The rise at first obtained in the funds and shares was not entirely continued—such changes being, as the rule, followed by a reaction—and the market again became quiet. Something was due to a decline in the funds at Paris, the consequence of the changes going on in Italy. The ease in the money market, both now and prospectively, was increased by a considerable sum of bullion being carried into the bank, and by the probability of less being required wherewith to buy corn abroad.

Every market felt the influence of the fall in the corn market, except the tea market, which is expressed by the great stock on hand, and went backward. For all kinds of colonial produce, except rice, which is governed by the price of corn, and generally rises or falls with it, the demand has been active, and prices have tended upwards. Probably there never was a more sudden and more beneficial change in the aspect of all business, and in the feelings of the whole community, than has ensued from September setting in fine and warm. Unseasonably it was at once an end, and, if we may not hope for the cheapness and abundance of 1858 and 1859, we are relieved at present from all apprehensions of excessive dearth and great scarcity.

This change could have no effect on the manufactures carried on for India and other Asiatic markets, and the last accounts from that country being unfavourable, the reports from our manufacturing districts are not good. There is comparative slackness both in the cotton and iron districts; but the complaints from the latter, particularly Staffordshire and the West of England, are more the consequence of greater and cheaper produce obtained from the northern iron-works than any great falling-off in the demand for iron. The uses to which this metal is now applied are so many and so various, and are so continually increasing, that there is no probability of the producers suffering, except from their own excessive competition to surpass one another.

The fatal accident on the Lancashire and Yorkshire line immediately lowered the value of the stock, and all railway property was slightly affected, making manifest the connection which exists between it and the safety of the public. A large pecuniary fine is, in fact, thus immediately levied for every kind of accident, which is a strong motive for care.

Consols closed on Thursday at 93½, and London and North-Western railway shares at 101, ex div.

At this period of every quarter, when the public funds are closed to make up the accounts, the Bank of England is always ready to make advances on deposits of stock and other approved securities; and as Consols are now closed, the Bank has given the customary notice. Between this and the payment of the dividends in October, the advances on loans by the Bank to the public will be much increased.

It is worth while to place before our readers an account copied from a new edition of "Fenn's Compendium of the English and Foreign Funds," edited by Mr. P. L. Simmonds, F.R.G.S., of the capital of some of the principal securities dealt in at the Stock Exchange:—

| | | |
|---|-----|----------------|
| British funded and unfunded debt | ... | £805,000,000 |
| British railway shares and debentures | ... | 325,500,000 |
| Indian railway shares held in England | ... | 26,500,000 |
| Colonial Government securities | ... | 16,000,000 |
| Indian home loan debt | ... | 6,800,000 |
| London joint-stock banks | ... | 15,500,000 |
| Irish and Scotch banks | ... | 12,500,000 |
| Bank stock | ... | 11,500,000 |
| Insurance companies | ... | 15,000,000 |
| Navy, British and foreign | ... | 1,000,000 |
| Steam companies | ... | 5,000,000 |
| Telegraph companies | ... | 9,000,000 |
| Docks, canals, waterworks, bridges, &c. | ... | 20,500,000 |
| Gas companies | ... | 6,700,000 |
| Total | ... | £1,885,750,000 |

To this the reader may add, in imagination, the amount of funds and shares negotiated in foreign stock-markets, to get a faint idea of the immense amount of this kind of property now in existence.

On the 4th of every month many bills fall due, and when a doubt prevails about the solvency of any class of dealers, this day is always looked to with anxiety. The 4th inst., however, passed off with satisfaction, the bills falling due on that day having been well met.

We regret, however, to see our large failure, that of Messrs. Smith, Beadell, & Co., in the linen trade, and as it is ascribed to the stagnation in this branch of trade during the spring and summer, we fear that it will be followed by other failures.

The leather trade is now entirely recovered from the late disaster.

The gentlemen of Manchester have projected a Joint-Stock Company (Limited) for the purpose of buying cotton in India, and shipping it to this country. It is also proposed to establish a model farm in India for the cultivation of superior cotton. For their interests the supply of this article cannot be too much enlarged and encouraged.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SESSION.

BY THE SILENT MEMBER.

ST. STEPHENS, during the last month of the Session, was given up to the Parliamentary murmur, jay, and parrot. Their screaming and screeching were incessant and deafening. The true songsters of the grove were silent when these tangle and discordant birds woke the echoes.

We had more than enough of talk. Had we any oratory? Did the British Senate maintain its ancient reputation for eloquence during the past Session? Have we any descendants of the Chatham, Pitt, Burke, Canning, worthy to hand down the sacred fire to the succeeding generation? The screech-owl made night hideous in July; the mace was "master of the situation" in August. Was any note of phylloxera heard earlier in the year?

Yes! All through the early months of the Session we were under domination. We were held in thrall. Prospero, with his no potent art, gave us majestic visions, called spirits from their confines "to enact his present fancies," to the "dread rattling thunder" gave fire,—

"And ruffled Zephyr's stout coils
With his own belt."

Lofty tones rang in our ears. We heard great topics treated with the boldness and elevation of a master. A copious, natural, and polished diction, which charmed alike the reticent and the unlearned hearer; a clear, full, and resonant voice; a musical intonation, a perfect elocution, graceful and commanding features, and, above all, a most persuasive earnestness, were among the accomplishments of our great rhetorician. We listened spellbound. From admiring, it was an easy step to imitate. That which seemed so easy to another could not be so very difficult to those who likewise had studied our noble English tongue. It was but to realize great thoughts vividly and express them boldly. The key-note had been pitched high, but our language was a lyre of many strings, which would express all the heights and depths of feeling and conviction. That broad-headed, dark-eyed orator, the lines of whose face are so deeply furrowed by care and study as to give somewhat of griminess to his aspect, is the Plato of our academy, and we are but disciples and learners, who, in admiring his inexhaustible fertility, and his mastery of all the resources of his art, are unconsciously adding to the wealth of our vocabulary, and pluming our wings for higher flights.

Under the eye of such a master, animated by such impulses, and working for such noble and lofty ends, we all felt ourselves to be orators. We were not the rose, but we had lived near the rose, as the garden poet modestly says in the Persian apologue. The great rhetorician had unlocked the strings of our tongues. Even "Silent Members" owned the general influence,—felt that they had something to say, and thought they could say it. I am borne out by the opinions of the best and most experienced judges in the House, when I assert, that for many years the walls of St. Stephens have not resounded to speeches which attained to so high a standard of excellence as those delivered upon the Commercial Treaty with France, the Budget, the Reform Bill, the Paper Duty, and the Constitutional Privileges affair. Upon all these questions one orator stood alone and unsurpassable. If the Greeks had had their own "king of men," to whom a nominal sovereignty belonged, this orator was the Achilles, who carried Trojan with his spear; the dashing Nyr, whose plume was always seen in the thickest of the fight, only to turn the tide of victory. With two or three exceptions, members caught the tone, and emulated the fluency that all admired in Gladstone. They outstripped each other and themselves by their confidence, their energy, their abandon, and their success. Fifty representatives never spoke so well, and yet some of them were no novices, either. Sir Bulwer Lytton's oration on the Reform Bill contained many passages not unworthy of Burke. John Bright never spoke better in the House of Commons than during the past Session, and to his triumph upon the paper alone readily may be added his speeches on Church Rates, the Fortifications, Savoy and Nice. Fractured speakers like Bulwer Lytton, Bright, and our Noble Viscount, may disclaim the contagion of any oratorical plague. But will Du Cane, Ferguson, Black, Stanfield, Bendish, Gregory, Knigklo, Sir Robert Peel, Clay, Maquire, Selwyn, and half a dozen who have won rhetorical laurels during the Session, deny their obligations to His Majesty's Chancellor of the Exchequer? Two distinguished politicians must be excepted. Lord J. Russell's feeble, hesitating, indistinct style is too much a part of himself to be easily changed, and his oratorical deficiencies are now aggravated by a languid phlegm, which makes it almost impossible to hear him. Disraeli, it was remarked, seemed moved by the tone and attitude of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, like the ex-cion of a London drawing-room in the presence of some importation of the newest and fiercest. He struggled, sometimes not unsuccessfully, against the fatal and bewailing influence, and once or twice gratified his followers by some smart sallies, of which Gladstone was the object; but for the most part (unlike other men who caught inspiration and eloquence from the great orator) Disraeli, in the earlier part of the Session, sat subdued, if not silent, and seemed to shrink from encountering this formidable assailant.

When I attempt a critical estimate of Mr. Gladstone's true place as an orator, I shall have to point out the defects of his mental constitution. As the Session wore on he became weaker, repeated times during the past Session, upon the patience of his hearers, could not answer the most ordinary question without an alacrity amount of amplification, and did not know when to sit down. He also became excessively irritable and impatient of the least interruption or contradiction. It must in candour be admitted that he has suffered from ill health during the whole Session. He never recovered the exhaustion consequent upon the attack of bronchitis, which delayed his exposition of the financial measures of the Government. The Session has been replete not only with anxieties, but with mortifications for him. The Opposition had some compensation for the victories he gained in the early part of the Session, by preventing that in his drunk the cry of "humiliation to the dregs, upon the Paper Duty Abolition, the China Vote, and the Fortification Question. Our Noble Viscount, it is now added, has ended the Session by leaving his Chancellor of the

Exchequer. The Queen's Speech, so much of which is occupied to the honour and glory of "Johnny," our Foreign Secretary, contains the baldest and most barren allusion that can be imagined to the great commercial reforms and relaxations, which the eloquence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer so effectively recommended to the House of Commons at the beginning of the Session. Is not this rather shabby of our Noble Viscount? I commend the omission to the notice of Mr. Bright. He might have a worse minor grievance for a speech in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE weather—that eternal topic of talk in town and country—has come to engross the attention of speculators since the beneficial change, now almost a week old. The fine weather of the last few days is a real "God-send." If it only last the month out as it has begun, it will relieve a good deal of the damage inflicted by the incessant rain of August, although it will not be able to redress a vast deal of destruction which, I fear, is inevitable. I have had a run during the week through the southern counties of Surrey, Sussex, and Hants. The subject is of so much importance to all, as affecting food and finance, that I may, perhaps, be pardoned for giving your readers the substance of what I saw and heard.

The general concurrence of the farmers inland, and the farmers on the coast, points to a probability of fine weather for a month or more, which will be amply sufficient to save all that remains unsown of the crops of grain and grass. The grain crops are a full month later than usual. Many of them, even in the northern counties, still show patches of green. The second crop of grass will be well saved. The corn crop is heavy, but still in appearance. Even if we have dry weather, it is cold of nights, and morning and evening. We cannot hope for the warmth of a July sun in September; yet the corns are full, and much will be gathered, although much is damaged beyond retrieval. It has been said that a late harvest is generally a large harvest; but this applies to a late spring rather than to the entire absence of summer. However, I find that the farmers complain less than I expected. This may be a great deal owing to the fact that they have prospered well since rain in corn was made perfectly free, and that they have come round to acquiesce fully in the dispensation of things as they are. In a financial point of view, I hope that we shall not be obliged to disburse much beyond the usual amount to our Transatlantic brethren, who have been blighted with long and well-matured crops this year, having had a remarkably dry and scorching season. On the whole, I am disposed to take a hopeful view, although I do not see the wisdom of adopting a triumphant cockle over three days of dry weather, after croaking over three months of almost incessant rain.

So much for the country. The town is duller than ever, and affords little for the passing chronicler to record. The "Boards" seem to have gone on a holiday, at the very time of the year that street improvements could be carried out with the least inconvenience to the public, and when the public buildings could be advanced in beauty and accommodation. The rage for "going out of town" involves every one at the same time, and the one is left to take advantage of the leisure hour, except those who are forced to remain. We shall have the streets pulled up, as usual, when the traffic is at its highest.

The statesmen and legislators are all away. No set of men deserve their holiday more. They have been hard-worked, notwithstanding that there is little to show for it. Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell have left the English portion of foreign affairs in good train before leaving for the recess. Lord Palmerston remains near London. Lord John Russell is in the neighbourhood of the Queen, and will accompany Her Majesty to Germany, whither she will proceed from Scotland direct, without any of the delay which has been guessed at by parties not well-informed of Court movements.

The non-interference system established for Italy has worked well hitherto, and promises to go on well to the end. Garibaldi proceeds as prosperously that the great body of the English "excursionists" will probably be as late for Vesuvius as they are for Etna, and all the expeditions in the South will be over before they can arrive. There are plenty of men—more than enough to choose from—but the means of conveyance are wanting. The latest accounts from Naples itself are conflicting. Some will have it that everything is ready for the flight of the king, which cannot be much longer delayed. Others give out that he will try the issue of a battle before he finally surrenders the throne. The scene of the conflict is now fixed at Salerno, in the port of Naples, and by some at Capri, in the rear. This last would look like a very last resource indeed. My belief is, that the struggle is virtually over, and in this opinion I am fortified by the best information. The Neapolitan army having abandoned Montecapo without a fight, I cannot think that time can have worked in their favour since. In fact, whole provinces are rising against the Government every day, and every hour adds to the general disaffection, from which the royal army and the officials are not exempt.

The Bonapartes do not fight. They procrastinate, they fly, they temporize, and they betray. Most of the royal family have fled. The king has packed off all his valuables, and is ready for flight at any moment. One of the first to run was the ex-Minister Fieschi (Prince of Sardinia) who was always a time-server, and professed liberal. He left some time back, doubtless seeing that nothing more was to be made out of the falling fortunes of the royal house. The present ministers of the king are neither united nor sincere, and will readily hand over the government to the new Sardinian régime. Indeed, everything seems ripe for this commutation. Count Cavour, with his usual sagacity, has served the very nick of time for direct intervention, and doubtless has prepared most excellent reasons for the decisive action which he is about to take. The English and French naval commanders on the station will not allow any further effusion of blood; nor will they tamely look on at Naples at a bombardment such as disgraced the last days of Neapolitan rule in Sicily. But they may, perhaps, find

it difficult and delicate to interfere more directly, so long as the king keeps up a semblance of rule. The Piedmontese, however, have a more direct interest in the pacification of Italy, and will not be over-declat in their interference, now that the game of the Bourbon dynasty is up.

The landing of 20,000 or 30,000 Sardegnian troops at Naples, in the presence of the ships of war of the other European Powers, would probably be the easiest solution of all difficulties, and would put an end to the further effusion of blood. But yet the settlement of the newly revolutionized territory will take some time, and it is possible that Garibaldi will not be able to turn his attention with sufficient force to the territories of the Pope, outside the immediate circle of Rome. But it is clear that the non-possumus doctrine of *Pio Nono*, so roughly dealt with in the last speech of Count Persigny, will not avail the holy pontiff much longer. If he can have Rome, Viterbo, Civita Vecchia, and Ancona, by the aid of the French army of occupation, it is as much as can be done. The attempts of the half-hearted friends of Italy, to sow discord between Cavour and Garibaldi have signally failed; and these two distinguished men will probably live to see the entire emancipation of their native country, to which they have contributed, in their several ways, more than any other living men.

We have had more than one usual number of murders and suicides in this tranquil autumn time; and the fires in the City have anticipated the gloomy winter, when they most prevail. It is curious to see how these few come round in their accustomed places. The river-side is famous—particularly the wharves in Southwark, and the ship-building yards about Blackwall. Coront Garden, too, has had another turn. The destruction of St. Martin's Hall is to be regretted, if Mr. Hullah have lost his property without being fully insured, or if any of his admirable musical series have been destroyed. But the building itself is no loss to art. Those who are acquainted with the internal arrangements of St. Martin's Hall, are aware of its many inconveniences, and its external appearance was anything but prepossessing. The Gothic style—or the still more assumable attempts at renaissance—are not adapted for music-rooms or public halls.

There has been another victimizing of a joint-stock bank—this time a foreign one, with British capital—much in the same style as the Pallinger frauds upon the Union.

Balfie has finished two acts of his new opera, to be prodiged at the English season of Coront Garden. The libretto is by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, who is talked of as the acting manager of Mr. Alfred Wigan, at the St. James's.

Byrdin said, "I have seen Troy doubled." There is a French architect, M. de Sauter, of the French Institute, a distinguished Eastern traveller, and a consummate archaeologist, who denies the genuineness of the Ninereh Collection in the British Museum. It is not disputed that they are ancient remains, but their authenticity as architectural fragments of the city of Semnehah, and of the Ninereh of the Bible, is boldly questioned. It is alleged that they are the ruins of some Erythraean colony. Their barbarous and inelegant sculpture is adduced in proof of the latter theory, and other evidence is adduced that they are of a later date than the great Christian world has been ready to accept.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. IX.

MR. WAGSTAFFE GIVES HIS CRITICISMS UPON TITLES OF HONOUR AND DISHONOUR IN BARATARIA.

IF I were the founder and lawgiver of a new republic in Utopia,—which I do not wish to be,—or if I were governor of the island of Barataria instead of Sancho Panza, and had any subjects to govern, I think I should try the effect of a new kind of title upon the manners and morality of my people. I should have titles of honour to reward the good, and titles of dishonour to punish the bad. If a title of honour supposes the existence of honour in or confers honour upon an individual, why should there not be titles of dishonour? If there be majesty in a king or queen, grace in a duke, lordship in a marquis, earl, or baron, excellency in an ambassador, holiness in a pope, reverence in a clergyman, or worship in a magistrate, why should such titles not be reversible in the case of any great or flagrant demerit, which it might be desirable to stigmatize in the eye of the community? For instance, in my Barataria, a man convicted of any scandalous breach of the proprieties and decreencies of life, should be called "Your Irreverence," or "Your Filibuster." An ambassador who had failed in his mission, and sacrificed the interests of Barataria to his own want of common sense or knowledge of his business should be addressed as "His Stupidity." If I had chosen to speak of a pope who had slaughtered his subjects by means of foreign soldiers, I might consider whether he had not acquired a claim to the title of "His Ferocity." A fraudulent attorney or banker should be addressed as "Your Villany." A tradesman convicted of adulterating his goods, or defending right or poor, by short weight or measure, should be addressed in all matters of business as "His Beguery," or "His Rascality." A convicted felon of any kind should all his life long be known to the little world that cared about him as "The Most Ignoble and Very Dishonourable Fidon or Thief," John or Obadiah, as the case might be.

If my people persisted in speaking of His Eminence the Cardinal, I should encourage them to say His Protrulience or His Glutiny, the Alderman—provided always, that the Alderman in question sinned in that particular direction. For it does not follow that a man must be fat because he is an Alderman; or that, fat or lean, he should be unduly addicted to the pleasures—or vice—of the table and the bottle. "His Petty Manness" should be the prefix to the name of a Miser, or of a low swindler; while "His Brutal Cowardice" should be the indissoluble appendage to the name of him who had beaten his wife, or lifted his hand in anger

against any woman or child whatsoever. I do not think I should make an exception even in the latter case in favour of a schoolmaster; for a school-master who punishes in anger, rather than in sorrow, is a brute, for whom I have no sympathy. A rich woman who ran away from her husband in company with a footman should never be mentioned, except as Her Lewdness Iaily This, or Mrs. That; and a systematic seducer of women, one of the most odious of mankind, and worse, in my estimation, as Governor of Barataria, than a burglar or murderer, should have his title duly set forth as "His Cowardly, Selfish and Unnaturally Villany"—John, James, Lothario, or whatever else the wretched creature's name might be.

If there were any particularly great snob in my dominions—some offensive toady and tub-thumper—who stuck to the skirts of wealthy or celebrated people, and paraded to their riches or their weaknesses—a man with much impudence, little brains, and no manners, and he lived, let me suppose, in a district called Fawny Court, I would set my royal mark upon him, and send him a parchment duly engrossed and sealed, in which his title should be set forth [not a hereditary title, for his son might happen to be a gentleman], and in which and by which he should be solemnly created—"The Esyon of Fawny Court," just as if he had been a great and a good man and a true gentleman, I should have made him Marquis or Duke of Fawny Court, or some other place.

If one of my judges, holding his court in my assize town of Silverford or elsewhere, should be guilty of any want of ordinary courtesy to my sheriff or the lauded gentry of the county attending the assizes at much inconvenience to themselves, and solely because it was their public duty to do so, I should not elevate that judge to the peerage as Earl of Silverford, but should pull him down a peg or two, and create him by letters patent—"The Churl of Silverford;" aforesaid: a title that he would well deserve, and which would not gild or diminish his legal reputation, or make him a worse judge.

And coming to breaches of propriety, honour, or law, in greater passages, occurring, it might be, in the case of any of my cotemporary sovereigns—of Lilliput or Blefuscu—I might think it desirable, if either of them had broken a solemn oath, and I was at war with him, to speak of him to my Parliament as "His Sanguinary Perjury the King or Emperor of Lilliput or Blefuscu aforesaid." This of course I should only do if it were safe to speak the truth; for even in Barataria I should study my Machiavelli as well as my Puffendorf, and my Talleyrand as well as my Lockeboomaid. "Truth is not at all times to be spoken," says the worldly-wise proverb. If it were, the world would become rather too uncomfortable to most of us. I certainly should not speak it to any kings or emperors that happened to be much more powerful than myself, lest I should thereby run the risk of losing my beautiful Barataria, and my gubernatorial chair. Insincerity is a polite accomplishment, which great people are compelled to acquire as a necessary part of their education. The greater the personage, the greater must be the insincerity of his speech, if he would get successfully through the world. And in my island I would not allow my intellect to run away with my prejudice, or my abstract wisdom to interfere with my useful policy.

Thus, you see, I am fit to rule Barataria; and if ever I shall be seated on a throne in that fair land, I shall certainly try the effect of such titles of dishonour as I have cited. If policy dictate to omit the sovereigns of Europe and Asia from the operation of the scheme, no such policy will interfere with my operation upon my own dole, obedient, and intelligent people. And the project will recommend itself to their sagacity, were it only that a fair trial of it might show a saving in police and prison rates, and in the cost of maintaining the judges and the law courts. And to make the system more completely operative, I should introduce a few new titles of honour as well as of dishonour. Any worthy man and good fellow who should earn his daily bread by the sweat of his brow, whether he were hedger or ditcher, scavenger, clerk, or mechanic, who should pay his way, owe no man anything, and maintain his family by his honest exertions, should be addressed as "His Dignity John Brown or Smith," and the wife who loved him and aided him to rear his family in respectability and decency, should be "Her Dignity Mrs. Brown or Smith." My poets, who used the noble gift of their genius to the enrichment of Baratarian literature, and wrote no line that could call a blush into the cheek of youth or maturity, should be called "The Most Honourable and Most Noble the Bard." His Lordship the Earl should be taught to exchange courtesies and ideas with his Usefulness the Mechanic; and His Grace the Duke should think it no derogation from his rank to shake hands, dine, or sup with His Prudence the Farm Labourer; and Her Benevolence the Baker's Wife, who gave a loaf now and then—with a good heart and free hand, and perhaps a shilling besides—to the poor starving mother and her orphan children, that might have been refused relief by the flinty-hearted officials of the parish. *Faithful*—Enough said. These shall be the polite observances and customs of Barataria—when I get there.

GARIBALDI.

THE public is inundated with memoirs and accounts of this famous Italian General; and every day the press re-reveals his great exploits in the glorious undertaking in which he is now engaged. A review of a new book in our last number exhibited a different picture of a fugient hero, under the title of "The Modern Soldier;" and it is a pleasing offer for us to offer, by way of contrast, some original traits of this other modern soldier—if the name of model soldier were not more truly applicable to the illustrious man who is so

heavily and ably working out the future destinies of Italy. Everything we have read of Garibaldi impresses us with a perfect conviction of his patriotism and purity. The great aim and object of his life—the restoration of United Italy to rank among the nations—has been pursued with undeviating determination whenever and wherever he could have a path towards its accomplishment; and when shut out by unaccountable circumstances, from the great purpose, his career by sea and land, in distant climes, in mercantile and military adventure, has been a romance of the most marvellous incidents and the deepest interest. And his hands are clean. He has given all his private fortunes fairly and manfully earned during the intervals alluded to) to the cause of his country. Garibaldi is a poor man!

Apart from his splendid public character, there is always a natural curiosity to learn something of the every-day appearance, the commonplace habits, the domesticity, if we may so term it, and the familiar and social doings of such a man, when released for a season from "the toils of war." And though we have it on high authority that no man was ever a hero to his *raide-de-claube*, we trust our readers will agree with us in thinking, from the few particulars we are about to relate, that the heroic, in the nature of Garibaldi, is not impeached or injured by a respectful, and not intrusive, peep behind the curtain of his more retired sphere of action.

Garibaldi, in the portraits of him circulated in every direction, is represented as of gigantic stature and preeminently developed muscular strength; and most writers speak of him as pale (since the sad death of his wife), "lion-headed," and with other concomitants of the Novel-descriptive. He is rather under the middle size, and of gentlemanly demeanour, yet stately build, and capable of enduring immense exertion and fatigue. His countenance is open and florid, like that of a good-looking English peasant, and his voice most expressive and sonorous. His two sons (put in the picture-engravings as mere boys) are grown to man's and youth's estates. The elder, who has served, and is serving with his father, and been wounded, is above, and the other not far below twenty years of age. When speaking of them and their husbands in battle, their father is wont to say, "Would I had ten sons!—they should all risk their lives for the union of their country." There is one daughter, about sixteen, who, since she lost her mother, has been educated at Nice, under the care of the commander of the National Guard, Signor Deldori, and his wife, and in a manner which befits the offspring of such parents; but it would be difficult to determine whether Madame Garibaldi or her husband presents the nobler character for the admiration of after ages. Their daughter, however, with the looks of a fine country girl, is a fearless rider, and can shoot like a Volunteer! In consequence of the annexation of Nice to France, the patriot General does not like to bear the name of his native place mentioned, even in conversation; and on the celebration of men to avert that coming evil, his daughter was among the worshippers who prayed to Heaven to save them from the calamity.

In the Sicilian expedition, among the enthusiasts who hastened to range themselves under the flag of Garibaldi were a number of youths, some of them mere boys, sons of the noblest families of Milan. When any were wounded, their commander had them tended with the utmost care, and as soon as they were able for the journey, sent them to their homes. With one of the youngest he wrote a letter to his mother, which strikes us as a memorable example of style and feeling. It ran thus:—"Io vi mando il figlio. Egli è battezzato per la patria in un piti tardi in confumazione?" [I have sent your son. He is baptized for his country—later, he will be confirmed.] Is this a prophecy?

The expression sounds highly poetical—and no one will be surprised to learn that Garibaldi is of a highly poetical temperament;—and in his retirements from active life, has resided in a cosmopolitan villa, near the Lazzeretto at Nice, surrounded by pretty grounds, and the aspect toward the sea very wild and rocky; on the edge a summer-house overlooking the beeding cliff. Here he indulged in his frequent mood of wandering forth alone, and pondering on his mission—the means—the difficulties—the end. He has always been addicted to seek solitude for his thoughts, and often, when in the most desperate circumstances, it has been his practice to be his own spy,—to act out alone in the shadow of night, and reconnoitre his enemies and the condition of the country around. His partiality for the English is openly indicated; and it will be acknowledged as a proof of the poetic turn we have described, to state that we have seen an autograph letter, in which within a few days of his embarking for Sicily, he finds time thus to acknowledge the tribute of a few patriotic verses, honourable to his great exploits, and presented to him by a fair countrywoman of ours, resident at Nice.

Nizza, 23 April, '60.

Cara e Gentile Signa Dady.—Io ho letto con interesse e riconoscenza le vostre bellissime poesie. Voi dicete avere il cuore d'un angelo, per sentire con tanta generosa equità. Vorrei sì presentarsi l'occasione di potervi baciar la mano e dirvi quanto sono per voi sì animato e grato.

Vogliate comandare, il vostro devoto,

G. Garibaldi

Italian gallantry is prone to superlatives, and the free translation may be taken:—

"Dear and kind,—Moved and grateful, I have read your beautiful poems. You must have the heart of an angel, to feel with such exquisite generosity. I wish the opportunity might offer itself to enable me to kiss your hand, and tell

you how much sympathy and gratitude I feel. Pray command, your most devoted, G. G."—[Addressed, "Alta Nobil Donna Eleonora," &c., &c.]

At the villa above mentioned, female society was not wanting. The famed Lillard, and alleged Conspirator, Miss Jessie White, now Madame Mailli, was a visitor, and maintained her masculine character in full vigour; and there is also the Madame la Contessa de la Torre, who is her companion in Sicily, where we are informed they shun no danger, and, like Nightingales and Sisters of Mercy, devote themselves to attendance upon the sick and wounded, and ministering to their necessities. Assuredly the flame of patriotism pervades both sexes throughout Italy, and, perhaps, burns more fiercely in Sicily, since it has been torn away by France. For the sacrifice, the people cannot forgive their king; and foretell as the probable result of the policy now in operation, that the Island of Sardinia or (and more likely) Genoa will be demanded as a balance for any extension of the power of Piedmont in Sicily or Naples. In the new imperial fashion of paving the way to foregone conclusions, printed papers are now thrown into the *offici* and other public halls, pointing out advantages that would accrue if that slice from Italy were also annexed to the French Empire.

We grieve to have in one other matter to touch upon a painful topic; but it also displays the man, and ought not to be refused a place here. The daughter of an Italian emigrant, by the assumption of extreme love of country and heroism in the cause, attracted the regards of the patriot leader. He offered himself, and was accepted. But, alas, within a few days after their marriage, an anonymous letter apprised him that his lady had been faithless to her honour, and was unhappily in a condition which rendered denial vain. With his usual straightforwardness, the injured husband sought his intriguing partner, utterly disbelieving the infamous charge, and laid the letter before her. Confession ensued, and they parted then and for ever; but the generous Garibaldi made an ample provision for his lone betrayer.

We have, however, thrown together these private and personal traits of the most eminent individual of our time, in the hope that they may be universally acceptable. The love and attachment with which Garibaldi inspires all who come into contact with him, is shown not more by the past, than by the numbers now crowding to join him from every quarter. The poets, artists, and literati of Italy are among the foremost of his adherents. The lyric of the Sardinian national hymn, "Viva il Re," and other popular pieces, Cesare Fighiera, is one of his most devoted lieutenants; and many others of the same class, enthusiastic and patriotic, have pledged their lives and fortunes to follow him to the last. May Heaven send them on their holy crusade, and liberty and independence be their glorious reward!

TOM DUFFEY.

THE literary, like the celestial system, is marked by distinct successions of luminous nebulae. Every age has its own dusky cluster of minor stars, who, however brightly they may have flashed in the eyes of their contemporaries, are too feeble to transmit their beacons to us. We know, in a general way, as we know the stars that become massed by distance into glittering clouds, the groups of small poets, critics, dramatists, and book-sellers' backs, that shed their misty light upon particular periods. But who has any acquaintance with their lives and works? The literary antiquary, who collects more materials a hundred times over than he makes any practical use of, is the only person likely to be familiar with the nebulae of literature. To him the study is indispensable, as affording an insight into the life and history of the time. A fifth-rate author, although nobody himself, may rise into incidental importance from his relations with more distinguished men. The literary historian finds his account in hunting up the drudges and hangers-on of the stably, and in routing out the whole tribe of strayed pretenders and impudent egotists, from Ned Howard and "Quack Maure" down to Julian and Tilden. But the public know nothing of these people, nor, for the most part, is it desirable that they should go out of their way to look after them.

Nevertheless, there are a few small specialities, here and there that deserve to be separated from the rabble, and carefully housed. Tom Duffey is one of them. We, by no means, intend to imply that his writings ought to be reproduced, or that any of them would repay the expenditure of half an hour diverted from any profitable pursuit. All we desire to impress upon the reader is that Tom Duffey contributed largely to the entertainment of the British public more than a century and a half ago; that he had a vein of his own, which was flowing and run in its way; and that he ought to be known as a versatile writer, who enjoyed a wide popularity in his time. If little of him but his name has descended to us, it is because he wrote especially with a view to the current success which he achieved. Tom did not care a farthing for posterity. His works are highly coloured by fugitive characteristics, and are worth preserving, as we preserve caricatures in a museum; but it would be absurd to consult them as pictures of the age. We tried lately to read what he calls his "Comical Stories," which, we have no doubt, were considered comical by his contemporaries, but we found them insupportably dull. An author, however, may deserve to be remembered, who cannot be read.

Tom's life, so far as incidents are concerned, might be written out at length in half a dozen lines. He came of a family of Protestants and gentlemen, and one of his great-uncles was the author of the famous romance of "Astruc." He was very nearly a Frenchman by birth, and his father had no less forced to seek an asylum in this country. Tom, instead of delighting English audiences, might have been contesting the applause of the theatre with Quinault, or breaking lances with Balcan. Possibly it was this drop of French blood in him that won the heart of Charles II., and made the monarch treat the ballad-poe with such marked favour and familiarity. But the French lyric spirit, the *allegro*, and gaiety, that are

in his songs, never interfere with their genuine English character. They have the true native ring. Even *Dibdin* is not more thoroughly national than Tom D'Urfey.

This may be easily accounted for. The French element came down to him modified by circumstances; but he was born and bred, and lived all his life in English habits and associations. France was only a tradition to him. His father settled in England in 1623, married an English gentleman of Huntingdonshire some years afterwards, and Tom was not born till 1649, by which time whatever was left of French character or French prejudices in the blood of the family may be presumed to have lost nearly all its influence. Tom was intended for the Bar, and virtuously commenced his studies in one of the Inns of Court. At this point terminates the respectable portion of his biography, all the rest is Bohemian; for here follows the old story of the student seduced from his law-books by the charms of the Muses, who at that time used to flirt with their lovers in Dorset-gardens and Drury-lane, and the dark recesses of Lincoln's-inn-fields, where Davenant lodged his actresses. It is said that Tom was obliged to give up the law, because he had a stammering in his speech; but that is a mere excuse. His stammering did not prevent him from becoming one of the most capital and humorous singers of his time. He gave up the law because he fell in love with another mistress; and the first issue of his new passion was a comely produced in his twenty-second year, with such success as to decide his career for life. Charles II. is recorded to have been present on three of the first five nights. This was not to be resisted. Tom continued from that time forth to write for the stage; comedies, tragedies, operas, and even alterations of Shakespeare and Fletcher—the last-mentioned triler than we can just now bear to think of. His productions in this way are upwards of thirty in number, all of them more or less positively successful on the stage. It is an act of grace, nevertheless, to draw the dramatic world to him, who is not out of them whose title would be recognised by a reader, not to say a play-goer, of the present day. They are gone down into oblivion, by the just and irrevocable sentence of Time. But what of that? Tom is damned in excellent company. His stage rubbish is not worse than Fielding's, nor, considering the comparative age of the two, is it less deserving of pity and compassion. It is not in his rôle of dramatist that Tom is selected as the hero of this article. Had he done nothing but write plays, we should have left him in the nebulous condition in which we found him. But he wrote better things, and he excelled in them. Whoever desires to be informed what D'Urfey did well, may be well to get possession of six little volumes, published nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, called *"Wit and Mirth; or, Pills to Purge Melancholy."* The title is in the old, coarse, and figurative taste of the period, and expresses comprehensively enough the nature of the entertainment to be found within. The King's strength lay in vagrant tales, songs, and satires. These six volumes are picked specimens of his wit, and others we must not venture to say anything about the wit, who can entertain the north without a scruple.

Nor is mirth—broad, fluent, and familiar—the only quality that is conspicuous in Tom. He had considerable skill and adroitness in turning his mirth to the best account. In the society of the King, a song-writer lay in his happy choice of easy verse and popular airs. With the Restoration had come in a new style of music. The stately Elizabethan measures and the scientific madrigals and canons in which Milton had been trained up, were supplanted by romping jigs and amorous corantos. The king set the fashion in music to which he conformed best. He had always displayed a great passion for fiddles, because the instrument was especially suited to punctuate lively and rapid airs; and when he was in exile, and could ill afford such luxuries, we find him begging of his friends to send him musicians who could play dances on the fiddle. As soon as he became king he set up a royal band of "four and twenty fiddlers all in a row," who used to play tramping lachas and sarabands to him while he was at dinner. Fiddles and fiddle music became the rage. Every comely ended with "fiddles and a dance," and the contagion, so easily caught, spread through all classes of society. It was to this taste Tom administered in his songs. He wrote up, or down, if you will, to the fiddle music. Many of his lyrics are so rattling and scolding as that mad dance which the king was never tired calling for, "*Carckle, away!*" He seized upon the most favourite ballad tunes, adapted words to them, and through their popularity secured his own. He went farther, and sometimes borrowed their barbers, so that he made doubly sure of a welcome. It was an old friend with a new face, and generally with a more cheerful one than before.

In addition to this art of writing popular songs, Tom possessed the fortunate talent of being able to sing them popularly. A song of Tom D'Urfey's, sung by Tom D'Urfey himself, was one of the choicest delights of the social circle. Wherever he went he was received with open arms; he was a frequent guest at the tables of the nobility, and he was intimate terms with the Duke of Dorset at Knowle; and with Warton and Albemarle, the son of Monk, had the honour of being reckoned among his close friends. The King took as much pleasure in Tom's singing as in the prandial performances of his fiddlers; and not only could he sing at the palace, but would sing with him on the opposite side of the paper table—a memorable fact, which has been recorded in Tom's memoirs with due ceremonial effect. Tom himself may be presumed to have looked back upon this great event in his career with rather less awe than his biographers; for he afterwards became so much accustomed to royal musicians, that it could hardly have appeared to him as very wonderful a thing that a king if he could sing at all, should sing off the same sheet of music with the poet. Tom, indeed, sung before all the crowned heads of his time, and they happened to be numerous, without incurring Cornwall, under whose government Tom was born. The list embraces Charles II., James II., William, Mary, Anne, and George I. To balance the obsequious side of the paper table, and to lean on Tom's shoulder, we have the more substantial friendship of Queen Anne, who gave him fifty guineas for singing a song he had written against the Princess Sophia.

But great a favourite to Tom was at court, he was a still greater favourite in the country. He was better liked in the great manor than in the foremost streets of the age. He kept the tables of the squire in a roar by the excellent new songs to old tunes which he industriously furnished them. Every one of them knew the tunes, and could, therefore, hum the words at sight,—a facility in the way of enjoyment for which they held Tom in the

highest esteem. Even Pope, who had no more ear for music than a knife-board, condescended to learn one of Tom's songs "without book," and bears testimony to the extraordinary popularity in which D'Urfey's compositions were held. "Any man of any quality," he says, in one of his delightful letters, "is heartily welcome to the best toping-table of our gentry who can roar out some rhapsodies of his works." He might have added that a still louder welcome was given to the man who could boast of having heard Tom sing one of his own songs. To such a person was accorded the most riotous honours of convivial hospitalities. The musical pilgrim, who brought home a relic from the favourite shrine, could hardly have excited more enthusiasm.

It may be generally taken for granted that a wide reputation is never obtained without some grounds. Even Tupper and Barnum can plead a justification of their notoriety. And Tom's popularity, which was quite genuine, may be traced to perfectly solid and respectable sources. He adapted his powers with remarkable tact to the prevailing taste; and his success was chiefly drawn from his idiomatic diction and the balubricity of his measures. His songs were the easiest songs in the world. They sang themselves. They ran on in the most natural and unaffected way. They had a heartiness in their soul of jocundness, and an obnoxiousness that delighted all manner of people. They were wonderfully simple, and, so to speak, prosaic and commonplace, which were amongst their greatest merits. They were so direct and fluent, and so apt and to the purpose, that you could almost tell what was coming, and you seemed, therefore, for the moment, to partake in the triumph of the author. And there never was anything so good, so genial, so irresistible, as their burthen and choruses. O'Keefe is the only song-writer who approaches Tom in the variety and curious felicity of his burthen; but O'Keefe gives way to a spirit of burlesque, which, exquisitely comical as it is, makes an essential difference between him and Tom, whose tags and choruses are always exactly what they want, and what you expect them to be, and so singularly fitted to their places, that nothing else could be substituted for them. They set you dancing, and singing, and laughing, and thumping the tables, whether you will or not,—the very ends for which they were intended. They bring out all your sunshine, make your wine or your rum-and-toddy put you out—if you will put yourself in a centre for the sake of a night with Tom,—glow and gallop more fiercely; and in spite of yourself and your private glooms and dogged temper, they make you a good fellow, full of honest sentiments and genuine impulses, animated by hilarious loyalty, ready to lend anybody any amount of money, or to undertake the most quixotic enterprises in the way of balling enemies, or defending your country—as long as the night lasts.

Here is a verse from the song of "*The Bony Milkmaid*," which will serve, as far as a single specimen may, to show how pleasantly Tom, who lived all his life in the disquisition of the town, could write about rural things. In this song he has the two characters he took to himself, and he has taken his lines from an older song, which we cannot help thinking be considerably improved. This verse brings the milkmaid before us in a winter scene:—

"When cold milk mists do rise,
And Bowers can spring no more,
The fields that were once
So pleasant and so free
By winter all ended are;
Oh! how the larks have
Larks, with their white face,
And larks do dandily play;
But it is not so
With those that go
Through frost and snow,
With chorles that glow
To carry the milkmaid's pail."

The merit of the refrain does not belong to D'Urfey; but it will be felt in humming over these lines—for it is hardly fair to submit them to the process of reading—that he makes it tell with effect. Very striking, too, is his "*Vive le Roi!*" the old God save the King chant, which he brings out with elastic energy; and, better still, must have been his song upon the Princess Sophia, as we may judge of it from the only stanza that has been preserved. The Princess then Electress and Duchess Dowager of Hanover, was next heir to the crown, and the scandal upon her in these damaging lines was written to please Queen Anne:—

"The crown's her too weighty
For shoulders of such light;
She could not sustain such a trophy;
Her crown was too heavy;
The crown was too heavy;
No Providence kept her
Away,—your old daughter's light."

Tom, perhaps, was not strictly a poet, in a rigorous sense. He will never find his way into anthologies or annotated editions. But he was a writer of high mark in his way. He knew how to carry his audience with him. He wrote for a result, and obtained it. There are no fine images in his songs; no foreign decorations; no time; everything is plain and to the purpose. He made songs out of the stuff that makes songs live out their time; and his lasted far more than the average duration of the life of popular songs. If his songs are forgotten now, so are nearly all the songs of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. A few of Shakespeare's and Ben Jonson's, something here and there out of Fletcher, a stray couplet from Herrick, a match of immortal music coming down from Comus, so from the sphere, and hardly half a dozen more, still linger in the general ear. No great discredit to Tom that he should be forgotten with the rest.

He was by no means particular about his rhymes. The melody of the rhythm was enough for Tom. He knew that so long as his measures bounded freely along, and he succeeded in touching some natural chord of mirth or sympathy, his hearers would not be much inclined to criticize his structure too closely. It is a defect, of course, a defect in any but Tom wrote to be sung, not to be read. Such blind rhymes sometimes occur as "*trick*," "*joys*," "*blown*," "*adorn*," "*cease*," "*deities*;" yet we dare say that not one of the country squires, whose raptures are described by Pope, ever found them out. Tom lived in an age of literary dexterity, but does not appear to have quarrelled with anybody. He was not in the great manor to have committed the most opposite people. Everybody was goodhearted to him. Steele speaks of him in the *Tatler* and the *Guardian* as the "celebrated Mr. D'Urfey," and pronounces a paucity upon his character; Pope wrote a prophetic ode for one of his plays, and let him off with a bare allusion in the "*Dunciad*;" and the

fortitious Addison interested himself to procure a benefit for him at the theatre, when Tom had fallen into old age and neglect. "He has made the world merry," wrote Addison, "and I hope they will make him any as long as he stays amongst us. This I will take upon me to say, they cannot do a kindness to a more diverting companion, or a more cheerful, honest, or good-natured man."

There is a portrait of Tom at Knowle—a hasty sketch,—representing him with two volumes under his arm. Few personal traits, from which we might gather a full-length portrait of the man, have been preserved. He was so universally known that nobody seems to have thought it necessary to note any special particulars about him. We do know, however, that Tom lived and died a bachelor; that he used constantly, in the latter part of his life, to walk about the city of London and the purlieus of Westminster with a page behind him; and that his person was, consequently, already so familiar to the people, that when he was about to appear in public on the occasion of his benefit, Steele was afraid not to "draw" an enormous crowd.

Tom lived to the good old age of 74. His death is recorded on a stone in the church of St. James's, Piccadilly, bearing the following simple inscription:—"Tom D'Urfey: Dyed Feb'y 3rd 1723."

RURAL ECONOMICS. TENANT FARMERS NOT RETAINERS.

It is impossible to comprehend the actual relations between landlords and tenant farmers in England, without having regard to the history of English tenures. The exigencies of a semi-barbarous race of military conquerors led to the establishment of the feudal law by the Normans, from which this country has never been completely emancipated, and, least of all, those classes whose livelihood has been obtained by cultivating the soil. The feudal law is everywhere one of force and barbarism. It involves the supremacy of the military class, the expropriation of the peaceful, the concentration of the land in the hands of the nobles, and the subordination of all industry to the maintenance of an aristocracy. Thus our Norman conquerors, having "acquired," or seized, all the land of England, reduced the previous owners and the actual cultivators of the soil to the condition either of serfs or villans, or to that of tenants bound to do homage to their lords or landlords, to render them certain rents and services, to follow them to the wars and the field,—and the whole system was one of grades of ennoblement. The great lords—often the owners of manors by the sword—held of the Crown, and they granted lands to their retainers, who again made sub-tenants to tenants, who may be considered the owners, though they were not, perhaps, the cultivators of the land. In all these gradations, or sub-gradations, homage and services, more or less consisting of, or implying personal obedience on the part of the tenant to the landlord, as well as rent, sometimes in kind, sometimes in money, were rendered as conditions essential to holding the land. Gradually, as the nation advanced in wealth and civilisation, and warfare became less the everyday business of the aristocracy, these services for money payments, until, at the Restoration of Charles II, feudal or military tenures were finally abolished. But the sentiment of homage had been deeply graven on the minds of all who held land as subordinate tenants, while the possession of superiorities over large territories and tracts of land formed at once the sign and the substance of the nobility. The great lords, therefore, always formed substantially the ruling power, and they framed their laws mainly in the spirit of their feudal ancestors. No doubt there were, down to the middle of the last century, vast numbers of sturdy yeomen—men who tilled their own hanks, and who, with the inhabitants of the towns, enabled the Parliament to resist and put down the encroachments of Charles I.

But with the great increase of manufacturing and commercial industry which commenced about 1700, and constantly grew stronger and stronger, the yeoman proprietors found themselves unable to compete with men who hired farms, generally in larger tracts, and gradually sold their lands either to neighbouring proprietors or to persons who, having acquired money by trade or commerce, were desirous of forming an estate and founding a family which, sooner or later, should share in the privileges and influence of the landed aristocracy. Our heritage is confessedly founded on the assumption of large possessions in land on the part of each peer; but any one who will take the trouble to search that barren hereditary, "The Peerage," will find how large a proportion of that body originated in the last half of the last century. To the commencement of the present century, farmers (i.e., renting farmers), as a class, were in somewhat fairly condition, which offered no striking contrast to notions of obedience to their landlords, which had descended as a feudal inheritance from the agricultural mind. But rents had long before that time begun to rise. Arthur Young, alluding to the value of landed property in 1770, says:—

"A neighbour of mine in Suffolk, who inherited a considerable landed property, informed me that in various conversations he had between 1770 and 1780 with a relation far advanced in years, much surprise was expressed at the rise of rents which then began to take place. Through the long period of his relation's experience no rise was ever thought of; and hence after him, in long succession, was signed without a word passing on the question of rent; that was an object considered fixed; and grandfather, father, and son succeeded without a thought of any rise."

But farming was then and later carried on without much capital. In 1765, Burke, in his celebrated letter, "Thoughts and Details on Scarcity," says:—

"The farmer's capital (excepted in a very few persons and a very few lands) is far more feeble than is commonly imagined. The trade is a very poor trade, and subject to great risks and losses. The capital, such as it is, is turned but once in the year; in some branches it requires three years before the money is paid. . . . It is very rarely that the most prosperous farmer, during the whole of his quick and dead stock, the interest of the money he turns together, with his own wages as overseer, ever does make 12 or 15 per cent. by the year of his capital. I speak of the prosperous. In most parts of England I have rarely known a farmer who, to the end of his life, has not been a debtor to his landlord or to the public, that is, after a course of most unremitting parsimony in labour (such for the most part is theirs), and persevering in his business for a long course of years, died worth more than paid his debts, leaving his posterity to continue in nearly the same wretched condition of debt and want, in which his last predecessor, and a long line of predecessors before him, lived and died."

That is the description of a mere peasant, such as, for the most part, until a recent period, were the cultivators of land throughout Europe.

With the commencement of the present century, English agriculture assumed a new phase. Trade and manufactures rapidly increased the nation's wealth; the prices of all kinds of agricultural produce became, from a combination of causes, unusually high, and many persons of enterprise entered into farming as a genuine means of gain, and not as a necessary misfortune. Even ordinary farmers who happened to have recently renewed their leases got rich, as it were, in spite of themselves, from the mere advance of prices. Of these many enlarged their business, and became the founders of the class of large farmers who now form so important a portion of the agricultural population. Rents then began to rise, and, in 1800, it appeared, for most of the farmers who had renewed their leases about and subsequently to 1810, found, when a period of lower prices arrived, in 1820 and succeeding years, that they were unable to pay the stipulated rents and carry on their business. At this time leases fell into some desperate with both landlords and tenants. With landlords, however, who the tenant's means did not enable him to farm as well as he had done during the high prices, the lease did not present demands for abatement of rent which could not, with prudence, be disregarded. It was better to make a temporary return of fifteen, twenty, or thirty per cent. of the rent than to run the tenant and let the farm thrown upon the landlord's hands in the time of "agricultural distress." Tenants who had agreed to pay high rents, in expectation of receiving high prices for their produce, were wholly unable, by the system of husbandry they had hitherto practised, to pay those rents, and consequently they felt shackled and bound by permanent contracts, made under widely different circumstances. They were unable to alter their leases, where such surrenders would be accepted by their landlords, or declined to renew them, and carried on then, as they were provisionally, as tenants from year to year. So all new tenants preferred to take, and landlords preferred to let their farms on yearly biddings. During all this time various corn laws were passed, for the purpose of excluding prices artificially, by excluding, wholly or partially, foreign corn from the market. The Legislature, in both Houses, appointed numerous committees to inquire into "agricultural distress," and to devise means for relieving it—at the expense of the rest of the community. All the while tenant farmers were under engagements to pay rents calculated on prices which they actually obtained, and, in the time of "agricultural distress," would keep what is called, per quarter, but did not prevent it falling to 40s. Then 70s. and afterwards 80s. per quarter were supposed to be secured to English farmers by legislative enactments; but still prices refused to rise to the law-defined points. Landlords and their agents, however, assumed that prices could be regulated by law, and set the farmer's rents accordingly, so that from half-year to half-year tenants sold for, and the majority of landlords granted temporary abatements or drawbacks from the rent, as matters of grace and favour. Of course tenant farmers, under such circumstances, could neither feel nor act independently. The traditional sentiments of feudal homage occurred with the temporary concessions of the landlord, and the husbandman was thereby rendered dependent on the will of his landlords. Without leases they could not help themselves, should the landlord wish to impose on them terms inconsistent with a commercial contract, which engagements for the occupation of farms had in fact become. Still many farmers felt, or affected to feel, while in the hands of the great proprietors sought to cherish the sentiment expressed in the lines,—

"The farm that I hold on your honour's estate
Is the same which my forefathers held;"—

While the active and more enterprising classed at the helpless state of bondage under which they carried on their business. In the last agricultural distress was experienced, and the exercise taken upon the chairmanship of the late Speaker. Then Mr. Shaw Lefevre completely exposed and exploded the whole system of Protection. Farming was shown to be a trade governed by the same economical laws as other trades, and consequently, that freedom and security, combined with capital and enterprise, were the essential and only conditions of success in husbandry.

From that time to the repeal of the corn laws, in 1846, farmers gradually and slowly, and landlords reluctantly, recognised this truth; and even now landowners struggle vehemently to maintain their tenants in a state of semi-feudal dependence. Farmers, on the other hand, are now more or less aware of their position, and are anxious to obtain capital and secure the tenure of their farms, so that they may reap fair returns for their labour and enterprise, and their emark in the work of cultivation. Such is the present position of English agriculture: such are the existing relations of landlord and tenant farmer in England. Curious are the manifestations of the workings and counter-workings of the opposite principles of feudalism, or landlordism, and commercial husbandry, which are daily tested in the minds of the cultivators of agricultural improvement which proceed from both parties, while neither quite recognises the conditions required or deemed essential by the other.

STREET RAILWAYS.

In the infancy of railroads, when the "turnway" was used only for conveying coals, iron ore, or granite, from the mine and quarry, to the place of shipment, the immense loads were drawn by horse-power. From this stage we passed, almost at a bound, to the age of Stephenson and the locomotive. The steam-engine on wheels gave us at once the maximum of power; the "iron way" removed the obstacle of friction; the minimum, Stephenson regarded the locomotive and the rail as "husband and wife," and asserted that they never ought to be separated. Certainly the alliance was a fortunate one, and has produced immense results. Admitting all the advantages of the union, social and commercial, a doubt may yet be permitted, whether the grandeur of the effects that followed the combination, did not draw into undervalued oblivion the capabilities of the iron way, in its first stage of development. At one time it was believed that the horse would soon be extinct; and Hood expressed the general feeling of the "road," in the whimsical sonnet, in which a disgusted driver invokes all kinds of disasters on the fiery steed of the "rail," hoping that the iron spirit of the stable would survive in the station, and that the oxen of the future—

“*Thy might pierce their coats, and give them humble animals a food of slaves.*”

But the “sober six and seven-milers” are not extinct; nor the generation of drivers and ostlers, and all that belongs to the stable generally. The main lines of traffic have passed from them, indeed; but the horse is still the motive power on the whole road—the Macadamized tributaries of the great iron ways that intersect the land. And these are only great because they are fed by the small; we cannot entirely dispense with hoof and shaft, fly, cart, and waggon. If we had a fleet of *Great Easterns*, we must still have coasters and river-boats; and the “triumph of engineering science” should mean to forget the fact. But in working out our railway system to its present stage, we did not, or overlook, or neglect the advantages of the old mode of traction on the new ways; we covered the country with the metal rail, and put the steam locomotive on every line, forgetting that the horse on the rail might do service for the steam-engine is unfit. The first grand success of a passenger by the new system was the locomotive, and it became the settled notion that passengers could be drawn by nothing else. It was a striking illustration of that *and of our neighbours* that says the best of anything is often the enemy of what is good in it. The superlative degree kills the comparative. We took it for granted that the highest development of the new system was the only and the practical form of it; and by going in all cases to the extreme, we left one important link in the whole chain of our communications wanting. We have been severely punished for falling into a rut, both of thought and action, in this matter; we have long seen and felt that the great railway system was deficient in adaptability to the necessities of our time, and it has been reserved to an American—the child and champion of progress by right of birth—to give us a push forward, by leaving originality and courage enough to go back.

Our new system is completed, by reverting to first principles; and we are creating an account of gratitude to America and Mr. G. F. Train, for the simple revival of a thing forgotten; he has “rehabilitated” the horse, and restored the animal to the rail; thus making the iron line at last available in our over-crowded streets. The quadruped was taken off the tramway some thirty years ago; when he was released from the train of coachmen in the North, we loathe to say farewell. It was a cruel and unnecessary act of our time, and it has been rejected to meet him again in harness, and on the line, at Birkenhead, on the 30th of August, with a new and capacious omnibus behind him, filled with delighted passengers, and glorious with plate-glass, cushions, and painting. A novel sensation is preparing for the British public, to whom the “street-car” is unknown; and it is evident enjoyed as such by the first Birkenhead passengers. “Nothing so new,” somebody says, “as that which has been forgotten,” and a restorer often deserves as much credit as an inventor. So we wish all success to Mr. Train, at Birkenhead and elsewhere.

The return to horse-power, if properly applied, will complete our railway system, which, though a wonderful step up to a certain point, is, at that point is reached, the cause of great and increasing inconvenience. All our great lines terminate in the suburbs, or at a considerable distance from the centre of the metropolis; and the goods and passenger traffic between the stations passes through streets too narrow even for the ordinary business of life. From north to south, and from east to west, the roads are crowded with thousands of slow heavy goods, that a horse tramway round the city would divert from our thoroughfares—if streets one cannot pass through still desire that name.

The street railway, by a little arrangement, might be made to serve the double purpose of carrying passengers to the points of departure, and the suburbs to the centre, or near the centre of the City, and connecting the different railway stations. But its first application will probably be to the conveyance of passengers; and we trust that the solid obduracy of the great omnibus companies, that have resisted all suggestions of improvement in the construction of their vehicles, will not resist its discovery.

The “street cars” once at work on any road out of London, will extinguish the old bus on that line. And the disappearance of only half those narrow boxes on wheels, with their waste of power, equine and human, will be an inconceivable relief to the City. All other vehicles can pass over, or even upon, the new street-lines without the least difficulty. It is the great advantage of the street-rail that it does not monopolize the highway; it leaves it open to all; the railway proper excludes everything but the engine and the train; and this we have always thought one of its drawbacks. By the time the “street-cars” have been running six months, we shall wonder how so obvious an improvement had not been adopted long before. We presume they will be a great source of comfort to the masses of the poor passengers they will be heeded to carry, as the present omnibuses; we shall thus escape the abuse of overcrowding, to which the cars, like all public vehicles, are liable in New York. The importation from America must not be regarded as bad practice with it. The free-and-easy system of our coaches, that permits everybody to destroy the comfort of everybody else, and pack every car and bus to suffocation, against which nobody ventures to protest, would be an intolerable nuisance in London. We hope Mr. Train will reconsider his preparations for “standing” passengers inside, and abolish those straps from the roof, for the “standards” to hold on by. We know, by experience, how it works in America. The wheels of the cars will be a great relief to the Birkenhead cars with apprehension, and make an early protest against them.

In all else this class of conveyance is admirable. It is easier to get in and out, especially for ladies; the smooth, gliding motion is luxury compared with the jolting of our present passengers, and two horses will do the work of six, and do it better and more easily. We have taken kindly to many American “notions”—washing-machines, india-rubber shoes, apple-peelers, and sherry coolers, pleasant importations, all of them, in their way, but the “greatest” is behind in the city railways and the street cars. Mr. Train must not stay too long in the provinces. Here is a greater field for him than in many Birkenheads. The wheels of the London cars will be a great relief to the Birkenhead cars with apprehension, and make an early protest against them. We are all ripe for the promised American revolution, and look impatiently for the time when we can read a Declaration of Independence of our many obstructions. We understand that Mr. Train has received a concession of some width of roadway, to begin with, from the Metropolitan Board of Works; and it is one deed, that shall be scored to the credit of that laudable body, and for which immeasurable Bunsen and Bunsen shall be forgiven them.

PREMATURE DECAY OF OUR PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

There is something very startling in the fact that most of the stone used for building purposes in London, within the last forty or fifty years, shows marked symptoms of premature decay. This is not the case of the only unfavourable exposures, nor has the decay of old buildings been much accelerated. Modern stones of all kinds seem to lose their angles and edges with unaccountable rapidity, and we find the vast pile of the Houses of Parliament, almost unscathed, almost as fresh as the day of its consecration, and the Queen's Palace, in St. James's-park, actually falling to pieces, and requiring to be continually painted, to prevent the sentinels keeping guard around it from being knocked on the head by the crumbling mass above.

There are two well-marked causes of this decay. One is a want of knowledge and care in selecting good stone adapted to the required purpose. What between the quarry-crowd, the clerk of the works, and the architect, and the supposed necessity of reducing the contract for material to the lowest figure, the cheapest stone is taken. As little as possible is spent on the stone, in order that there may be the more left for decoration. This is one of the *demons of our day*. Buildings are planned and erected which ought to last for centuries. They must be constructed with economy; and what is economy in building? Is it indifference to the foundation, and lavish outlay on all that comes before the eye? Is it to neglect the essential, in order to elaborate the incidental? May not a building be beautiful in its fitness, even without decoration? and can anything be more ungrateful than the substitution of the most inferior materials, and the neglect of the most important of those queries to our architects, with the suggestion that a minute knowledge of materials of construction, and of the chemical and geological, as well as mechanical conditions, under which they are to be exposed, ought to be a subject of study and education amongst them to a far greater extent than it has hitherto been.

There is another cause of decay also requiring consideration. The atmosphere of large towns, and especially of London, is loaded with various gases, which, added by the dampness of our climate and its variable temperature, seriously affect most building-stones. The daily exhalation of many thousands of tons of coal, more or less impure, and the animal and vegetable effluvia connected with the daily pressure, and food of millions of millions of human beings, cannot but produce a great effect on absorbent substances, and tend in many ways to decompose and disintegrate all those stones of which carbonate of lime forms an essential part; and this is the case with almost all the freestones in use.

Now, we have no choice but to build with the materials obtainable at a moderate cost; and if we will take stone, we must have absorbent stone. It behoves us then to set our chemists to work, to enable us to do this with some reasonable prospect of durability, and discover a method of preventing and stopping this terrible decay.

Every one who has ever seen a wall long exposed without numerous claimants for the honour and profit of discovery in relation to it. For twenty years or more protection has been asked for many ingenious inventions for preserving stone, none of which stand the test of time and exposure. One large class of inventors endeavoured, and always in vain, to discover some paint that should be as durable as oil, and as impervious to the weather. It is possible that some one is likely to be discovered. Another set of discoverers, better acquainted with chemistry, have tried to obtain a mineral preparation capable of application in a dissolved state, but rapidly re-assuming its stony condition, and choking the pores of the stone with an indurated material.

Not long ago much attention was excited in regard to this method, owing partly to its novelty and ingenuity, and partly to the fact that the method, which it was introduced. At the suggestion of Prince Albert, part of the river-front of the Houses of Parliament was treated according to this method. Flint, hard and indurated beyond most substances, may be dissolved in water by exposure to caustic alkali under high steam-pressure. A kind of soluble glass, in fact, is thus made, and, as the alkali is readily parted with, it was thought that this liquid, or water-glass, being thrown on the stone, a coating of flint would be the result. It failed, owing to the want of a sufficient exposure to dry air. The rain and damp prevented the requisite deposition and adhesion.

An ingenious Hungarian (Mr. Serdency) practised a modification of this method, under the patronage of the late Sir Charles Barry, and applied it to the whole of the Speaker's Court of the great Westminster Palace. For a time the method was kept secret, but it has lately been commented on by Dr. Faraday. To obtain dryness, the stone, after being treated with the soluble glass, was covered with a thin coat of paint, which water from the air did not penetrate. In time this would decay, but it was thought the stone would then be coated with flint. Unluckily, it does not seem certain that the kind of flint forming the coating is itself unscathed by exposure, or sticks tightly enough to the particles of stone to prevent decay. The case, that the stone being generally wet when the alkali is first applied, there is never sufficient dryness. It is by no means clear that this method would succeed for more than a very limited period, even if once successfully completed, and that is almost an impossibility in our damp climate.

A yet more ingenious application of chemical principles has been made by Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, already well known for his artificial stone, made of the soluble glass above alluded to. Taking advantage of the slight affinity of the alkali and flint in water-glass, he applies to the stone, after being washed by this solution, another simple preparation, the result of which is to throw down very rapidly that peculiar mineral which is necessary to adhere to brick and give it strength, to the concrete so much used in modern building. This mineral is known to adhere with extraordinary pertinacity to foreign bodies with which it comes in contact. The method was applied some four years ago to portions of stone on the river-front of the Houses of Parliament, then very much decayed; and the stones were expected to adhere to brick, and give it strength, as when they were first exposed. It has been more recently applied to many ancient buildings, and to the stone facings and ornamental parts of others. Time alone can decide whether its success is as complete as theory would suggest; but, up to the present date, we believe, there is no weak point shown.

If this last method be known that a method as important is likely to be fairly tried on a large scale. During the life of Sir C. Barry there was a tendency to give his *petit* more than a fair share of protection; but the authorities

at the Board of Works are, we believe, now taking measures to secure a thorough and searching investigation into the whole subject. It is difficult to overrate the importance, as there can be little doubt that within a few scores of years the whole of the elaborate decoration of the palace at Westminster, to say nothing of other public buildings, will be altogether obliterated, unless some preservative process is found to succeed. It is also a matter as interesting in reference to future buildings as to those already erected.

A BUSINESS QUESTION.

THE eminently practical men of the City, who pride themselves on being "business-like" in all their ways and methods, frequently do things that appear the very reverse of practical, to those who, we presume, would consider the end of the "business" circle altogether. Take a case—by no means the first of its kind,—the police reports of Tuesday last, as an illustration. An errand-boy, in the service of a firm "in a large way of business in Gresham-street and Manchester," has dangled and upset that said large business, for months past, by suppressing the hour and foreign letters of the establishment given him to post, that he might apply the few shillings of postage to his own use. For no less than eight months the errand-boy had deflected, interrupted, and confounded the transactions of this firm in a large way of business, giving the heads of the house "great inconvenience," and subjecting them to "an imputation of bad faith." Bills of lading and estimates of the cost of machinery left the office, but never reached their destination. Seventy-four letters were found at the boy's lodgings, and nine more in his pockets, from which he had removed the postage-stamps; eighty-three letters of a firm in a large way of business suppressed for the sake of a few shillings, by the errand-boy, in "great contempt" to those who, we presume, would consider the end of the "business" circle altogether. And for any loss or damage the masters may incur they ought to bear a full proportion of the blame. In reading this class of police cases, we have often been puzzled to account for the very singular theory, certainly the very singular practice, that appears to prevail in the very exact commercial world, by which such documents, on which the credit, profit, and existence of a house depends, in the last stage, that of transmission, are trusted to errand-boys. The correspondence has tasked the faculties of the merchant, has occupied all the clerks, has involved intricate calculations, and may affect amounts only reckoned in thousands of pounds; and after all this labour, it is given over to the custody of the lowest and least responsible agent of the establishment,—the errand-boy, who may defeat a whole speculation, by applying the postage to the purchase of sweetmeats! Can any business man tell us why this is so often done?—why posting the letters of a firm is not thought quite so important a duty as writing or copying them? Is completing the last link in the chain of business to the little consequence that it is ranked with lighting the fire or sweeping the office? Is only writing a letter considered a clerical duty, and is every subsequent step in the process merely menial? Is carrying these packets to the Post Office held to be beneath the dignity of a clerk? Or, our uneasiness would not cannot explain this mysterious inconsistency of men who would hotly resent the charge of being unbusiness-like. It appears to us that the credit of hundreds of firms is often dependent on the punctuality and probity of boys to whom handbills and notices are still a temptation, and to whom the most important letters may appear as a mere card of post, for which a fee, which a clerk or a scribe may get, by taking off the stamp and dropping the packet down the nearest sewer gully. If firms "in a large way of business" would only reflect that the last stage of their many transactions is really the most important of all, they would, perhaps, not put their funds and credit into the keeping of *gringos*, in whom a rational sense of duty is not much more developed than in monkeys. If we were in a large way of business in Gresham-street and Manchester line, we should post our letters with our own hands, that we might feel certain on this vital point, or insist on our chief clerk, or the cashier, or our junior partner doing it; we certainly would not give the errand-boy the terrible power of bringing ruin on the house, by turning the foreign postage into pocket-money, and thereby having a "spee."

A NEW AND GROWING NUISANCE.

ENCLOSURES are very properly pruned in their parks. There is nothing like them in beauty, sanctity, and extent in any other English cities. They are the "lungs" of London, the recreation-grounds of millions, the one great national ornament of the largest and highest metropolis in the world. Under certain regulations, so slight as to be almost imperceptible, they are open to all. No book is kept at any of the gates to receive signatures, no order has to be countersigned by any authority, and the public domain is only to be observed, and the rights of property respected. They are public estates governed by elected trustees, and maintained, for certain purposes, out of the taxes. What those purposes are, is sufficiently plain upon the surface. Parks are not pleasure-grounds, balls, and pulpits, unless the majority will it, and the majority evidently does not will it. In some cases, these places have been turned into promenade concert-grounds, it is presumed by the desire of the majority. If this is not so, harmless as the Sunday music may be, it should be put down. The essence of good-citizenship is to rule by majority, and to respect minorities. What some may think an agreeable amusement, others may consider a criminal nuisance, and, unless a fair balance of heads and hands is made out in favour of the miscellaneous Sunday park concert, they should be returned to swell the attractions of tea-gardens and music-halls.

The Sunday bands have done their worst in the happy ordeal of discussion and opposition, have brought their way of it before fairly,—and have taken moderate root as an "institution." We have no right, so it seems, to call them a nuisance, though they encourage other encroachments. If they have not brought into existence, they have certainly swollen the dimensions of an unmitigated and growing nuisance. Go into any park, from Kensington to Strepney, on a Sunday afternoon, from five to eight, look on in summer, and you will find at least a dozen raving societies standing upon chairs, each one endeavouring to impress a listening crowd with a sense of his critical excellence. Formerly these outrageous missionaries—what few there were—had some appearance of age, if not of wisdom; but now that their numbers are multiplied a hundredfold, they seem to consist chiefly of

young men with military beards, and boys with sharp voices, blinking eyes, and offensive airs of superior goodness. The gospel they preach is not remarkable for inspiring them with modesty. They alone lay claim to the possession of the right doctrine. The whole "Humane" is full of "heresies"; the world is full of sinners; the bad "arrest" is only one result of turning a deaf "hear" to such infallible teachers; "Igh Eaven" has chosen them as its special prophets; refuse to pay a penny when the hat goes round, and "Eil!" will be going for you. Youths of ten or twelve years of age are encouraged by a hundred weak-minded listeners to hold forth in this style, while their proprietors may be engaged in picking the pockets of the crowd—in some cases the only object of the whole business.

In other cases the strings of the inspired boy-puppet may be pulled by fathers, mothers, and elder brothers, and field-preaching is substituted for quite as profitable an out-door game as walking on stilts, dancing on the black-wire, or ground and lofty tumbling. In some few cases, a dissipated boy with a loose tongue may have been caught by a knot of bad-gossellers, and played as a trumpet card against the unity of Jesus haddis. In all cases this park-preaching is offensive, unseasonable, and a living caricature upon real religion and piety. It is an unqualified intrusion upon the recreation of millions. It drives thousands of watering sheep, from a spirit of opposition, out of the fold. The police look at it, walk round it, and in the absence of instructions, seem afraid to touch it. These instructions to "move" it "on" might at once be issued. The supposed end ought not any longer to be justified by the means.

If a dozen men were found touting helplessness in the Regent's-park on a Sunday afternoon, they would not be saved from the watch-bench by stating that they were gunning for Bibles. If a party of unbusiness-like propagandists, on the same day, were to erect "cockades" in Hyde-park, that presumed sinners might have a chance of winning a choice hymn-book for "three sticks a penny," the officers on duty would know how to deal with such a peculiar manifestation of piety. Why, then, this delicacy about dispersing an obstructive prayer-meeting? There is nothing in loud and frequent prayer which commands respect, or betokens a superior degree of Christianity. We are not aware that old Howell, who prayed when washing his hands, and after putting on a clean shirt, was a saint, compared with his companions in the time of Charles II. There is no such "spiritual distinction" in this mad metropolis, to make this kind of preaching a religious necessity; and even if there were, the parks are not the proper meeting-places. Until the public invites the trespassers to these places, they ought to be handed to the gaol.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

(Continued from p. 207.)

In a few days they went again to sea, and, after a bad cruise, put into Leghorn on the 24th February, where they remained till the 6th March, when, the Admiral having got intelligence that the French fleet was seen off the Isle of Majorca, orders were sent to sail to sea immediately. The ships were taken unawares; but all were got off in tolerable order. On the 10th, they got in sight of the French fleet, and a signal was hoisted for a general chase. They had little wind, and the enemy, unfortunately, were in-shore of them. Two days afterwards they were close upon the French ships, and Nelson wrote a brief exulting note to Vice-Admiral Gosselin, to whose division he belonged, to congratulate him on being so near the enemy, and to beg a few additional men, should opportunity serve. Three days afterwards he writes again, to say "The enemy are fled." The *Agamemnon* and *Invincible* had engaged the *Cu Ira* (described by Nelson as being large enough to take *Agamemnon* in her hold) and the *Crower*, who defended themselves gallantly, and suffered severe losses—nearly 400 men being killed in each, out of a crew of 1,200 in the former, and 1,000 in the latter. On the next day both these gigantic ships surrendered to Nelson. The rest of the French fleet behaved extremely ill, and finally fled to the island of Minorca, where they disembarked, the English Admiral not thinking it desirable to pursue them. The orders of the French fleet were to defeat the English, and recapture Corsica; but finding they could not do so, they abandoned the latter. A few days afterwards we find Nelson at Porto Ferraio.

Agamemnon, PORTO FERRAIO, March 24th, 1795.

MY DEAR SIR,—Admiral Richman has no doubt informed you of my little encounter against the enemy, and of the few opportunities for any officer to distinguish himself; all were anxious, and save I am, had the breeze only continued, we should have given a decisive and destructive blow to the French fleet. The *Minotaur*, in a game of wind, was driven on shore between this place and Leghorn; but have the greatest hopes of saving her. Our information from Genoa is that the *Sans Culotte* is in the Mole, and that the French fleet were seen steering to the northward of the *Illes de Minorca*; other accounts say they are in Tonkin, and the troops broke; others that they are now in Yolo Bay. I believe the *Tonkin* account, for what should a crippled fleet do without the resources. Gratefully commended the troops destined for Corsica, and when they had lost our fleet, he was to have been landed with 5,000, and the 10,000 embarked at Tonkin were instantly to have joined him.

Admiral Richman's letter from Leghorn, dated the 1st February, saying that he had acquainted Lord Spencer he was ready to proceed to his command, but that the *Victory*'s men were drafted on board Lord Howe's fleet; therefore he could not sail till their return. By our reinforcements' arrival we are with 14 sail of the line, more than enough; therefore, I am not disposed to let the enemy choose to cover a disembarkation, we cannot hinder them. Any number of transports might have safely navigated these seas during the week we were in sight of them.

I have best respects to Lady Hamilton, believe me, dear Sir, your very faithful servant,

HENRY VIVIAN.

N.B. Britannia, P. Royal, St. George, Windsor Castle, Captain, Fortitude, *Agamemnon*, *Tascher*, *Bellevue*, *Terrible*, *Diadem*, *Egypt*, all ready for service; *Bleeker* and *Dunlop* Castle at Leghorn.
Rt. Hon. Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

In all Nelson's letters written at this time we find expressions of regret that Lord Hood is not with the fleet, and allusions to the comparative inferiority of Admiral Hotham, whom he regarded in many respects as an excellent officer, but slow, and deficient alike in energy and largeness of views. He blamed Hotham severely for suffering the French fleet to escape, when, by following up the advantages gained by the gallantry of the *Agamemnon* and the *Isaacdore*, he might have effectively crippled the enemy. The following passage, in a letter to his wife, written at this time, depicts the whole situation, and throws a light upon Nelson's character, which can be obtained only from his most intimate correspondence. "I wish to be an admiral, and in command of the English fleet; I should very soon either do much or be ruined. My disposition cannot bear tame and slow measures. Sure I am, had I commanded our Fleet on the 14th, that either the whole French fleet would have gained my triumph, or I should have been in a confounded scrape. I went on board Admiral Hotham as soon as our firing grew slack in the van, and the *Claire* and *Chasseur* had struck, to propose to him leaving our two crippled ships, the two prizes, and four frigates, to themselves, and to pursue the enemy; but he, much cooler than myself, said, 'We must be contented; we have done very well.' Now, had we taken ten sail, and had allowed the eleven to escape, when it had been possible to have got at her, I could never have called it well done. Goodwill (the Vice-Admiral) backed up; I got him to write to the Admiral, but it would not do; we should have had such a day as, I believe, the annals of England never produced. I verify that which if the Admiral can get hold of them once more, and he does but get us close enough, that we shall have the whole fleet. Nothing can stop the courage of English seamen." The anxious desire for the return of Lord Hood to the fleet is constantly expressed in subsequent letters. In one letter he says, "His absence is a great national loss;" in another, "We have lost much by Lord Hood's going to England, and much more, probably, by his not returning." In another, "Truly sorry am I that Lord Hood does not command us; he is a great officer; and were he here we should not now be skulking." In a fourth letter, he calls him "the best officer, take him altogether, England has to boast of." Lord Howe certainly is a great officer in the management of a fleet, but that is all; Lord Hood is equally great in all situations which an admiral can be placed in. As to Admiral Hotham, he says frankly that he does not consider him intended by nature for a commander-in-chief, "which requires a man of a more active turn of mind;" and, in another place, he says, "Hotham must get a new head; no man's heart is better, but that won't do without the other."

The want of men is a constant complaint throughout these letters. The deficiency of the English fleet in respect both of men and ships, wrings from Nelson many a remonstrance against the authorities. "Nothing," he writes, "this war has been half so badly managed as we find the new Admiralty." From Leith, in May, he says, "we have been here a whole week, expecting every hour to hear something from England, but nothing comes to us. The Admiral has not a scratch of a pen for a month past; no reinforcements arrived, nor have we heard of their having sailed." This made them look with the greatest anxiety to any help they could get from Naples, although Nelson thought very indifferently of the Neapolitans as seamen, and did not hesitate to express his opinion that they were unable to keep the sea beyond a passage.

In the beginning of April the ships went into St. Fioravante, to refit; and soon after sailed for Minorca, to ascertain what the Spaniards meant by twenty-one sail of the line that were then lying in Mahon. For nearly two months they continued in this way beating about, "doing nothing," as Nelson describes it, "waiting for Lord Hood," their operations being at a standstill for want of ships. At last, in the middle of June, Admiral Maitland, not Lord Hood, joined them with a squadron from England, bringing Nelson a letter from Lord Spencer, acknowledging his claims, and promising to reward them when a proper opportunity should offer. Nelson's thoughts, upon receipt of this intelligence, immediately reverted to home, and he wrote to his wife, communicating the good tidings, and adding that he hoped to save his pay, "which," he continues, "with a little addition, will buy us a very small cottage, where I shall be as happy as in a house as large as Holkham." Early in the following month, he had the satisfaction of learning that he was appointed Colonel of Marines, an honorable and profitable sinecure, which, at that time, was conferred on three, and afterwards on four, post-captains for good services, to be relinquished on obtaining the flag. This mode of rewarding gallantry has been abolished, and good-service pensions substituted in its place. No man ever earned much recognition more nobly. "I have to lament," says Nelson, writing to his brother at this time, "what no officer can say now, or any other that I know, of being, in 15 months, 110 days in action at sea and on shore."

Very weary was this long watch of the French fleet: Nelson, at one time, with a couple of frigates, chased for twenty-four hours the enemy; at another, baffled of coming to close quarters by the wind, and always missing the prize which seemed close at hand. Banging along the coast of France, in co-operation with the Austrian army, which had its outposts at Legna and Vado, some relief was obtained from the necessity of the dreary look-out, by seeing all vessels bound to France, or to places where French troops were known to be.

But Nelson was giving way under the harassing life he had been lately leading. "I find my exertions have been beyond my strength," he says, in one of his letters. "I have a complaint in my breast, which will probably

bear me down; but please God, if I see this campaign out, if *Agamemnon* does not go to England, I must, the medical people tell me, be on shore for a month or two, without the thoughts of service."

Towards the end of the year 1793, a proposition was made to him to enter Parliament; but by whom, or under what circumstances, has never transpired. His reply was honest and manly. He was a Whig in principle—a sound Whig of the Portland school; he had been actually engaged in battle, by land and water, more than a hundred times, and had been twice wounded. These were his pretensions. If necessary, he would come to England; but he hoped it would not be necessary, as he was engaged in active service. From certain expressions in his letter, it would seem that the offer came from the Admiralty, or the Duke of Portland; at all events, that he was to be supported by Government influence. However that may be, the proposal came to nothing. Nelson never held a seat in the House of Commons.

Admiral Hotham struck his flag on the 1st November, and was temporarily succeeded by Sir Hyde Parker, until the arrival of Sir John Jervis, afterwards Earl of St. Vincent, who took the command of the fleet towards the close of the year, when Nelson went to Leith to refit. The favorite *Agamemnon* was in a deplorable condition—every mast, yard, and sail, even to the rigging, had been shattered by shot, and her hull was kept together by cables sewed round. In January, 1794, Sir John Jervis offered him the *Claire*, *George*, of 24 guns, or the *Zelus*, of 174, but he declined them, out of regard for his faithful crew and his riddled ship. The *Agamemnon*, however, was sent home, as unfit for service; in June, when Nelson hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Cyprian*, 74 guns, but not until he had crowned his old ship with a farewell laurel, by making capture of two vessels of war and five transports, off Onchia.

At Leith, and Genoa he maintained a strict blockade, with as much tenderness as could possibly be shown to the inhabitants, who were placed between two fires. In September and October he was at Bastia, from whence the following letter is dated. The subject is of historical interest. In consequence of the alliance with Spain, the Government at home had resolved to evacuate Corsica, a measure which Nelson condemned, and which the English Viceroy of the Island, Sir Gilbert Elliot, regarded as dangerous and ignominious. Sir John Jervis's instructions to Nelson, when ordering him to Bastia to undertake this service, show exactly what was desired to be done:—"Having received orders to co-operate with the Viceroy in the evacuation of the island of Corsica, and afterwards to retreat down the Mediterranean with His Majesty's fleet under my command, I desire that you will lose no time in going over to Bastia, and consulting with the Viceroy upon the best means of performing the operation." Sir Gilbert Elliot, to whom reference is here made, was originally sent to Corsica as Commissary Plenipotentiary, and, after the cession of the island, appointed Viceroy, which he held till this time, when it was evacuated. He was afterwards created a peer, by the title of Lord Minto, subsequently raised to an earldom, with a royal grant to wear the arms of Corsica, on a chief, over his family ensigns. He subsequently acted as ambassador to Vienna, and held the important offices of President of the Board of Control and Governor-General of India.

BASTIA, October 18, 1794.

MY DEAR SIR.—The Viceroy will write you so fully that it would be impertinent were I to say more, than the joy I feel at the resolution taken, and that I may claim some merit with the King of Naples for my steady support to His Interest, which, in good truth, he highly deserves; not a little must be attributed to Sir John Acton and yourself, and I have full confidence that the conduct of Naples will continue to be such that we may pride ourselves for our advice; the greatest confidence must be placed in us, and nothing like jealousy. God knows I only feel for the King of Naples, as I am confident the change in his Government would subvert the interest of all Europe. He has a narrow-minded party to war against, but I feel above it.

I shall only ask, that I will still endeavor to prove myself the same active officer which the world has seen I am.—With kindest respects to Lady Hamilton, believe me, your most faithful, humble servant,

Sir William Hamilton.

HORATIO NELSON.

October 19.—We have just got the Admiral's consent, and you will receive his despatches. Galleys must be sent immediately to Elbe, and be at our disposal; and the ships should join our fleet as soon as possible; they may come safely to Elbe, and thence form the junction. Port Capra must also be partly fortified by us. We should not answer it to our Country was anything on which depends the safety of our fleet and army left to chance.

I do not think it impossible but I shall soon be sent to Naples. As the ships are ready, I may impress Sir John Acton with the great importance of their sailing.

H. N.

As our stay in the Mediterranean is a secret, and not told to Captain Keilich, you must tell him to come to Port Ferrajo; his orders are for San Fiorenzo, where we shall not be.

The "resolution taken," to which Nelson alludes in this letter, was the resolution not to abandon the Mediterranean, which Sir William Hamilton afterwards ascribed solely to the joint exertions of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Commodore Nelson. Government had scarcely ordered the evacuation of the island, when they wished to rescind their determination, and sent out orders to that effect; but it was too late, the evacuation was already accomplished.

As soon as this business was fairly over, Sir John Jervis ordered Nelson to Gibraltar, and from thence to take the command of the naval force at Porto Ferrajo. Sir John wrote at the same time to Sir William, saying that the command could not be in better hands than in those of Nelson, than whom, he adds, a more able or enterprising officer does not exist.

[To be continued.]

Reviews of Books.

THE CANTON NOVELS.*

Thus, the first branch of a new edition of the novels written by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, consists of "The Canton Family," "My Novel," and "What Will He Do with It?" Taken alone, these volumes are sufficient to establish a great and lasting literary reputation; taken in conjunction with the works of fiction by the same author, they present a more complete and marvellous fertility of invention, and vast comprehension of mankind. There is but one word to account for such varied and inexhaustible powers—that word is GENIUS. "Nullum quod non erant levitatem" was justly applied to Colburn, and his cabinet gems well merited the tribute; and how much more extensively may it be attributed to the producer of a whole universe of precious works, each vying in kind in brilliant succession, dazzling with different lustres, and augmenting in value from their relative blending and the completeness of the collection. Eastern tales astonish us with descriptions of palaces of gold, and jewels, and diamonds, raised by the winds of mighty magic, and blazing with unimaginable splendour, which another wave of the incantation dissolves into thin air. The fabric vanishes. We have, for the moment, allowed ourselves to be carried along with the gorgeous spell, and whisper, "Can such things be!" and our dream is over. But the magic of the Pen surpasses the wonders of the driving rod, the lamp of Aladdin, the seal of Solomon. The talismans it holds are more sumptuous than gem or jewel; their occupants are creations of an infinitely finer nature; their vicissitudes are of a real and deeper interest; and the lessons they inculcate remain. They last for ever; and we return again and again to admire their glory, to enjoy their beauty, to feel their influence, and to appreciate their wisdom.

Can the Novel effect all this? "A Novelist," in common application, is but an inferior title in the rank and order of Literature. The Historian is a grand name; the Poet still more exalted, and truly the top of all, when glancing from Heaven to Earth and Earth to Heaven, embodying the sublime and filling the world with immortality. The Novelist, with the exception of the humble name, is often, as in the instance of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, endowed with the higher gift of poetry, to unite with other elements; and, if it be the boast of History to teach by example, assuredly it must be conceded to the novel to be at least equal for the ministrations of virtue and truth and the improvement of humanity.

* The noblest study of mankind is Man."

Let us see how we study him in history—individually. As far as we can ascertain his character, he is crowned monarch, or ambitious usurper, or learned divine, or trained judge, or victorious warrior, or astute statesman, or intriguing politician, or millionaire merchant, or any other of that upper class who figure in national annals. In truth, we can know very little about them; yet we pretend to dive into their inmost souls, to balance their motives, to develop the causes of their actions; in short, Frankenstein-like, we make our man, and set him on his own legs, as a model to be copied, or an example to be shunned. Thus, History, whilst offering great light for public guidance, cannot, in reality, be said to afford the best study of man for the instruction of his fellow-creatures—Man. History, in short, is an aggregate of biographies; and if, as we believe, a single biography must partake as much of what is called the "novel" as of what is called the "history," looking merely to the crowd, we may be still more widely led astray and mistaken. Now, with regard to the competent Novelist, there is no limit to his observation. The entire living world is before him to study. He is not peering through clouds at kings, and ministers, and heroes, and sages, to guess what they have thought, and what has moved them, and what course or that. He is mixing with his subjects in daily and familiar intercourse. He can study them in prosperity and adversity, in joy and sorrow, in happiness and trouble, in wealth and poverty, in health and sickness, in society and solitude, in ease and trial, in hope and failure, in innocence and guilt; he can pursue his converse over an unbroken continuance of time—from one and all he can select his materials, and, like the ancient sculptor, carve them into the desired form, and arrange them in the necessary groups. The historian copies from old designs and distances; the novelist chooses his models, and paints from the life.

And from many-colored life has Sir Edward drawn. His position has been most fortunate, enabling him to deal with the substances, not the shadows, as the bases of his fictions, if those can be called fictions which are only contrivances of events and situations for the exhibition of men and women as real as are ever met in actual existence. The Canton series, in particular, we must acknowledge as bringing us so close to the scene of our own flesh and blood, and showing us how, under the circumstances of the case, they would naturally act according to the qualities with which it has placed their author to clothe them. They belong principally to the upper middle-class; but when, as in the last, "What Will He Do with It?" the scene ranges among the aristocracy and higher regions of politics, we find ourselves, in daily life with respect to truthful portraiture, and learn that it is not begun without reaping fruits, accessible but to very few, that the writer has associated within the closest bounds with legislators and ministers of state,—persons *pari passu* might be his unquestioned motto.

To be at the heart of the matter in England is a great station. Fitting the age in which they lived, and the manners that surrounded them, Richardson and Fielding hold sovereign sway, and Smollett was great in his line, and Scott was indeed the Wizard of the North. And we can speak of living writers, whose fame will also go down to posterity as the delight and honour of our present age. But when we glance at the extraordinary extent and the diversity of the productions of a Bulwer, and reflect on the fact that they are but emanations, floated, as it were, from amidst labours and duties of the most onerous nature, we are lost in astonishment. And the more, as nowhere is mediocrity or superficiality to be discerned. Bulwer is far removed from the herd of the *faux auteurs* of the *feuilleton*; he is sterling throughout, and never can be misunderstood, because he knows what he means, and how to communicate it most intelligibly. His style is always

plain, strong, nervous,—when requisite, eloquent, pathetic, passionate. The English language could not furnish quotations more admirable than many passages we could point out in these volumes. In construction, too, there is everything to captivate the mind. The plot is "What Will He Do with It," or rather the incidents which keep curiosity on the stretch, and attract to the last "surprise," do not hinge upon actualities, but upon the attributes and feelings of the principal characters, and to work these out, the writer has to dissect their inmost hearts. This he has done with exquisite skill, and while abnormal deformities are rebuked and prejudices exposed, the pure interests of morality and Christianity are advocated, without a word that reveals the idea of teaching, and penetrates far more deeply than the arid rail of eager proselytism. The foundations of the really good novel—of the production that will inform, improve, and delight the time, and descend to future ages as a genuine picture of things and manners,—are chiefly imagination, common sense, judgment, and propriety. Without these, a work that professes to be nothing beyond mere pretence. With them, and great natural talent, and cultivated taste, and practised industry, the work may be accomplished, but the qualifications and endowments are very rare, and therefore it is that we have so few specimens of success. When we do meet with them, as *here*, we cannot prize them too highly. They are most useful and almost original methods of directing our views to righteous principles, both as affects ourselves and others; impressors of virtue and reprovers of vice, teaching without dogmatism, and promoting progress and happiness most effectively when seeming almost a mere amusements, a play for the leisure holiday, and a rest and a change to the weary and busy life.

For so much and so large a contribution to the social happiness of a countryman are we indebted to Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

AUSTRALASIAN NATURAL HISTORY.*

EVER since its first discovery, the Australian land has been remarkable for the variety and peculiar forms of animal and vegetable life it presents to the traveller. Its productions are very much unlike those of the country. It has little blossoming on stems high; stinging nettles rising, like palm-trees, to the height of 140 feet, and then branching off in a crown of leaves; and a gaily vegetable protuberance hardly worthy of being called a tree, growing in an arid soil and dry atmosphere—whose birth is often considerably greater than its height, whose fruit ripens when the leaves have fallen, and whose trunk yields an enormous quantity of nutritious manna. The animal kingdom is no less singular and anomalous than the vegetable. Of the native birds several are wingless, some burrow in the ground, and some build for themselves huts not used as nests, and little inferior to those of the native savage tribes. A very unusual proportion of its reptiles are venomous, and almost all its quadrupeds are provided by nature with a singular pelt, enabling them, as Professor Owen has said, "to carry their delicate prematurely-born young about with them wherever they go, in a soft, warm, well-lined portable nursery-pocket, or perambulator." The surrounding sea is no less remarkable for their fish and shells than the land. Its extraordinary corals, and its reptiles, and thus the whole country teems with material of the best kind for the naturalist.

Dr. Bennett, in the work before us, has added one more to that valuable, but small, list of natural history books which are full of amusing anecdote for the general reader, and abound with results of minute personal research appreciated by the naturalist—looks at the world in a different light, never grow old, and can hardly be superseded, but which in time are treated as queries from which the constructive material of scores of volumes is regularly compiled. Of such books Gilbert White's "Sylviculture," stands in the first rank, while Broderick's "Zoological Recollections," and Waterton's "Wonderful and Wonderful," are regarded as other distinguished examples. Dr. Bennett has done for Australia what Waterton did for Brazil, and has made us acquainted with the personal and private history of such of the animals and vegetables as he was able to observe. He makes no attempt to generalize, or inform us of what other people have said of other matters than those he is interested in; but is a little too apt to be diffuse in second-hand narrations where his own observations by themselves would have been sufficient for his purpose.

In illustration of these remarks, we give our readers a brief abstract of his account of one of the most curious anomalies of the animal kingdom—the Smithornithus, a duck-like bird with the form of a snake, combining strange characteristics of quadrupeds and birds. No such account of this animal has yet been published, and it is the more valuable as given by so excellent an observer as our author.

Near a tranquil part of a river, with shaded banks, and amid luxuriant vegetation, the Smithornithus was first observed by the author, late in the evening, and chiefly in spring or summer. They are extremely dirty and shy, and are only recognised by their little mandibles slightly raised above the water's edge. They do not, however, lie continuously in the water, but burrow in the banks, having runs extending sometimes 40 or 50 feet, and these are extremely small, as the animal is very curious in its power of contracting its loose skin, to pass through an aperture apparently much smaller than its body. They feed on small insects and shell-life when full grown, but the young are meek. This, at least, is the conclusion arrived at—notwithstanding the difficulty of the operation with the bird-like mouth—and is confirmed by the natives, who, being asked how the young males fed, replied, "All same you white feller—first have milk-like, then make pips (eat) bread, yam, &c."

The offspring are born alive, and, when full-grown, are excellent food. They lie curled up together in a nest in so many hills, like hedgehogs. They are playful and animated, scratching and kicking, and tumbling over one another like puppies. "It was very ludicrous to see the uncouth little creatures open their mandible-like lips and yawn, stretching out the fore-jaws, and extending the webs of the fore-feet to their utmost expansion. Although this was natural, yet, not being in the habit of seeing a duck yawn, it had the semblance of being perfectly ridiculous." They climbed to the top of a brook-

* *Gleanings of a Naturalist in Australasia: being Observations principally of the Animal and Vegetable Productions of New South Wales, New Zealand, and some of the Austral Islands, by George Bennett, D.D., F.R.S., F.Z.S., &c. &c. &c. London: John Van Nostrand.*

case as a chimney-sweeper climbs a chimney, pressing the back against the wall, and scrambling up with the claws of the fore-feet. They lived for a time in captivity, fed on bread, chopped egg, and minced meat, but could not be brought over to England.

The curious bill enables the animal to strain the water from its food, which is conveyed into capacious cheek-pouches before being swallowed. The tongue is provided with horny teeth, and mud and sand is swallowed with the food, to assist digestion. The male has a spur like that of a game cock, and both male and female clean and dress their fur as a bird does its feathers. The voice is sometimes a squeak and sometimes a growl.

Among the birds of Australia Dr. Bennett gives some account of the so-called "Laughing Jackass," or "Settler's Clock," whose singular gurgling laugh and shrill scream mark the earliest dawn, and are heard after dusk. The "Native Companion," another bird of large size, is to be seen in the marshes, performing the most curious antics with its fellows, "perpetrating like opera-dancers when getting up a ballet. They figure away, devoting all their energies to dancing and jumping, twisting and throwing up one leg in the most graceful manner; then they will tumble upon the ground, feet uppermost, and finish by rolling about like dogs."—(p. 222.)

The "Mooruk," or Australian Casowary, is a bird whose existence was first made known by Dr. Bennett, and which is the more interesting as being almost the only living representative of a large family of wingless birds, formerly abundant in the southern hemisphere, but now almost extinct. It was found in the island of New Britain, and specimens have been brought to this country. The mooruk is a robust bird, with a stiff, feeble, but having funny little spicules for wings, and with the body covered with hair rather than feathers. In captivity it is bold, and easily domesticated, noisy and inquisitive. "One, or both of them," says Dr. Bennett, speaking of two kept in his house for some time, "would walk into the kitchen, and while one was loitering under the tables and chairs, the other would leap up on the table, keeping the cook in a state of excitement; or they would be heard in the hall or library, in search of food or information; or they would walk upstairs, and then quickly descend again, making their peculiar chirping, whistling noise. Not a door could be left open, but they were walking. They kept the servants constantly on the alert; if one went to open the door, on turning round he found a mooruk behind him. They seldom went together, generally wandering apart from each other. If any attempt was made to turn them out by force, they would start rapidly round the room, dodging about under the tables, chairs, and sofa, and then end by squatting down under a sofa or in a corner."—(p. 251.) These birds have a curious and dangerous habit of swallowing whatever comes in their way, whether butter or iron nails, eggs or corals, fruit or articles of ladies' dress; but in every case, the articles not approved of by the digestive organs were rapidly enough got rid of in an unaltered state.

We ought not to conclude this notice without directing attention to some admirable colour drawings, executed by Mr. Wolf, which serve to illustrate it. Like all Mr. Van Voest's books, Dr. Bennett's "Gatherings" is admirably got up, and, like most of them, it deserves to be so.

BRITISH RELATIONS IN CHINA.*

CAPTAIN SHEPARD OSBORNE, of the Royal Navy, had been engaged in his professional capacity for some time upon the coast of China; and in the volume now published he has given the public in possession of some very important geographical knowledge.

Captain Shepard Osborne's attention, whilst in China, was directed to the political events occurring around him. Taking the part of a gallant British sailor in two wars with the Chinese, he also exercised the privilege of a British subject, by studying the policy and laws promulgated by English statesmen, and obtaining an insight into the principles of government acted upon by the rulers of the gigantic empire with which he was engaged in hostilities. The results of all he had seen are to be found in this little volume; and the practical lesson which he would inculcate upon English statesmen and the British public in all present and future dealings with the Chinese is compressed in a single word—"FORCE."

"Force (no say) rather than argument, necessity rather than conviction, is the only rule by which a Chinaman can be made to agree with a European."—(p. 7.)

The European has ever to use force rather than argument to obtain his ends in China, he may however choose his weapons wisely.—(p. 71.)

"You cannot open China, but as an armed man—victorious. You cannot teach the rulers of China to respect their political engagements with a foreigner, except through force."—(p. 115.)

When Cardinal Ximenes was asked in a very peremptory tone, by one of the grandees of Spain, to explain his reasons for venturing to exalt the powers of the king at the expense of the nobles, the Cardinal invited the grandee to step with him to the window, and then, pointing to a park, the artillery drawn up in front of the palace, replied, "There are my reasons." According to Captain Shepard Osborne's description of the Chinese the "park of artillery" is the only argument intelligible by them; it is the only one that can influence their decisions; it is the only one to which they will patiently submit. He declares that when an Englishman has reasoned upon any Chinese question, the best thing for him to say,—"I think this is the right thing to be done; but because I think it is, then I am quite sure the emperor, mandarins, and Chinamen will come to an equally opposite conclusion, and act accordingly." He makes, too, this very extraordinary statement—

"I never remember any European who took an European, and I grant, rational view of China, who was in the end right."

What, then, is to be done with a people who are not influenced by reason,—who do not believe that men act from motives of humanity, or honour, or rectitude? The simple mode of solving such a question, if it referred to an individual, would be to say—"Have no dealings with him; keep away from him." But you cannot so act with the Chinese. As the author puts

the matter plainly and distinctly, there is no shrinking away from it. "We cannot exist without tea and silk. We want that huge market of four hundred millions for our manufactures. The exchequer of Britain and India need the revenue already derived from the trade in tea between us." This being the state of affairs between England and China, and as relations between the two countries must be maintained, then in what way are they to be continued, and how best preserved? Captain Shepard Osborne answers the question with the vigour of a Ximenes, and the bluntness of a British sailor—"BY FORCE."

"We want (he observes) the Chinaman to act as we think best, without using force, or without apparently consulting our own interests. The result is constant sickening, or elaborate use of large forces, whereas if you simply started on the ground of 'You must do so and so,' the Chinese intellect would appreciate the consequences, and yield. We are barbarians, and unaccountable under all circumstances; nothing we can say or do will alter that opinion of us; do, therefore, what is right, and merely consult our own conscience and the interests of our country."

The author then candidly avows what he considers would be the right thing to do. He is at first beginning with "an energetic and prudent series of military and naval operations," first, for the purpose of exacting a fulfilment of every clause in the Treaty of Tientsin, as well as for the punishment of those who broke that peace which he promised. He is next for enforcing the right of the British to trade with every part of China. He points to this very important fact,—viz., that at present British trade is limited to a small portion of China, and that native as well as foreign monopolists have a common interest in so restricting it; whilst, by carrying on hostile operations to the north of beyond all our present mercantile operations, the two great advantages would be gained,—the opening up of rich regions populated by Asiatics in a high state of civilization, who would all become customers when "they saw Englishmen appearing in a military character;" and next, it would impress upon the Chinese Court this important fact, that the slaughter of the British at Canton was not an act to be passed over without an indemnity for its future recurrence.

We do not enter into all the arguments brought forward by the gallant author in support of his views. They are clearly stated and fully explained in his work; and, though the public may hesitate before it comes to the same conclusion as he has arrived at, he has arrived, still, at a point of view that is borne in mind, that the opinions here put forward are those of a well-informed man, who has devoted several years to the study of the subject on which he writes; that he has made personal acquaintance with the Chinese; that he has been in the midst of them, and that no other motive can induce him to betray the desire to overthrow his country,—to injure his people, his interests as a commercial nation, as he had in view maintained the honour of the British flag.

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE"—A NOVEL.*

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE" is a republication from Mr. Dickens's serial, "All the Year Round." The tale was, as we understand from the preface to the present edition, received with a "warm welcome among English and American readers." The author now appeals to three classes of persons, in the hope of obtaining their approval:—first, to those who know his story as it was weekly narrated; next, to those who will not permit it to pass in its entirety; and lastly, to the reviewers or critics, from whom he asks the favour of not "telling his story at second hand."

We cannot venture to express an opinion as to what may be the feelings of persons who may undertake a second perusal of "The Woman in White." Our duty is, whilst complying with the author's request, of so pointing out, by trying to tell his story for him, to give an honest and unbiased opinion as to a book which we have now read for the first time.

"The Woman in White" is, in our judgment, a very interesting book—not equal in all its parts; but still a novel which justly may claim a high rank among the light literature of the day.

The plan on which the work is constructed has the merit of novelty. "The story of the book is told throughout by the characters of the book. They are all placed in different positions along the chain of events; and they all take the chain up in turn, and carry it on to the end."

This is not only a new but a very good idea. It is much better than the old and now long-disused plan, of telling a story in a series of letters; and if it could have been carried out, in perfect accordance with the characters of the several persons introduced, would be entitled to the highest praise. The author has not been able to act upon his own idea, because he wrote a tale to be published in a periodical; and, as the King "embodied" vein of publication is, that every portion must be *fitting*;—that is, it must be so, that there shall be no pause, nor rest in it—every particle must be glittering with points, or glaring with excitement. And so it is with the "Woman in White." All the characters, by whom the story is supposed to be told, "must speak in passion, and all of course 'do it in the King 'embodied' vein." The duty of Mr. Wilkie Collins, as a narrator is, in his minute observation of the most trifling circumstances which can aid in the portraiture of an individual; and every one that he introduces as a narrator has the selfsame complication. The attractions of the tale are intensified, because it is so told; but then what it gains in interest it loses in skillfulness of narration, and in truthfulness. It is no more like what a real statement of facts would be if actually detailed by each of the persons introduced, than one of Doctor Samuel Johnson's Pitt-and-Pultney debates, as invented by him for an old magazine, was like a real parliamentary debate in the House of Commons between the same men when using their own language, and so giving expression to their own thoughts, and their own feelings. The debates were far superior to the originals. They were entitled to admiration, and better worth reading than the most accomplished short-hand writer's notes; but for all that they were not what they pretended to be. The named doctor made orators of men who only made peasants. And now it is with Mr. Wilkie Collins's characters. They all write too well, and they all write with the same skill, sharpness, and microscopic talent of observation; and it is often difficult to tell—especially in those portions ascribed to the hero, and the sister of the heroine—which holds the pen, for the calligraphy

* The Past and Future of British Relations in China. By Captain Shepard Osborne, C.B., Royal Navy. Author of "A Cruise in Japanese Waters." Wm. Blackwood and Sons, London and Edinburgh, 1860.

* The Woman in White. By Wilkie Collins, author of "The Dead Secret," "After Dark," &c. &c. Three Volumes. London: George Allen, Son, & Co. 1860.

is the same, and the capital letters are all finished off with the same ornamental flourishes.

The defect—the main, and we might even add, the only defect in the book—is more than compensated for by the manner in which the story is carried forward. The reader has little reason to complain of it, because he is repaid in the perusal by an untiring succession of incidents, which absorb his feelings, and keep his attention constantly on the alert.

As a specimen of the shrewdness of the author, and the manner in which he distributes his gift amongst his different characters, we present the following brief extracts:—

"Our words are giants when they do us an injury, and dwarfs when they do us a service."—Vol. i., p. 96.

"There may be many varieties of sharp practitioners in this world, but I think the hardest of all to detect are the men who conceal you under the disguise of inveterate good-humour. A fat, well-fed, smiling man of business is, of all parties to a bargain, the most hopeless to deal with."—Vol. i., p. 215.

"When two members of a family, or two intimate friends, are separated, and one goes abroad and one stays at home, the return of the relative or friend who has been travelling always seems to place the relative or friend who has been staying at home at a painful disadvantage, when the two first meet."—Vol. ii., p. 26.

"Most men show something of their dispositions in their own houses which they have concealed elsewhere: and Sir Percival has already displayed a mania for order and regularity which is quite a new revelation of him, so far as my previous knowledge of his character is concerned. . . . He picks up stray flowers from the carpet, and mutters to himself as discontentedly as if they were hot riders burning his legs; and he storms at the servant of there is a crease in the table-cloth, or a knife missing from its place at the dinner-table, as fiercely as if they had personally insulted him."—Vol. ii., p. 33.

"Women can resist a man's love, a man's fancy, a man's personal appearance, and a man's earnestness, but not a man's tongue, when he knows how to talk to them."—Vol. ii., p. 103.

"Men little know, when they say hard things to you, how well we remember them, and how much harm they do us."—Vol. ii., p. 167.

"Any woman who is sure of her wit is in a most tactful, at any time, for a man who is not sure of his own temper."—Vol. ii., p. 188.

"When an English lady has to choose between a plain coat on the surface, and a long explanation under the surface, it always takes the fact in preference to the explanation."—Vol. ii., p. 115.

"The English intellect is sound, so far as it goes; but it has one grave defect—it is always cautious in the wrong place."—Vol. iii., p. 307.

All these sharp remarks and pungent sayings are ascribed by the author to different individuals. Here and here, the honest man and the villain are all equally clever. This is not in accordance with the Shakespearian maxim:—

"To frame artists, Art both then decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

And now come those considerations with which we have mainly to do. Is the book taken as a whole, entitled to the same amount of commendation bestowed upon it when it was published piecemeal? What is to be said of Mr. Wilkie Collins as a writer of novels? Is the "Woman in White" entitled to a white or a black mark "etiam an æthere nota"? We feel not the slightest hesitation in expressing an opinion on these points. "The Woman in White" is a most interesting book. It will richly repay perusal.

A SONG. (FOR MUSIC.)

My false love sailed off the wide world main,
The blossoms fall when the tempest blows—
And left me alone to my sorrow and pain;
Green is the grass beneath the moon:
And I never shall see his face again.
Sing, Hey the green Holly—the Ivy, oh!

But the tall tree leaves the sudden blast,
Though the blossoms fall when the tempest blows,
And the days to come may be fair as the past—
Green is the grass beneath the moon:
And my first love need not be my last.
Sing, Hey the green Holly—the Ivy, oh!

Let him go—I'll neither weep nor sigh:
Though the blossoms fall when the tempest blows,
After the cloud comes a light in the sky—
Green is the grass beneath the moon.
And somebody loves me, and somebody's sigh.
Sing, Hey the green Holly—the Ivy, oh!

ILLUMINATION ON PAPER.—One of the Medival arts is reviving amongst us, and a very charming one. It is the illumination of books, to which a peculiar value is attached by their possessors—such as prayer-books, bibles, almanacs, &c. At one period it was considered impossible to reproduce the glowing colours, the fanciful designs, and the gorgeous decorations which render the MSS. of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries so precious in the estimation of artists and antiquarians. The distrust in modern skill to rival the productions of bygone times is fast yielding to the perseverance of students, and the resources of modern skill, aided by recent discoveries in chemistry. The capability of decorating a book in the manner of the monastic illuminations, whether it be effected on paper or vellum, constitutes a charming female accomplishment. There is a probability that this accomplishment will be considerably popularized by the aid of such a work as the "Manual of Illumination," for which the public is indebted to Messrs. Wm. & A. Norton, of Bathoane place. All that the learner can desire to know about materials, colours, pens, brushes, colouring, gilding, &c. is imparted in a little work, enriched with illustrations, and sold at a price that makes it a marvel of cheapness.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE HONOURABLE MAJOR HERBERT GARDNER, of Her Majesty's Army, was the son of the first Lord Gardner, a distinguished naval commander. The late Major was a resident of Southampton, where he died recently, at the age of 79. He made his will on the 1st of December, 1859, which was proved in London in the usual course by Miss Eleanor Gardner, his daughter, the sole executrix. This gallant officer has bequeathed—we give the terms he himself has expressed in the will—"all my property, money, securities for money, and all other estate and effects, real or personal, to my wife, my daughter, in full and as her own absolute property." There are some exceptions of a very kind character. The will is attested by H. Harris, solicitor, Southampton, and James Figg, servant to the major.

SIR ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE RICHARD ROBERT PERRELL, Bart., M.P. for Brighton, late of Castle Goring, and of Aldwick, both in Sussex, of which county he was a magistrate, died at his town residence, Hill-street, Berkeley-square, on the 23rd June last, aged 71. The will of this distinguished officer was proved so recently as the commencement of the present month, and the personally was sworn before EDMUND PERRELL, Esq., who was granted his relic, the Lord of the Peckell, the daughter of the late Lord De-la-Zoedde, as the sole executrix, who is the only party benefited under the will. Admiral Perrell having bequeathed his entire property, both real and personal, to her ladyship absolutely, Sir George Perrell had three children, an only son and two daughters, the latter both married to persons of distinguished rank. His only son and heir, who was a Captain in the 7th Foot, was killed in the trenches at Sebastopol; this unfortunate circumstance caused the title to devolve to his cousin, the present Sir George Stansfeld Perrell, Bart. This public official, who is the sole executor for the length of his naval service, was the son of the late Major-General Sir Thomas Perrell, Bart., and brother of Rear-Admiral Sir Samuel John Brooke Perrell, Bart., C.B., K.C.H. His mother was the daughter of Lieutenant-General Sir John Claverhouse Bampfylde, K. Comyngham, of Inverary.

THE REVEREND CANON RYTON, of the Cloisters, Westminster, and of Shoreham, Kent—This clergyman, who was a Canon of Westminster, and Rector of Shoreham, and the incumbent of St. Philip, Regent-street, London, died on the 6th of August last, at St. Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex, in the 79th year of his age, he was born on the 19th of May, 1781, and was educated at the University of Cambridge. The Reverend Canon Ryton entered the Holy Orders at an early period of life, and received the Preferment of Canon of Westminster in 1830; the income derived from this appointment produces £1,000 per annum. He was instituted to the Rectory of Shoreham in 1833. We understand that he is succeeded in the Rectory by the Reverend Evan Nepean, who was formerly the Rectory of Heydon, Norfolk, as well as the appointment of Minister of Grovesend Chapel, South Aldford street, London, and is one of the Chaplains in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

FRANCIS O'CONNOR, Esq., M.P. for Nottingham, although so long deceased, his will was not presented for probate until the 23rd of August of the present year. At the time of making his will he resided at Nottingham, Daywater, where he died on the 5th of August, 1855. The testator, it may be remembered, was managing director of the National Land Company, and also proprietor of the North-Eastern Railway, from the commencement of which latter company he bequeathed several annuities; and it is much to be regretted that the recipients of his bounty are not now benefited, owing to that journal having become extinct. As managing director of the National Land Company he has directed in his will that all his accounts of the said company, in which he was in any way mixed up, should be placed in the hands of an accountant for inspection. This reflects much credit upon the conduct of Mr. Francis O'Connor, and arose, no doubt, from that scrupulous and gentlemanly feeling which must necessarily pervade the mind of all honourable persons placed in responsible and trustworthy positions. There is a mass of papers, consisting of letters, and which have reference to his late father, and also many of his own; the letters belonging to his late father appear to be of a very interesting character, as Mr. Francis O'Connor observes in his will. His late father, who was one of the most eminent and distinguished persons in the kingdom. These documents Mr. Francis O'Connor has directed his executor to destroy, and by no means to allow them to meet the public eye. The will bears date the 10th of April, 1848, and is entirely in his own handwriting, and was witnessed by Thomas Clarke and Philip McGrath, of Regent-street, London.

LUKE THOMAS FLOOD, Esq., was formerly of Belle Vue Lodge, Chelsea, and late of Beveridge Lodge, Brighton, where he died on the 21st of June last, aged 81. His will bears date the 21st January, 1856. This gentleman was a solicitor for the counties of Hertford, Sussex, and Middlesex, and also for Westminster and the Tower Hamlets, and a Deputy-Lieutenant for Middlesex. He died possessed of much realty in the above-named counties, and elsewhere, as well as personally, of a mixed character, amounting to £75,000. To his testamentary executor, a large amount of property, arising from the receipts of his various estates. His freehold bequeathed out between his relic, his son, and his daughter, the wife of the Rev. George France. To his son, Luke Trapp Flood, who is also a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Middlesex, he bequeathed all his estate in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and appointed his residuary legatee. The testator has directed the sum of £1,800 to be invested, and the dividends arising therefrom divided fourfold for his domestic, for their respective life. The executors are L. T. Flood, G. F. Conrad, L. F. Cutbush, and E. C. Cutbush, Esq., who are all solicitors.

THOMAS HOLBY, Esq., of White Barns, near Buntingford, Hertford, and of Linsford, Cornwall, who died on the 6th of August, 1860, at the age of 82, had made his will on the 23rd of December, 1858, appointing as his executors his wife, together with his only son Thomas Holby, Esq., who was in his own name on the 1st of the present month. The personally was sworn under £5,000. This venerable gentleman, who was a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for the counties of Cornwall, Hertford, and Middlesex, possessed estates, which, together with his personal property, he bequeathed to his wife, in the following manner, viz.—he confirms the annuity of £500 secured to his wife on their marriage; also gives to her his furniture, plate, pictures, books, &c.; carriages, horses, and harness; added to these he leaves to her a policy of insurance, with his life insurance policy, and a life annuity of £100 per annum. The residue of the personally, bequeathed upon his only son Thomas Holby, Esq., late of B.M. 30th Foot.

NOTICE OF TRANSFER.—Notice is hereby given, that the business of the **SCHOOLMASTERS' and GENERAL MUTUAL ASSURANCE SOCIETY** has been transferred to the **CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE and FIRE ASSURANCE TRUST AND ANNUITY INSTITUTION**, of Louth, in the County of Lincoln, and that all claims in respect of Assurance effected with the Schoolmasters' Society will be paid and discharged by the Directors of the Church of England Assurance Society, by order, **WILLIAM EMMENS, Manager.**

Church of England Assurance Society, Louth, Lincoln.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND LIFE AND FIRE ASSURANCE INSTITUTION.

Head Office, 15, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.4.
Established 1850, and empowered by Special Act of Parliament, 4 and 5 Vic., chap. 98.

Francis Carr, Esq., Secy. and Actg. Mgr.
A list of the Proprietors particularly enrolled in the High Court of Equity.

LIFE.

This Institution adopts both the **PROPRIETARY and MUTUAL** systems of Life Assurance, and the policy-holders in both branches are fully protected by large accumulated capital of the company. The rates of premium are reduced in all cases so far as is compatible with security, and are especially favourable for young and middle-aged lives.

In the **MUTUAL** branch of the Institution, the policy-holders are entitled to the entire profits of the branch, thus enjoying all the advantages of a strictly mutual assurance society, together with the security of the accumulated capital.

In the **PROPRIETARY** branch, commurances may be effected in a great variety of ways, to suit the age, health, and circumstances of the assured. Amongst others, where the policy is made payable on the annual payment of 10 years of age, or at death, if that event should first precede. This mode of assurance is particularly desirable of students.

FIRE.

Premiums for assurance against fire are charged at the usual moderate rates, with a reduction of 10 per cent. on the residence and furniture of Clergymen and of Schoolmasters, and the buildings and contents of churches and church schools.

Prospectuses, the necessary forms, and every requisite information for effecting insurances, may be obtained on application at the Head Office, as above, or from the Agents of the company.

WILLIAM EMMENS, Manager.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,

25, Lombard Street, London, and Royal Insurance Buildings, Liverpool.

TRUSTS.

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The Royal Insurance Company is one of the largest offices in the Kingdom.

At the annual meeting of the 10th inst., the following highly satisfactory results were shown—

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Notwithstanding the large increase of business made annually through a long series of years, which obviously increase the difficulty of further advance, yet the Fire Premiums of the year 1859 rise above those of the preceding year, by a larger sum than has been obtained by the increase of any single year since the formation of the Company, excepting the year 1851, evidencing an advance of 10 per cent. in three years. To this circumstance must be attributed the growing announcement that the accounts for the year show a profit of £12,500 3s. 6d.

The following figures exhibit the progress of the whole Fire Branch, running over the last year—

| Total Premiums Received. | Increase of the Year above each preceding year. |
|--------------------------|---|
| 1857.....£45,675 0 11 | 1858.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1858.....£45,675 0 11 | 1859.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1859.....£45,675 0 11 | 1860.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1860.....£45,675 0 11 | 1861.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1861.....£45,675 0 11 | 1862.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1862.....£45,675 0 11 | 1863.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1863.....£45,675 0 11 | 1864.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1864.....£45,675 0 11 | 1865.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1865.....£45,675 0 11 | 1866.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1866.....£45,675 0 11 | 1867.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1867.....£45,675 0 11 | 1868.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1868.....£45,675 0 11 | 1869.....£45,675 0 11 |
| 1869.....£45,675 0 11 | 1870.....£45,675 0 11 |

LIFE BUSINESS.

The Directors desire to call the especial attention of the Proprietors to the statements of the Life Branch of the establishment.

The Actuary's Report on this subject has been accompanied by an appendix, containing the full particulars of investigation made, and is illustrated by two coloured diagrams, which may plan the future progress of the mortality experienced by the Royal, as indicated by colour lines, which contrast most favourably with the former averages of mortality, also depicted on the diagrams.

It is expected that these disclosures will attract a deep and profitable attention to the future management of the Company, and that the results of them will have hitherto given no basis to its principles and advantages, and it is evident that this Company, so well as others, will be able to secure the most favourable consequences to be anticipated.

The Bonus appropriated to the assured with participation amounts to 25 per cent. per annum, to be added to the original sum assured of every participating Policy effected previously to the 1st of January, 1851, and every future year. That it had been in existence since the first appropriation of Bonus there, and to one of the largest.

JOHN B. ROY, Manager and Actuary.

POLY M. JOHNSTON, Secretary to London Board.

STAR LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

46, MOORGATE STREET, London.

JAMES HOBSON, F.R.S., Secretary.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL from 3, OLD BROAD STREET, to 46, CORNHILL, E.C.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY Insures Against Accidents, whether Road or otherwise.

An Annual Payment of £2 secures £7,000 at death from the Company, or £20,000 from Insurers.

One Person in every Twelve insured is injured yearly by Accidents.

No extra Premium for Volunteers.

For further information apply to the PROPRIETARY AGENTS, the RAILWAY PASSENGERS ASSURANCE COMPANY, 46, CORNHILL, E.C. 4.

This Company without union with any other has paid for compensation £50,000.

W. J. VIAN, Secretary.

Railway Passengers Assurance Company, Office, 46, Cornhill, E.C. 4, on 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

46, St. James's-street, London, S.W.

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF BUCKINGHAM AND TULLOH, Sir Claude Scott, Bart., Henry Fox, Esq., Trustees.

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GARIBALDI:—KING OF MEN.

GARIBALDI—first man in Europe for patriotism and honesty—is now the first in fortune. He towers above all his contemporaries. Kings and Emperors, the Pope and the Kaiser, stand on a platform far beneath him. Even he, the other great man of our day, on whose fate peace and war have no long depended, is relegated into a secondary position by the successful daring, and the no less successful straightforwardness of Joseph Garibaldi. The world would be a much better world than it is, if simple virtue were always as triumphant, and self-seeking ambition as signally defeated.

The entry of Garibaldi into Naples, considered merely by itself, and without reference to its ulterior consequences, is one of the most remarkable events in history. Conqueror of the minds and hearts of his countrymen, he disarmed both moral and physical opposition, and effected the downfall of the most odious tyranny that ever oppressed and degraded a people, by the very minimum of bloodshed. Never was a mighty revolution accomplished at so slight a cost. The accident to an excursion train last week, at Manchester, was attended with more suffering and loss of life and limb than the liberation of the Neapolitan kingdom. As for the perverse young man—the bad son of a bad sire—who has taken refuge in Gaeta, he has already ceased to interest the world. If he will but quietly take his departure to Madrid or Vienna—whither no one will be foolish enough to prevent him from going,—he will end his career by an act of wisdom of which no other portion of his life or reign has exhibited a symptom.

But it is only when people consider the next move in this mighty game that they can truly estimate the significance of Garibaldi's last achievement. Victor Emmanuel is king, *de facto*, of North and of South Italy. When is he to be king of all Italy? That also depends, in the first place, upon Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel; and in the second, upon the Emperor of the French. Why should two such great men as Garibaldi and the Emperor Napoleon oppose each other? Napoleon III. ought to be convinced by this time that, as regards Italy, Garibaldi is stronger than he; and that if he do not coalesce and work with the master-mind, the laurels of Magenta and Solferino—green and fresh as they are—may yet be tarnished. The Emperor declared, little more than a year ago, that France went to war for an "idea." The idea was a great one; it was no less than "the liberation of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic." But the work was too mighty for the hands which undertook to accomplish it. The Emperor, even were his motives as pure as those of Garibaldi, fell short of success. He miscalculated his means, and made no allowance for the natural jealousies of Europe, that saw in his quarrel with Austria a recommencement of those wars of conquest and unsolicited "glory" which made the first Napoleon the scourge and the pest of the Continent. The consequence was, that he excited hostilities where he did not reckon upon them, and found himself, after a succession of victories, before the famous Quadrilateral, in a position where great Victory was likely to be followed by greater Defeat. He therefore drew back while it was yet time, and while the glories of Solferino were fresh upon his brow, leaving his splendid promise unfulfilled, and having freed no part of Italy but Lombardy, which he transferred to Sardinia, and the Duchies which presumed to dispose of themselves without his concurrence.

But Garibaldi had also his idea for the "liberation of Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic,"—an idea which he had conceived, and for which he had struggled and bled years before it entered into the mind of his tardy competitor. If the Emperor not only retired from his self-imposed task, but chose to thwart the projects of his former ally—the King of Sardinia, Garibaldi was not to be turned from the straight line. There was no crookedness in his politics, no bargaining, overtly or covertly, for any gain to himself; no hidden project for the advantage of anyone else; nothing but the unity and the freedom of Italy,—to be accomplished by him, not for him. Such a man, fighting for such a cause, excited no jealousies among the nations. He may have alarmed bad kings and emperors; but the people of all Europe were with him. And not alone the people, but one Government,—and that the greatest and most powerful of all—the free Government of Great Britain sent him moral aid, while the people sent not only their moral support, but men, money, and ships. The result, so far, has proved that Garibaldi, and not the Emperor of the French, was the right man for the work. Napoleon III., who thinks much and says little, ought to be convinced of the fact. The force of circumstance has made it palpable to the rest of the world; and it would be doing an injustice to his intellect to believe that he can be insensible to a truth so notorious.

The next movement of Garibaldi must be upon Rome, and his next work the overthrow of the temporal power of the Pope. Already Umbria, the Marches, and the whole of the Legations are in arms to support their deliverer, and not all the genius and ferocity of General Lamoricière, the hired cut-throat of the Papacy, can avert the catastrophe—unless the Emperor of the French should be traitor enough to Italy to declare against Garibaldi. Victor Emmanuel has, by his promptitude, rendered it difficult, if not impossible, for the Emperor so to act. He has sent his legions into Umbria and the Marches to establish civil order, and to give the people the liberty of deciding their future destinies. These facts are so strong as to compel Napoleon III., the mighty master of many legions, to reflect that the revolutions of Rome are once again brought back almost to the very point at which they stood when the President of the French Republic sent a fratricidal army against this same Garibaldi. Thus meditating, he will probably come to the conclusion that the Italian policy of France, ever since 1848, has been hopelessly wrong.

That France, which had just banished her own sovereign, declared her own freedom, and established a Republic, should interfere by force of arms to prevent the people of Rome and the Legations from doing the same, was a monstrous outrage, which, though not originated by Napoleon III., was acquiesced in and continued by him, and to all the odium of which he is therefore amenable. Had it not been for France, Italy might have wrought out her own freedom eleven years ago. And the events now occurring are more than sufficient to show that the military occupation of Rome by a French army in 1849, merely retarded by a few years, but did not prevent the downfall of the Papacy as a temporal power. France, no doubt, put back the hands upon the great dial of Revolution, but France did not and could not stop the clock. The Roman question has ever since continued to tick; and the bell of the great clock of Fate is about to sound the doom of the Papacy—unless the Emperor shall again interfere, as unwisely as before, to postpone a catastrophe which he cannot prevent. He told the people of Marseilles on Monday last, that "the desire for all that is good, the enthusiasm for all that is

noble, cannot abate in our day;" and added, "that the works of peace were, in his eyes, crowns as beautiful as those of laurels." If he will work out this beautiful sentiment with regard to Italy, as well as with regard to France, and allow the Italians to be arbiters of their own destinies, without his interference, or that of his armies at Rome or elsewhere, he will greatly help to secure the tranquillity which he truly declares to be the wish of the world. The Papacy is doomed; and if the Emperor will but admit the fact, and offer the Pope his old lodgings at Avignon—or plant him in Jerusalem—the peace which every one desires will be more of a fact, and less of an aspiration, than it has been at any time since 1848.

The question of Venetia is not yet ripe. Austria will not expedite its solution by interference in support of the Pope. She has other work on hand to try her mettle. And we may be sure, were she so ill advised as to attempt for *Pis IX.* that which she did not attempt for her unfortunate brother at Naples, that Hungary would immediately create a diversion, which would free Venetia as well as Rome.

"HANDS OFF!"—Let this be the counsel of England and the determination of France, and Italy, under the guidance of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, will soon be free from the Alps to the Adriatic. And, if it be not the determination of France, war will devastate Europe a few years longer; but the result will be the same. After what has happened within the last twelvemonth, the further degradation of Italy, by King, Pope, or Emperor, is simply impossible.

THE DISCOMFORTS OF ROYALTY.

WE believe that it was either the philosophic Frederic of Prussia or the still more philosophic Joseph of Austria who said that his trade was that of a king, and that it was not a satisfactory one. All trades and professions have their grievances; and the trade of kingship is no more exempt than others. The omnibus driver, the cabman, the journeyman baker, the postman, the policeman, the attorney, the author, the statesman, and a thousand others, have each and all their personal discomforts, inseparable from their business;—and why not kings and queens? There is a compensation in all the affairs of this world. Much money, much care; much responsibility, much anxiety; high station, high peril. It is no doubt a fine thing to be an Emperor,—to be at the head of a noble army,—to have an unlimited command of money, and of men's defence; but there is a tremendous *per contra* to all this magnificence and power. Jones, the banker's clerk, with two hundred a year, or less, is a poor fellow, no doubt; but he is not compelled to have a taster to make sure that his food is not poisoned; he is not obliged to wear a coat of mail, ball-proof, under his cotton or linen shirt; he does not get in daily fear of infernal machines at street corners when he goes to the play or the opera; he does not dread the inclemency of the seasons, lest famine should lead to Revolution, and Revolution to his exile or death, and the ruin of his family and friends. But a great Emperor is not so fortunate; and has to do battle for his high position by a myriad of struggles which few can appreciate, and still fewer understand. It is no easy work to be Emperor of Austria, of Russia, or of France, at the present day. It is no easy thing to be Pontifex in Montenegro, Pope in Rome, or Sultan in Turkey; but, on the contrary, a very harassing, uncertain, heart-breaking kind of business.

Even in our own happier realm of Great Britain it must be no small nuisance to be a Queen, or even a Prince Consort. It is true, there are no fears of revolution, or even of any considerable change, in our isles, for a whole generation at the least; but queenship or kingship, though it glitters, is not, after all, so very golden as it appears. To be removed from human sympathy is no small evil. Not to know, and not to be able to discover whether a man is your friend, your sympathiser, is a very considerable disquietude. To be always beset and clouded by formalities and ceremonials is at best but a splendid kind of slavery. To have GOLD-STICK here, and GOLD-STICK there; to have a Lord Chamberlain, a Lord Steward, a Mistress of the Robes, and a Groom of the Stole, Lords and Ladies in Waiting (read *Lords and Ladies* doing the duty of footmen and chambermaids), at every turn of your house and your household; to see great statesmen, the ablest and most illustrious men of your realm, lacking out of your presence, lest they should affront your majestic eyes by the sight of their coat-tails; to live in an atmosphere of continual sham, stilt, hypocrisy, ceremonial flattery and lies, is surely a sore trial to a genuine human being, whether male or female. The royalty of England is clouded in this kind of straight-jacket to an extent of which few but philosophic ministers of state, subjected to its weary influence, can have any idea. And it is therefore pleasant to see that our excellent Sovereign and her Royal Consort are glad, as often as possible, to escape from the thrall of the *etiquette* that would squeeze all the human nature out of them, if it were allowed to have its own way. No sane man would consent to be a king, if he were obliged to sleep every night with a hard and sharp golden crown upon his head. The Queen and the Prince are evidently of this opinion, or the little escapade of their journey to Grantown

on the Spey has no meaning. "On Tuesday forenoon" (last week), says the *Inverness Courier*,—

"A gentleman drove to the door of the comfortable inn or hotel known as the 'Grant's Arms,' in the centre of the open square which constitutes the village of Grantown, the capital of Strathpey. He obtained audience of the lady, Mrs. Glas, and said he wished to engage the whole house that night for a *seriously-married couple* and their suite. The worthy hostess demurred, as she might thus exclude some of her best customers; but the applicant was very civil as well as urgent, and gave assurance that the party were '*highly respectable*.' There was no difference as to terms, and Mrs. Glas was told that she would be glad afterwards to know that she had stretched a point to accommodate the party. In those circumstances an arrangement was come to. The principals arrived in the evening—apparently very quiet, satisfied with everything and everybody about them. Next morning, at ten o'clock, the carriages were at the door, and the strangers took their seats. All being ready to start, Mrs. Glas was called for, and Lord Churchill complimented her on the cleanliness and order of her establishment. The strangers, he said, had been very comfortable, and the lady said she had never slept more soundly in her life. 'I may now inform you,' said his lordship, as the principal carriage drove away, 'that you have been entertaining Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and Prince Consort.'"

We need not tell any more of the story, or repeat any of the sillinesses of the Grantown correspondent of our respected cotemporary, who declares that the days of this unexpected visit "are henceforth to be red-letter days in the calendar of Strathpey." All we have to do is, to express our hope that the royal pair will find or make many future opportunities of escaping from the infernal of Gold-stick, and all the other sticks that combine to render them uncomfortable, and to enjoy themselves as Mr. and Mrs. Jones, or Mr. and Mrs. Brown might do, in their annual holiday. To be at peace, and unobscured by spies and toudies, in a Highland inn, with good appetites, good health, clear consciences, and a sufficient purse to pay all charges, is a treat that even Royalty itself cannot procure without some difficulty. The little perversion of the truth, in the statement of the Lord in Waiting, that the mysterious guests of Mrs. Glas were a newly-married couple, is pardonable, for the sake of the complacent to matrimony which it involves in the case of a grandmother and grandfather.

The moral of the story is simply this,—and it is one for the humbler classes, who complain of hardship, to take to their hearts:—Hardship is not confined to the lowly. The loftiest find it pleasant, as well as wholesome, to descend to the ordinary level of humanity, to rough it—to shift for themselves—and to be considered, by those about them, if only for once in a way, in the light of common human beings.

A PERVERSE POLITICAL ECONOMIST.

IT is now nearly forty years since Mr. Huskisson denounced in Parliament the practice which had prevailed during the Great War, when a large and increasing revenue was essential to national safety, of examining the list of imports, and taxing every one which promised to yield a revenue. In consequence almost everything imported was then subjected to customs duties. They culminated between four and five hundred articles, and involved an immense mass of legislation. The system was so expensive and vexatious, it interfered so much with our growing trade, that it was necessary to alter it; and from that period till the late Session of Parliament, when the duties on a great number of small articles, till then left in the tariff, were repealed, the policy of diminishing customs duties has been necessarily followed. It was one of Sir Robert Peel's great achievements to remove from the statute-book many such duties and many vexatious laws; and it is one of Mr. Gladstone's merits, that in the late Session he substantially completed the work his predecessor had begun.

Mr. McCulloch, however, has recently informed us that this policy, which has been accompanied by remarkable and continually increasing prosperity, which has been held up to general admiration, and been in many other countries advantageously imitated, "has in truth been pushed to an injurious extreme." "Instead of shortening the list of articles subject to excise and customs duties," he says "we should have taken every opportunity of lengthening it," "which would have added to the breadth and stability of our customs system." "No article," Mr. McCulloch thinks, "unless it be the raw material of a manufacture, should be allowed to be imported, except under a duty of 10, 12, or 15 per cent." He, accordingly, objects to the repeal, in the late Session, of the duties on butter and cheese, though they were discriminating and protective, conferring an advantage on our colonies as against foreigners, and on our dairy-keepers as against the consumer, because the repeal sacrifices revenue without any corresponding advantage. He objects equally to the reduction of duties on fine wines, silks, gloves, bronzes, &c., because it relieves the luxuries of the rich, "while we continue to impose heavy duties on the tea and sugar which are indispensable to the labouring poor, and on the tobacco, the spirits, and the beer, which constitute their luxuries." The proposed repeal of the paper duties is also stigmatised as, under present circumstances, "inconscient alike with principle and common sense." Whether the duties be customs or

* Supplement to the Commercial Dictionary, just published.

excise, levied on necessities or on luxuries, protective and discriminative, or merely duties for revenue, the repeal or reduction—no trade a sinner at those who know little of the “principles of free trade they invoke,”—is condemned in strong terms by Mr. McCulloch.

Is the policy, then, which Sir Robert Peel shattered his own great party to carry out, which, till now, no man of authority has attempted to check or improve, which has made us more than ever the guide of other nations, a perfect failure? Is Mr. McCulloch's political economy perverse? The question involves not merely the reputation of individuals, but the policy of civilized nations; and being started must be elucidated and decided, or we shall fall into mental confusion.

Mr. McCulloch, finding the general principles he formerly inculcated at variance with his present conclusions, derides their authority, and for the sake of his new theory saps the foundation of all knowledge and all reasoning. With the spirit of scepticism, which can last momentarily predominant in him, he says there are but “a few absolute principles, either in political economy or in anything else. Even the Divine command, ‘Thou shalt not kill,’ is not to be obeyed at all times and under all circumstances.” The fact, however, that we do not always obey the Divine command, does not lessen its absolute validity. Even when we go to war, or put a criminal to death, we always regret and deplore the presumed necessity for our acknowledged disobedience. The principle, then, is valid at all times, and under all circumstances. We may assert the same of every other well-established moral principle. Honesty is universally found to be the best and the only policy; unrestricted competition or freedom for honest industry admits of no exception; and to encourage men to disregard such principles, and to follow the suggestions of their own imaginations, or the devices of their own hearts, in order to promote the public good, is to prefer the fancies of each individual to the aggregate experience of mankind. Mr. McCulloch can only escape the difficulties he has rashly plunged into from motives more apparent than praiseworthy, by denying the general principles to the advocacy of which he owes his reputation.

His scepticism having no good foundation, his objections, in detail, will not bear examination. “The average price of foreign butter in England, *ex duty*, varies, he says, from £1 to £5 a cwt., so that the duty of 5s. could have no material influence over its amount; and no individual will in fact derive any appreciable advantage from a measure that entails a loss of above £100,000 a year of revenue.” At present the price of foreign butter of different qualities varies much more than Mr. McCulloch says. At the same time 5s. per cwt. is 6 per cent. on the price of 80s., which is ample to permit the butter merchant, if wholly interfered with by the Customs House, to import much inferior butter from the United States, Holland, Hessein, and the neighbouring parts of the continent of Europe. In fact, since the duties were repealed butter has been brought from France, Prussia, and the United States, whence it did not come before.

In the seven months of the present year of which we have the official accounts, the butter imported was 388,205 cwt. against 230,803 cwt., in the same period in 1859, and 233,935 cwt. in 1858; or, in seven months, the repeal of the duty having been only five months in operation, the quantity imported has increased 67 per cent. over the average quantity imported in the two previous years. The unfavourable season has told on the price of provisions, and butter has ruled high, “owing to the lack of herbage and the scarcity of provender.” In the week ended March 17, “fine Friesland butter sold for 12s. per cwt.,” but then the remission of the duty had just taken place, and in consequence there was soon an “immense supply of foreign butter in the market.” In May, accordingly, the price of Friesland butter was down to 10s., and then rose to 11s.; notwithstanding large imports in consequence of the unfavourable weather, both here and on the continent. Had the duties not been repealed, the price would have been enormous, we are told by those best acquainted with the trade. Afterwards it again fell, in consequence of large arrivals. The slightest inspection of the weekly market reports of the *Economist*—from which we have taken most of these minute particulars—or any other journal, would have kept Mr. McCulloch from making the incorrect assertion we have quoted. These facts prove that both the butter merchant and the consumer have already found a very “appreciable” advantage in the repeal of the butter duties. The trade of the former was much limited and hampered by the duties; and though the consumer, in consequence of the season, has not yet reaped all the advantages of unrestricted competition, there can be no question that he is already, and will be hereafter much more, benefited by the repeal of the duty on butter. Even now, we are informed that good foreign butter can be sold retail for 10d. per lb., though the retail dealers have not yet given the consumer the full benefit of the increased supplies.

Similar remarks and similar facts apply to cheese, the repeal of the duties on that being equally condemned by Mr. McCulloch. The quantity imported in seven months was—in 1858, 189,862 cwt.; in 1859, 183,478 cwt.; and in 1860, 221,312 cwt. The increase in 1860, therefore, over the average of the two preceding years, was nearly 20 per

cent. But as more time is required to prepare cheese than butter for a foreign market, by and by, no doubt, the cheese imported will increase in as great a proportion as the butter. In July, 1860, the quantity imported was 40 per cent. greater than the average quantity imported in July, 1859 and 1858. Butter and cheese, next to bread and meat, are the sustenance of the labouring classes; and the repeal of the duties on these articles, quite contrary to Mr. McCulloch's assertion, has already conferred great benefits on them, and permitted the extension of the butter and cheese trade.

Mr. McCulloch is in error, then, as to details, and he contradicts the principles of his science. He places himself on a level with Mr. Ruskin. The source of his mistake is obvious. Apart from a peculiar veneration for Sir Robert Peel, which induces him to stop exactly at the point to which Sir Robert advanced, and apart from a very different sentiment he entertains for Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Cobden, he exalts the state above the nation, government above the people, revenue above trade, and demands the sacrifice of the latter for the sake of the former. He forgets that, as the nation flourishes, it supplies enlarged means of taxation, and strengthens the state. Disavowing general principles, he has nothing to guide him but his own fancy of what “conduces to the *adus populi*,” and he imitates those ignorant politicians who, to attain this end, established the now derided “commercial system,”—the Corn and the Navigation Laws. He would multiply, to an indefinite extent, in opposition to all experience, customs and excise duties, and restrictions equally obnoxious, both from their origin and their present effects. We grieve to see so eminent a writer justifying, by his own perverse assertions, and by applying his science to such an improper object, the objections of sentimental sneers. The present Supplement seems, like Lord Overstone's harangue, chiefly intended to attack the commercial treaty with France and Mr. Gladstone's budget; and seems dictated by motives very different from sanity, to which we have heaped his strange assertions in favour of customs and excise duties ascribed.

MUSCULARITY.

It is not long since a popular, if not a large school of theology acquired one of those characteristic nicknames which now and then become fashionable, and live in men's mouths by reason of their appropriateness. The phrase “muscular Christianity,” however, was never *soubriquet* flung at random, and adorning by accident; it was rather an intuitive recognition of truths which the popular mind had been long striving definitely to connect with the current theology; the culmination—quaintly named—of a system of ethics for the reception of which the circumstances of our time had prepared public feeling. Throughout the whole range of modern English interests there has existed for the last ten or fifteen years an increasing enthusiasm for everything recommended by healthful bodily training and development. Our pleasures have been taught to partake more of the character of healthful exercises. Pedestrian tours, and rowing-trips have become common. Increased attention has been paid in our homes to the rules of sanitary science; while the reception accorded to such publications as Miss Nightingale's recent “Notes on Nursing” proved in another way the spreading belief in the importance fairly attaching to the things of the body.

Natural science, once the stronghold of imposture and empiricism, has come under the influence of this feeling. A new race of inquirers has sprung up; men eager to know, persistent and daring in their pursuit of information, and gaining recruits yearly from among persons of energy and intelligence, who, even for the first time, see scientific employment as a field wherein to spend their mental and physical powers with real benefit to themselves and others. Thus it happens that we can at this moment look with pride along the well-filled ranks of our philosophic advanced guard, and congratulate ourselves on the possession of such a corps, well officered, numerous, and well drilled,—perhaps the hardiest and healthiest body of thinkers and workers in the world. And to this importation of muscularity into science we owe many of its most important results. It were useless for any but a physically robust man to dream of establishing the theories of a Lyell or a Forbes, requiring as they do, not merely the brain to conceive, but the bodily strength requisite to collect the facts which furnish their foundations. It is to the hardy training and voluntary hard work of such men as Piazzi Smith that we owe many a precious astronomical and meteorological truth.

To live and work daily some ten thousand feet above the sea-level, to endure contentedly and cheerfully the necessary hardships of this mountain life, and to depend, for the attainment of all he seeks to discover, on vigour of body and strength of mind,—this surely is to be a muscular philosopher. Our Alpine explorers are no less admirable examples of this class of men. Living for long periods in the immediate presence of dangers which challenge fortitude and resolution, the Tyndalls of to-day, patiently pursuing investigations in localities where chamois hunters only might be expected to incur the risk of broken bones, are good types of the muscular philosopher.

In the geologist's rambles, however, on the Peak of Teneriffe, or among the glaciers of the Alps, we can readily imagine much of the pleasure, if some of the toilsome side of inquiry; but unalloyed endurance of real and severe suffering is only less common by reason of its being less needed. The Arctic voyager, sitting on "term" day within the hut erected for that shelter without which life were scarcely possible, and with chronometer and needle for his sole companions, observing magnetic changes through the long, chess-board hours, seems to us to be a poet in which the combination of research with physical strength and courage reaches its highest development.

The causes which have operated to produce this change in the habits and organization of two schools of philosophy, separated from each other by a comparatively short interval, are sufficiently simple. During the last great European war, in which this country was so deeply involved, the development of physical strength became an absolute necessity. Our grandfathers, therefore, whose very existence depended on their courage and bodily vigour, received that hard but wholesome training to which we owe our national independence: the whole genius of the people was directed to fighting, and preparing for fighting; and those civilizing arts in which we at present hold so high a place were neglected or forgotten. The long peace which followed wrought many changes, and among these none were more important than the direction into new channels of enterprise and inquiry of those energies which had hitherto been expended on war. Many a sword was thus beaten into a pruning hook, and many a strongman turned to quiet study the skill and courage which, under other circumstances, might have led armies and won victories. After this long repose, the danger resulting from the revolution of the continent has once more driven us to arms. The personal health and strength, and muscularity of the citizens, have again become a national necessity; but it is within our power and intention now, as it was not within that of our fathers, to exhibit to the world the spectacle of a nation fully armed, yet as fully civilized, as physically strong, as they were, but mentally more robust and hardy. A chance is given us to realize, on the grandest scale ever yet attempted, the combination of a national "corpus sanum" with a "mens sana"; and this we may do by becoming a people determined that, under all or any circumstances, the lessons of past years of peace shall not be thrown away; that our muscularity shall not be tainted by any return to a hygienic brutality, but that, since we have found it wise and right to pay a greatly increased amount of attention to the development and improvement of our bodily powers, we will take care that while becoming muscular, our muscularity shall at least be scientific and Christian. And since, as seems probable, the natural sciences are destined shortly to become one of the great educational agents of our day, it is no slight subject for congratulation that we possess a school so capable of imparting a training admirably compounded of the physical and mental elements. One of the puzzles of the present day is to know how to give to our youth the advantages of out-door sports without their accompanying evils. The great majority of pastimes (cricket and boxing excepted) are mixed up far too much with petty vices. Here, however, occurs a very generally applicable solution of the difficulty named, for science, by becoming robust, becomes also a ready and unexceptional means by which we may hope with greater certainty to insure the healthy body and the healthful mind. Nor are strong limbs the sole physical advantage to be gained in geological or botanical rambles: the same studies which incidentally develop bodily strength tend, perhaps more than any other education, except that of actual campaigning, to produce in the student those habits of quick and comprehensive observation which, though bred only of peaceful work, and nurtured on nothing more warlike than the sights and sounds of moorland or seashore, might yet prove to be not one of the least valuable acquisitions for an English Volunteer, and probably capable of doing good service, if ever the work of real warfare were at hand. If, as the chief founder of the muscular theology tells us, the perfect naturalist should, beside his intellectual endowment, be "strong in body, able to climb a rock, turn a boulder, walk all day uncertain where he shall eat or sleep, ready to face wind and frost, and to eat or drink thankfully anything, however coarse or meagre; able to pull an oar, sail a boat, swim for his life, and ride the first horse which comes to hand; finally, a thoroughly good shot, and, if he go far abroad, ready on occasion to fight for his life;" then may Great Britain, in time of danger, find that, not only through muscular improvements in such things as ships and guns, but also by the increased strength and intelligence she can give to those who man them, the Science which has civilized can also guard her from the assaults of any and every opponent.

THE LATE MR. JAMES WILSON.

THE Indian Government has lost another of its ablest administrators. Before a fit successor to Sir Henry Ward, who ruled over Ceylon most successfully, has been found in the Government of Madras, a still more important officer—the Financial Secretary for India—has been removed from the scene of his labours. Mr. Wilson

died of cholera, at Calcutta, on the 11th of August, and his death may be considered a public calamity. He had not been more than ten months in India, and in that time had introduced a series of important financial measures, including an income tax and a system of paper currency, calculated to restore equilibrium between the revenue and the expenditure, to give strength to the Government, and prosperity to the people. His place will not easily be supplied. His measures are incomplete, and bearing on them the stamp of his peculiar mind, can scarcely be completed by another. At least it will be very difficult, if not impossible, for another to find the reasons by which his acute mind would have repelled objections and vindicated the principles of his measures. The Indian service has produced many eminent men, far better acquainted with India than he was, but there was none so well informed of all the details of finance, so well aware of the commercial bearings of every tax, and altogether so well fitted for the great post he occupied.

His career is eminently instructive. Born on the north side of the Tweed, but educated on the southern border, he first emerged into public notice in London as a partner in a hat manufactory in Southwark. Flooding trade was not suitable to his ambition, and he entered into extensive commercial speculations, which were not successful. He was expelled from the company, and he was not, as we are told, nor is it now necessary to inquire; suffice it to say that he struggled through them, and previous to accepting high office, paid all his creditors in full. To the public he is known as a political and commercial writer, and as a clever administrator; and in these characters we shall speak of him.

For him, as for many others, the Anti-Corn Law agitation was the path to eminence. His first publication was, we believe, a pamphlet on the Corn Laws, which did not excite public attention so much as the letters of "Diogenes," but was distinguished as being a collection of facts, massed in a compact form, bearing expressly on commerce, and illustrating, theoretically and statistically, the injurious effects of those laws. His writing was neither terse nor elegant, but it was convincing. It was replete with knowledge and careful thought, enforced by not a little reiteration. Written by a commercially-educated man, it found its way into the hands of similar men; and he soon became a conspicuous advocate of the views and projects of the Anti-Corn Law League, though never a member of that body.

These labours helped him to reputation, and led the way to his establishing, in 1843, a commercial and political newspaper. To this project the circumstances of the times were extremely favourable, and *The Economist* was a decided success. In its origin, financially, he had some distinguished support; but the reputation of the paper, as a commercial and political organ, was made by his almost unaided exertions. In it are to be found most of the papers on banking, on currency, on manufactures, and commerce, which he afterwards published in separate works. Throughout this period he was a perfectly free trader, and carried his views so far as frequently to say, in respect to commerce, that no other legislation was of the least use than the abolition of laws. Though he had a great respect for the views and policy of Sir Robert Peel, he opposed him, with great vigour, when, departing from free trade, that statesman tampered with commerce and banking; and was, perhaps, the most vigorous opponent of the Act of 1844. Of that Act Sir Charles Wood was a staunch supporter, and the conflict of opinion between the two may be traced in Mr. Wilson's measure as to the currency and banking in India, which was modified at the dictation of Sir Charles. The better informed subordinate was overruled by his prejudiced superior.

Mr. Wilson's success as editor and proprietor of *The Economist*, gave him the means of getting into Parliament. In 1847, by his own exertions, he was returned for Westbury. He might have been elected for more than one large commercial borough, but such a constituency would have hampered him. His progress was from that time certain, and rapid. He had acquired great reputation for his knowledge of commerce and finance. His talents made him extremely useful and acceptable to the liberal ministry, and in 1848 he was appointed, in Lord John Russell's administration, Secretary of the Board of Control. He quitted office in 1852 with his party, and with his party returned to place. On the dissolution of Parliament he was again returned for Westbury, and on the formation of the Coalition Ministry he was appointed Financial Secretary to the Treasury, which office he continued to hold under Lord Palmerston's as under Lord John Russell's chiefship.

In 1857 he was chosen for Devonport, having completely identified himself with the Government, and become the nominee of the Treasury. After the short second ministry of the Tories he did not return to the Treasury, but was appointed Financial Minister for India. His great labours in this arduous office,—his new scheme of finance, departing, as one part of it does, from the financial and commercial principles he formerly advocated, are well known to the public. They brought on him some disapprobation from his former friends in the cotton districts, and involved him in a contest with Sir C. Trevelyan, in which he obtained the honour of a triumph. At the height of fame and fortune he has been snatched away; and even his

rials and opponents will regret the loss which the Government and the nation have sustained of a skilful and painstaking administrator.

The knowledge of the right hon. gentleman was at once accurate and profound, though neither diffused nor comprehensive; the result of his own reflections rather than of much study of the theories and thoughts of others. Naturally acute, and endowed with a strong will, he saw with great clearness what would redound to his own advantage, and pursued it with unflinching consistency. He rose in the world, for he was of it and studied it. The commercial spirit which animated him at first, animated him to the end of his life; and he steadily pursued the path to wealth and power. Perhaps no real and thorough free trader,—no man convinced as Mr. Wilson was that all commercial legislation is an error, ever could consistently accept office under a Government which consistently violates this principle. But all governments are for those who share in it a matter of compromise; and he who would rise to its higher places, and has a firm resolve to get wealth and power, must submit to promote measures opposed to his own convictions.

Mr. Wilson—by imposing taxes on the cotton manufactures of England imported into India, and supporting in office many similar measures—only bowed to an inevitable necessity,—followed the general practice of the members of all political parties, and gave up his opinions for the honour and advantage of serving the state. We pronounce no verdict on the morality of this practice, and of its influence over the minds of those—the leaders of society—who habitually follow it. We only say that Mr. Wilson, in seeking power, did, as most politicians do, govern by his own convictions, and he pursued his course with an unswerving regard for his own interest. He was a very strong as well as a very acute man. He performed well an immense amount of official and mental labour. He was awake and at work when other men slept, and he was, in the usual sense of the term, eminently successful.

CAUSA TETERRIMA.

A POLITICAL woman is a portent which seldom bodes good to the country or the house in which she appears. The consummation of our delights, the mother of our sorrows, when she forgets the offices of gentleness for which she was created, when she usurps the place of man, exaggerates his faults and turns even his virtues into vices. In her, courage becomes ferocity, economy tends to parsimony, her anger is vindictiveness, and for her cruelty no name can be found. A man may tire of the abuse of power, like Charles V.; he may shortly, like Augustus, be made to say, "I have even forgiven a woman, when she has once overstepped her sex's limits, never." She was not formed for public scenes, other than the revel and the pageant; and when she forces herself upon them, even though she extort our admiration, we cannot resist an instinct of repugnance. Man's softer nature shrinks from a Maid of Saragossa as from a Catherine of Russia. We, in England, have only a legendary idea of the hatefulness of unsexed womanhood. The example of the sovereign who happily reigned over us leads us to doubt whether her sex can produce any less gentle than she. But the history of all times teaches us that when there is exceptional wickedness we must look for woman's hand. Woman made a fool of Solomon the Wise; the glory of the sage Justian is tarnished by the views of Theodora. Even the reign of Nero might have been paralleled in wickedness, had he not been illustrated by the atrocities of Agrippina. In the present week we have seen the throne of the Two Sicilies lost by the young king's subservience to his Austrian stepmother; and in another country we see female influence thwarting the designs of mercy.

It is now two years since the Prince Regent assumed the sceptre of Prussia, which his brother had long been incapable of wielding. It was expected that his accession to power would be followed by an amnesty to the hundreds of exiles whom the events of '48 had driven from their fatherland. The Prince enjoys credit in Germany for a manly honesty which has been seldom found in his race; and, for some months, little disappointment was felt at the delay of this act of grace. It was ascribed to motives of delicacy,—to the unwillingness to show haste in reversing the acts of the brother in whose name he governs. But two years have now gone by, and he has made no sign. We begin to ask if he assumed all the attributes of royalty but the right to pardon, or whether the praises of his friends indicate not what he is, but what they would wish him to be. Dr. Eichehoff, in a pamphlet which has just had the honour of seizure in Berlin, gives us an explanation of the dilemma, which there is too much reason to believe is not unlike the truth. He says that, before relaxing her clutch upon the sceptre, the queen exacted from the prince a promise that no amnesty should be granted so long as the king breathes. He vegetates utterly unconscious of all around him,—a living death,—no glories, no flashes of mercurial now; but the queen, poor heart, still clings to her pet greatness, and is resolved that her husband shall still live a king in the misery of thousands of his subjects. We hope that the story is not true, and shall be only too happy to contradict it, on sufficient authority.

REVIVAL OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

THE Olympic Games, discontinued for centuries, have been recently revived; here is strange news, indeed. It is well known that the ancient first began to recede from the Olympic Games 776 years before the Christian era, and that the computation by Olympiads ceased after the 364th, that is, in the year of our Lord 480. An account has been forwarded to us of the manner in which the classical games of antiquity were revived near Athens, under the auspices of the Government, and with the full approbation of the Attic community. In the old Olympic Games there were wrestling, running, leaping, boxing, and throwing quoits. These five games constituted what was called "the *Pentathlon*." But then wrestling and boxing were sometimes united for the purpose of discovering which was "the best man," in the *pancratium*, so designated as requiring the whole strength and vigour of the human body to be put forth in the contest. Under the denomination of "running" was included not merely a foot-race, but also a horse-race, as well as a race with chariots—the chariots in war being often used for the same purpose for which a charge with heavy dragons is now directed, *i.e.*, to break up and disperse compact masses of the enemy. At the revival, that is the modern, Olympic Games, there were no chariot-races, no boxing, no wrestling, no *pancratium*; but there were horse-races, foot-races, quail-throwing, spear-throwing, and popular sports. The largest prize was contributed by a committee of gentlemen in England, and in their honour was designated "The Weicko Prize." The letter from the British Ambassador at Athens, Sir Thomas Wyse, to Mr. W. P. Broderick, of March Woodstock, in Shropshire, states that this prize was assigned to "the best runner in the longest race." Sir T. Wyse adds, "the race afforded good sport, for the Greeks run well, and the prize was unanimously and warmly contested."

There were fourteen competitors in the race, and the name of the victor was Petros Veliouras, of Smyrna. We omit the names of the other modern *Nikeates*, who, more lucky in one respect than their ancient predecessors, were not only crowned with olive, but also carried away with them some substantial golden drachmas. The smallest prize in the modern Olympic Games was "a skin of wine." The game itself is called "ball-kick," revived in Greek into the euphonious name of "avokima," from *avokos*, in Latin, "ster"; in English, "a bludge." It is a Greek game, performed by jumping bare-footed, and remaining with one foot on a greased goal-stick, shewn and filled with wine, which the winner takes." There were five competitors at this game, and the *Olympian* on the occasion was a nimble-footed individual, rejoicing in the name of George Vassiliadis.

The ancient games were held near Olympia of Elis; but the fame and greatness of Olympia have long since vanished away; whilst Athens, where the revival occurs, is the city of chivalry, and its renown will continue as long as the literature of Greece is prized. It is not less the city of art and eloquence, of science, of poetry, and of philosophy, than city that has been the seat of all sorts of crimes, enormities, and novelties. Such is the character given of it in the "Deipnosophists," book ii., chap. 24:—

"The Athenians made Aristodemus, the Corinthian, who used to play ball with Alexander the Great, a freeman of their city, on account of his skill, and they erected a statue to him. And they have conferred all kinds of illustrious titles on much less important than Aristodemus which had any reference to amusement."

It is, then, amongst the devotees of such a people, and in Athens, beyond all other places, are fittingly revived the Olympic Games.

NONCONFORMISTS IN 1662.—One of the most cruel deeds in the reign of the worst of English kings was the expulsion of Protestant ministers from the Established Church, because they would not comply with the conditions of what was called "an Act of Uniformity." Not only were Protestant ministers expelled from their livings, curacies, and lectureships, but they were visited with fines, imprisonment, and banishment, "if they ventured to assemble for worship and the preaching of the Word." They who had sacrificed wealth, home, and family, for conscience' sake, were treated as criminals. The sufferings of those good clergyemen ought not to be buried in oblivion. A small volume has lately been published, giving an account of the Confessors of 1662—two thousand in number,—of the principles on which they acted, and of the oppressive measures under which they suffered. Facts and anecdotes are added characteristic of the times in which they lived. The title of the little book (published by Mr. Snow, of Paternoster-row) is "The Two Thousand Confessors of Sixteen Hundred and Sixty-two." The author of the book, Mr. Thomas Coleman, declares "it is not written under any feeling of hostility to the ministers or members of the Church by law established," and we believe the author to be sincere in that declaration. All honest men—no matter what may be their form of faith—ought to detect persecution; and every good man, be he creed what he will, cannot but respect those who have made great sacrifices rather than abandon their conscientious convictions. Mr. Coleman has collected a great mass of interesting particulars respecting the sufferings of the persecuted Protestant ministers, from the passing of the Act of Uniformity to the accession of William III. Those who have seen a "Free Church" founded in Scotland may be permitted to hope that, witnessing the virtue that has been exhibited in their own day, they can appreciate as it merits the noble and heroic conduct exhibited by Nonconformist ministers during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.

ARDEL KAREN.—The appearance of this celebrated character on the scene, and his decoration with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, offers a remarkable contrast to his betrayal and imprisonment in France. Why he was so dealt with there has never, to our knowledge, been publicly declared; but we can state on high authority, that the only excuse alleged on behalf of Louis Philippe for what was literally an act of treachery, was that the word of the ex-Emperor could not be trusted. He has now, however, truthfully and handsomely proved his integrity and honour, and shewn that his engagement might have been relied upon, though a cracked p-ly did him so scandalous a wrong. There are facts for history.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23rd.
MONDAY, Open at Nine. **DISPLAY OF GREAT FOUNTAINS** and **ENTIRE SERIES OF WATERWORKS**, at Four O'clock.
TUESDAY to **WEDNESDAY**, Open at Ten.
WEDNESDAY and **THURSDAY**, **THE GREAT FLOWER AND FRUIT SHOW.**
 Admission, **Children** and **Saturday**, Half a Crown; **other days**, One Shilling; **Children under twelve**, half price.
Friday, open at 1 1/2, to Shareholders, gratuitously, by tickets.
 Half-a-Crown **Season Tickets**, available till the 30th APRIL, 1861, may now be had.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FLOWER SHOW.—The Great SEPTEMBER / SHOW OF RADIANT ASTERS, ROSES, HOLLYHOCKS, VERBENAS, GLADIOLUS, FLOES, &c. &c. and FRUIT, will be held on **WEDNESDAY** and **THURSDAY** next, **SEPTEMBER 19th and 20th.**
 Open at Ten. Admission, **Wednesday**, Half a Crown; **Children**, One Shilling. **Thursday**, One Shilling. **Children**, Sixpence. **Season Tickets** free.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—CLARA NOVELLAS' FAREWELL TOUR.—
TWO PERFORMANCES, on a large scale, of the **CREATION** and **MESSIAH**, will take place in the Handel Orchestra, on **WEDNESDAY**, the 20th, and **THURSDAY**, the 21st, of **SEPTEMBER**. The Band will comprise the principal performers of the Swedish and Worcester Festivals, the band of the Crystal Palace Company, and numerous additions, professional and amateur. The **Chorus** comprises numbers of some of the choirs of the metropolitan, forming in all an orchestra of about 2,000 performers. Principal Vocalists: **Mrs. Clara Novella**, **Mrs. Susan**, **Mr. Walter Cooper**, **Mr. Salsbery**, and **Mr. Wynn**. Organist, **Mr. James Oswald**. Conductor, **Mr. Benedetto**. Tickets of admission Half a Crown each; Reserved seats, arranged in blocks, as at the Handel Festival, Half-a-Crown extra for each day; or a set of admission and reserved seats tickets for the two days, 1s. 6d., may be had at the Crystal Palace; at 2, Exeter Hall; or of the Agents of the Company.—Early application for **Forward** reserved seats is requisite.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1860.

On Friday, the 7th inst., a day before the time he had appointed, Garibaldi, attended by no other escort than the officers of his staff, entered the city of Naples, amid demonstrations of unbounded enthusiasm. Losing no time in providing for the maintenance of order and good government, he organized a provisional ministry, and proclaimed Victor Emmanuel King of Naples and Italy. In the afternoon a motley crowd of men and women armed with unsheathed swords and daggers, priests bearing crucifixes and banners, armed monks with smocks over their shoulders, and hussars armed with pikes and bludgeons, poured in incredible numbers into the streets, shouting—"Viva Garibaldi!" "Viva Italia!" An illumination followed. On the following day the Sardinian flag floated from the forts, and Father Gavazzi celebrated a "Te Deum" in the cathedral.

On Thursday the king, hearing that Garibaldi had reached the terminus of a railway within a two hour's journey from Naples, had judiciously withdrawn to Gaeta, on board a Spanish steamer. No part of his own fleet accompanied him—the reluctance of the officers to abide by a sinking cause having been increased, perhaps unnecessarily, by a threat from the Sardinian admiral commanding two vessels in the bay, that he would fire upon any crew who should adopt such a course. From Gaeta it was at first understood that the king would proceed to Spain; but it is since reported that he has received advice from the cabinets of Dresden, Munich, and Vienna, which will induce him to repair, instead, to Germany. In the mean time the ambassadors of Austria, Russia, and Prussia have received instructions from their respective Governments to follow him to Gaeta, a course which they had, along with the Papal nuncio, previously adopted. The representative of France has left Naples on his return to Paris.

When the news of Garibaldi's triumphant entry into Naples, and the king's withdrawal to Gaeta, reached Rome, a panic ensued, and insurrection broke out both to the north and south of the Apennines. The Papal commander declared all the towns which had exhibited symptoms of revolution to be in a state of siege. Monsignor Belli ordered the sack of Ostia, while at Fossombrone the inhabitants were vanquished by the overpowering numbers of the mercenary troops of the Papacy. Under these circumstances, on Tuesday, without waiting a reply to an ultimatum sent to Cardinal Antonelli, 25,000 Sardinian troops entered Umbria, and were followed on Wednesday by 25,000 more. They have since attacked Pesora, taking the fortress with 1,200 German mercenaries, and the commander, Monsignor Belli, who has been removed to Turin. In the mean time Ostia was capitulated to the insurgents, and Urbino has been fortified by the inhabitants, and placed under a provisional government. A deputation from Umbria and the Marches on Tuesday last waited upon Victor Emmanuel, to solicit his protection against the Papal troops, and obtained a promise of assistance, which was anticipated by the march of the Piedmontese troops over the frontier, and was followed on the same day by the publication of an address from the king to the army, in which the purpose of the intervention in the Papal States is explained and justified. "You do not go (he says) to revenge

injuries done to me and to Italy, but to prevent the popular hatred from unloosing itself against the oppressors of the country." Strong representations have been made by Russia and Prussia, at Turin, against intervention, but it is certain that those Powers will take no strong measures to oppose the progress of the Sardinian troops in the Papal States.

The interview of Louis Napoleon at Chantilly with the Sardinian ministers, M. Farini and General Cialdini, appears to have had a more important object than was at first imagined, it being now asserted that it was there arranged that Victor Emmanuel should forward the intimations to Cardinal Antonelli, above referred to, stating that, unless he disbanded his army of foreign mercenaries, the Piedmontese troops would enter the Marches and Umbria. If this course was dictated by Louis Napoleon—and it can scarcely be supposed that Piedmont would otherwise venture on the decisive policy she has since adopted—it is puzzling to explain the publication, a few days ago, of an article in a semi-official French newspaper, which expresses sympathy with the Pope, and threatens the withdrawal from Piedmont of the favour and countenance of France, should a policy of intervention be persisted in. We can only account for the apparent inconsistency between the actions and the professions of the Emperor, in this case, by supposing that he finds it necessary to conceal his real policy from those classes in France who consider any interference with the temporal rights of the Pope as little better than an heresy.

In the mean while Louis Napoleon continues his progress through the old cities of Provence and Languedoc, receiving the felicitations of mayors, presidents, and prefects, and replying to them in enigmatic speeches. At Marseilles he delivered another important address on the present state of affairs. "Although," he says, "some envious murmurs have reached France from afar, let her not be distracted on that account; they will be scattered against the influence of the people as the waves of the ocean are broken against the shore. Let Frenchmen labour to develop the resources of their country. The works of peace are crowns as beautiful as those of war." In the future of greatness and prosperity which he contemplates for his people, Marseilles occupies a prominent position, by "its proximity to the military port of Toulon, representing the genius of France holding in her hand the olive-branch, without casting away the sword which hangs at her side." From Marseilles the emperor is to proceed to Algeria, where he will be received by the Bey of Tunis and one of the Maronite princes, and preside at a great festival in honour of his visit, to which, it is expected that Arab horsemen will repair in thousands from all parts of the French territory.

In emulation of Switzerland, England, and Belgium, France is to have her rifle movement and shooting matches, a decree having been published, *more Gallico*, in an official paper of this week, calling into existence all the requisite machinery of annual *Plas* and prizes. The first meeting will take place in the Bois de Vincennes, on the 30th of this month, and will continue for nine days. For the chief prize of 2,400 foreigners are allowed to compete, so that the heroes of Wimbledon may have another chance of contrasting their skill with that of their continental rivals, and of deciding whether we still retain the firm nerve and snoring eye of our old bowmen.

The National Association of Germany, which has been sitting for some time at Coburg, has attracted, perhaps, less attention than its proceedings merit from the British public. The debates, reported at great length in the continental newspapers, have terminated in a series of resolutions which may be assumed to reflect the feelings everywhere prevalent in Germany. The Association deem it their duty, by all the legal means at their disposal, to promote the institution of a central executive power, and a common Parliament for all the German states. They expect that all Germans will make the sacrifices required, to secure the unity and greatness of their common fatherland. If Prussia is prepared to protect the national interests in every direction, they express a conviction that the people will be found willing to transfer the central executive power to her, as the largest state in the Confederation of purely Germanic population. To these resolutions they add a note, declaring that Germany ought to take no part in a war between Austria and Italy; that it is her duty to arrest the interference of France in the contest, but that she must at the same time beware of adopting a course calculated to perpetuate the servitude of the Italians who are now struggling so nobly for national regeneration. As a practical commentary upon this expression of sympathy with the cause of Italian liberty, 100 German volunteers set off last week to join Garibaldi, for whom the utmost enthusiasm is manifested, more especially in Prussia, in spite of the dilemma in which the national cause is placed by the antagonism of France and Austria.

For some days back reports have been circulated in Vienna that a strict and cordial alliance has now been entered into between Austria and Russia with the view of putting an end to a state of affairs which menaces the general peace of Europe. A meeting, it is added, between the two emperors is to take place at Warsaw, to which several of the German princes have been invited.

The Federal Council of Switzerland has made an appeal to Europe for the protection of the neutrality of the Confederation, to secure which they demand permission to fortify the Simplon Pass, and to obtain the cession of a margin of land on the south side of the Lake of Geneva, two miles in breadth.

From all parts of Great Britain good accounts continue to be received of the state of the crops, which the fine weather of the last eight days has enabled

the farmers to reap and bring home in good condition. All fears of a scarcity during the winter are now dispelled.

In the absence of parliamentary intelligence, public attention has been directed to a subject of the very highest importance to the future prosperity of this country, viz., the production on our own territories of the raw cotton and flax on an adequate supply of which our whole manufacturing industry depends. Mr. Bazley, as mentioned in our Money Article of last week, has addressed a circular to persons interested in the cotton trade, inviting their attendance at a meeting of spinners, merchants, and capitalists, to be held in the Town Hall, Manchester, on the 14th, convened for the purpose of forming a limited joint-stock company, to promote cotton cultivation in India and Australia. The Government have favoured the undertaking, agreed to make grants of land on terms almost equal to a gift, and promised to give assistance, where needed, in procuring labour.

In the flax districts less progress appears to have been made in organizing measures for the production of an abundant supply of the raw material, for a deficiency in the supply has produced very bad effects on the markets. Last week, however, Dr. Forbes Winslow, the reporter on the products of India to the Indian Government, delivered an address on the subject in the Town Hall at Leeds. This country, he remarked, depended for its supply of cotton on America, for its supply of flax on Russia. There were strong reasons, social and political, why we should become, if possible, independent of both countries. Northern India possessed a soil which was admirably adapted, by its mechanical and chemical properties, to produce flax. Why should not the example of the cotton manufacturers of Lancashire be followed? We did not require to plant colonies, or bring waste lands into cultivation; we had merely to convince the native cultivators in India of the advantages of growing flax, with the view of selling it to English purchasers, and Dr. Winslow had no doubt that if the course he recommended were adopted, not only an ample supply of flax might be obtained, but that a lucrative trade in the products of the West Riding would spring up with regions of Asia into which our commerce does not at present penetrate.

The annual feast of the eaters at Sheffield took place on Thursday last, Mr. Roebuck's annual speech on current topics was as spirited as it generally is, and was received with much enthusiasm. In spite of the London newspapers, he maintained that the House of Commons had not misapprehended the last Session of Parliament. Although they had passed few measures for the regulation of the internal affairs of the country, they had been the very harp of the liberty of the world—they had sent a voice across every sea and unbroken chain, everywhere proclaiming the supremacy of liberty, justice, and truth.

Kindred topics have just been discussed by Sir Archibald Alison at Glasgow, in an address which he delivered on Monday night, "On the best System of National Defence." The recent vote for the fortification of England he characterized as one of the wisest things ever done by the Parliament of this country. There are, he said, three grounds for fearing a general war in the present state of affairs. It might arise from French ambition; it might be provoked by an attack by the Italians on Venice; or it might spring out of the complication in Syria—it having long been the policy of France and Russia to effect a separation between England and India. But he believed that the resources of this country were such that, provided we took measures in time, and showed the spirit of which symptoms had been exhibited at Hyde-park, at Edinburgh, and at Knowsley, we might bid defiance to the whole world in arms.

Arrangements have been completed for the Queen's visit to Germany. Her Majesty she left Balmoral on Thursday, en route for Osborne, whence she will proceed, by Gravesend, to Cologne. During her stay on the continent, Lord John Russell will be the Secretary of State in attendance.

The Prince of Wales continues to make a favourable impression on his future subjects beyond the Atlantic. He has accepted the invitation made him by the inhabitants of New York, to visit the great centre of American wealth and commercial activity. The last information we have of his proceedings is, that on the 29th of the last month he reviewed, at Montreal, the volunteers and the troops of the garrison; and on the 31st ascended to Ottawa, by the river of the same name, he being met by six steamers and a flotilla of 150 barge canoes, manned by 1,500 hands-on, who closed up in two lines, and escorted him to the city.

News of a painful character has been received from New Zealand. On the 27th of June last, a military expedition left the town of Parnaki, to assault the Waikato to a pah where the rebel natives have been for some time entrenched. The attacking party consisted of about 350 men, including two companies of the 40th regiment, a naval brigade, and a body of artillerymen and engineers. A breach having been made, the English troops attempted to take the encampment by storm; but, after a desperate struggle, were repulsed with a loss of twenty-nine killed and thirty-three wounded. The rebels have since strengthened their position, and committed several depredations. On receipt of this intelligence in Melbourne, the whole of the troops in the colony of Victoria were despatched to New Zealand; those stationed in New South Wales, South Australia, and Tasmania, received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at an hour's notice; and authority was granted by the Government for the enlistment, in the absence of the ordinary troops, of an additional volunteer force of 10,000 men.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE extremely fine weather which set in early last week, and effected a very remarkable change in the feelings, if not in the fortunes, of the community, has continued in the present week, and been even finer and more beautiful. In the fortnight, a very large part of the harvest has been gathered; and though the harp-owners of Kent and Sussex will suffer, and potatoes are diseased and will be short, there is now every probability that the people will have plenty of bread at a reasonable rate. Since last week the corn markets have continued, on the whole, to decline; but, under present uncertainties, comparatively little business has been done, and prices are not very determined. The wheat, too, as it is thrashed out and brought to market, is found to be extremely diverse in quality, some wheats weighing 63 lbs. and 64 lbs. to the bushel, and others not more than 50 lbs. Great differences accordingly ensue in price; but, on the whole, it is rather lower than last week.

Most of the other markets have increased in activity this week, in consequence of the improved prospects of the food market. Even the cotton manufactures, which, depending a good deal on the foreign market, were slack last week, have revived this week. An unusual quantity of business has been done in the raw material at Liverpool, and the price has advanced. Other markets, too, feel the benefit of increased orders and increased consumption, and additional cheerfulness is experienced in them all.

We have, perhaps, but little reason to regret the slackness in the cotton manufacturing districts, so far as this is the result of the decline in the exports to India, for it is quite plain from the Board of Trade tables recently published, that much of the increase in those exports in 1857, 1858, and 1859 was due to the large English force necessarily employed there, and to the large portion of the national savings that were expended in India. If the trade be now less it is more profitable and useful to the nation; and the manufacturers who then benefited by it will now reap the profit of an enlarged home trade.

The consequence of the increased activity in the business markets is an increased demand for money. The applications at the Bank have been comparatively numerous, and yet the general terms of discount outside the Bank are not quite equal to its minimum rate. Money is likely to become dearer, in consequence of the improved harvest, and the spar which this is giving and will give to trade.

Cowals, as the index to the stock market, have undergone but little change in the week, but have been depressed somewhat below their proper value by political events. Only by them are they now unfavourably influenced, as the circumstances of the country are improving.

The railways show the effects of the improved prospects of the country, by a general revivification in the price of shares. The increased activity in all the markets will bring more business to the railways, and make up perhaps for deficient travelling and small their dividends.

The colonial markets, except that of rice, have improved, and been active in the week, but as supplies generally are ample, there is no pressure on them. Coffee has again advanced a little in price, and seems continually tending upwards.

The failure of Messrs. Smith, Seligman, & Co., in the linen trade, which we noticed last week, has been followed, as was expected, by some other failures of less importance; and, like many other failures, it has brought on some gentlemen a great deal of well-deserved censure. They are described as two young men, who started into business without any capital, but who have managed to get economically into debt. It is intimated that they have found in some bankers, too ready to discount worthless paper, auxiliaries in incurring these responsibilities. For taking credit improperly they are inexorable, but the persons who trusted them were parties to the delusion, and are as little as they to be censured.

One of the events of the week, too, is the occurrence of commercial difficulties in Australia. A minor crisis has occurred in New South Wales, and there have been several stoppages. Here again we find credit at fault. The mutual trust

has been excessive, and led to narrow a fund, which, if not paid, and cannot be said, in the present condition of the world, that credit can be dispensed with. All trade is carried, on to some degree on credit. The whole profits of the Joint-Stock Banks, and other Banks, are made by the confidence of the people who place their money in the keeping of those banks. The less capital they have in proportion to their business, the larger their profits. The most princely merchant takes credit on many of his transactions; and on almost every cargo that is shipped credit is taken long before it is sold, that other cargoes may be continually shipped and sold. It must then be recognised that trade neither is, nor can now be carried on without credit, and consequently it is the business of all traders to take especial care to regulate credit on a just basis. They should neither take it nor grant it, except for legitimate commercial purposes. What those are, it would take long to describe. To ascertain them is the business of merchants and bankers, and literary men can only state the fact, without pretending to give them instruction. We can only affirm that credit is now an indispensable part of business, and being rapidly progressive, from unavoidable causes, it becomes one of the most important duties of all traders and money-dealers neither to give nor to take too much credit, and neither give nor take any for improper purposes.

The Bank of England, at the annual Half-yearly Court of Proprietors, held on Thursday, has declared a dividend of 5 per cent. for the six months ended August 31st. This is equivalent to 10 per cent. per annum—a very handsome dividend, yet not equal to the dividends lately paid by the other Joint-Stock banks. The profits of the Bank in the six months are estimated at £710,143. On the 30th of August the "rent," or sum added to Bank capital from savings, was £3,736,169; and after deducting from it the sum necessary to pay the dividends, it would be £3,088,480.

The most markets are firm this week, at the late decline of price.

MEN OF MARK.—No. I.

BARON LIONEL DE ROTHSCHILD, M.P.

When Parliament assembled after the general election of 1847, a gentleman of Jewish physiognomy took his seat under the Gallery, and listened with great interest to the debate on a Jewish Disabilities Relief Bill. He was of the House, but not in the House—honoured with a seat upon the bench reserved for Peers, although not a member of the Upper House. The Session of 1848 found the same gentleman, upon all important debates, occupying the same seat. Was he a foreigner studying our laws and language? He was certainly a person of consideration, or he would not be allowed so conspicuous and honourable a place in that assembly. The Prime Minister of the day frequently went up to the Peers' bench to shake hands with him, and the most distinguished representatives of the people stopped to exchange salutations and remarks with this constant attendant upon their debates.

In the month of July, 1850, this gentleman, to the honour of Sir Robert Inglis, Mr. Plumptre, and Mr. Newdegate, quitted his seat, and walked up the floor of the House. The Clerk at the table seemed to mistake him for a member, for he presented him with the New Testament upon which members are sworn. The individual with the Jewish physiognomy thereupon said, "I claim to be sworn upon the Old Testament." Much confusion arose. Horror and astonishment were painted on the faces of sound Protestants and High Churchmen. The gentleman was desired by the Speaker to withdraw. A debate ensued, and it was agreed that the Speaker should ask the Jewish-looking individual—"Why he demanded to be sworn on the Old Testament?" "I wish you," rejoined Sir Robert Inglis, "Why, indeed?" said Mr. Plumptre. The gentleman who had been desired to withdraw now marched up to the table again. "Why do you demand to be sworn upon the Old Testament?" asked the Speaker. "Because (he replied with the utmost coolness) that is the form of swearing which I declare to be most binding on my conscience." Being again desired to withdraw, much debate ensued. The fancy of the Jewish individual to be sworn on the Old Testament was treated as somewhat absurd, but rather harmless than otherwise, and the House accordingly directed the Clerk to swear him on the Old Testament. Being again permitted to approach the table, our friend took the oath of allegiance and supremacy, kissing the Old Testament after each oath. The oath of abjuration came next. The House was crowded, but an intense silence prevailed as the Hebrew gentleman, *en route*, repeated the oath after the Clerk. When the Clerk came to the words, "On the true faith of a Christian," with which the oath concluded, the gentleman suddenly paused, and added—"I omit these words, as not being binding on my conscience." He then put on his hat, kissed the Old Testament, and quickly added, "So help me, God!"

The Ministerial benches cheered. The Jewish gentleman took up a pen, to sign the parliamentary roll, assuming that he was a member of the House, and had passed through the usual formalities. Great excitement prevailed. The very girls of Sir Robert Inglis became purple with fear and indignation. There was a strange getting into Parliament by a *coup de main*—a larger slipping through the door left ajar with the chain up. The Ministerial benches, on the other hand, cheered the act. In another moment the Jewish gentleman would have shaken hands with the Speaker, and rubbed noses with the Prime Minister. Luckily, Sir Frederick Thesiger started to his feet from the front Opposition bench. The gentleman was again directed to withdraw. Another debate ensued. The lawyers got hold of the question, and exhausted themselves in legal quibbles. Several minor bills were abandoned, in consequence of the time lost that year in demonstrating (what every one knew) that the Jewish stranger could not take his seat without an Act of Parliament. This proposition was formally put upon record by the Attorney-General of the day, at the instance of a *Procurator* who was the steady and consistent friend of religious liberty. The House resolved, by large majorities, first, that our Jewish friend could not take his seat without an alteration of the law; and secondly, that it would take the subject into its serious consideration at the earliest period of the next Session. A member named John Bright early asked Lord John Russell whether he would relinquish office if his bill for enabling the Jewish gentleman to take his seat were again thrown out by the Upper House? No response was made to this mischievous inquiry, while the ironical cheers and laughter of the House seemed to declare that no amount of talent could sweep up a Whig Ministry to this pitch of virtue.

For twelve Sessions that persecuting Jewish gentleman was seen on the Peers' bench of the House of Commons, separated only by a gangway from the House, at the table of which he regularly presented himself after every general election. Year after year the well-known features re-appeared upon all important debates, and especially when the Jewish individual himself was himself interested in the issue. He had to listen to motions for leave to introduce bills for his relief and "emancipation" to debates upon the first readings of these bills; longer debates upon second readings; discussions in committee; renewed debates on third readings; and "more hot words and more protests on the final question ("that the bill do pass.") It was supposed that some influential persons here else had strong objections to the relief or emancipation of the Jewish gentleman; for we never heard of any of those measures receiving the Royal Assent. At last members on both sides began to grumble. The Liberals grumbled that so much time was withdrawn every year from the business of practical legislation, in order to pass bills which were certain to be kicked out in the House of Lords. The Tories grumbled that the Jewish gentleman would not take an answer, and go away. Some said the question ought to be hung up for twenty years, by which time a silent and unperceived revolution might occur in public feeling—as if Parliament would not contain a *Sophter* in the end of all time!

The friends of our Hebrew friend at length lost all patience, and began to grow turbulent. They not only bullied Lord John, but they bullied Mr. Disraeli for not bullying Lord Derby and the bench of Bishops. The great Whig constitutional authority gave signs of coming down from his lofty pedestal of an Act of Parliament. He muttered a hope that he should not be obliged to admit his

Jewish friend after all by resolution of the House. He seemed to be falling on evil days. We perhaps never shall be told how dexterously and successfully that Derivative leader in the Commons turned the screw upon his chief in the Upper House, yet we know enough to recognise his advocacy of Jewish claims as the most honourable and statesman-like passage of his public career. The first thing the Hebrew stranger heard this descendant of his race say on taking his seat under the Gallery in 1847 was—"Where in your Christianity but for their Judaism?" He was then Lord George Bunsell's lieutenant, little expecting to be so soon his biographer. Ten Sessions later found Mr. Disraeli still manfully and heartily avowing his opinion that legislative powers ought to be given and might safely be entrusted to the gentleman under the Gallery. So strong were the feelings of irritation among his more bigoted followers in 1856, that if they could have met together in a room after the division on the second reading, they would have deposed the right honourable gentleman from the leadership of the Opposition. From 1847 to 1858, the Jewish gentleman was in a state of consultation with Sir Frederick Thesiger, a thorn in the flesh of Mr. Spooner, a note out of tune to the susceptible ear of Newdegate. All this seemed to trouble our Hebrew friend very little. He came and went at his pleasure. He left the House without ceremony, and sometimes failed to come down at all when the debates grew dull. He became in good case, grew stouter in the legs and fuller in the face, began to show a sprinkling of grey hairs, increased his racing-stud, and very nearly won the blue riband of the turf, in a year when Lord Derby, as usual, had had it all his own way in the House of Lords.

It was clear that the Jewish gentleman was a remarkable man—a representative man. During all these years he had never incurred reproach into the dirty life of the House of Commons. He had come to be regarded a mute and persistent witness of English intemperance. He weighed heavily on the conscience of the House. He was the English Mordchai, who sat at the king's gate, refusing to do homage to the Thamus of Idgity, and biding his time. At last came a day, in July, 1858, when the ancient people, in the words of their old chronicles, "had joy and gladness, a feast, and a good day." The Hebrew champion walked up the floor of the House. The ease, comeliness, and unpretending bearing which had characterized him throughout the years of his exclusion, did not desert him now. Very many an eye glared, and many a bosom swelled in sympathy with his triumph—the greater because so slowly and so hardly won. Here stood one of the sanctifiers of Scripture, a noble no longer left of his comrades, a prince returned from exile and degradation. The spectators remembered that he was one of a race who could look back along many thousand years to an ancestry beside which that of the representative and scribes of the proudest families who watched him was but of to-day.

There was but one thing wanting to the grandeur of the spectacle. The whole House of Commons should have risen to its feet to celebrate the event. The representative of a religious race, than which no other has ever been the mark of persecution so long sustained, of bigotry so resolute, of prejudice so intense, of calumny so enduring, was now solemnly incorporated into the sovereignty of Parliament, and became a member of the House of Kings. Then walk up the floor of the House of Commons was worth more than the Austrian heron which he had inherited from a sheerd and weakly sire. It was a prouder gift than any that could grace the most costly coronet. It was a nobler thing than the supremacy over merchant princes, although this also, it was said, belonged to the massing gentleman whom Lord John Russell accompanied to the table amid the cheers of the House. He was not desired to withdraw now. The Old Testament was tendered to him now without question and without scruple. He took the oath, and omitted the words "on the true faith of a Christian." The Speaker shook hands with him, and he had seen his full face too long, and should now be glad to see him in profile, and dismised the "new member" to the congratulations of his friends, and the fullest enjoyment and exercise of legislative privileges.

During these eleven eventful years, the hero of this biographical sketch had known no idle or uneventful life. Every day he was seen passing down a narrow lane in the busiest part of the city, through a gateway not incapable of being barricaded in the event of popular commotion. The letters placed before him every day bore the post-marks of every continent, capital, and indeed of every considerable city in the world. His day was in the intricate web of European finance as familiar to him as the lines and yards of a great ship to a sailor. His companions and relatives at Vienna, Paris, Frankfurt, and Naples, were clothed with prince, and on easy and familiar terms with their most trusted favourites and ministers. If a sovereign or a state wanted money, it was to one of his uncles or cousins they first turned, and on hour afterwards the news, never unexpected, was flashed in cypher to St. Switzburg-lane. If a revolution or an *evénement* broke out in any capital, the most active newspaper correspondent always found a mysterious-looking Jewish person at the telegraph office before him. The gigantic magnitude of the financial operations of his house enabled it to give princely rewards for credit and unselfish services to all. By watching the barometer of public credit, by following the signs of the times, and lastly by acquiring the confidence of the mercantile interests, this great monetary organization held imperial sway in the world of finance.

Considerable misapprehension, it is believed, prevails as to the nature of the monetary operations of the house of Rothschild. By many they are supposed to be gigantic speculations in the public funds of Europe, who alternately raise and depress the value of public securities, and who realize enormous gains by selling when Government stock is high, and buying when it is low. Those traditions had their origin in the days of the Baron Lionel's father, the late Baron Nathan Meyer de Rothschild, a native of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, who came to England in 1799, and who is so well remembered on the Royal Exchange. The late baron was a speculator, daring, original, and far-seeing. The present baron and his brothers are by no means speculators of this type. They are traders of a safer school. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that theirs is the greatest accurate agency in the world; for their operations are not confined to the con-

times of Europe. Like Alexander they have sighed for worlds to conquer, and have established a house in the United States, for which, in time, a victory-price may be found in one of the baron's sons. They are large traders in tobacco and other produce, and do not disdain an agency or a share under the Limited Liability Act. A few years ago they were extensively engaged in the quack-drug trade. As mercantile agents they pay the commissions and dividends of most foreign bonds and railways. They have largely invested in the French railways, and are extensive holders of Great Northern of France Railway stock. They are buyers (when the price suits them) of English, foreign, and colonial securities of all kinds; the one condition appearing to be that it shall be immediately convertible into money at some price or other. They have large loans transactions with the Russian Government, and also a Brazilian Government Agency of an extensive and lucrative character. Their operations as bullion dealers are facilitated by the careful watch kept upon the foreign exchanges, and form another and distinct branch of their business.

Their dealings in the English Funds are said to be to a considerable extent vicarious. Every post brings them commissions to sell and buy to a large amount in the English Funds. They are thus agents for foreign speculators, rather than speculators themselves, and do a safe and profitable business at a small percentage. When great political complications are imminent, the amount of their foreign and domestic commissions proportionally increases. The transactions of the stock-brokers whom they are known to employ are watched on these occasions with the utmost eagerness. The greatest discretion is demanded at such conjunctures, and their operations are said to be shrouded in mystery; the most ingenious measures being taken, not unfairly, to prevent outside speculators from benefiting by their special knowledge.

The trafficking in the public funds is a game of skill in which they are not called upon to show their hand to your adversary. To what extent the house of Rothschild goes into the market as a principal, and how far it acts simply as an agent, is one of those trade secrets which they are not likely to disclose, and which, if it came fortuitously into our possession, we should by no means divulge. What is more certain is, that the Marcha Charta of the house declares that the sum of one million sterling shall always be held in Consols, as a margin for contingencies, and a security against depreciation. The late Lord Ashburton used to say, "It is a good thing always to have a floating balance of a hundred thousand pounds at your bankers." The Rothschilds are their own bankers, and Lord Ashburton would doubtless regard their floating balance with peculiar complacency, only diminished by the difficulty of finding safe and profitable investment for the surplus when nominal accretions of per-centages, commissions, and interest swell it beyond a reasonable limit.

The Baron Lionel de Rothschild, was born in London in 1808. He was early destined by his father for commercial pursuits, and received his education at Göttingen, mainly in consequence of the facilities offered thereby for the study of the continental languages. When in his twenty-eighth year he formed a matrimonial alliance with his cousin Charlotte, daughter of the Baron Charles de Rothschild, of Naples. In the same year, 1836, he lost his father, whom he succeeded as a Baron of the Austrian empire, and also as head of the mercantile firm that bears his name. In 1847 he was first elected a member for the City of London, which decrees all honour for its successful fidelity to the cause of Jewish Emancipation. In June, 1848, after the rejection of the Jewish Disabilities Bill by the House of Lords, Baron Rothschild accepted the Clitham Hundreds, in order to give his constituents an opportunity of expressing their opinion on the subject. The Tories put up Lord John Manners to oppose him, but the Baron won in a contest, having polled 6017 votes, while the son of the house of Rutland only obtained 2811. In July, 1850, the constituency of the City, being impatient at the postponement of the Jewish Disabilities Bill, urged the Baron to claim to take his seat. Baron Rothschild complied, although it was believed with some reason at the time, that he was acting contrary to his better judgment. Thereupon ensued the scenes above described. Lord John Russell held that the Baron had been ill-advised, and the noble lord being then at the head of the Government, two resolutions were framed by him, the first of which, as above stated, declared that the Baron was not entitled to vote or sit in the House until he should take the oath of allegiance in the form appointed by law. When the Lords pertinaciously rejected the Jew Bill year after year, Lord John found himself hampered by his own resolution, for his constituents began to express doubts of his sincerity, and demanded that the Commons should admit the Baron by resolution of their own House, without consulting the Peers. For several years previous to his resignation, Mr. Maitland was very warm, and Lord John, from his official position, could not be asked to concern himself with the local business of the City. The electors, therefore, greatly needed Baron Rothschild's services, and would have had a fair excuse if they had elected some other representative until the Baron became able, by an alteration in the law, to take his seat and do them parliamentary suit and service. But they never for a moment faltered in their determination to re-elect Baron Rothschild, and they were at length rewarded for their enlightened public spirit.

The Baron derives great assistance in his commercial transactions from his next brother, Anthony, who is said to resemble the late Baron in some respects more than any of his brothers. All the children of an Austrian Baron also become entitled to the same rank. Baron Anthony received an English baronetcy on the death of his father in 1836, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his nephews, Nathan Meyer, Charles Alfred, and Leopold, the sons of his brother, Baron Lionel Rothschild. A third brother, Baron Meyer de Rothschild, has a seat in the House of Commons, having been elected for Hythe in 1859.

The munificent charities of the Baron and Baroness Lionel Rothschild are well known. The schools, hospitals, educational institutions, and societies for the relief of distress among the poor members of the Jewish population in the metropolis, receive not only liberal contributions, but frequent visits and personal assistance from the ladies of this benevolent family. The Baron's country

seat is Gunnersbury Park, Middlesex, famed for its horticultural productions and floral beauties.

The late Baron Rothschild, speaking with intimate knowledge and undoubted authority, said, in 1832,—"This country is in general the Bank for the whole world—I mean that all transactions in India, in China, in Germany, in Russia, and in the whole world, are guided here and settled in this country." Sydney Smith remarked:—"The warlike power of every country depends on their Three-per-cent. If Caesar was to reappear on earth, Wotchell's List would be more important than his 'Commentaries.' Rothschild would open and shut the temple of Janus." To be at the head of a firm of the greatest contractors and money-lenders in the world would be by many considered distinction enough for one man. But money-lending, loan-issues, scrip, and bullion, will never confer on Baron Rothschild a title of the honour and historic fame which has won in fighting the battle of Jewish Emancipation, and in being the first Jew who took his seat in the British House of Commons.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

If the town is empty and home topics scarce, the news from abroad makes up for the deficiency, and the excitement of foreign intelligence increases every day. The King of Naples has not only retired upon Gaeta and Capri, as I expected last week, but I have just learned that he has taken his departure altogether, and, what is of more consequence, has left his entire fleet under the command of Victor Emmanuel, "King of Italy," whilst Garibaldi has entered Naples—by the way of Livorno, as I predicted—one day before his promise. This promise in any other man would be called bravado, given at a moment when he was upwards of 100 miles from the capital. His reception, and the joy of the people, are well described by the correspondents of the daily papers, whose business is with wars and rumours of wars. I have seen private letters from civilians travelling at Naples, which more than confirm the accounts of the union and the good conduct of the entire population. These facts give the best guarantee for the permanency of the movement. There is no doubt that the "idea" of Italian Unity has made immense way since 1818, and that the people of the several states will make every sacrifice to maintain the position which they have won for the first time, and mainly by their own right hands. The King of Naples refused all sound advice. The Emperor of Austria ought to be warned in time. He can yet save his German and Hungarian rule by timely concessions. From all I can learn, I believe he is disposed to act fairly. He is certainly not now waddling in the Italian middle.

Victor Emmanuel has taken a decisive step, or rather Count Cavour, with his usual sagacity, has seized the right moment to come to the rescue. The atrocities of the mercenaries of Lamorice have emboldened the Sarlinian army to enter the States of the Church, for which they were evidently prepared.

Whilst chiding in with Napoleon in his prediction to respect the rest of the Pope's empire, and the small Italian neighbouring principality of Viterbo and Comacina—it is evident from his proclamation to his army that Victor Emmanuel is resolved that there should be no intervening hostile territory between the union of the north and south of Italy, for which Garibaldi has polished the banners in the royal palace at Naples. It is said that certain powers have protested. But the King of Italy has claims which no other power can prevent to, for settling the affairs of the Peninsula, and for stopping the massacre by the hirelings of the Pope of the people who have unanimously chosen him for their king. There is every reason to be confident that the rest of the Papal territory will be annexed, and that no diplomatic troubles will follow. The fate of Rome itself is another problem. But herein Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel are agreed, and it is certain that England will not interfere. Nor has Austria any intention to meddle with the settlement of the Italian question.

Much regret is felt in all circles for the premature death of the Right Hon. James Wilson. It is not, we believe, very generally known that the late Chancellor of the Exchequer for India, was at one time the writer of the city article for the *Morning Chronicle*, in the days when the *Morning Chronicle* was a power in the State. Although scrupulously diligent and perfectly accurate in the performance of his duties, still it was considered that his style was dry, and his manner of giving the reasons of his labours inefficient. For this purpose of stiling him, the performance of his task, Mr. Alexander Mackay, also connected with the *Morning Chronicle* (author of "The Western World"), was selected to sit Mr. Wilson in the construction of his sentences. The conjunct labours of both were found beneficial to the *Chronicle*. Time passed on; Mr. Alexander Mackay's abilities as a writer attracted attention, and he was sent out to India by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, to report on the circumstances, national, social, fiscal, or legislative, which prevented the profitable culture of cotton in our Eastern Empire. The climate of India proved fatal to him; and he was called off in the prime of his early manhood. At a later period his more mature colleagues had also been struck down in India, when all the tolls of his useful life had been crowned with complete success. How little at that time did either of them contemplate such a similarity in their doom!

The Irish newspapers of the past week contain an account of the presentation of a magnificent sword to Marshal MacMahon, from the members and associates of the "Young Ireland" party. The sword was tendered as a testimony of the sympathy of that party with the cause that had been triumphant at Magenta. The persons who collected subscriptions for the MacMahon sword have also been acting as recruiting-sergeants to send Irishmen to Rome to fight for the Pope. At the battle of Magenta, the strongest and surest ally of the Pope was the Emperor of Austria. "The Young Irishmen" raise recruits for the Pope, and compliment the conqueror of the Pope's best friend! If the Austrians had defeated MacMahon at Magenta, Garibaldi would not now be singing

as *Le Diable au Corps*, nor would the Pope have ever been reduced to such a miserable strait as to seek for aid in either men or money from Ireland—and yet they who call themselves “the Pope’s friends” are found paying homage to the most successful and vigorous of his foes! Such is the inconsistency of persons who have no fixed principles, and whose sole motive for all they do is to obtain notoriety. How wise and just was the observation of Lord Macaulay, when applied to such meddlers in public affairs.—“Notoriety has for low and bad minds all the attractions of glory.”

Whilst the weather has so greatly improved, I was sorry, in a short trip to the country, to see what little advantage has been taken of the beneficial change. Even in the home counties there are still several fields of standing corn waiting for the sickle or the reaping machine.

There is not much doing in town improvements, though the season is now most propitious. The water has been let in St. James’ Park, and the pond cleared out. The concrete bottom is found to be in perfect order, and ought to be introduced also into the Serpentine, instead of squandering money from year year in puddling and abortive experiments.

The new street from Court-garden to St. Martin’s-lane is progressing slowly, under the dictatorial superintendence of the Metropolitan Board; whilst the great thoroughfare on the Surrey side, to connect London-bridge with Waterloo and Westminster does not seem to proceed at all.

The other new street, to release the Court Garden traffic, through Tavistock-street to the Strand, is nearly finished. On the left-hand side leaving the market, the new flower-market is progressing towards completion. There are three glass roofs erected, which have a light and cheerful appearance, and will form a suitable companion for the Floral Hall on the other side.

The basins for water in Trafalgar-square have been cleared out. Could not some attempt be made to improve the fountains themselves, and to make them in some degree worthy of their position?

I am glad to see that you advocate so ably the necessity of embankments on both sides of the Thames. These works must eventually be constructed, and the sooner we begin to look at the diffusive in the face the better.

Musical has migrated to Worcester, where one of the great festivals is now held, for which the Midland Counties have become so famous. “The May Queen” is the most attractive of the novelties. Clara Novello, Miss Reeves, and Weiss are the most popular of the singers—and Dalli, Pruten, and Salton of the instrumentalists.

The English Opera for the approaching season at Court Garden is announced. Mr. E. T. Smith has made no sign of any winter entertainment at the great house in the Haymarket.

The General Omnibus Company, which has hitherto all its original professions, and has never produced better vehicles, nor the promised system of circulation after the *Paris* model, has begun to raise its fares where the rival carriages are taken away, and the dangerous system of “cursing” is again renewed wherever opposition still exists.

The cabs, too, continue all their attentions to the public, which are made more complete by the abolition of the street.

The railways also produce their quota of autumn accidents, chiefly due to the excursion trains and the language of the signposts, which ought to be restricted to night traffic. These accidents are more common on the northern and central lines, and are scarcely known in the south.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. X.

MR. VANSTAFF ARRESTS THE NECESSITY OF HAVING “A PECE OF THE DEVIL” IN ONE’S COMPOSITION.

It is no paradox to assert, with the old Scotch proverb, that if a man would keep the devil altogether out of him, he must have a little of the devil in him. The homoeopaths tell us that like kills like, and that poisons which create headache cure headache. Upon this principle a few gladiators of the essence of devil “taken medicinally” at proper times, may weaken the devil in the blood, if they do not entirely eradicate him from the system. For want of a proper flavouring, spice and fire of devil, an otherwise estimable person may lose caste, character, and usefulness. Of what avail is it that a man’s heart overflow with love of all created things; that he have the uttermost repugnance to harm a fly or a worm, much more a fellow-creature; that he be benevolent and beneficent, free-handed and open-hearted, liberal as sunshine, and garlanded with all the kindly virtues, if he cannot say “No,” when he ought to say it, or reprove a sinner, lest he cannot give the sinner pain! Such a man is commonly delicate to be too good for this world. At the best he is a lamb among wolves, a dove among serpents, a herring among whales, or a witness for the plaintiff among the defendant’s counsel and attorneys. The world is not his friend. He has fallen into an alien planet; and is as out of place as if he were in Lapland. The vulgar affirm him to be “soft,” or “green,” or say that “he has a date house,” or is “tendered in the upper story.” The ladies compliment his heart at the expense of his head, and call him “amiable”; while men of the world, with hard heads, pronounce him to be “silly,” and look upon him to be mischievous.

A person of this temper so earnestly desires to see everybody happy about him—so detests to be troubled with the folly or wickedness of his kind, that he allows the faults of his children to go unpunished and unsurpassed,—denies them nothing that their greediness or vanity demands; suffers his servants to be lazy or dishonest; allows his tradespeople to cheat him; lends his friends and relations money, which they never intend to repay; puts his name to bills of exchange to oblige blackguards; permits all sorts of rogues

and swindlers to defraud him; gives impudent beggars alms, not so much to relieve them as to be rid of them; and believes every lie that is told him. The result is, that he becomes a bad citizen and an encourager of misdeeds, and paves hell with his good intentions. Such a man is bad enough in private life; but when he is elected pope, or born into the condition of king or kaiser, grand duke or emperor, or any other hereditary ruler, let the nations look well to him! There are peril and revolution before them, civil or foreign warfare, bankruptcy, ruin, and desolation.

What caused the murder of Edward III. in Berkeley Castle, and started the night air with the—

“Shrieks of an agonising king?”

Nothing so much as the want of a seasoning of devil in that amiable person. What filled Richard III. with those too certain presumptions, wherein he lamented and prefigured his own doom, and talked of sitting upon the ground to—

“Tall and stately of the death of kings!—
How some have been decapitated, some slain in war,
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,
Some poison’d by their wives, some sleeping killed,—
All murdered: for within the hollow crown
That rounds the mortal temples of a king
Death keeps his court?”

Surely his want of the essential condiment of devil. What lured the bosom of Henry VI. to the murderous sword of the Duke of Gloucester!—and brought the head of Charles I. to the scaffold! Want of the proper spice of devil. It was owing to this defect in their characters, quite as much as the violence or wickedness of their foes and opponents, that—

“Many an old man’s wig, and many a widow’s,
And many as cyphers water-standing eyes,”

rued the hour that such unkindly kings were born. All these monarchs were heroes of very doleful tragedies; and such heroes they could not have been, had they not possessed too much of the softness and grace of the feminine character, and too little of the strong, unyielding determination of the masculine. Going back no further than to the time of Louis XVI., and thus coming to the verge of living experience, is it not found that it was the utter want of devil in that monarch which made his reign compact of devil, and consigned himself, his wife, his sister, his children, his friends, his servants, and his adherents, to the very deepest depths of sorrow and perdition, and entailed upon the generation aimed whom his unhappy lot was cast an amount of misery and calamity unparalleled in the history of the world?—misery and calamity which did not die with the age and the nation where they originated, but spread themselves over all Europe, like devastating plagues! The end is not yet; for they are acting themselves out before our eyes at the present day; and no man can predict when we shall have seen the last of them.

It may be useless, but it is more the less curious to speculate how different the state of Europe might have been in 1809, if, in 1789, Louis Capet had been a man with a hard head, a hard heart, and a disabused determination of purpose. Napoleon and Wellington, Nelson and William Pitt, Robespierre and Sautere might have lived, and left no trace. The blood shed in the civil discords of the “Terror,” and the lives of a million of men sacrificed in bloody and needless foreign wars, might have been spared.

The more recent case of Louis Philippe—the king of the barricades when he began his kingship—the king Smith of a street cab when he ended it, is equally in point. Let us try to discover from his history what brought the balloon of his power to so inglorious a collapse. Was it because he ruled by the vilest corruption? There have been monarchs even more corrupt whose names shine brightly on the page of history. Was it because he was not a human nature? There are few kings who do not speedily learn that vice, even if it be not implanted in them by nature, and who thrive all the better for it. Was it because he was self-seeking and ambitious? Because he wished to extend his influence unduly? Because he grasped at more than he could manage? He might have had all those faults and many more, and lived a quiet life in spite of them. He might have had them in double or treble degree, and died in the odour of sanctity and royalty, as better kings have died before him. Where, then was his fault? He had not a sufficient spice of the devil. He was a merciful man. He did not love the shedding of blood. His own faults had taught him lenity to those of others; and when he had in his power a certain Louis Charles Bonaparte—the hero of Strasbourg and Boulogne; instead of cutting his head off, or shooting him, as he might have done, he simply had him imprisoned, in a not very strong fortress, whence he escaped.

With a similar absence of strong will, when a small mob, half disaffected, half curious, and partly composed of boys and idlers, began to shout upon the Boulevards, in February, 1848, he would not take vigorous measures to keep the peace; lost a few strugglers should have been slain. What was the result? The people thought his guilty conscience made him a coward. The mob increased. The insurrection—unmanageable enough at first—began to surge, and roar, and growl;—the bells called into a sea, the sea into a stormy ocean. Even at the eleventh hour, had he given positive orders to his commander-in-chief, the tumult might have been suppressed, at a cost of human life not a hundredth part so great as was occasioned in the following year, under the orders of Cavaignac, when the Red Republic was quenched in seas of blood redder than its own flag. He might have scattered the disaffected with the greatest ease, and lived a king to the last moment of his life, and left his sons or his grandsons to

succeed him. But for want of devil he would not enter the irrevocable word, and we all knew the end. He fled where there was none to pursue him. He reached Newhaven, as Mr. Smith—died in exile—and left a new name to point one of the oldest moles in history.

How different is the fortune of his successor! He, at least, never lacked devil. He can say "No"—a bold, long, imperative and impudent "No," whenever state necessity or individual passion commands it. "Shall I thousand or ten thousand human lives stand in the way of my purpose?" "No!" and again, "No!" "Shall any consideration of the world, or the world's opinion, prevent the presidential chrysalis from becoming the imperial dragon-fly?" "No." And thus he rules; and bids idle to fill, not alone a respectable, but a resplendent niche in French history.

But I will not be too severe upon the emperor. There are nations and races—though the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian are not of the number—who so admire strength and power of will in a ruler, that they will forgive, in the possessor of these qualities, any crime or cruelties whatever. Oriental nations, more especially, delight in the spectacle of power. The sultan, who, positively and not figuratively, crushes his people under his chariot wheels—who dashes into the crowd and hews the women and children down with his scimitar, and who cuts off two or three heads per diem, before and after breakfast,—is their model sultan. They may curse, but they love him. He has a proper spice of the oriental devil in him, and is great and glorious accordingly. But the spice in our latitude must be of wholesome strength, or the possessor becomes too much of a devil for European endurance, and runs the risk of being accused of monstrosity rather than of heroism. Robespierre, Danton, and Marat, were overpowered, and Louis seize too little. There is a golden mean in devil, as in everything else. Ninety parts man, one part angel, and one part devil, is a goodly proportion; but with no devil at all, the composition is too good for this world, and will not keep wholesome in our atmosphere.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

WHY THE LANDLORDS DISLIKED THE BANKRUPTCY BILL.

A FLUENT gentleman who now occupies one of the seats for the "immortal" borough of Leominster, Mr. Hardy, and who certainly is not an exemplar of the "wisdom of Parliament," lately made a speech at the Leominster Agricultural Association, wherein, reviewing the proceedings of last Session, he said, "The Reform Bill was pitched out along with another which was to benefit the landed interest by making them bankrupts." Thereat the jocular and agricultural Tories present roared with laughter. There is, however, another aspect of the subject, which is not quite so jocular—to the effect, that the landlords in Parliament actually disliked the very complete and useful measure for consolidating the law relating to bankruptcy and insolvency, so ably introduced to Parliament last Session by the Attorney-General, Sir Richard Bethell, in very certain, and it will not be said that the outside public should get a hint or two as to the sources of that dislike. The House of Commons, in the course of the proceedings, recollect that the Bankruptcy Bill was defeated upon a motion for denying the cost of compensations, which were necessary for carrying out the improved administration of the bankrupt law, otherwise than by a charge on the consolidated fund. This motion had a popular and plausible look. It gave its supporters the appearance of protecting the tax-payers, and afforded them the opportunity—always relished by the "querulously" of alaming the lawyers. But, above all, it served to conceal the real grounds of aristocratic opposition to the bill. Yet, in the debate on that motion, and in subsequent conversations in the House upon the Bankruptcy Bill, the true cause of its defeat peeped out. (Grave Mr. Henley objected to that portion of the measure—one of its most valuable provisions—which assimilated the law of bankruptcy and insolvency, and declared that if the bill should become law, any landed proprietor, after a tour on the continent, might return to this country and find that he had been made a bankrupt, and all his effects sold off by creditors of his estate. But that most essential pillar of the aristocracy, which forget to mention that such a catastrophe could only happen where the landlord-tourist was hopelessly insolvent, or that the sale of his effects would have been made for the purpose of applying the money so produced towards the payment of his debts. Now, such an argument, though some of the premises were stark exposed, was perfectly correct, and would have done well in the House of Commons; and discreet advocates of aristocratic privilege, having attained their object by rejecting the bill on a point apparently quite distinct from that which alarmed the "landed interest," were content to leave the matter there. Indeed, not a few contemporary writers have attributed the withdrawal of the Bankruptcy Bill to petulance and disappointment on the part of the Attorney-General, overlooking the real and just grounds for the disappointment which that learned gentleman must have felt. The bill was founded on the recommendations of a commission composed of merchants, jurists, and landed legislators. It was earnestly supported by the leading and responsible members of the House, and, effectively, have removed difficulties experience had shown to stand in the way of creditors seeking to be paid that which is due to them, even though the debtors might be aristocrats and nominal landowners. And this was its unpardonable sin in the eyes of the landed aristocracy. The defeat of the Bankruptcy Bill was felt to be a triumph of privilege; and accordingly we find jocular and glibly-pated Mr. Hardy, coupling its defeat with that of the Reform Bill, and talking of the former as a measure "to benefit the landed interest by making them bankrupts."

Let us understand what this means. As the law stands, there are two branches which relate to persons unable or unwilling to pay their debts—the one the law of bankruptcy, which relates to traders only; the other, the law of insolvency, which is applicable chiefly to persons not defined as traders under the bankruptcy statutes. The law of bankruptcy is decidedly an advance and improvement upon the law of insolvency, so far as it affects creditors and honest debtors. Under it debtors may be compelled, whether

present or absent—and absence, in certain cases, is a proof of inability to pay—to surrender all their property for distribution, pro rata, amongst their creditors, and having fairly surrendered everything, debtors are discharged from future liability for their debts which inactionally or through inadvertence they may have incurred. The creditors obtain all the debtors possess, the debtors are free to try their fortunes anew without the impediment of a load of debt which would probably render future success impossible.

The law of insolvency is more anomalous. It has grown out of successive and piecemeal legislation. Formerly persons not traders, or whose effects were insufficient to induce their creditors to make them bankrupt when in prison for debt, were only released under Acts of Parliament, passed from time to time, to enable them to petition for their discharge. Then came the establishment of the Insolvent Debtors' Court, to which persons in prison for debt could petition, and, giving up all his effects for distribution amongst his creditors, would obtain his release from goal. For a time the process of the insolvent law could only be set in motion by the debtor, who, if content to remain in prison, might receive and expend any income his creditors could not seize. Now, however, when a debtor has been a few weeks in prison without presenting a petition for his discharge, any of his creditors may obtain an order from the Insolvent Court which has the effect of vesting all his estate in a public officer, the provisional assignee, for the benefit of the creditors generally.

When, therefore, a debtor is once caught and imprisoned, the process of applying his estate towards his debts is similar to that of bankruptcy. But it is necessary first to catch the debtor. Besides, there is another distinction which, to the poorer classes of insolvent debtors, is most important—namely, that after discharge by the Insolvent Court, the future acquired property of the debtor is liable to his creditors, and the future acquired property of the insolvent debtor. The Attorney-General proposed to render all debtors—traders and non-traders—liable to an improved bankrupt law.

Let us apply this to the position of the "landed interest," whose continued non-liability to the bankrupt law Mr. Hardy so exultantly celebrates.

As we have seen, the landowners are generally good representatives of wealth and power; they really possess great wealth. Naturally owners of large estates, they are often beneficently entitled by very small incomes, and in such cases, to be in debt is their natural and normal condition. And nearly all landowners hold their estates—commonly entailed estates—subject to mortgages, jointures, portions, and the like, which, more or less, render their real much less than their apparent incomes. There, like most persons with fixed or certain incomes, there is a tendency amongst landowners to spend their incomes by anticipation. The half-year's rental is largely required to pay off the bills incurred for luxuries or necessities enjoyed at antecedent periods. Thus, without assuming the existence of any extraordinary extravagance, a vast proportion of English landowners are constantly so much in debt that they would find it extremely inconvenient to be compelled at once to pay or come to a general settlement with their creditors. With the majority of them a compulsory and general settlement would involve a considerable reduction of ordinary expenditure; and with a few of them it would be a permanent alienation, for the sale of their life-interests might be necessary to pay their debts, and then, though the estate might remain with the next generation, not a few persons, at present of apparent importance, might be lost to the world of good society.

Mr. Hardy, however, a landowner who has gone a little too far may go ahead and not trust or rely on his own income, being protected by the legal interest possessed by his mortgages or trustees, may be transmitted and enjoyed in the sunny regions of the South, without the interference of vulgar creditors. They have no power over such debtors, who, keeping out of the reach of the sheriff's officer, cannot have their property touched by any creditor. The bankrupt law made application to all debtors would put an end to this—shall we say dishonest—state of things.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

BAROMETERS FOR COAST STATIONS.

EVERY year there are published by the Board of Trade, and by the Life-boat Institution, small maps, which, by means of dots, crosses, and other signs, indicate the number and kinds of wrecks upon our coasts. These data are sadly plentiful. It is curious, too, to see them sprinkled in twos and threes along our coasts; and then to see in more restricted areas whole lines of these sad monuments thickly distributed together. From the cliffs in Sandwich to Yarmouth the wreck-marks swarm and huddle each other, exceeding only in their terrible number by long arrays off Sunderland and the Yorkshire coast.

Every black dot signifies a total loss, by stranding or foundering, and every black dot represents, therefore, many saddened homs, many eyes darkened for ever to the brightness of earth, many mourners, widows, and orphans, deploring the sad catastrophe.

Between 1824 and 1859 the boats of the Royal National Life-boat Institution saved from destruction upwards of 11,000 human beings. It is something to turn from our first picture to this; something to think of such a crowd of thankful hearts living on to bear testimony to the value of the science, skill, and daring of man.

The casualties from wind and weather in our islands are mainly due to shipwreck. The lightning may strike some solitary house, or the hailstorm shatter green-house glass; long-continued rain may flood our meadows with a foot or two of water; and our worst of hurricanes may blow down a tree or mow a house; but little is the loss of life, few indeed the serious casualties.

Not so with our coast. Hundreds of ships are yearly lost, and many a brave fellow is hurled down in the deep. It is washed a lifeless corpse upon the surf-whitened shore. It is most important, then, as one means of probably preventing loss of property and life, that at all important fishing and coasting stations or harbours good barometers should be accessible to all whose vocations cause them to incur the dangers of the sea.

The Duke of Northumberland has long been actively and honourably associated with the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, of which he is the president, and with many other benevolent projects. Along the boisterous coasts of Northumberland, where disasters are sadly rife in stormy seasons, he has, in connection with the Meteorological Society of London, establishing, under the direction of Mr. Glaisher, F.R.S., and Mr. Sopwith, F.R.S., and President of the Meteorological Society, a complete series of stations, not less than fourteen in number. The primary object of the Duke (who generously contributes one moiety of the expense, the remaining funds being furnished by the Meteorological Society, and by subscription) is the saving of life; but in associating the undertaking with the Meteorological Society and with gentlemen of eminence, he takes the best means of giving an important scientific value to these establishments, insuring good instruments, and an efficient attendance on the observations. Mr. Glaisher is now in the district, personally superintending the placing of the instruments, which have all passed under inspection, and had their accuracy tested.

The fourteen stations are,—one on each side of the Tweed at Berwick, one on Holy Island, the others respectively at North Sunderland, Beadnell, Newton, Craner, Boulmer, Alnmouth, Amble, Cresswell, Newbiggin, Calleroarts, and Tyne-mouth. At all these places the instruments will be put in the view, either in the interior of the establishment, or outside the building, so that every one that will may have access to them at all times. A record of each day's fluctuations of the barometer will be kept by dots on a ruled scale, and lines drawn successively day by day from one point to the other, so that thus a straight, or an irregular, or a curved line would be formed, which would indicate at the first glance the states of the mercury for several previous days, thus adding to the efficacy of the indication given at the immediate time of observation. These diagrams are also to be publicly exposed; and a sailor looking at one would see what had been the *tendency* of the barometer. If he found, by the line drawn, that the variation had been little, the dots being nearly horizontal, and the glass still steady, he would know that no change was probable. If, on the contrary, he found the diagram exhibiting an ascending or descending curve, he would know that there had been a progressive rise or fall, and comparing this with the actual state, he would be enabled to judge whether fair or foul weather was to be expected, and, consequently, whether it would be prudent for him to put to sea or remain on shore.

Each station is furnished with a barometer, and a maximum and minimum thermometer, all of strong, plain, good workmanship; and the plotting of the thermometer by the side of the barometer-index is a great improvement, as both can be read together. With them are issued very plain, intelligible printed directions for using them; besides which the local observers will have the advantage of personal instruction and initiation from Mr. Glaisher himself, to whom daily reports of the instruments and of the direction of the wind will be periodically transmitted.

The meteorological observatories in the United Kingdom are exceedingly few, and every addition is a gain to science. One has already been established at Alnmouth by his Grace, and two others at Alnheads and Bywell by Mr. W. B. Beaumont, M.P. A very efficient one has also been established at Osborne by His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and another at Huddersham by the Earl of Leicester; but the total number of reliable observatories in the United Kingdom we believe falls considerably short of sixty.

The National Life-Boat Society is also about to plant barometers at its most important stations. And if the Duke of Northumberland's excellent example be followed by noblemen in other counties, we might look for a very important decrease in the annual loss of life, while the meteorologists of the metropolis would be put in possession of accurate and valuable information. Their science is still, singularly enough, almost a household study, great numbers of facts and reliable data, and extended means of observation. The community of interests which will link together these coastal observatories will undoubtedly ensure the records being kept with care; and we sincerely hope the results may be successful in realizing the benevolent intentions which have caused them to be established. Some projects have been suggested for large indices, visible at miles distant, so that from vessels at sea the indications of the barometer might be read by means of spy-glasses. To this it is objected that such indicators must be moved by hand, unless they were strictly looked after by paid attendants, and even then, they would be subject to neglect and error, and thus might be productive of mischief instead of good. We are inclined to think that

such indicators might be properly managed. The Tyne-side Naturalist Field Club have also actively taken up the subject, and have already printed some of their results.

The advantage to the county of Northumberland would be general, from more extended and accurate meteorological observations; for, besides, the usual connections with agriculture, navigation, or engineering, that county having no terrestrial reservoirs, such as our chalk or greensand, depends for its water supply on the actual rain-fall. Meteorological indications can hardly fail, under such circumstances, to be locally of great value in guiding the practical operations carried on in the district.

We hope public attention will, from time to time, be drawn to the meteorological stations throughout the kingdom, in all their bearings, but more especially as to their capabilities of forwarding the approach of storms and tempests.

APROPPOS DE BOTTES.

ONCE upon a time, the poet tells us, there dwelt upon the banks of the Cephissus a certain giant named Damastes, better known by his surname of Procrustes, or "The Stretcher." This cognomen the giant owed to a very eccentric, not to say monstrous, line of conduct. He possessed a bed whereupon he was wont to invite wayfarers to repose their weary limbs, and if the bed and the traveller suited one another as to size, good and well; but two contrived to bedevil the luckless night whose length of limb stretched beyond its bounds, for Procrustes would ruthlessly dock those presumptuous members until they coincided with the length of the bed. Equally hapless was he who, when reclined, left any space between his feet and the bedpost. His miserable victims were snatched and snored by Procrustes, until his bones were pulled from their sockets, he at last reached the required length. Such were the inhuman practices that were carried on for a long time by Procrustes, until one day he was himself made to try the effect of his own system, and in his turn was cut off by the hero Theseus. But what has all this to do with boots or shoes? A moment's patience, gentle reader, and you shall see. The author of the little work before us has written on his frontispiece the motto *Procrustes ante portam*—because he feels assured that the old giant is still at our very doors. Yes, though he was slain when the world was young, in the old days of the demigods, yet here we have him again in the year of grace 1860!

Having passed in revolving ages through a varied metempsychosis, we find him now alive again in the form of the boot and shoe-maker. He is still true to his ancient instincts, and, though for a bed he has substituted a last, he is as obstinate and relentless as ever. He has set up his false ideal of what a foot ought to be, and will have all feet conform to it, whatever may be their original shape. In the middle ages, the torturing machine called "the boots," was reserved for heinous criminals; but now it is more or less inflicted on the most innocent members of society. Happily, however, this unscientific empiricism in the matter of foot-clothing will no longer be suffered to rule undisturbed. The work before us shows the utter impossibility of the present system of boot and shoe making, and the immediate necessity of reforming it altogether. Before considering the existing forms of boots and shoes, it will not be without value to examine cursorily those employed in former times. The ancient Egyptians, the people of whom we have the earliest existing monuments, appear from their paintings and sculptures to have worn for the most part, a kind of slippers made of basket-work. The Egyptian empire, by degrees, had its heels trodden upon by the Assyrians, who, true descendants of Nimrod the mighty hunter, delighted much in stout thick-soled buskins. The Persians, who followed hard upon the footsteps of the Assyrians, used principally to wear slippers.

The Greeks do not appear to have troubled themselves much about boots or shoes, generally going barefoot. Their attention was rather directed to clothing and protecting their shins, from which they acquired, as is well known, the epithet of "the well-greased Greeks." Not so the Romans, who, by degrees, managed to stand in the shoes not only of the Greeks, but in those of almost every other nation of the habitable globe. They had a boot or a shoe for every class of society; and a senator or a slave was distinguished by the shape of his sandals, just as a *marchal-de-camp* or a *sergent-le-ville* of modern France are respectively known by the different angles at which their hats are cocked. Hence it was considered a great solicitation of the Emperor Gallienus to adopt the "little spike bottom" shoes, called *the inch* or so more or less of shoe-leather made all the difference between tragedy and comedy, and a thick sole only separated the sublime from the ridiculous.

It was, however, in medieval times, that fancy actually revelled in an elaborate variety of foot-gear. A certain fashionable aristocrat of the twelfth century acquired the name of *Ransham*, from a strangely-twisted shoe which he brought into vogue. Nay, even royal personages did not think it beneath them to bestow a very minute attention to their *chamarrs*.

Thus we find King John ordering "four pairs of women's boots,"—we suppose for his royal spouse.—"one of them to be embroidered with circles." His successor, Henry III., had his boots powdered with lionsels. In the next century a taste for eccentric foot-gear extended itself to all classes. "Their shoes and puttees are mounted and picked more than a finger long, crooked upwards, which they call crows, resembling devil's claws, and fastened to the feet with chains of gold and silver."

During the two succeeding reigns, in spite of legislative enactments to restrain them, the boots and shoes of the wealthier classes reached the outrageous length of two feet, which, as a chronicler of the period remarks, "was the most ridiculous thing that ever was seen." What, however, even this of Parliament failed to do, was very soon brought about by ever-changing fashion. Shoes became as lead as they had before been lead, and under the very appropriate name of duck-bills, protected the feet of Henry VII. and his bluff son and successor. The reign of Elizabeth is remarkable for an important change in the form of shoes. In Shakspeare's "King John" (Act iv. sc. 2.) a certain tailor is mentioned as—

"making, dippers (which is a light)
But lately thrust upon contrary feet."

* Why the *Four Shoes*. A Contribution to Applied Anatomy. By HERMAN MANN, M.D., Professor of Anatomy in the University of Zurich. Translated from the German by John Stirling Craig, L.R.C.P.E., L.R.C.S.E. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas, 1860.

In this passage we, for the first time, hear of shoes being made right and left. How long this fashion remained "in" we are unable to say. It was, however, forgotten in the last century, for we find Dr. Johnson making the following note on the above passage:—"Shakespeare seems to have confounded the man's shoes with his gloves. He that is frightened or hurried may put his hand into the wrong glove, but either shoe will equally admit either foot." The observations show that in the time of the learned lexicographer, shoes were made just the same for either foot; the present fashion was revived about the beginning of this century.

It is unnecessary to pursue the subsequent revolutions in the form of boots and shoes, or to detail the innumerable crotches, ruffles, red heels, buckles, straps, and tassels with which they have been successively adorned from the seventeenth century down to the present time. All of these will doubtless be more or less familiar to the majority of our readers. One peculiarity of the period in which we live is this, that, while in ancient times distinguished personages were nicknamed after boots and shoes, these necessary articles of clothing now generally assume the names of military heroes or princely individuals.

Thus we no longer dream of calling a cabinet minister "top-boots," or a prince of the blood "high-logs," but we do designate certain descriptions of boots and shoes respectively as "Wellingtons" or "Blüchers," "Albion" or "Clarendons." We have often wondered whether the Prussian Field-Marshal really did patronize the exceedingly clumsy and uncomfortable "high-logs" which bear his name.

What, however, is more important to notice is this, that in all the revolutions through which boots and shoes have run hitherto, it has almost invariably happened that convenience and health have been sacrificed in a great measure to a false idea of beauty and the caprices of senseless fashion. Hence it comes that now, in the latter half of the nineteenth century, we are as yet without a boot or shoe which is perfectly satisfactory, either in the requirements of utility or ornament.

But, while we smile with contemptuous pity at the "golden lilies" of the Chinese ladies, we forget our own grazed heels and aching corners. Assuredly, in the matter of shoes and boots, we are superior only in degree to the celestial inhabitants of "the middle kingdom."

But do not let our fair readers be too much frightened, for their case is not so bad as that of the stronger sex. If they can only wear their feet out of their boots, they will certainly be much gratified by the following extract from the preface to the work before us:—

"As to the unbecomingness of distorted feet and shoes, there really can be no exaggeration. Since my attention has been more particularly called to the subject, I have naturally been led to make observations more carefully than usual on the state of all feet coming under my notice in the street and elsewhere, and I find this result: that nice-looking shoes and shoes being stronger, are less liable to distortion, and their feet more so, while ladies' feet suffer less, and their boots more than those of the other sex; so much so, that it would appear quite logical to state the conclusion I have come to, on reliable grounds, as to proportion of distorted boots among the fair sex. They may amuse themselves, however, by knowing that these deformities are only apparent, and that it is in reality the true form of the foot asserting itself against fashion's corrupt shoe, and that to remove them they have only to show sufficient moral courage to adopt the proper shape, as hereafter set forth."

To those who would deny the importance of the shape of the boot or the shoe our author says:—

"The shape of the shoe has too much influence on health and comfort to be left to the dictates of fashion. The influence of fashion on the shape of the shoe produces the most baneful effects on the mechanism of the foot and on its soundness, and thus materially affects our moving about, and our consequent ability to take a sufficient amount of open-air exercise. It is quite clear that the foot must get inside the shoe, and if the shoe differ in shape from the foot, it is as plain as the fact, being the more pliable, must of necessity adapt itself to the shape of the shoe. If, then, fashion prescribes an arbitrary form of shoe, she goes far beyond her province, and in reality arrogates to herself the right of determining the shape of the foot."

The author then proves that the present system of boot-making not only produces chronic deformity in the feet of most persons, but something worse.

"The consequences resulting to the foot itself from an improper form of sole, are not limited to the fact that the deformity becomes permanent, but are of a still more serious and important nature. These more important evils are caused partly by the pressure to which the foot is exposed, and partly by the bad usage to which the distorted foot is necessarily subjected in walking. . . . In this manner arise those uneasily and painful swellings at the root of the great toe which, either from mistaking their true nature, or from wilful deception, are called *chilblains* or *gout*, just as the one or the other term appears the most interesting. In many cases, moreover, this kind of inflammation of the bones, and their investing membrane, may lead to the formation of matter, and eventually to the disease known as *caries*, or ulceration of the bone."

The shoe but certain produces distortion which causes from the ordinary form of sole will be best understood from a glance at the annexed diagrams.

boot made according to the usual manner. It will be observed that the toes have already begun to be compressed together. Fig. 2 shows the skeleton of the same foot.

The next cut (fig. 3) shows a yet further distortion. The toes, not finding sufficient room side by side, have been pushed over one another until, the position having become habitual, the distortion is permanent. Fig. 4 exhibits the skeleton of such a foot in a still more abnormal condition, when the joints, having been pushed out of place, have become inflamed, resulting in large diseased osseous growths at the root of the great toe.

The cause of all these distortions, alike uneasily and painful, is the prevailing form of sole, which is made as in fig. 5. The difference between it and fig. 6, which Dr. Meyer declares to be the only true form for soles of boots, will be evident on comparing the two outlines.

When distortion has resulted from improperly-made boots, boot-makers constantly pretend to remedy it by various contrivances. But Dr. Meyer shows most conclusively that, so far from these plans tending to remedy the harm already done, they rather increase it, and render it permanent. In fact, the theory of boot-making is at present at fault, and error lies at its very basis in a false form of sole. Having exposed these fallacious methods of cure, our author proceeds to show—*How a sole may be constructed for either foot.*

The following are his directions:—

"The length of the foot from the back of the heel to the point of the great toe is laid down in a straight line, *a, b*. The half of the breadth of the heel, *c, d*, should then be marked off on this line, and the centre of the heel is thus ascertained. The length from the point of the great toe to the point where the hollow of the foot commences—that is, to say, to the posterior margin of the ball of the great toe, *e, f*, about two-fifths of the whole length of the foot, is now to be measured and marked off in its proper place on the primary straight line, and thus the broadest part of the foot is found. At this place a line should be drawn, cutting the longitudinal straight line at right angles, and on this transverse line the greatest breadth of the foot is to be marked, so that just so much of the foot lies on one side of the long line as corresponds to half the breadth of the great toe, *g, h*, the rest of the whole breadth of foot falling on the other side, *i, k*. The longitudinal line is now curved in a little further forward, and when, passing to *l, m*, the inner margin, *n, o*, of the anterior sole is to be drawn, and for this purpose we begin at the inner termination of the transverse line, which indicates the greatest breadth of the foot. All the points essential to the construction of a proper sole have thus been obtained, namely, the inner margin of the anterior sole, the posterior boundary of the heel, and the greatest projection of the little toe. Around these points a sole may readily be constructed, as may be seen from the annexed drawing (fig. 21), in which the outline of the sole is filled up with dotted lines."

Having explained the construction of a sole for healthy feet, the author comes to consider the formation of the sole for those to which the toes have been distorted. His theory is at once simple and logical.

"The sole ought to be cut exactly as if the great toe were in its proper position. The ground for this is clear, for, if the sole be made to suit the foot, the ordinary shape is simply reproduced, since the deformity has arisen precisely through the foot accommodating itself to the shape of the shoe. The continuation of the injurious defects would thus be insured, and they might perhaps even be increased. If, on the other hand, the sole be made of the proper shape, it becomes possible for the great toe to resume its normal position, and thus restore the foot to its true form."

In the concluding pages of his book, after noticing the uselessness and absurdity of small and high heels, our author considers the best form of upper-leather. He condemns tight-fitting Wellington boots, but praises broad half-boots; many, however, will not agree with him as to the merits of elastic or self-boots, which he advocates as the best, to be, except for mere dress-boots, both uneconomical and uncomfortable wear.

The form of the upper-leather is, however, by no means so important as that of the sole; for the foot can stretch the former to its own requirements, but must accommodate itself to the latter. Hence we cannot too earnestly recommend to all our readers the attentive perusal of the little work before us, for the question of which to treat is one of universal interest. It is the duty of everyone to keep each part of his body in its normal and undistorted condition, as well as to see that the health and comfort of his friends and neighbours are not impaired or destroyed by blundering ignorance or fashionable caprice.

This useful pamphlet is no pretentious puff of some *ad-hoc* anatomical boot-maker, but the learned, though compendious *brochure* of a physiologist of great professional acquirements, and considerable literary experience in this special department of anatomy. It has, moreover, every appearance of having been translated with great fidelity and knowledge, and is furnished with a preface which at once elucidates it, and adds, if possible, to its value.

THE HELMSHORE DISASTER.

RAILWAYS are now as necessary to society as ever were common roads. There can be no longer any question of their usefulness, and it would be idle to expatiate on their advantages. Whatever lessons spring from the commination of man with man, from extending the knowledge of the material world, and of society, railways contribute to them. Excursion trains have naturally grown up with the system, and are now obviously a necessary part of it. Their increase and diffuse the advantages of railways. Between London and Brighton, London and the Isle of Wight, London and



FIG. 1. FIG. 2. FIG. 3. FIG. 4.
In the first cut (fig. 1) is shown the sole of a foot laid over the sole of a

the Highlands of Scotland, and London and Ireland, excursion trains run continually in season, and to many of them no accident has ever happened. Excursion trains, then, taking due precautions, can be run without accident; and though accidents have frequently occurred to excursion trains, numerous exemptions prove that they are preventable.

Excursion trains being especially useful in extending the advantages of the railway system to the multitude, railway directors must not be blamed for providing them, though they have only their own profit in view. Like other merchants or newspaper proprietors, who find their advantage in supplying material or mental food to a hungry multitude, railway directors, by running excursion trains, only meet, excite, and gratify a growing want. But in seeking their own advantage they must never serve the public. In fact, the two are in the end identical. Railway accidents are as injuries to the property of railway companies as they are destructive of life and limb. Excursion trains demand more care even than express trains; and there are some obvious rules concerning them which ought to be strictly followed. They should not be very long. If they consist of more than one *enfilade* of carriages the *enfilade* should not follow each other at too short intervals. They should rarely be run for any called chance purpose, not at very late hours, when the vigilance required for their safety cannot be easily exercised. Excursion trains, properly managed, serve the public, and are profitable to railway companies, but to attain the ends proposed they must be run safely.

We must be careful not to deprecate individuals for seeking their own advantage by serving the public. To this end we all minister to each other; wane; the inventor and improver in arts and the discoverer in science keeps his own interest in view, and blames the public if it does not reward him for any advantages he confers on it. He must leave others, however, to judge of his merit, and in serving them it is not induly to grasp power or profit. This is equally true of all classes of men. The subtlest and most just they are not, therefore, to be envied. It is, perhaps, more scandalous for statesmen to take advantage of their necessities to assume despotic power, to fleece or oppress the people, than for railway directors to run excursion trains without providing for their safety. Ignorance needs instruction; but those who dispense it are not, like the ignorant, to be despised, or to be treated with contempt and power for themselves. To supply each other's wants is not a crime, for our own profit, is indispensable—it is the real cement of society; but we are all bound to do so honestly, faithfully, and justly. This is equally the duty of railway directors and statesmen, and no more is exacted from the former than the latter. To perform our duty, no sacrifice should be spared, though it carry us to die like the soldier in the breach, or the sailor in the sinking ship.

The question with reference to the directors of the Lancashire Railway—the deplorable accident on which we recorded last week—is, Did they do their duty to the excursionists whom they undertook to carry from Haslingden to Manchester and back? It is not easy to say; the directors have not come to the end of the investigation, but enough has transpired to enable us to say decidedly that they did not. We will not relieve them by throwing the blame on their manager, Mr. Shaw; we fix it on them, for they are responsible for his appointment, his regulations, and his conduct. It is not said that the return from Manchester was delayed, but it is said that the train did not come till past eleven o'clock, or near midnight, before the last train left. It is dangerous to run regular trains at that hour, but to run irregular and exceptional trains when guards, engineers, and porters must be all drowsy, or worn out by the labours of the day, these trains carrying 2,500 passengers to and from a scene of enjoyment, the multitude elated and excited, and not unwilling guards to share their tipple as the train stopped, must be excessively dangerous; and the directors are to be censured for running such a large excursion train at the solicitation of the keeper of a public garden for such a purpose at such an hour. It appears, too, that there was no telegraph on the line to convey a warning. Such telegraphs are not only common in the manufacturing districts; we never before heard of them, and they are totally different in character and consequences from those excursion trains which carry multitudes from London to the sea, and return, unless some accident happens, long before midnight. The purpose and the time of this excursion train were wrong. It was a means of improvement, kept hurried hours, and encouraged dissipation for their own advantage.

Such schemes necessarily fall into confusion. For the train the guards were too few. This is Colonel Yelland's opinion, and, in spite of Mr. Shaw's contrary belief, is undoubtedly correct. If fourteen guards were on the train, too, had been on duty nearly sixteen and the other nearly fourteen hours. The breaks, therefore, if they were not too few, could not be, and were not, properly applied. An individual, not a servant of the company, exerted himself to work a break, and make up for the company's deficiency, but he could not succeed in stopping the train. If fourteen guards were on the first train required two guards, two guards to thirty-one carriages in the second train, of which the coupling-chain broke, was wholly insufficient. The neglected train drew up too quickly at Helmsboro, and the rebound broke the coupling-rod. To see that the coupling-rod of all these thirty-one carriages were in good condition—and the more carriages are multiplied, the greater must be the strain on the earlier coupling-rod—was one John Borke was specially appointed. One drowsy man, to examine the coupling-chains of thirty-one carriages in one train, fourteen in another, and twenty-four in a third, at midnight, is plainly insufficient. This single fact, and the manner in which Mr. Cooper, an officer of the company, spoke of it, betrays gross neglect and indifference. The management is culpably bad which is satisfied with asking John Borke, a porter, if the coupling of all these thirty-one carriages in three trains is properly secured, and with his assurance that it is. But this, it appears, is the general practice on the line, and the management is obviously defective. Excursion trains by night, it is admitted, require more care than day trains; yet one porter has to look after sixty-nine carriages, and to thirty-one carriages there are only two guards.

The disasters that happen under such management—the coupling-chains that break as coupling-chains have broken before, without warning the Lancashire Railway Company into thought—are not accidents, they are inevitable consequences of scandalous negligence. They are the results of criminal carelessness in the men who invite and receive payment for services which they neglect to render. If the law, which is too often scorned, cannot effectually reach such offences, at least they should be severely stigmatised by the

public. We join, therefore, from Mr. Mihill Slaughter's work on "Railways," corrected "to the present time," the following list of the directors of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, that the public may address every one of them, if it please, according to the recommendation of our celebrated friend the "Goaty Philosopher," by the title of "His Scandalous Negligence."

Chairman, H. W. Wickham, Esq., M.P., Kirkless Hall, near Mirfield; Deputy-Chairman, George Wilson, Esq., Manchester; George Anderson, Esq., Chesham, near Leeds; Richard Adkins, Esq., Kirkstall Lodge; James Andus, Esq., Selby; Thomas Barnes, Esq., Farnworth, near Bolton; Wm. T. Blacklock, Esq., Pendleton, near Manchester; Jos. Craven, Esq., Steeton, near Keighley; Thos. Dugdale, Esq., Blackburn; Samuel Fielden, Esq., Todmorden; John Hartgreaves, Esq., Silwood Park, Berks; James Haslam, Esq., Manchester; James Holme, Esq., Liverpool; Wm. H. Horsley, Esq., M.P., Blackburn; John R. Kay, Esq., Eury; Wm. Leaf, Esq., Pendleton, near Manchester; Wm. Marshall, Esq., Penwortham Hall, near Preston; Jas. Pilkington, Esq., M.P., Blackburn; James Radcliffe, Esq., Rochdale; Jas. R. Ralph, Esq., Halifax; James Riley, Esq., Halifax; William Sturt, Esq., Liverpool.

INEDITED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 231.]

THE "battle" alluded to in the following letter was a controversy Nelson had become involved in with the Genoese Government, who accused him of having violated his word, a charge which he indignantly refuted, to the complete satisfaction of the King, who communicated to the Lords of the Admiralty his entire approval of the conduct of Nelson in his transactions with the Republic of Genoa.

La Mirra, Porto Ferraio, Dec. 27, 1796.

MY DEAR SIR,—As Sir John Jervis has wrote you, it is needless for me to attempt telling you any news from the fleet; and as I have related to Lady Hamilton my battle, &c., I shall only trouble you to assure the King of Naples that the neutrality which he has thought it proper to adjust shall be most inviolably sacred with me. My individual conduct, long as I have been in command, has been, and shall continue to be, uniform. The good faith of His Majesty, and good conduct of his Ministers, claim for as every attention and respect.

I was very sorry to hear that a Spanish vessel was taken out of St. Stefano, and if she is still at Porto Ferraio, she shall be instantly restored. The Admiral is equally displeased as myself. Should she, or her cargo, be sold, every proper reparation shall be made.

I have to beg that the letters for the Adriatic may be sent off express; they are most important in their object. I have not time to say that I must be forwarded. It is most probable, my dear sir, that this may be the last public occasion I shall have to correspond with you, therefore I have to request that you, from your own knowledge of my public conduct, since I have been in the Mediterranean, will, as a letter, or, as one line to Lord Nelson, inform me, if I think most proper (I believe it ought to be to the Duke of Portland), that I may lay my humble services at His Majesty's feet.

The late Victory has handsomely offered such a letter, and I do not Mr. Drake and Mr. Trevor will do the same. Believe me, dear Sir, your most obliged servant, HENRY NELSON.

Sir William Hamilton, K.B.

After some captures and adventures while in command at this station, Nelson went in the February of the following year to reconnoitre Toulon and Carthagen, and, touching at Gibraltar, finally joined the fleet off Cape St. Vincent, when he hoisted his broad pennant on board the *Capitain*. The hero was fortunate. The battle of St. Vincent took place the day after his arrival, and he was in the thickest of it. The list of killed and wounded affords conclusive testimony to the part Nelson bore in that famous fight. On the part of the British there were engaged, against twenty-seven Spanish sail of the line, for the most part of greater weight of metal, two ships of 100 guns each, two of 98, two of 90, eight of 74, and one of 64. The *Capitain* was a 74. Here were shattered thirty ships, in which the total killed was 73, and the total wounded 227. Of this amount, Nelson's single share, by means of this brave exploit, was 21 killed and 26 wounded. For his brilliant services on that memorable day, Sir John Jervis was created Earl of St. Vincent, and Nelson received the knighthood and Order of the Bath, and was promoted to be Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

Nelson now changed to the *Irresistible*, his own ship, the *Capitain*, having suffered great damage in the action. In the following April we find him blockading Cadix; but leaving the blockade in the hands of Sir James Saumarez, he returned to Porto Ferraio, to bring off the troops there. Towards the end of April he writes to Sir William Hamilton from on board the *Capitain*, to which he had shifted again, although he tells us that it was little better than a wreck, to be soon exchanged for the *Thecus*. At this time he is cruising off the southern end of Corsica, and the convoy to which he alludes was one which had troops on board, under the command of Captain Freemantle.

Capitain at Sea, August 17, 1797.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am just seeing a Spanish frigate and company, by the arrival of which I send you a line to say we are well, and the whole garrison of Porto Ferraio under my protection. You will be pleased to hear the King has conferred on me the most honourable Order of the Bath, and I expect Earl St. Vincent will be commissioned to invest me on board his ship, the *Life*. For his illustrious services I have only to beg my last respects to Lady Hamilton, and that you will believe me your obliged humble servant, HENRY NELSON.

Right Hon. Sir William Hamilton.

There is a letter of Nelson's, written at this time to his wife, which possesses a special interest, as showing the modest humility he placed upon his personal ambition, at a moment in which the highest honours his sovereign

natural, so easy, and so true to life, that it is surprising how Mr. Boucicault has contrived to evade a reputation which it is clearly in his power to make in this unoccupied line of acting.

The reception of the play is worthy of its merits; and if we were to suggest any improvement in its future representation, it would be to restrain the Anglo-Saxon brouhaha which at present interrupts much of the enjoyment of the audience. Apart from the inconsistency of allowing Mr. Billington and Mrs. Billington to deliver themselves in plain English, while the rest of the characters are to be accompanied by a dialect which is neither English nor Irish, the dramatic interest is seriously marred by the obscurity into which the dialogue is frequently thrown in the attempt to give it what is supposed to be the Hibernian turn. The scenes between Mrs. Mellon and Mr. David Fisher, for example, would be greatly heightened in interest if they were brought somewhat nearer to the English ear; and this could be easily done, without compromising their native humour, by the slightest tinge of the Irish intonation.

Miss Agnes Robertson appeared afterwards in a trifle called "She would be an Actress," intended to show her skill in the assumption of several characters; and the entertainment terminated with Sir David Fisher's clever little sketch "Music hath Charms," played with unflagging spirit. Mr. Fisher's Mr. Poppidon Pettinau is one of the most perfect bits of light-comely acting extant on our stage.

Reviews of Books.

THE VALLEY OF THE INDUS.*

EVERYBODY who was in the habit of going the rounds of London society a few years ago, must remember a tolerably portly Asiatic, with an agreeable expression of face and a royal air, who was generally to be met with in most of the circles, moving through the rooms in a fashion of stately urbanity. He was no less a personage than the famous Meer Ali Moomed, who, up to 1856, had been the recognised native sovereign of Upper Sind, and the proprietor of a large portion of his territories, in consequence of a charge of fraud brought against him, and substantiated on testimony which he declared to be suborned, had come over to England to obtain restitution. It was not so easy, however, to obtain restitution of Indian impositions in those days, when Lord Dalhousie, carrying his schemes with a high hand, was supported at home by a power which might or might not stand between the appellant and the crown. Of the merits of Ali Moomed's case we will not venture an opinion. He was charged with having substituted, in a certain treaty, the word "Pungmah," which means district, for "Deh," which means village; thus fraudulently obtaining the cession of a province instead of a town. The persons who appeared against him were alleged to have been of notoriously infamous character, and the principal witness is said to have confessed, on his deathbed, that his evidence was false. The Meer all along asserted his innocence. Guiltless he may have been, or guilty only through the craft of others, and his own entire negligence in the conduct of public business; but be that as it may, he determined to come to England to sue for justice at the foot of the throne, and the Court of Directors determined, on their part, to frustrate his object, by refusing their assent to his presentation. His mission, consequently, was barren of everything but disappointment and mortification; and when the Meer broke out, he vented his services to keep the peace in his own country, and his object was soon gladly accepted by the Government, for the sake of getting rid of him; and he accordingly set out for India, not without an understanding, or a hope, that his loyalty to the British alliance, which, in the worst of times had never been called in question, would secure for him, at last, the restoration of the alienated districts. In that unfulfilled hope—if, indeed, hope is to him justice turned into despair—he still lives, and will, no doubt, go down to his grave.

Captain Langley's relations with Meer Ali Moomed arose out of these circumstances. He had known him, and been employed by him, during his residence in London; and when the Meer had reached Trieste, on his way back to India, the moral difficulties of a large and prodigious Oriental train, who could not speak a word of an European language, and who were involving their master in pecuniary embarrassments, beset the unlucky Sovereign, and Captain Langley was invited from London to take the part of secretary, and accompany him to India. His mission was not only accepted, on the stipulation that the engagement was not to last beyond a twelvemonth; and Captain Langley set forth on his expedition to the rescue at Trieste, accompanied by a "distinguished parliamentary friend," who figures in his pages under the initial "F."

The volumes before us contain the results of Captain Langley's observations during his residence at the "court" of the Meer, and a great deal also about Indian life and sports, picked up from former experience, and gleaned from books. The publication has no pretensions to literary skill, and is to be read rather for its matter than its manner. The descriptions of the places visited were evidently taken down at the spot, and bear the unmistakable marks of accuracy; and the panorama through which we are thus carried, if not very admirable as a work of art, is entitled to confidence for its fidelity. Perhaps there is a little too much dry information introduced. We could spare some of the pages about soil, and climate, and troops, and local statistics. Figures and technical particulars have an inflexible tendency to make books dull. But they are given by Captain Langley with so much sincerity of intention, and are presented to us in places where they so usefully illustrate the immediate scene or subject under consideration, that we do not feel their momentum as forcibly as we should do under other circumstances, and we go on with the book in spite of them. The sporting anecdotes are capital, and the accounts of the scenery and life generally in the valley of the Indus will be read with interest.

The Meer's passion is Sport in all the shapes in which it can be pursued in India, and through all its agencies, from hawks up to elephants. He looks soberly on horseback, and is an inspired man out of doors, compared

with what he is within. As to the affairs of state, he still governs a region over which he exercises sovereign power; they may go by the mast, so long as he can get good shooting; and we can easily understand how a prince of this sort devoted to one absorbing amusement, and willing to delegate hard work to others, at any risk of being made responsible for acts which he would scorn to commit in his own person, may have been duped by crafty instruments in the affair of the treaty. Such a construction of his complicity is not without some probability, and seems to be strengthened by Captain Langley's apparently honest estimate of his character, and, above all, by that preposterous entire conviction of his innocence. At all events, it is clear that the life of Ali Moomed is that of a man who is unconscious of the responsibilities of his position, and who is, therefore, liable, at any moment, to become the victim of the chicanery which his own negligence encourages around him.

His household is much the same as that of all other Eastern potentates, only that it transcends them all in the inadequacy of the means to the end. It is a sort of squalid prodigality. Everybody about him is in a state of ostentatious beggary; and the terrible struggle between show and prudence set out on the fat of the land before it comes to maturity yields one of those pictures of Oriental wretchedness of which we had a faint recollection in the latter days of the Oude dynasty at Harley House.

Turning from the ministers and the soldiers to the ladies of the establishment, we have some close pictures of the interior of the Zenana, which are curious in their details, and valuable for their authenticity. The particulars are furnished by Mrs. Ghulam Hussain, a lady of the household, who resided for weeks together with the princesses, and who had more favourable opportunities of observing the domestic habits of the inmates of the palace than any other European lady ever possessed. She describes the life of the young princesses, daughters of the Meer, as being very monotonous; but we have no account of the source of the debt which she incurred, to which we recommend the perusal of the work, will doubtless find them interesting.

ÆSOP'S FABLES, IN GREEK AND ENGLISH VERSE.*

It was at one time maintained by a very learned British Jesuit, that all the writings of ancient classical authors, with very few exceptions, were borrowed unthinkingly from the exceptions being the works of Cicero, Pliny's *Natural History*, the *Satires* and *Epistles* of Horace, and the *Georgics* of Virgil. As to "The Æsop," the Jesuit Father declared, it was manifestly the composition of a Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century, and its object plainly to give, under the semblance of the voyages and adventures of Æsop, an allegorical description of St. Peter's journey to Rome. He also affirmed it to be no less clear that "The fables" of Horace were followed by the same hands that composed the "Æsop," adding that "Lalage," the charming nymph of the poem *Æsop*, was, in all probability, not a child of "the Christian religion!" It is scarcely necessary to state that the well-known *Fables of Æsop* must be included in the denunciation of the Jesuit, of whom his opponents said he was "in credulity a boy, in audacity a youth, and in old age a roving madman."

"*Cruditiora puer, audacior juvenis, delirior senex.*"

So far as "Æsop's Fables" are concerned, researches made within the last five-and-twenty years fully justify the accuracy of the strange and universally-contradicted assertion made by the learned Jesuit in the seventeenth century. The prose collection of the fables of Æsop, which were at one period a very common school-book in this country, are now proved to be "spurious"—and actually the composition of "some monk!" The earliest edition of these fables turns out to be "so clumsy a forgery," that it mentions Æsop, who lived 250 years after the date of the composition, and contains a whole sentence from the Book of Job. A second collection of the same fables is traced to Marinus Plineus, a monk of Constantinople, in the fourteenth century. It is proved to contain one Hebrewism, and many modern Greek words.

The monks who gave these prose narratives of Æsop's fables, did not invent the fables themselves. Some of the fables are to be found in ancient authors, each telling them in his own manner. Where, then, did the monks find the fables? Modern research has traced out the source from which these versions are derived; and it is now demonstrable that the prose collection of Æsop's fables, and the classic and Latin versions, have been mainly based on the writings of Babrius—the author whose works were not only translated from before the public. Here, then, we have in the fables of Babrius that which may justly and rightfully claim to be "the basis, or stock material, of all that comes down to our day under the name and credit of Æsop."

This is a very interesting fact; for who is there that has not taken a delight in the fables of Æsop, whether he has read them in "the spurious" Greek prose, or the Latin version of Plineus, or in the fine old story of Sir Roger L'Estrange? And now, it appears, after the lapse of so many centuries, that the world is indebted to the diligence of an author whose name and writings had been buried in complete oblivion. The sermon of Beutley had indicated the remains of some such poet as Babrius. Search was made for his literary remains by Tyrwhitt. Fragments were discovered in the Bodleian, and more abundant materials in the Vatican, libraries; until at last a Babrius was discovered in 1841 in the convent of St. Laurens, on Mount Athos; and in 1846 the first edition of Babrius was put forth in England by our present Secretary for the Home Department, Sir George Cornewall Lewis. Of that edition it is said, and with perfect truth, that "its editor's Latin notes, concise, and to the point, strike the scholar as the model of what Latin notes should be, and which he would have been glad to see who, if it may be asked, was this Babrius, to whom the world is indebted for all the pleasure and instruction conveyed to mankind under the name of 'Æsop's Fables!' Alas! all is doubt and surmise on this material point. We have naught to rely upon but probability and conjecture. Vossius is silent respecting him; Lemprière is a blank; and his name does not appear in the last edition of Feller, in 1847. It is believed he was a Greek, having

* Narrative of a Residence at the Court of Meer Ali Moomed; with Wild Sports in the Valley of the Indus. By E. A. Langley, late Captain Madras Cavalry. 2 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

* The Fables of Babrius. In Two Parts. Translated into English Verse from the Text of Dr. R. C. Lemprière. By J. J. Vossius, M.A., sometime Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Lockwood & Son, 1861.

some connection with Asia, and that he was contemporary with the Emperor Alexander Severus, who died A.D. 235. The first Greek metrical version of the *Æneid* fables is supposed to be that of Babrius. His fables are written in the Ionic dialect, and in Chaldaic metres.

Such is the sum-total of the information to be communicated with respect to Babrius. And still we are beset with the suspicions of the unbelieving Breton Jesuit. First of all "the moral" to each of the fables,—the quaint, epigrammatic, shrewd morals,—what is said concerning them! Comparing those attached to the "young Whigs" with Babrius' "versified" version of the same "morals," there are numerous differences discoverable between the one and the other. Sir George Cornwall Lewis has marked down fifteen as undoubtedly spurious, seven as doubtful, and thirty as genuine. This is not all that is to be said on the charge of forgery. A second part of Babrius was edited, in 1859, by Sir George Cornwall Lewis, from a transcript furnished by M. Malay; and with reference to that it is said that at first considerable suspicion of forgery, with reference to the MS. from which the transcript had been made, was entertained. That suspicion is now at an end; and therefore it may be concluded, the literary world is placed in secure possession of the writings of a veritable ancient author.

The task which the Rev. James Davies has imposed upon himself is, to give as close a translation as can be effected, through the medium of English rhymes, of the verses of a Greek poet. The original work in Greek is described by the translator (we use his own words) as "easy, pure, and elegant." Neither, while it is far from being ornate, is it in any degree bold or vulgar. The translator adds that "his great aim has been to produce a version which, while literal, should preserve as far as lay in his (the translator's) power, the elegance and terseness of the original."

We wish we could compliment the Rev. Mr. Davies upon the success of his efforts; but what is to be said of such verisimilitude as the following:—

"Some came out at the helter skelter to kill,
Who loathed us, to them, destructive skill."
—*Æneid*, p. 25.

"The young'st hand, foremost with a shaven crown,
Was being 'washed by the perfumed crown,
Long did the foremost fill an ample dish,
By four shaven throats being discomfited."
—*Æneid*, p. 26.

A book of "fables" is one certain to be read by the young, and little doubt need be entertained that this new version of *Æneid* will be eagerly sought for. The translator ought to have calculated on the probable popularity of his work, and consequently left out whatever could not be pursued but with advantage by persons of tender years. Until we met with the fables of Babrius, we had restricted the notion that the most infamous of the many Italian tales to be found in the "Decameron" of Boccaccio, was derived from the abominable romance of Petrus Alfonsi. According to Babrius (part I., fab. xxi.), it is as old as the days of *Æneid*. But wherefore should it be translated into English verse? Why not mark it as amongst "the unimproved?" In the original form it could do little mischief, and certainly no English mind, previously pure, be contaminated by it.

If our space permitted, we might contrast the 118th fable in Part I. of Babrius, with Horace's version, lib. ii., sat. 6, lines 70 to 117, in order that it might be seen how superior was the Latin to the Greek poet. But this cannot be done. It only remains to say that, considering the preface, the notes, and the translation of Babrius, as executed by the reverend author, he is not open to the same reproach that was cast upon Verrius; for none can, with truth or justice, declare concerning him, and the time he has devoted to his work:—

"*gaviti miles
Zu se fabulos.*"

INCOMPREHENSIBLE POLITICIANS.*

The author of "Historical Recollections of the Reign of William IV." apologises, in his preface, for dwelling upon a period which has already occupied the attention of such well-known writers as Mr. Roebuck, Miss Martineau, and Sir Archibald Alison. For an eye-witness, and one having a personal acquaintance with some of the leading political characters in the Williamite era, no such apology is needed, provided the author is able to tell the public something not hitherto known, or that his position enables him to throw new lights upon past transactions.

Is the author a Whig, or a Tory, or does he belong to the new Irish party? He does not say, and we cannot venture to guess; but his work affords us the opportunity for stating a few facts of which Irishmen ought not to be ignorant. We are aware that the party has of late years grown amongst the Roman Catholics in Ireland, calling itself, *par excellence*, "the Irish Party," which shews, on all occasions, a disposition to conclave with the Tories, and oppose the Whigs, and yet is without Mr. Malay's abilities or learning to afford a plausible reason for the faith it professes, and the policy it pursues.

Mr. Malay, whether he is or not a member of the new "Irish Party," has written the ablest book that has yet been put forward in vindication of its policy; and we shall therefore take the liberty of calling attention to circumstances on which he has not dwelt, and of which the young "Irish Party" seems to be in absolute ignorance.

Instead of going back to the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries to discover the origin of the two great parties—Whigs and Tories—we shall at once come to modern times, to the generation that were men when William IV. ascended the throne, and who are now grandfathers. The generation of that day had grown up from infancy under the influence of a monarch under the domination of the Tories; for the Tory party had been in power from the year 1783 until the accession of William IV., with the exception of a few months in 1806, when the Whigs were in office, and when—the young "Irish Party" ought to be informed of the fact—the Whig party abandoned office rather than comply with the condition sought to be imposed upon it by George III., of renouncing for the future, its advocacy of the Roman Catholic claims to religious equality.

From 1783 until 1830 the Tory party was in power. What was the condition of the Irish Roman Catholics during the whole of that period? In a

review of Mr. Madden's "Lives and Times of the United Irishmen," we have shown what was the miserable condition of Ireland, and of the Roman Catholics in particular, previous to the session of the two Parliaments. The provisions made to the Roman Catholics by the Tories previous to the Union were perfidiously violated. The abortive insurrection, or rather, the five minutes' *insurrection* of Robert Emmet, in Thomas-street, Dublin, afforded a pretext for a renewal of the atrocities practised upon them in 1798 and 1799. As regards the poorer classes of the Irish Roman Catholics, the policy of the Tory party was ever the same. It was an unvarying system of ruthless cruelty. What was its conduct to the middle classes of Roman Catholics? The Roman Catholic newspapers, or Liberal-Protestant journals, advocating emancipation, were beset with prosecutions for libels. Journalists were crushed with scandalous fines and wasting imprisonment. For instance, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, Mr. John Magee, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment and a ruinous fine. Mr. Malay ought, unless he was a boy when William IV. ascended the throne, to be old enough to remember that publishers were punished even with the pillory in the city of Dublin. The meetings of the Roman Catholics were beset with spies. British subjects were prosecuted by a Tory Attorney-General, and tried by a packed jury of Tory corporators, because they assembled together for the purpose of preparing a petition to Parliament for Catholic Emancipation. Roman Catholics were rigidly excluded from the corporations in towns; and in all cases of great importance they were shut out of the jury-box. They were, so long as the Tories were in office, treated as an inferior caste in their own country.

Such were the Tories in Ireland from 1783 to 1830. They proved themselves to be relentless foes to Irish Roman Catholics; and during the whole of that period the Whigs were advocates for Roman Catholic Emancipation; and in London supplied the office for the sake of the clients; and were at all times, during the reign of George III., of the Regency, and the reign of George IV., urging the concession of Catholic Emancipation upon the Crown, the Ministry, and Parliament.

The Roman Catholic Relief Bill received the royal assent in April, 1829; the Tories resigned office for nine months afterwards, and during the whole of that period the Relief Bill remained upon the Statute Book—dead letter! The Irish Roman Catholics were retained in the same condition of servitude and degradation in which they had been previous to its enactment. This was an inglorious policy, and produced its natural consequences. It was a display of justice from the Tories, as a party, that first originated the cry for a repeal of the Union; and all the agitation that for years afterwards distracted the empire.

Mr. Malay finds great fault with the Tories for this conduct; but he does not see very clearly, as we conceive, that when the Whigs came into office in England, the Tories continued in power in Ireland. On the contrary, he blames the Tories for what was then done by the Prime Minister of the Tories (the present Earl of Derby). We do not accuse Lord Derby of then wilfully betraying the party with which he professed to act, but though in name then a Whig, all his acts were those of a Tory. He placed Tories on the bench, his Attorney-General was a Tory—he sent a Tory as to take upon himself the odious task of opposing an address to the Whig Master of the Rolls, the illustrious John Philipps Curran. As a Tory, but calling himself a Whig, Lord Derby (then Mr. Stanley) patronised more but notorious Tories, and disavowed all in Ireland who had been previously acting with the Whigs, whether they were liberal Protestants or Roman Catholics. He was not, as the Secretary of Lord Grey, a Whig, or even a friend of the Whigs. His delight seemed to be to harass, thwart, and persecute all who had in Ireland been the sincere advocates of Whig principles. He was like the golden-drawn in the Lay of the Last Minster, when assuming the form of the young Buccuchin:—

"For so the Dwarf's lips are all grey,
And his shape that of that young boy,
He thought the Dwarf's mouth all grey,
The countenance of the young boy, such
He picked, and took, and overthrew,
Nay, some of them he overthrew."

The monument of Lord Derby's Tory policy in Ireland was the Reform Bill. Instead of enlarging the constituency, its operation was (as he was forewarned it would be), to diminish the number of the electors, and it diminished them so thoroughly and completely, that in 1832 there were only 72,460 parliamentary voters in a population of six millions!

With the downfall of Lord Derby as Irish Secretary for the Whigs ceased the reign of Tories in Ireland, which had prevailed over that country from 1783.

Under a Whig administration, the Irish Roman Catholics were first elevated to the rank, rights, and privileges of free men. No longer as the reign of the Tories was supreme and uncontrolled, they had been treated as serfs.

The young "Irish Party" seems to be ignorant of these facts; but fortunately the young "Irish Party" represents only a small noisy section of their countrymen, not the great body of the Irish Roman Catholic gentry, merchants, shopkeepers, and farmers. Those who deserve the name of "the people," are not forgetful that Whigs were their advocates when they were suffering—that Whigs sustained them when they were oppressed; and they well know that to the Whig party are they indebted for the change that has taken place in their condition—for their being, at this moment, in all things, on an equality with Englishmen. And no doubt they will, should danger threaten the empire, set like Englishmen with life and wealth—to prove they are attached to the British constitution—true and devoted; the loyal subjects of an English sovereign.

THE CORSAIR AND HIS CONQUEROR.*

ACCURATE, and therefore reliable information upon Algeria as a place of residence for persons afflicted with consumption, may be obtained in the book, *The Corsair and his Conqueror*, and how it is doing at Hyères, and hearing marvellous reports as to the climate of Algeria, with regard to its influence on chest complaints, he determined to

* *Historical Recollections of the Reign of William IV.* By A. J. Malay, Esq. Two volumes. London: J. F. Hoger, 1859.

* *The Corsair and his Conqueror: a Winter in Algeria.* By Henry E. Pope. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington-street, 1860.

test what he had been told by his own personal experience. The results of his investigation are given in a work which he has entitled "The Corsair and his Conqueror: a Winter in Algiers." Independent of the hygienic information collected by Mr. Pope, his pages will be found interesting, from the insight they afford into the condition of Algeria as a French colony. The Gallic conquerors, it appears, are detested by the tribes they have subdued; and the feelings of the latter are strongly typified in the credence given to an old prophecy for some years current amongst them. The prophecy is to the effect, "that Algiers should be first stormed by the English, then taken by the French, and then retaken by the English, who were to occupy it permanently." Upon this prophecy the author observes: "The first two of these events have already been realized in the expedition of Lord Exmouth, and the battle of Sidi-Ferruch, and many of the native population are eagerly expecting the conclusion of the prophecy, to which they look forward with singular pleasure."

THE HEDGE IN THE GREEN LANE.

Uprais the hedge where I recline,
Screened from the sultry summer-shine,
I have a garden fair to see,
As good as the duke's, if it please me.
And there my flowers: the slim harebell,
With slender cups where the fairies dwell;
And the dewy daisy, crimson tipped;
As pure as a child, and as ray-tipped;
And golden-yellow, all glistening up,
The celandine, and the buttercup,
And the dandelion, with milky rings,
Coins of the mintage of the Spring;
And the pimpernel, that sleeps at noon,
Like an Eastern maiden flushed with June;
And the blue forget-me-not, flower of maidens
Who dream of love in the evening shades;
And the wild wood-strawberry, opening fair
Its petals five to the sunny air;
And the trailing ivy that braids and weaves,
And makes a carpet of its leaves,
Or climbs like a child to the garbled knee
Of the great, high-spreading old oak, tree;
And the woodbine, scattering sweet perfume,
And the mandarin-sweet, and the homie broom,
Dear to our hearts for a thousand songs
Of love's delight and lovers' wrongs;
And briary, cousin of the vine,
Up-climbing with its fingers fine,
And hanging from each sheltering tree,
Its garlands of embroidery,
With sea-green berries and twisted rings,
Fit for the diadems of kings;
But far more fitting and bright and rare,
As a wreath for childhood's forehead fair,
Twined 'mid the curls of its sunny hair.
And all these blooms in my garden grow,
All in this hedge where the wild winds blow;
And a hundred others as fair as they,
That I could count in a summer day,
Under the hedge where I sit alone,
Lulled by the bee with his trumpet tone,
And the blithe lark singing from the sky
My concert, and my lullaby.

MAPS OF SOUTH AMERICA.—A very valuable work has just been published by Messrs. Trübner & Co. The book is in the Spanish language, and its title-page may be thus translated:—

"A Collection of the Titles of all the Maps, Plans, Views, &c., relating to Spanish America, Brazil, and the Adjacent Islands, chronologically arranged, and preceded by an Introduction upon the Cartographical History of the same, by F. C. LACROIX, M.D., Ph.D., Professor of Chemistry in the College of Our Lady of the Rosary, &c., &c."

The title-page does not convey an accurate notion of the contents; for it is, in point of fact, an annotated catalogue of a vast number of maps, plans, &c., relating to South America. There is, for instance, a full account of 178 maps of America in its entirety; 84 maps of North America; 100 maps of California, Florida, and Texas; 285 maps of Mexico; 265 maps of the Antilles; 130 maps of Central America; 150 maps of South America in general; 130 maps of Guayana; 179 maps of New Granada; 53 maps of Venezuela; 20 of Ecuador; 193 of Brazil; 16 of Bolivia; 138 of Peru; 119 of the Argentine Confederation and Uruguay; 126 of Chili; and 126 of Patagonia and islands in the Pacific. The dimensions of these maps are in most cases specified, and any peculiarity in them pointed out and minutely described. This valuable work was commenced by its author in Brussels, then enlarged in Spain, and finally completed in Paris. It was prepared with a view to its use by the friends of the friendly aid and encouragement of the Messrs. Trübner. It is in these words the author, writing from Bogota, expresses his gratitude to the London publishers:—

"Mi amigo, el Sr. Trübner, me ha obsequiado no sólo por su generoso, valeroso, al fin, con sus tentativas mi deseo."

The publishers have conferred, not merely a favour upon a friend, but a benefit upon the public, in giving to the world this mass of information. We hope the success of his book may be equal to its merits. If it were translated into English, we would recommend it as a valuable addition to the library of every literary institution in the British empire.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR HENRY GEORGE WARD, G.C.M.G.

Sir Henry George Ward, Knight, Governor of Madras, only son of the late Robert Plumer Ward, of Gilston Park, Hert's, Esquire (author of "Tremaine," and other popular works), by his



first wife, Catherine Julia, daughter of Christopher Thomas Maling, of West Herrington, Durham, Esquire. Born February 27, 1797; married in 1824, Emily Elizabeth, second daughter of Sir John Swinburne, Bart. He was Charge-d'Affaires to the Republic of Mexico from 1825 to 1827, and afterwards joint Plenipotentiary for the treaty of commerce with that

state. In 1840 he was appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, and received, according to usage, on that occasion, the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. In February, 1855, he was appointed Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the island of Ceylon, from whence he had just arrived at Madras, to the government of which he had succeeded on the recall of Sir Charles Trevelyan, when he was attacked by cholera, and died on the 2nd of August. Sir Henry was proprietor of the *Weekly Chronicle* newspaper, from its establishment till May, 1840. In the House of Commons Mr. Ward sat for several years as representative for St. Albans and Sheffield, and attracted considerable attention by his speeches on "the Abuses of the Irish Established Church." His mission in 1834, for the appropriation to secular purposes of the surplus funds of the Church, led to the breaking up of the Grey administration.

THE DOWAGER LADY RIVERS.



Thursday, September 5th, at Rushmore Lodge, Downshire, the Right Hon. Frances Barends Rivers, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Francis Hales-Birby, of Mistley House, Essex, born in 1756, married February 6th, 1808, Horacio Williams, third Baron Rivers, by whom she leaves surviving issue — 1. The present Lord Rivers; 2. Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Horace Pitt; and 3. The Hon. Harriet Elizabeth, wife of Charles Dashwood Bruce, Esq.

THE LADY ADELA IBBERTSON.

Tuesday, September 4th, at Osterley Park, near Hanwell, the Lady Adela Cornelia Maria, youngest daughter of George Child Villiers, fifth Earl of Jersey, by the present Countess Dowager of Jersey. Born March 25, 1828; married November, 1846, Captain Charles Parke Ibbertson, then of the 11th Hussars. Within the brief period of twelve months the Countess Dowager of Jersey has been bereaved of her husband, George (fifth earl), her eldest son (sixth earl), and her only remaining daughter, the Lady Adela Ibbertson.

THE COUNTESS MANVERS.

Friday, Sept. 8th, at Throbury Park, Nottinghamshire, the Right Hon. Mary Letitia, Countess of Manvers, eldest daughter of the late Anthony Harlegh Eyre, of Groby, in the same county, Esq.; born October 11th, 1781, married at Grove, August 23rd, 1804, Charles Herbert Pierrepont, the present Earl of Manvers, by whom she leaves surviving issue — 1. Sydney William Robert, Viscount Newark; 2. The Lady Mary, wife of the Hon. Edward Egerton, M.P.; and 3. The Lady Anna Charlotte, wife of Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JAMES WILSON.

The Right Hon. James Wilson, Financial Member of the Council of India, born at Hawick in 1806, married, in 1832, the daughter of William Preston, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Esq., by whom he has left a family of nine daughters. Mr. Wilson was originally engaged in business; but meeting with misfortune, and having a large family to provide for, he established, in 1843, *The Economist* newspaper, in which he advocated with great energy and ability the principles of Free Trade. In 1847 he obtained a seat in Parliament as member for Westbury; and in May, 1848, was appointed a Secretary to the Board of Control. In December, 1852, he became, under Lord Aberdeen's Government, Secretary to the Treasury. In 1857, he was elected M.P. for Dorchester; and in June, 1859, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and a Privy Councillor. In the August following he was sent to India as Financial Secretary, where his health becoming seriously affected by the climate, he decided to go to a Hill Station; but his strong sense of duty inducing him to remain on the scene of his labours, he was attacked by acute dysentery, and died at Calcutta on the 11th ult., in the 55th year of his age. Mr. Wilson was the author of several pamphlets on the late Corn Laws, Currency, Banking, and other political and financial subjects.

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MANUFACTURED BY ALEXANDRE & SON, OF PARIS.

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ALEXANDRE'S HARMONIUMS are universally admitted to excel all others in durability, and in the power and quality of their tone; and as they rarely require tuning, and give no trouble in their management, they are coming daily into more general use.

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PRICES.

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| No. 1.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, One Row of Vibrators | — | — | — | 6 Guineas. |
| 2.—In Mahogany Case, Four Octaves, One Row of Vibrators | — | — | — | 7 " |
| 3.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | — | — | — | 10 " |
| 4.—In Mahogany Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | — | — | — | 12 " |
| 5.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | — | — | — | 13 " |
| 6.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Five Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 22 " |
| 7.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Nine Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 25 " |
| 8.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops, Four Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 35 " |
| 9.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators | — | — | — | 13 " |
| 10.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | — | — | — | 15 " |
| 11.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Five Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 22 " |
| 12.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Nine Stops (Tremolo) Two Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 25 " |
| 13.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops (Tremolo) Four Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 37 " |

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The invention of the PATENT PERCUSSION ACTION has entirely removed the sole objection to these admired instruments—namely, the rapidity of articulation when used for French Music. It consists of a set of Hammers which strike the Vibrators at the same moment that the air is admitted, thus facilitating the execution of the most brilliant and rapid passages, and also producing a fuller and very superior quality of tone, and imparting to this instrument all the advantages of the Pianoforte.

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| No. 14.—In Rosewood Case, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators | — | — | — | 30 Guineas. |
| 15.—In Rosewood Case, Nine Stops, Two complete Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 32 " |
| 16.—In Rosewood Case, Thirteen Stops, Four complete Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 40 " |
| 17.—In Rosewood Case, Twelve Stops, Four complete Rows of Vibrators, and 14 Octaves of Pedals (separate Vibrators), with Bellows Handle | — | — | — | 60 " |

NEW DRAWING-ROOM MODEL, WITH KNEE SWELL, SEPARATE HANDLE TO WORK THE BELLOWS, AND PERCUSSION ACTION.

THE MOST PERFECT KIND YET MADE.

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| No. 18.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators | — | — | — | 34 Guineas. |
| 19.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Eight Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 36 " |
| 20.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops, Four and a half Rows of Vibrators | — | — | — | 40 " |

HARMONIUMS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

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| No. 21.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, Eight Stops (Two complete Rows of Vibrators) | — | — | — | 32 Guineas. |
| 22.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, with Twelve Stops (Four complete Rows of Vibrators) | — | — | — | 43 " |
| 23.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, with Percussion | — | — | — | 53 " |
| 24.—In Oak Case, with Twelve Stops (Four complete Rows of Vibrators), with 11 Octaves of Pedals (separate Vibrators) | — | — | — | 50 " |
| 25.—In Oak Case, with Twelve Stops (Four complete Rows of Vibrators) in the Treble, and Four in the Bass, Transposing Action | — | — | — | 52 " |

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| Engel's Complete Instructions (with or without Stops) | — | — | — | 3s. 6d. |
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Interest is paid; (3) that the Investments are not subject to fluctuations of any kind; (4) that by an arrangement peculiar to the Consols Investment Department, each Sum Invested becomes Active instead of Passive Capital, as in most Monetary Institutions.

CONSTITUTION OF THE ASSOCIATION.

The Association is incorporated pursuant to Act of Parliament, and is authorized to extend its capital to FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

It possesses a large and continually increasing body of responsible Shareholders, consisting of several hundreds of parties, who have executed the Deed of Settlement.

The liability of the Shareholders is limited to the amount of capital subscribed.

The Association is empowered to effect Life Insurances on Government Securities, to grant Annuities, to receive Investments of Money at Interest, withdrawable at short notice, and to make advances on First-class Securities, in connection with Life Insurance.

The Association undertakes all these profitable branches of business, which are kept distinct from each other.

INVESTMENTS.

Investments varying from Five Pounds upwards, withdrawable at Six Months' Notice, or on the expiration of a given number of years, are received by the Association.

The rate of Interest allowed on Investments, withdrawable at Six Months' Notice, is Five per Cent. per Annum.

Investments made for a term of years are received on more favourable terms, dependent on the current value of money from time to time.

No expense is incurred by investors on making Investments.

Forms of Proposal for Investment are furnished by the Association, Free of Charge.

Money intended for Investment may either be lodged at the Branch or Chief Offices of the Association, 429, Strand, London, or be remitted direct to the Managing Director, by Half-Notes, Bankers' Orders, or Post Office Orders made payable at Charging Cross Post Office.

FORM OF SECURITY GIVEN TO INVESTORS.

The Securities Investors receive for their money are Consols Debentures guaranteed by the whole body of the Shareholders in the Association, by the Directors, and bearing the Corporate Seal of the Association.

The Debentures secure the full Amounts Invested, as well as the Interest.

Consols Debentures are First Class Financial Securities, bearing Five per Cent. per Annum Interest. They can be transferred from one person to another by

simple endorsement, like a Bill of Exchange, entitling the HOLDER to receive the Interest and Principal Sum on giving the proper notice.

By this arrangement Investors are enabled to lodge Money with the Association, bearing Interest day by day, and they can employ the Debenture issued by the Association as positive Security in Financial Operations. To parties engaged in Trade, or who are likely to require money at short notice, this advantage will be of paramount importance.

EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS.

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THOMAS H. BAYLIS, Managing Director.

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"UNA" AND THE LION.

THE popular cry at Naples, and everywhere throughout Italy, is, "Una!" "Una!" The Genoese and the Neapolitans, who differ as much from each other in moral and mental characteristics as the Saxons and Celts of our own islands, are possessed, together with all the intermediate Emilians and Romans, with one enthusiasm for the one object—the Unity of Italy. "Una," the fair Italian maid—interesting as her namesake in the "Fairie Queen"—walks, like her, through perils so manifold, that the whole world is smitten by her beauty and distress. The question is, will that grim Lion, the Emperor of the French, the only foe that the poor damsel has to fear, turn and rend her! or will he crouch at her feet as tamely as his prototype in the immortal allegory! Time will unfold the secret. In the mean while, although the *Lion Grylls*, it is doubtful whether he will bite. No one knows the secret of his intentions but himself. It seems probable, however, that the displeasure of the lordly brute, if not exactly an idle make-believe, is a piece of acting, to secure, not the fair Una herself, but some of her treasures—such as Genoa and the island of Sardinia. The peace-loving people of France would certainly have no objection to either *bonnes bouches*. They have tasted Nice, and have quite stomach enough for Genoa. They possess Corsica already, and the map of France would look more perfect if Sardinia were painted in—with outlines of the same colour.

The occupation of the States of the Church, by the armies of the King of Italy—(we may as well give him his full title at once, and drop that of King of Sardinia, which has become about as appropriate in his case as that of Queen of the Isle of Wight would be for our own sovereign)—has drawn upon himself a diplomatic reproof. There is no longer a French Ambassador at Turin. But Victor Emmanuel can afford to take this little rebuke without groaning or even wincing. The chastisement will not hurt him much, if at all. His friend Napoleon, finding fault with him for invading the dominions of the Pope, is in the position of Satan, when he rebuked him. Satan, in that case, had his own little hypocrisy to serve, and so has the Emperor. If it be wrong for Victor Emmanuel to invade the territory of the Pope in 1860, on the plea of the liberation of Italy, it was equally wrong for Napoleon III. to invade the territory of the Emperor of Austria in 1859, on the same pretence. But great sovereigns only take account of the logic of words when logic happens to be on the side of their own ambition. At all other times they scorn it, or stick by the more powerful logic of swords, which, in a material and illogical world, is the more certain and satisfactory policy.

Garibaldi is—as he was last week—the master of the situation. Though the King of Italy has gallantly, and, as we think, very wisely, adopted the cause of Garibaldi and the Revolution as his own, and endeavoured to step into the first rank—to which he is entitled, and which Garibaldi does not dispute with him,—the whole world admits that Garibaldi, by dint of honesty and singleness of purpose, remains the ruling spirit. He neither is nor desires to be a king; but he is, by moral force, the virtual lord and Sovereign of Italy. It is he and the Emperor of the French—and not Victor Emmanuel and the same potentate—who are pitted the one against the other, in one of the most remarkable conflicts the world has ever seen. Either of them may make a false move in the mighty game. But in this, as in all other games, the excited player has fewer chances than the cool

one. We should say, therefore, to Garibaldi, if we could hope that our words would reach his ear, that although audacity answers great purposes, it does not answer all. Audacity and Garibaldi have conquered Sicily and Naples; but Audacity and Garibaldi will not conquer the French Emperor, if he determine to throw his whole strength into the support of the Papacy. If the Emperor did so, not Garibaldi, and all Italy at his back, could shake him in the encounter. It is a brave saying and a brave boast—worthy of a hero,—to declare, as Garibaldi has done, that he will proclaim the Unity of Italy from the steps of the Quirinal. But to do this he must defeat, not only one French army—true to its colours and staunch in its allegiance—but all the armies that France could and would pour into Italy. This would be an undertaking which, if not impossible, is so very difficult, that Garibaldi may, without the slightest imputation upon his patriotism or his courage, be content with brave words, without following them up by rash deeds. At present the Emperor of the French is in a false position; and if Garibaldi, who is in a true position, will humour him a little, and make allowances for the superstition of the French peasantry and the French *curés*—who, quite as much as the army, maintain Napoleon III. upon the throne,—he may secure the real Unity of Italy, at an earlier period, and at a much less cost, than if he drew French blood in the struggle. Circumstances will in due time reduce the territorial dominion of the Papacy to a very attenuated and gradually vanishing minimum, without diminishing the real Unity, or assuaging the solid Independence of Italy. It is one thing to run amuck against a despotic imbecile like the ex-King of Naples, but a very different thing to oppose by force of arms the policy of such a very strong man as the Emperor of the French, who has home prejudices as well as foreign reasons to satisfy, and who may find the support of half a million of soldiers to be very fragile and uncertain, unless it be flanked and buttressed by priestcraft and the religious sentiment of the masses of his people. "Una" will have the Lion at her feet by and by, if she will but be patient.

Altogether, the affairs of Italy at the present moment exhibit a very decided *imbroglio*. But they have not yet rotted into a *fiasco*; and it only requires a little forbearance, as well as audacity, to put order into them. There are five great actors on the stage: Garibaldi, Victor Emmanuel, the Emperor of the French, the Emperor of Austria, and the Pope. It is in the power of the first and the last to exalt one of these to the proper position all Italy expects him to occupy, and to reduce the opposition of the other two within manageable limits. Pio Nono began his papal career as a reformer. If he would but coalesce with Garibaldi, and crown Victor Emmanuel King of Italy, in St. Peter's, he might not only do good service to his friend Napoleon, by helping him out of a difficulty, but he might preserve the Papacy and the States of the Church for two or three generations longer. Such a result is surely better than dingy exile to the castle of Avignon, or a splendid, but uncomfortably, banishment to Jerusalem.

As for the Emperor of Austria, and the great question of Venetia, if the Quadrilateral is so desperately strong, and Austria so desperately needy, why should not "Una," that rich virgin, buy the little corner at a fair price! Austria may refuse to be driven out—and "small blame to her,"—but she might be very glad to be bought out. The women of Italy would sell the jewels, and the men would cheerfully tax themselves of the tobacco and all their other luxuries, for a

twelvemonth, for such a consummation. Ten millions sterling would be no great price to pay. Let "Una" make Austria the offer. We fancy that it would be gladly accepted; and it would be cheap for Italy—in blood as well as in money.

RACE AND CREED:—THE ORANGE DEMONSTRATIONS IN CANADA.

THE Duke of Newcastle—the first colonial minister who has ever visited a British colony—will not return from Canada with the belief that the Canadians are altogether so happy a family as they have been represented. In Canada, as elsewhere, a large infusion of the Irish element into a population seems to be the best possible assurance of future riot and antagonism. The demon of Disunion appears to follow in the wake of Roman Catholic Irishmen as a shark is said to follow a ship with a fatal disease on board. No sooner have they set foot on new soil, than the "boys" go in for a row, no matter the object—Pope or politics, a mass or a majority, St. Patrick or the Prince of Orange. A shindy—not "love"—is the sort of a mate Irishman—an idea which Irishmen endeavour everywhere to demonstrate. In the United States these demonstrations may be said to be slightly international. In Canada it is—if it be not a "ball" to any—it is—the same, with a difference. The French Canadians—forming the majority of the people of Lower Canada—are Romanists, and with them the Irish Papist has no quarrel about creed. It is not so in the Upper Province, where the population is strongly Protestant. Of this population some 80,000 are said to be Orangemen, embracing Protestant English, Irish, Scotch, and Germans. Here, as a consequence, the Irish Roman Catholic is at once met in that most implacable of all spirits—the hatred which springs from religious feuds of long standing, and, as may be supposed, no little heart-burning, and some jostlings and struggles, both physical and political, occasionally arise. These, it is true, are never of very serious character, as they mostly vent themselves in newspaper scurrility; or, at the worst, in a tap-room fight. It is not to be denied, however, that the feeling is more than sufficiently rancorous. There is, however, generally enough of respectable moderation to restrain the violence of the more active partisans.

The visit of the Prince of Wales, which ought to have been an occasion for the decent oblivion of all such feelings of rancour and disunion, seems, on the contrary, to have excited them to unnatural activity. But the crimes are not so wholly religious as might at first glance be supposed. Various circumstances have conspired to throw the balance of power in United Canada into the hands of the French Roman Catholic party—the Lower Canadians. At all elections this party is sustained by its Irish co-religionists, and thus united, the two have been able to seize, and for years to retain, the reins of government. The Protestant majority of Upper Canada—which in the population of the United provinces cannot be less in excess of the ruling minority than four hundred thousand—find this yoke almost more than they can tolerate. Perceiving that creed and nationality are allied for the purposes of their political depression, and for the subversion of those principles which it is their desire to maintain, the Protestant Upper Canadians have resorted to the weapons of their antagonists, and have met party by party, race by race, creed by creed. We do not seek to vindicate but only to explain the circumstances, and to show the people of this country that the Irish Roman Catholics in Canada have been the aggressors, and that, had it not been for their unwise political tactics, Orangemen would have been as unknown in Upper Canada as it is in England or Scotland.

A correspondent, whose Orange sympathies are not disguised, sends us the following history of the very unfortunate outbreak of party zeal which has clouded the sunshine of the Prince of Wales's visit, and done so much to deprive it both of its grace and its utility:—

"The visit of the Prince of Wales to Kingston—the old capital of Upper Canada—was expected to take place on the 4th of September. It should be known, in order to rightly understand the untoward quarrel which has broken out, that notwithstanding there is here a college under the government of the Romish Church, the inhabitants of the city are not only Protestant, but the town and country around are strongly Orange. Unwisely, as we cannot but think, the Orangemen resorted on welcoming the Prince with triumphal arches, adorned with flags and banners, and all the emblems and motives of their association. This was so distasteful to the Roman Catholic convent in Regina College, that an appeal was made to the Duke of Newcastle, who ultimately refused to permit the Prince to land, or to countenance 'any party demonstration.' The Prince did not land at Kingston accordingly. Many thousand pounds were uselessly expended in preparation, many thousands persons were disappointed, and such a shock given to the nervous system of the body politic of Upper Canada as may take all the doctors of Downing street many years to remedy.

"From Kingston the Prince, with his suite, proceeded to Belleville, some forty miles further up the St. Lawrence. Belleville is one of those places of rapid growth known only on the north-western shores of the Atlantic. It, too, is especially Protestant; and the Orangemen, who are numerous throughout the

district, had made preparations to receive their royal guest with all honour. The town, however, had gone forth, and like their brethren in Kingston, they were required to withdraw their emblems, to lay aside their distinctions, or not to join in the procession. They adhered to their own expiation of their loyalty in preference to that of the Duke and the Roman hierarchy. The Prince did not land at Belleville, in consequence. Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, and, until last September, the seat of government, is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants. In it is situated the educational establishments of the country—the Normal Schools, and the University and Trinity Colleges. Here, also, the Orange Association had designed, at considerable cost, to evince their attachment to those principles for the maintenance of which they had combated, and upon which they had supposed the constitution they and their fathers had so long cherished was based. It was arranged that at this point a general muster was to be made, in order to give to their future king assurance that the spirit which triumphed at the Boyne existed in this distant portion of the empire available for a like emergency.

"There is, moreover, another unfortunate circumstance. The laying of the first stone of the parliament buildings at Ottawa, on the 1st instant, also gave occasion to what may be viewed as the exercise of a discourteous and arbitrary power. The order of Freemasons assembled at Ottawa, under the impression that they, as usual on such occasions, were to take part in the proceedings. Upon their arrival on the ground in their regalia, they were *brusquely* informed they would not be permitted to interfere; that the Prince would perform the ceremony without their assistance; and that they might, therefore, lay aside their appliances. With much good taste, they quietly did their 'aprons and jewels,' and became ordinary spectators. The calm, however, did not prevent a storm. It was soon perceived that a very unnecessary offence had been given to a highly-respectable body of men, many of whom had come hundreds of miles to honour the occasion; and it was thought that an invitation to lunch with the Prince would heal the sore. The pill was not taken; and it is to be regretted that the same propriety which characterised their early disappointment did not mark their refusal of the invitation. It is said the notes containing it were returned unopened. Mr. Harrington, the Grand Master for Upper Canada—a man much respected among Masons, as by all who enjoy his acquaintance, is also Deputy Receiver-General of the province, and, as we learn, was told, with an amount of indiscretion which the irritation of the moment can hardly excuse, that he must see the refusals instantly withdrawn, and that the Masons appeared at the lunch, or the position he held in Her Majesty's service would be jeopardised. The main reply was that the commission he held was at the service of the Government whenever it was required, but that he should support the becoming dignity of the craft."

Whatever difference may exist respecting the Orange difficulty, none can be entertained respecting the Masonic one to which our correspondent refers. The policy of such discourtesy, to use no harsher term, in a community where a certain amount of democratic license cannot be ignored, and which no amount of oligarchical chicanery can subvert, is surely of very questionable wisdom on the part of the Duke of Newcastle. We cannot share the feeling of our correspondent, that it was right for the Orangemen of Kingston—even supposing they had a provocation from their Roman Catholic opponents—to act as they did upon an occasion which they ought to have combated with their Irish and Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to make an auspicious and agreeable one. We in England, who have outgrown such quarrels of creed and race, feel inclined to say to Canadian Orangemen as to Canadian Papists—"A plague on both your houses! Can you not enjoy your liberty like honest and sensible men, and cultivate the New World without importing into it the senseless animosities of the Old?"

THE INTERVENTION IN SYRIA.

IN this journal, we have stood almost alone among our contemporaries in denouncing the horrible barbarities committed both by the Druses and the Maronites, as having been instigated for ulterior purposes by Powers that were hostile to the Sultan, and desirous of expediting the overthrow and partition of his empire. Recent disclosures are beginning to prove that we were correct, and that the barbarous Druses, and the equally barbarous, though half-Christian, Maronites, were mere puppets, set in motion by cunning hands in Russia, if not in France. It is clear, from the letter of "The humble Seraphim, Bishop of Tyre and Sidon," just published, that the Maronites received instructions through him, and through a superior authority, whom he calls "His Holiness, Our Lord, the Exalted Patriarch," to commence a war of extermination against the Druses; and that the latter, knowing the day fixed for the execution of this plot, anticipated it, and inflicted upon the so-called Christians the pent-up vengeance of ages of civil and religious strife.

It would be no loss to civilization, and but little to humanity, if Druses and Maronites realized in their squabbles the old story of the Kilkenny cats, with which every one is familiar; in which case perhaps the Baron Rothschild, Sir Moses Montefiore, and other wealthy Hebrews, might buy the country at a cheap rate from the Sultan, and gather the children of Israel to their old home, and the birthplace of their fathers. But since this is not the case, and as the Druses and Maronites will continue to inhabit the land, which both of them disgrace,—it is satisfactory to learn that the Sultan has been able to vindicate his authority in the province, and to visit the Druse assassins with the condign punishment which they

merit, without the aid of the French army, despatched thither with such undue precipitancy at the first news of the massacres.

The best thing that the French Emperor can do under the new circumstances, created by the ruthless but much needed energy of Fud Pacha, is to recall his troops without further delay. Their presence in Syria, or on its coasts, weakens the authority of the Sultan—exhibits him to his subjects as incompetent for the performance of his duties, and excites the dissatisfaction in every part of his dominions. The whole business has been a miscalculation from first to last, on the part of its too cunning and too eager promoters; and in the interest of France, as well as in that of the peace of Europe, which the Emperor declares he has so deeply at heart, the French troops should be forthwith ordered home. The Sultan can evidently manage his own affairs, as far as Syria is concerned; and to thrust aid upon him at this moment is to do him an injury.

BACKSLIDING AT MANCHESTER.

THE new joint-stock company contemplated at Manchester to promote the growth of cotton, for its chief object to buy cotton in India of an improved quality, and ship it to this country. The Government is said to have promised to assist the project by grants of land, by securing a supply of labour, and by protecting the interests of the company. To promote the prosperity of India, is the duty of the Government; and English capitalists cannot employ their capital more honourably than to enrich India and increase the supply of cotton. The objects are excellent, and every one must wish that they be attained.

But why should the chief spokesman of the company, a member of the Legislature, and foremost man of the Anti Corn Law League, have departed from these objects at the late public meeting, in order that he might say something invidious of America! Most justly did Mr. Bazley expatiate over the greatness of our cotton manufacture, and point out the number of people employed by it, and the vast wealth it produces. The marvel, however, of it was, he explained, that this immense trade has all come into existence within a century. But by what means did it grow into existence! The State never patronised or protected it, except as it protects property. It grew up from the inventions of Watt, Hargreaves, Compton, and others,—from the coal and iron under the feet of the men of Lancashire and Staffordshire,—and from the general want of clothing. No efforts, such as this company is to make, nourished it into existence. The energies of individuals in Lancashire seeking their own advantage, accomplished the magnificent work. All their exertions and ingenuity would, however, have been unsuccessful,—all the coal and iron would have existed in vain,—but would not have called our cotton manufacture into its present vastness without an adequate supply of the soft vegetable wool which Nature has destined for our clothing, as she has destined iron for tools and coal for our fires. And how has the raw material of this great manufacture been hitherto obtained!

Last year, according to Mr. Bazley, we used 1,000,000,000 lbs. of cotton, and of this 800,000,000 lbs. came from the United States. But, however suitable may be the climate of the Southern states to grow cotton—and it is peculiarly suitable, as almost all tropical regions are—"Cotton," according to Mr. Bazley (which is doubtful), "was not indigenous in the States." By the exertions, then, of the Americans using, in common with all the European colonists of the tropics, "imported labour," the bulk of the cotton for the gradual increase of our manufacture has been supplied.

The few hundred thousand pounds of cotton we required more than a century ago came from the East and from the European colonies of the Antilles. But these countries, which generally cultivated sugar in preference, or lacked the spirit of improvement, did not increase their growth of cotton. The energetic Americans did. They saw what was wanted in Europe. They invented the gin for clearing the wool from the pods, and they soon understood the cotton-growers of all other countries. Just as we, by our ingenuity and exertions, have under-sold almost all other countries for the manufactured article—even going far to extinguish the native manufacture in our Indian possessions, and have become the chief clothiers of nations—so the Americans have become the chief producers of the raw material. After their success, cotton could not be profitably grown elsewhere for our markets; but never since they entered into this business has there been anywhere, for any considerable period, a serious deficiency. The price, as Mr. Bazley admits, has become "very moderate indeed," from having been exorbitantly high, and the supply, instead of being precarious and uncertain, has become so equable, that the annual and certain increase and steady prices are securely relied on.

Our cotton manufacture, then, is as much due to their exertions for supplying us with the raw material, as to the exertions of our own miners and their spinners. For nearly a century, too, has this combined system grown harmoniously in its several parts, and human experience seldom finds a longer warranty for the continuance of any system. Incessantly has the growth of cotton increased in the States,

and is increasing as the manufacture of cotton has increased and is increasing in England; incessantly have more and more people been employed in the business in the two countries, and incessantly has the welfare of both been steadily augmented in union; but while in this progress there has been no change, every political state of Europe—but our own—has been subverted. And even our state has undergone numerous, great, and unexpected changes. We have good reason, therefore, in the past, for relying on the future; and without making any peculiar efforts hereafter, any more than heretofore, may securely calculate on the continual increase in the supply of cotton from America. It is equally essential to the prosperity of both nations.

With such facts, known to all the world, and especially well known at Manchester, it is grievous to find a gentleman like Mr. Bazley, and others, losing their reliance on the course of events, and fancying that the supply of cotton will fall short, if they do not look after the growth as well as after spinning and weaving. Because the Queen's dominion extends over India, the gentlemen of Manchester are to become cotton growers, as well as cotton manufacturers. Mr. Bazley excited the envy of his auditors by telling them that the Americans would probably receive £50,000,000 in the coming year for cotton which he implied could, with more advantage to us, be obtained from British India. At the same time he described the few millions of slaves in the United States as not great consumers of British manufactures, thus exciting prejudice against the States, both on account of what they were to receive, and what they would not take. He calculates on "receiving a legitimate and more extensive return trade from India than from any other country." Facts do not warrant the supposition. India has been peopled for ages, and the population of the States has grown into existence within a brief period. With India we have been connected by trade for upwards of two centuries, and last year the value of our trade imports and exports together with the two countries was as follows:—

| | 1859. | India. | United States. |
|--------------------|------------|--------|----------------|
| Imports from | 15,246,808 | | 34,281,860 |
| Exports to | 19,863,999 | | 23,601,033 |
| Total | 35,079,003 | | 56,885,963 |

Thus the trade with India last year, when it was much increased by our own great expenditure there, was nearly 40 per cent. less than our trade with the United States. The latter, too, is continually increasing, without any effort on our part, while the former still requires to be fostered, and, whatever exertions we may make, is not likely to keep pace with our ever-growing trade with the States. To murmur at the States supplying us with cotton is to treat their great exertions with ingratitude, and be discontented with our best customer. Such sentiments, as expressed by Mr. Bazley, find their counterpart in some patriots of the United States, who only agree with the backsliding gentlemen of Manchester when they demand high tariffs to encourage the manufacture of cotton and iron at home, in preference to importing them from us. How can we be surprised at the slow progress of economical truth abroad, when so many examples are supplied day after day that it is going backwards at home! It is clearly possible to encourage trade with India, and promote the cultivation of cotton there, without depreciating trade with the United States. In Manchester and Liverpool Mr. Bazley's course must appear preposterous; and probably the knowledge that such a course would be taken by the gentlemen who promote the formation of the company accounts for the fact, regretted by Mr. Bazley, that "few gentlemen actually representing large spinning and weaving establishments of the district" were present at the meeting.

BRITISH PERPLEXITIES:—WHAT TO DO! OR WHAT NOT TO DO!

GREATNESS brings with it so many cares and responsibilities, which it is the fashion for the favourites of fortune to bewail, in a somewhat affected strain, their success, and envy the poor cotter, whose troubles are confined to domestic life. England is in this position. She is a first-class Power, but if there ever was a time when she might be justified in having a sigh over her greatness it is the present.

We might, for the moment, almost wish ourselves Homburg or Nassau, with our national finances depending on the success of a Gaming Table, and our foreign relations confined to the distinguished visitors from abroad who frequent it. Unfortunately we are expected, just at this moment, to take a leading part in European politics, and are in a state of profound perplexity as to what that part is to be. The principal characters of the piece have been already cast. Garibaldi is the dashing hero; Louis Napoleon the successful intriguer; with the Emperor of Russia, Kossuth, Abd-el-Kader, Cavour, and a host of others as his minor instruments. The Sultan, who has been plentifully drugged, is asleep in one corner of the stage; in another, the Emperor of Austria is on his knee before the Prince Regent of Prussia, demanding protection. Britannia, meanwhile, wanders

vaguely about, her right hand literally not knowing what her left is doing; first she pours a pocketful of sovereigns into Garibaldi's cap; then she puts the Austrian Emperor on the back, and tells him to be a man; then sticks pins into the old Turk, in fruitless endeavours to wake him; accepts any insult from the Emperor of France, and passes them on to the Prince Regent of Prussia; finally, we presume, she will take refuge in the last resource of her sex, and sit down and cry. Seriously, if we are to maintain our position as a first-class European Power, we must adopt a decided course of policy, and carry it out. Either we should withdraw from all interference whatever in continental affairs, or throw ourselves decidedly into the contest upon one side or the other. Our present shuffling and uncertain policy, for which the nation and not the Government is responsible, draws down upon us universal contempt. We have denuded ourselves of friends in every direction.

The despotic Governments of Europe detest us, because we lecture them dogmatically upon their system of government generally, contriving to season our discourse with a dash of impertinence; the nationalities of Europe despise us, because, while we offer them a barren sympathy, we are generally found, at the last moment, supporting the Sovereigns whom we have previously insulted. At the present juncture three decided courses are open for adoption: first, total abstinence; secondly, a decided and thorough support of existing governments, irrespective of the principles upon which they govern; thirdly, the out-and-out espousal of the revolutionary cause throughout Europe. Each of these courses present serious difficulties and objections. To adopt the first would be, for the present, at all events, to forfeit our position and influence on the continent, and to destroy, at one blow, the structure which has been raised by the wars and diplomacy of years. It is just possible that the sacrifice may be worth making, for the sake of peace. And there are those who maintain, with much plausibility, that a policy which would thus ensure tranquillity to the nation would so surely advance her material prosperity that in the end we should have no cause to complain of having voluntarily withdrawn from taking our share in the councils and contests of Europe. On the other hand, by such a policy, if we leave ourselves without enemies, we deprive ourselves of the possibility of having friends; we become no longer necessary to the balance of power, and no one Power has therefore any interest in preventing a combination being formed in Europe which it would be impossible even for our navy to resist, and which should at last involve us in a war far more expensive and perilous to the national honour than those in which, in alliance with other Powers, we might at an earlier period have engaged to nip any such combination in the bud, or to prevent any such overwhelming predominance of one as should be dangerous to the other European states. It is scarcely, however, necessary to discuss a course which opens a wide field for argument, because it is certain not to be adopted. The Government has gone too far in the same track to make so decided a divergence, and Mr. Bright himself can scarcely expect to see the abolition of the Foreign Office and the suppression of the whole diplomatic body in his day. If, then, we are to indulge in this expensive piece of machinery, it is quite clear that the article which it manufactures, namely, our foreign policy, should be of the best possible description,—a fabric of a strong and substantial texture. But the policy of the Foreign Office is in fact governed by the will of the nation; and in the present condition of the Continent it becomes necessary for the nation to consider which side it will espouse,—that of the monarchs or of the people.

The first question which presents itself for consideration is one of principle, the second one of interest. There can be no doubt that any intervention of one Power in the internal affairs of another is morally wrong, but the country was not prepared to carry out the principle, when the only means of preventing such intervention in favour of an oppressed nationality was to go to war with the intervening Power. In the case of the late war in the north of Italy, we abstained from any interference on this ground, but matters have considerably changed since then: the whole of Europe is preparing for a general struggle, and monarchs and nationalities are ranging themselves side by side, without reference to any other standard than that of their own interest. Hence the most unnatural alliances are taking place. Russia, anxious to stride across the Danube, is calmly fostering revolution in Hungary, on her own frontier; Austria has put aside her determined antipathy to Prussia, and humbly sues for her protection. Louis Napoleon, who is the incarnation of despotism in his own country, is the representative of freedom elsewhere, and on him the oppressed nationalities fix their hopes. Right and wrong have become so confounded, there is so little of the first in the whole complication, so much of the latter, that a purely moral policy, which should still be active, would seem impossible. To maintain despotism by force of arms would be an outrage to the liberal sentiments of England; to engage in a war in favour of the people against their Sovereigns, who have in no way injured us, involves a principle which even the most ardent advocates of free institutions will hesitate to maintain; while, to remain neutral would be to allow the two Powers whose predominance we have most reason to dread, to divide between

them the absolute control of the affairs of Europe, and to partition for their own benefit the Ottoman Empire.

To retain our position, and come out of the struggle upon equal terms with France and Russia, we must either sacrifice our principle to our interest, as they have done, and put ourselves at the head of the European revolutionary movement, which would obtain for us the whole sympathies of the people of Europe, and fill most completely our antagonist; or we must sacrifice our interest for a principle, and make the intervention of any nation in the internal affairs of another a *casus belli*. The latter course would be extremely disagreeable, but morally right; and any government proposing it would be at once turned out of office. The other course would be the most profitable and advantageous to this country, and if dexterously carried through might lead to great results; but it would be morally wrong, and any government proposing to go to war, to free either Italy or Hungary, would also be turned out by a coalition of that party which is in favour of peace and economy with those who are advocates of justice. Hence the Government are forced into the course of vacillation which we have described; and the nation will continue to waver between right and wrong, because its sympathies and its moral sense, until the danger becomes so imminent that the Government and nation will unite in adopting that firm and decided attitude of resistance to individual or national aggression which, if it had been taken up at the outset, would have saved us from the catastrophe into which we are being inevitably drawn. It is a penalty we must pay for the luxury of free institutions, that we can never hope to have a foreign policy worthy of the name, and that we shall continue to blunder on in obedience to the will of the majority, who cannot possibly be properly informed upon the internal condition of foreign countries, or acquire that early appreciation of inevitable political necessities which is essential to an able diplomacy, until we are driven by our own mistakes into a position from which the only escape is by the strong arm of the nation, backed by its united will and immense resources.

REFORM IN RUSSIA.

THE real state of Russia is important to be known to the western nations of Europe, at the present perilous juncture of European politics. Whether that great empire be stagnant or progressive,—whether it be youthful in vigour, or old in decay—is a question that is of more or less importance to every citizen of every state in the civilized world. To the majority of Englishmen the word "Russia" conveys the idea of a gloomy despotism, where thought is stagnant, personal freedom non-existent, and the wishes of all controlled by the authority of one. If they think of it at all in connection with foreign countries, it is as an abominable power, desirous of extending its sway from the Baltic to Hindostan, and from the White Sea to the Hellespont. Though there be some truth in this picture, there is considerable error. It would be easy to show that great misconception prevails as to the domestic as well as to the foreign policy of Russia; but, leaving its foreign policy for another opportunity, we proceed to record some of the steps that have been taken since the death of the Emperor Nicholas in the path of domestic reform.

The removal of that remarkable sovereign from the scene of his uncontrollable ambition was a relief to Russia. Circumstances and his own indomitable character had given him a power far greater than any of his predecessors; and, alarmed by the progress of liberal ideas in the rest of Europe, he not only repressed with the utmost severity anything like Liberalism at home, but in order to counteract that longing for liberty which had sprung up in the breasts of his subjects, he kept their minds occupied as much as possible with foreign wars. Just before the Revolution of 1848 the sparks of Louis Philippe's resistance to reform, to a liberal-minded and free-spoken nobleman attached to the household of the present Emperor, then grand-duke, he said, "The king is quite right; their rulers are the best judges of what the people want. I would sooner lose my life than yield anything to a popular cry." Nicholas was a thorough despot—cruel, but not blood-thirsty. He allowed of no opposition, and his death was undoubtedly accelerated as much by vexation at the growth of liberal opinions among his people as at the adverse results of the Turkish war.

When Alexander II. ascended the throne, the people breathed more freely. The new czar was known to be opposed to the repressive policy of his father, and his first proclamation showed that the reign of darkness was at an end. Under Nicholas there was no religious freedom, no liberty of the press, the finances were utterly mismanaged, and the serfs saw no hope of emancipation. Freedom of conscience was recognised, indeed, in the fundamental laws of the empire; but the Greek religion being eminently illiberal, it was hardly to be expected that the czar, as head of the Church, would hold opinions much in advance of the Church itself. In Russia, orthodox exclusiveness assumed a variety of forms. Lutherans and Mohammedans enjoyed complete liberty. Romanists were subject to certain restrictions, being expressly forbidden all attempts at proselytism; Jews could worship as they pleased, but had no civic rights; while Dissenters from the orthodox Church were treated with as much

severity as the Covenanters in the reign of Charles II., or the Camisards under Louis XIV. Dragoonades were employed to enforce conformity; the knout and the stick were not spared; and the holy communion was often administered by force. By this Act the Disenter became an orthodox Christian, and relapse was punishable with death—though that penalty was rarely inflicted, the police preferring a heavy fine to the life of their victim. Successive relaxations have done much to alleviate this condition of things. Disenters are now so far recognised that they are not to be called in question for their creed, and heterodoxy is no longer a disqualification; but the propagation of "heretical opinions" is still forbidden. As regards certain sects, this is perhaps a wise regulation, for unless they are grossly belied, their practices are incompatible with morality. The Jews are no longer an excluded class in the army—they are permitted to rise to certain ranks; but here popular prejudice thwarts the benevolence of the sovereign, for the orthodox soldier refuses to obey his Jewishish officer. One of the most recent decrees (dated 12th April) concerning this persecuted class, extends their privilege of employing Christian servants, and so far the Greek Church has shown itself less fanatical than that of Rome. A new translation of the Gospel has been issued "by authority," and the whole of the Bible is to follow in due course.

One of Alexander's earliest measures was to remove some of the most oppressive restrictions imposed upon the press by Nicholas. The thirty years' war carried on by the late czar against the liberty of printing was terminated by a decree allowing new reviews and journals to be started; and the censorship, hitherto partitioned among a dozen different bureaux, was concentrated in one, under the immediate responsibility of the Minister of Public Instruction. The working of the system is more liberal than the programme; new foreign books and newspapers are still suspiciously watched, and political matters need very tender handling in the Russian language, though a greater licence is allowed if French or German be used. There is no more difficulty, however, in procuring prohibited books in St. Petersburg than in London. We have before us now some numbers of the *Kozakod*, a Radical Russian work, published in London, which was regularly sent through the post, and freely circulated from hand to hand in the capital. The real position of the press may be estimated from the fact that the Government has recently "invited" discussion on the questions of serf emancipation, the spirit licences, and popular education.

The progress of popular education is necessarily slow in a country situated like Russia; but, independent of its state and communal system, not unlike the Scotch, the Government has invited private aid, and the response has been most hearty. The latest symptom of vitality has been the springing up of Sunday-schools, not only in the two great capitals, but in remote towns on the borders of Asia, in lonely villages, and on private estates. At Tver, the professors of the college have volunteered to teach, and a rich merchant provides the necessary books, paper, &c. At the Kiev school, which is but a few months old, the scholars amount to 148; of those, 32 belong to the peasant class, 25 to the *bourgeoisie*, 25 are soldiers' children, (*kantonists*), 5 belong to the nobility, and 1 only to the class of traders. Ranked by occupation, there are 112 workmen, 22 servants, and 12 of "no profession." As regards age, there are 56 between eight and fifteen years, 63 between fifteen and twenty, and 29 above twenty. Nor has the education of girls been neglected. In one place the mayor endows a school for his town; in others, the landowners provide reading-rooms for the young peasant girls. At Kozlov (Tamboff) the priest's daughter looks after the little pupils; at Talyvong (Olonetz), the vergier's wife undertakes the training up of several young women. There, and a hundred similar instances, plead loudly in favour of the Russian people, so misapprehended, and so little appreciated at home by those who should know better. In the colleges and universities a similarly progressive spirit prevails. The philosophy classes, suppressed twelve years ago, have been revived; logic and psychology are no longer to be considered a part of Christian instruction.

The question of the Emancipation of the Serfs, a problem of more difficult solution than the abolition of negro slavery in the United States, we reserve for another article.

CAVENDISH TOBACCO.

EXCISE and customs duties, to which some writers are immoderately partial, are imposed completely in ignorance of all their other consequences than the expectation of revenue, which is not always realised. They are enacted in the dark, and may inflict on the community immeasurable evil. Generally, it is the opinion of the Commissioners of Inland Revenue that their regulations are so admirably framed that they do not interfere with the progress and improvement of manufactures subject to Excise duties. When the conclusion of the commercial treaty with France, however, carried with it the admission of foreign spirits into this country, and the distillers came to demand a proper adjustment of duties in their interest, the commissioners were obliged to admit that their regulations increased the cost of the manufacture of spirits by a sum not

less than 5s. 2d. per gallon. As there were nearly 25,000,000 gallons made last year, it is plain, on this admission, that their regulations for this one article cost the country £600,000 per annum. This is pure waste. It is the pecuniary representation of an evil inflicted on the people, in order to collect the spirit duty. The commissioners recommended some changes in their regulations, by which the loss is now reduced to 2s. per gallon. This, however, omits all consideration of the possible improvements in distillation, which might be made in this refined art did they not interfere at all. It is perfectly clear that neither the legislators nor the land revenue commissioners have any idea of the vast loss and mischief they cause to the country by Excise and Custom-house duties.

A novel example of the mischief they do was brought before the public last week, in a letter from Messrs. Cope, Brothers, & Co., of Liverpool. These gentlemen state that nine smokers out of ten prefer Cavendish tobacco to any other. This tobacco is manufactured in America, on which our Excise regulations confer a monopoly. It is liable to a duty of 9s. 6d. per lb., but is so largely smuggled, they say, that it is sold at the current price of 3s. to 4s. Every sailor arriving from America imports it; every man-of-war, they add, is a nest of smugglers, for the crews are never without Cavendish which pays no duty. To meet the demand for this preparation of tobacco, paying the duty on the raw material, the Messrs. Cope turned their attention to the mode of manufacturing it by the help of machinery, and succeeded in making it equal in appearance to the best brand of America. They could not make it equal in reality, because the excise regulations absolutely prohibit the use of mechanical matter in any form in the manufacture of tobacco; and without this addition the finest article "seems poor and tasteless." They gave employment to a number of deaf and dumb girls, to whom they taught the art of manufacturing Cavendish, and who were able to earn from 8s. to 12s. per week. It is Messrs. Cope's opinion, that if the Excise did not interfere with this manufacture, hundreds, and even thousands of females might find employment, at wages of 10s. to 14s. per week, and give a fortune to their employers. But the Excise regulations prohibit this profitable exercise of industry, and encourage prostitution in the industry of the Americans. They give a bounty on labour abroad, and discourage it at home. This is only one illustration of Excise and Custom-house duties. They collect, it must be admitted, a certain amount of money for the State, at an enormous cost to the industry, the progress, and the welfare of the nation. The latest report of the Inland Revenue Commissioners, including the account of the punishments inflicted, and the many experiments, chemical and others, made to detect violations of the law, is a history of labour mispent in restricting and torturing the community.

PETITIONS OF RIGHT.

THE country is indebted to Mr. Borell for the Act of Parliament which he succeeded in passing during the late Session for the improvement of the law relating to Petitions of Right. This is one of the very few acts which will rescue the House of Commons from the charge of being, during that carnival of talk, wholly regardless of useful legislation. It is impossible to conceive anything more unsatisfactory than the state of the law relating to the above important subject existing before the passing of Mr. Borell's measure. The method of procuring redress for the wrongful acts of the Crown, or to speak with deference to the maxim, "The king can do no wrong," to obtain restitution for acts done by inadvertence, or through misapprehension, by the Crown, injuriously affecting a subject, was most vexatious and expensive. The proceedings were circuitous in the extreme, and it is almost impossible to say with accuracy how many steps had to be taken by the petitioner. After he had presented his petition, and the consent of the Crown to the proceedings had been obtained, a commission was appointed, to enquire into the facts of the case. The lawyers' fun then began, and the legal pantomime was enlivened with as many scenic changes as its historic original. Even if the litigation resulted in the petitioner's favour, he was not allowed to recover his costs against the Crown, except in one or two particular cases. The consequence of this machinery of justice was, that but few persons were rich enough to assert their rights; and only when the interests involved were of sufficient magnitude did they ever feel disposed to risk so great an expenditure of money and trouble.

Mr. Borell's Act, however, has at length removed the difficulties which made the law a dead letter; and a short and simple mode of procedure, similar to that in the superior courts in cases between subject and subject, has been established. Costs will be payable by the Crown to successful petitioners. It is feared that in some cases the Act will not apply, and the old law will still prevail; but in the great majority of cases we believe the latter has been entirely superseded.

YICHTA.—The first time this name occurs in English history is in belonging to a "Master (Master) Victoria," who was one of the attendants, "Gentyl-women," upon Queen Katherine, when she accompanied her husband, Henry VIII., to the gorgeous meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold (June, 1520). Each gentyl-woman was allowed "a woman, ij men servants, and ijij horses." And the Queen had 265 of all ranks, and they, in turn, had 999, making the total number 1260 persons. The King's retinue amounted to 4,644; Wolsey had above 400.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—On MONDAY, September 24th, and during the week, will be performed (for the third time) Mr. Falconer's new and successful comedy, entitled *THE LEAVE MEY* in which Miss Anne Sedgwick will appear. Mr. Buckstone, Mr. Chappeland, Mr. Howe, Miss Florence Haydon, and Mrs. Wilkin will also appear in this comedy. **THEATRE OF THE PATENT, HAYMARKET.**—On MONDAY, September 24th, will be performed the new and successful comedy, entitled *THE LEAVE MEY*. Box office opens daily from 10 till 2.

NEW THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. R. WEBSTER.—Great Success of the New Drama by Don Boucicault, Esq., *THE COLLEGE BAWN*.—Miss AGNES ROBERTSON and Mr. JOHN BOUTCHARD, every evening—On Monday and during the week, *THE RIFLE CORPS*. Messrs W. Smith, D. Fisher, Jolly, Miss Wm. Billington, *THE COLLEGE BAWN*. Messrs D. Boucicault, D. Fisher, Billington, C. J. Smith, Robert, Ward, Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Wm. Billington, and Mrs. Chatterley. After which, *THE WOULD BE AN ACTRESS*. Miss Agnes Robertson, Miss Louisa, Mrs. Chatterley, Mr. D. Smith, P. Bedford, Mr. Rogers. To conclude with *MUSIC HATH CHARMS*. Mr. D. Fisher, Robert, Ward, Miss K. Jolly, Comedian at Seven.

CORREGGIO'S EVE HOMO, the long-sought Replica of the National Gallery Picture, which the most eminent judges pronounce the finest painting in this country, is ON VIEW at No. 11, New Bond-street, at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 118, Old-street.

RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.—Barker's Picture.—This Grand Historical PICTURE is NOW ON VIEW at 279, Cornhill.—S.B. The Portraits of Lord Clyde, Sir J. Outram, Sir John Inglis, the late Sir H. Havelock, Col. Alcock, &c., will also be exhibited. Admission free by private address card.—RAYWARD and LINDSAY, 279, Cornhill.

M. HOLMAN HUNTS PICTURE OF THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE.—This Picture is now on view at 279, Cornhill, at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 118, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

MADLE ROSA BONHEUR'S PICTURES OF "SCENES IN SCOTLAND" AND "SPAIN AND FRANCE" ARE NOW ON VIEW at GARDNER'S GALLERY, 118, New Bond-street, from Nine till Six. Admission, 1s.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1860.

The States of the Pope are divided by the Apennines into two regions; one sloping to the shores of the Adriatic, and the other to the seaboard of the Mediterranean, into both of which separate armies have entered from Northern Italy. The western army, proceeding from the highlands of Tuscany, has descended into the basin of the Tiber, towards Rome, by Castello, Perugia, Todi, and Orvieto. It has stopped in its progress at the place last named, where it is in immediate proximity to French troops, who have marched northwards from Civita Vecchia, to check an insurrection at Viterbo. While this is the position of the Piedmontese forces to the west of the Apennines, the great body of the army has descended southward along the seaboard of the Adriatic, taking in succession the towns of Urbino, Fano, and Sinigaglia.

Under the walls of Ancona, a short but desperate battle took place on Tuesday, the 18th. The Papal troops, headed by Lamoriceio, to the number of 10,000, attacked the position of General Cialdini, but were totally defeated, the wounded, among whom was General Pisanini, with 600 prisoners, falling into the hands of the Piedmontese. After the battle, the greater portion of the Pontifical army capitulated, although General Lamoriceio, with a few horsemen, succeeded in reaching Ancona by passing through the defiles of Monte Casaro. Beyond the walls of Ancona there is not now one Pontifical battalion. The Royal troops occupy a strong position in the neighbourhood, while the Neapolitan naval squadron, under the command of Vice-Admiral Persano, having doubled Cape Spartivento, have attacked the city from the sea.

For some time back Garibaldi had been fully employed at Naples, where he has found it necessary to introduce legislative changes, which, however excellent in themselves, will provoke a formidable opposition to his power. He has liberated all political offenders from the prisons of Naples, abolished the custom-house barriers between Sicily and the mainland, introduced trial by jury in penal causes, and suppressed the order of the Jesuits in all parts of the kingdom. To carry out such measures a strong government is clearly requisite, and it is unfortunate that Garibaldi is obliged to quit Naples when his presence there is so necessary. He is determined, for some time at least, to retain the dictatorship. In a recent proclamation to the people of Palermo he reminds them that if he had listened to the miserable men who spoke of immediate annexation, he would not now have addressed them from the beautiful capital of Southern Italy. To this announcement he unfortunately adds, that he will proclaim the kingdom of Italy, not at

Palermo or Naples, but from the summit of the Quirinal, which has been interpreted into a threat that he will, should he find it necessary, attack the French troops at Rome.

The advance of the Sardinian army into the Papal territory was followed, on the 14th, by a short note in the *Monitor*, which announced the withdrawal of the French minister from the Court of Turin, and the dissatisfaction of the Emperor with the course adopted by the Government of Sardinia. This note has been followed by elaborate articles in the *Pays* and *Constitutionnel*, which endeavour to justify this step, and to show the consistency of the policy pursued by France. A more intelligible memorandum or circular has, in anticipation of these documents, been addressed by the Sardinian Government to their representatives at foreign courts, accompanied, it is said, by a confidential despatch, stating that Garibaldi had given the Sardinian Government to understand, that if the Sardinian army did not enter the Roman territory, the Neapolitan army of invasion would do so.

At Toulon, it was reported in the beginning of the week, that another attempt had been made to assassinate the Emperor of the French,—this time not by a political fanatic, but by an ordinary maniac. The statement has been since contradicted in the Paris evening journals of Wednesday, which are instructed to say that it is altogether false. Whatever may have happened, certain it is that no incident has occurred to interfere with the imperial tour. In the end of last week the Emperor left France for Africa. On Saturday he disembarked at Port Mahon, where he had arranged to meet the Queen of Spain; and at noon, on Monday, he arrived at Algiers, where he was received by the Bey of Tunis.

From Austria the news is of the deepest interest. The Government are making every exertion to increase the army, but they find that so many Austrian subjects have been allowed to enter the service of the Pope and the King of Naples, that men are not to be obtained to fill the gaps existing in the service. A large bounty is in vain offered to volunteers, and lads of fifteen are readily accepted as recruits. The utmost dread is felt that Garibaldi, instead of attacking Venice, will proceed from the western to the eastern coasts of the Adriatic, and, disembarking there, will enter Hungary, and, at the head of the Magyar population, descend upon Vienna. At Fiume, accordingly, the Austrians are concentrating troops and constructing earthworks. The Hungarians are, it is believed, ready to rise at a moment's notice, while correspondence, published in the newspapers of Milan, shows that the inhabitants of Istria and the districts round Fiume are enthusiastically devoted to the cause of Italian liberty.

If a Hungarian revolution should burst forth, it is to Russia alone that Austria must look for assistance; and that assistance may be obtained in this quarter is not improbable. Count de Toli, aide-de-camp general of the Emperor of Russia, in fact, arrived at Vienna on Monday last, with an autograph letter of the Czar, inviting the Emperor of Austria to an interview at Warsaw, which has been accepted. The Prince Regent of Prussia agreed to be present at the interview, which will take place on the 14th of next month. The *Tribune* doubts the possibility of any reconciliation between the two emperors; and, in a series of articles on Pan-Slavism, virtually incites the Slavonic population of Austria to seek for a union with Russia. That Russia anticipates a struggle, in which she may be involved, is apparent. In the camp near Warsaw, 50,000 men will soon be concentrated. More than an equal number of troops, originally intended for the same destination, have been ordered to proceed to the south, where they are to form a second line of attack against Turkey.

While the Czar is concentrating his forces in Bessarabia, while discontent is manifested openly with the Turkish Government in every part of the empire, and while the disasters in Syria are not yet remedied, a much more serious evil has come prominently into view, which threatens, in a few months, to bring the present system of government to an abrupt termination. The finances are in a hopeless state of embarrassment, the Government having it no longer in its power to borrow on the security either of taxes or customs. More than half of the revenues of the State have been already absorbed in payment of loans made to the State during the previous seasons, and the balance does not suffice to pay the current expenses of the executors. The salaries of the civil servants of the Government have not been paid for six months, while the pay due to the army is eighteen months in arrear. The last sum obtained by the Sultan amounted to 75,000 Turkish pounds, for which 60 per cent. is to be paid, on the security of a residue of the unpledged dues of the Constantinople Custom House. There is not a copper left in the treasury. A foreign loan alone can avert revolution. Under these circumstances, the Grand Vizier is on his way to the Courts of Paris and London.

What may be described as a fourth great Volunteer review took place on Tuesday last at Gloucester, a city chosen with great propriety as a rendezvous for the riflemen of the English south-western and Welsh counties, not only as a centre to which the railways from all quarters converge, but as the place which set the example to this part of the island in the formation of rifle corps, when the movement was first thought of. The total number of troops on the ground was 6,003, five thousand spectators being accommodated with stands, while ten thousand were scattered over the muster-ground—a huge flat common, almost inclosed in a bend of the Severn, and situated in that picturesque part of the great vale of England which lies between the

Cotswold and the Malvern Hills. The day was fine, and the spectacle was in every way one of which Englishmen might be proud.

The next great gathering takes place on the 25th current, at York, where the Volunteers from all the three Ridings will assemble; so that a demonstration on an extensive scale may be anticipated.

There can be little doubt that the Volunteer movement begins to develop the military instincts in the English population. But for it would Captain Styles have met with so much success in London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Edinburgh? The first regular body of the "Excursionists," two hundred and fifty strong, left the Fenchurch-street Station, between five and six on Sunday morning, en route for Naples. They embarked on board the *Melrose* steamer at Tilbury. They will be followed by another detachment, nearly one thousand strong.

Notwithstanding the general enthusiasm for the Italian cause, the Garibaldi Fund has not, in all parts of the empire, been contributed to with the liberality which might have been anticipated. To make a collection in aid of this fund and to express sympathy with Garibaldi, a meeting was held on Tuesday night at Deyfords, Mr. Angerstein, the member for Greenwich, taking the chair. In an effective speech the Reverend Mr. H. N. Barnett, of South-street chapel, stated that he had seen the two hundred and fifty excursionists before they embarked at Tilbury. He was proud to say that they were not the rag-tag and bob-tail of the country, but fine tall fellows, young gentlemen, for the most part conversant with the outrages which have been perpetrated upon the suffering populations of Italy, and actuated by pure and patriotic motives.

The meeting of persons interested in the growth of cotton in the tropical possessions of England, referred to in our last number, took place on the 14th current, in the Town Hall at Manchester. Mr. Bazley, who took the chair, dwelt at some length upon the spininess exhibited, more especially in the Manchester district, on this question, which was one of interest, and not, as some persons seem to have imagined, of pure philanthropy. The promoters of the undertaking, however, do not seem in any way daunted by the lack of enthusiasm hitherto manifested for their scheme. They confidently anticipate a return of 25 per cent., and one of their number was sanguine enough to assert, that it will be the fault of the directors if the proposed association do not become a second East-India Company, entering upon its career under better and more favourable auspices than its great predecessor.

The missionary movement in the English universities, which Dr. Livingston has striven so anxiously to combine with colonial enterprise and cotton cultivation in Central Africa, but which contemplates as well direct intercourse with the Christian sects of the East, has recently shown symptoms of undiminished vitality. The Patriarch of the Armenian Church has met the advances of the great theological seminaries of England. He has expressed a strong desire for a closer communion with the Anglican Church, and to effect this object the Reverend George Williams, B.D., a Senior Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, has set out for Armenia, with the view of assisting the Eastern Churches in establishing hotels at Cambridge for the education of young men from Armenia and Georgia, and the neighbouring provinces of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. The government of St. Petersburg have already resolved to found one seminary at Cambridge for the education of their Armenian subjects, and it is understood that their example will be followed by the native Christians south of the Russian frontier, who are expected to send a number of young men to Cambridge, headed by an Armenian bishop, who will watch over them while they remain at the University.

The coroner's jury, in the case of the Helmsford accident, have now completed their inquiry, returning, in conformity with the evidence, a verdict of accidental death, but finding at the same time that the amount of break-power was insufficient, the number of guards too small for so large a train, and recommending the attention of the directors to the evidence of Colonel Yolland, who gives his opinion that a station should never exist at a point where the descent is so rapid as to admit of the carriages running away. The couplings were, it appears, as strong as they should have been, too great strength in these articles being undesirable, as they should be made so that they may snap if dragged off the line by any accident to the locomotive.

The Queen arrived at Osborne on Tuesday morning. This day she will embark at Gravesend for the continent. Her Majesty will be met, on landing, by the King of the Belgians, at Coblenz by our ambassador at Frankfurt, and at Aachenburg by the English ambassador at the court of Bavaria, who will accompany the royal party to Coburg Gotha.

On the 1st of September, the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of the new Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, which has been fixed upon by the Queen, at the request of the Canadians themselves, as the site of the future capital of Canada. At his entrance into the Great Lakes a rather unpleasant incident occurred. The Orangemen of Kingston resolved to erect an arch, and to march in procession. Knowing the state of feeling between Protestants and Catholics in this part of Canada, the Duke of Newcastle intimated that the Prince would not lead unless the Orangemen agreed to suppress all party demonstration. This they declined to do, so the Prince proceeded to Toronto at the other extremity of Lake Ontario, where preparations for his reception had been made on a scale which even exceeded in splendour those accorded him at other Canadian cities.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE rainy weather, which returned at the close of last week, and continued through the early part of this, has again increased the upward tendency of the price of wheat; at least, in the language of the Corn Market, it has become firmer. A check has, in consequence, been given to business in other markets, and in these slackness has been the rule. Of course, the great daily buying and selling in all markets goes on incessantly, but has gone so regularly this week that there is no change of importance to notice. Prices, even on the Stock Exchange, were almost unaltered till Wednesday, when the influx of the precious metals, and the comparative dullness of enterprise, making money rather more plentiful, and there being no political cause for increased distrust, they improved somewhat. Railway shares, too, have continued to increase in value, though much business has not been done in them. Traffic, it is noticed, is rather declining on the western lines, while it is increasing on the others. The rate of discount, generally, remains unaltered; but money is more easy, and first-rate bills can be discounted at 91 per cent.

The appearance in the Bankruptcy Court of Messrs. Streetfield, Laurence, and Mortimore, the great leather-dealers, who failed on July 2, is the chief commercial event of interest. No partner of the name of Streetfield is now in existence, the name having been kept before the public after its owner had disappeared from the scene. Instead of Streetfield, however, a Mr. Schrader appears as a partner, carrying on business, in conjunction with Laurence and Mortimore, at Liverpool. The house in St. Mary Axe has been established, it appears, fifty-four years, and seems to have been, in common with many other houses, in difficulties in 1857. At that period it had discounted with the Bank of England to the extent of £120,000, and the Bank would discount no more without collateral securities. Title deeds were deposited in 1859, which never afterwards were redeemed. The difficulties of the house must have been long apparent to the managers, and so others dealing with them; yet, in 1859, it is found under solvent to Overend, Gurney, & Co. to the extent of £160,000 to £180,000, and will sought more advances, and more were made to it—it was propped up. Mr. Chapman, according to the evidence of Mr. Laurence, said, "You must not stop;" and the result was that the house which was "propped up" which had propped up others in believing them all to be equally sound, at length failed for £295,395, of which £271,375 was lost by "propping up" smaller houses. The total assets were £195,245. But while these immense losses are incurred by the house, the partners' separate estates are said to show a surplus.—Laurence's of £30,387, Mortimore's of £28,303, and Schrader's of £1,818. They took, however, from the concerns which were making, not profits, but losses. Mr. Laurence, in 1857, the sum of £51,966 for their private pocket, or about £5,000 a year; and their separate estates might well be large as they thus lived on their credit. All the books were so well kept as to merit much praise, and all parties to their transactions seem to have been satisfied with the careful entries of all the multiplied transactions. The bankrupts were consequently allowed to pass. There is for us something very curious in these "satisfactory accounts;" for, notwithstanding their great accuracy and their great minuteness, they did not make Mr. Laurence acquainted with his own position. He believed, according to his own deposition, that just before the failure, the house had a surplus of £228,000, including a reserve fund of £45,000. What an enormous delusion did those very accurate and minute accounts encourage in this eminently great business man, who kept up many small houses, and who at the time of his failure was under discount to the extent of £117,237. Looking at the balance-sheets presented to the public, and the manner in which this gentleman was deluded, and deluded others by his books, we cannot help concluding that the very minute and accurate way of framing "balance-sheets" now common, rather than keeping a register of loss and gain, is calculated to mystify both the dealer and the public. Since the business of an accountant has become so extremely lucrative, it may be supposed that the experts, like experts in other professions, like to hallow their own business in mystery, and hamper themselves. We cannot join others in railing at facility of discounts and extent of credit, because those are now essential to society. Credit is only another name for confidence, and a merchant or money-dealer is no more justified in entering into large transactions with another without some satisfactory assurance besides a mere show of wealth and respectability, than he has to take a man into partnership because he is well dressed. As the rule, owners of money-capital are not employers of capital. Those are to be found in the active, enterprising, skillful, younger portion of society, and only in their hands and by their skill and habits can the realized property of others be put to a profitable use for the good and the whole of society. The enterprising man must therefore be trusted, and when great failures occur, we may be sure that, as in this case, the lenders have not used due caution in carrying on their business.

Next to the faulty mode of keeping accounts, which deluded the unfortunate Mr. Laurence, we must attribute the failure to the rashness of the concern. In modern times some undertakings and speculations ramify into so many branches that, so far as magnitude is concerned, they resemble matters of state,—the very gigantic nature of which causes them to be improperly comprehended and imperfectly dealt with. As Mr. Laurence knew nothing certain about his own concerns, it is not at all surprising that he was ignorant of the condition of all the minor concerns he propped up, nor that all were rotten together. Ignorance, either real or assumed, combined with a desire to get wealth—the ruling passion—for all men, from the first minister of state downwards, may "they must have money!"—like at the bottom of these lamentable disasters. We cannot join others in railing at facility of discounts and extent of credit, because those are now essential to society. Credit is only another name for confidence, and a merchant or money-dealer is no more justified in entering into large transactions with another without some satisfactory assurance besides a mere show of wealth and respectability, than he has to take a man into partnership because he is well dressed. As the rule, owners of money-capital are not employers of capital. Those are to be found in the active, enterprising, skillful, younger portion of society, and only in their hands and by their skill and habits can the realized property of others be put to a profitable use for the good and the whole of society. The enterprising man must therefore be trusted, and when great failures occur, we may be sure that, as in this case, the lenders have not used due caution in carrying on their business.

The price of rice has risen in the week; and the price of cattle and sheep has further declined, so has the price of tea.

THE GOITY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XI.

MR. WAGSTAFF DISCOURSETH UPON "SLANG."

I AM not satisfied with the manner in which Slang has been treated by "THE LONDON REVIEW," or by its correspondent, Mr. Slanham. I have perhaps said enough about Slop, and the Slop system, as proof of the insidious as well as the immorality of the age. But Slop and its ramifications by no means exhaust the question. To the instances of deterioration—material and moral—which I have cited as characteristics of our time, a few words may be added on the deterioration of our noble English language—[the richest, most pliable, most useful, and most expansive language in the world]—by the constant introduction of slang words and phrases, and the daily use made of them, by persons of education and supposed refinement. It is especially among the young men of our day that the vice has taken root; and from the young men it has extended to the young women—too many of whom take as naturally to a course of weak and attenuated slang as to hoops and red stockings.

Perhaps the prevalence of slang words, and slang ideas, in this age may be caused by excessive mocking and its ignoble concomitants, or by the depraved taste for comic literature, falsely so called [there is little comedy and no wit in it], or by that general lowering of the tone of public sentiment, of which "Slop," moral as well as material, is one of the most unwholesome symptoms. Our forefathers had a very odious vice—that of profane swearing; but I am not sure if the vice of their more effeminate sons—that of vulgar-speaking—is not more detestable, and that it does not show a greater depravity of moral feeling. If a round hearty shout implied anything, it was either honest indignation, hearty derision, silly impetuosity, or more parrot-like imitation; but the habitual employment of slang words and phrases implies something worse, and meaner than any of these. Slang words imply, in him who uses them, a want of reverence for things that are worthy of it. If a son constantly speaks of his father as the "Governor," or the "Believing-officer,"—he may be a good son, but he has not that respect for the sacred name of "father" which every true son ought to express as well as feel. If a man cannot use the simple word, "the sea," or "the ocean," but must say that he has been walking by or bathing in "the briny," we may be quite certain that he has fallen into the evil habit of irreverence, and that the contemplation of the sea yields no such emotions of joy or beauty to his mind as it yields to others of finer sensibilities and taste less corrupted. When another speaks of his "old woman" and his "kids," he may love his wife and children as much as he ought; but he betrays by his language that he has associated with low-minded companions—been contaminated by evil communications—lost his good manners, if he ever had any, and failed to reach that high mental and moral plane where stands the true gentleman.

When a man, young or old—worse by far if he be old,—speaks of his clothes as his "togs," of his hat as his "till," of his pocket-handkerchief as his "wipe," of his cravat as his "choker," of his watch as his "ticker," of his food as his "grub," of his money as his "tin," of a shilling as a "bob," of pence as "brads" or "browns," and offers to pay his reckoning by stating that he will "fork out," or "shell out," or "come down with the dust," he is not a gentleman. He may be a lord, or a baronet, or an honest poor fellow; but he who speaks a language not fit for costermongers—and a jargon that ought to be left to the low betting-man, the burglar, and the pickpocket.

When you hear a man or a woman use the word "jolly" on all, or most occasions, instead of very,—saying that A is "jolly green," or B "jolly stupid," or C "jolly slow," or that the weather is "jolly hot" or "jolly cold,"—or when you hear another use the epithet "awful" in a similar sense, saying of such one that he is an "awful swell," or an "awful ass," or an "awful kumbag," or that so-and-so ran or walked, or ate or drank, or roared or laughed "like one o'clock," erase their names from your visiting-book, and cease companionship or acquaintanceship with them as quickly as you can. They are not of the right colour of mind. The true image and superintention are not upon their faces. They are of base metal, and should not pass into, but out of, the society of gentlemen and ladies.

If a person newly introduced to you says he will "do the handsome," or "the needful," and characterizes anything that astounds him as a "stunner," or a "screamer," anything that pleases him as "plummy," "spicy," "cheesy," or "the cheese;" talks of his friend as a "brick," or of his rival as a "weed," you may do business with him, if you have a business, but you will be ill-advised if you invite him to dinner.

As for women (I cannot call them ladies) who use such words;—however fair and chaste they may be;—if they are lovely as Venus and immaculate as Diana,—they injure their chances of matrimony if they be single, and injure matrimony itself if they be married. Men are indulgent to their own vices, but they detect and abhor to see the same vices in a woman. A man may smoke and talk slang without loss of character; but let a woman do either, and the man who is most guilty of either practice will be disgusted. The ladies, God bless them! do not smoke; every true lady detests tobacco smoke as an outrage to the purity of her presence, as well as to that of her dress, and the furniture of her room; but there are women in our day who have caught from the lower classes the contagion of male—it cannot be called manly—Slang, and who talk of giving a servant "the sack," of their husbands having "kicked up a shindy," of their having had "their dauder up," or of their having "been choused" out of a

new shawl or bonnet. Let such fair inconsiderates, whether they be wives of grocers or of peers, reflect a little on the offence of which they are guilty. A solecism in language is as painful as a false note in music. It grates harsh discord upon the ear, and creates pain as well as displeasure. It is not given to every one to be refined; but it is given to every one to be natural. The plain, rude dialect of an uneducated boor may be agreeable to the man of taste and learning; but the slang of the educated and the half-educated is simply vulgar and detestable. Better and far nobler the broad, honest speech of the peasant and artisan, with all its peculiarities of accent and grammar, than the heartless, brainless jargon born of the streets, the stables, and the tap-rooms of great cities, and which thrusts itself upward to infect the minds of the young at the imitative period of life, when anything and everything evil may be learned. The youth of fourteen thinks it manly to walk up and down Regent-street with a cigar in his mouth; so, for the same reason, he thinks it gentlemanly to ape the language of his elders. The evil is no slight one, and is not simply a question of taste, but of morals and religion and of national character. It may be a proof of advanced civilization; but the advance borders upon rotteness, and prefigures dissolution. Chaucer, in a noble line of his almost forgotten poems, says that

"Men shall not weave everything a lie."

but those who speak slang, do woe everything a lie. They are men without reverence, who, worse than the diplomatist who said that speech was given to us to conceal our thoughts, use it as if it were only given to us to delude and defile them. They are jesters without wit, buffoons without drollery, scoffers without an object, scorners without a conscience,—fellows who laugh without mirth, speak without sense, and parody without intellect. It may be said that the Slang to which I take such objections, and to which I attribute so many evil qualities, direct and indirect, is so gross and palpable as to be of necessity left to the conversation of the great and the little vulgar, and to be entirely excluded from literature—but it is not so. We not only find Slang on the stage, and in what are called the comic publications of the day,—in the books of the "fanny" men who write Comic Histories of England, and Comic English Grammars, and who would write a Comic Bible if they could clear a few pounds by the performance,—but in that higher class of literature which takes the shape of leading articles in the daily newspapers. There is a kind of literary and professional Slang, which though of a less vulgar character than the Slang of the streets, nevertheless tends, in no inconsiderable degree, to sully the purity and impair the strength of our language.

Take the word "ventilate," for instance, which is now so constantly used in newspapers, in Parliament, and in good society, as an equivalent for "discuss." There is neither necessity for, nor force in the expression. To ventilate is to let in air or wind; and if to ventilate a question, mean to let in wind upon it, in the form of mere talk and windy words, there may be some appropriateness in it, in a metaphorical sense; but when the Marquis de Malaprop declares in the House of Lords that he is anxious to "ventilate" the affairs of Italy, and Mr. Pogram asserts in the House of Commons that the administration of the navy, and the jobbery of the dock-yards cannot be too often or too much "ventilated," they cease to be metaphorical, and speak a parliamentary or professional Slang. Newspaper editors, critics and reporters, as well as novelists and essayists, also make use of certain favourite phrases, which by their daily iteration become Slang. When a journalist cannot say that he "suspects" anything, without informing the world that he "shrewdly" suspects it,—or when a novelist cannot describe the handsome face of a man, or the lovely face of a woman, without stating that the features are finely "chiselled," or the eyebrows finely "cut,"—they are severely guilty of the use of literary Slang. The particular suspicion may be very "foolish," and not at all "shrewd"; and how can a living face be "chiselled," or an eyebrow be "cut," unless by a sharp instrument!

Among the most common Slang phrases of this description which are continually thrust before the eyes of readers, are that such a scene "beggars description," or may be "more easily imagined than described,"—that fire is "devouring elements," that the writer "can safely say" so and so; that such a man's writings are "household words;" that such and such a fact "speaks volumes;" that such an event happened "not a hundred miles from" Little Peddington; or that such and such an article or poem in a magazine or book "is well worth the whole price of the volume." Now the price of the volume may perhaps be a shilling, or half-a-crown;—this, the article or poem in question is worth a shilling or half-a-crown. This is but poor praise at the best, and very loosely worded.

But these offences are comparatively venial. If they are silly they are not immoral. Not so the Slang or Argot spoken by gipsies and thieves. Even that, if it be confined to thieves, may be admitted to be a very interesting subject for philological study. Thieves' language, as such, and when it is spoken by people who know no other, merits the respect which every real thing commands, on account of its reality, if for nothing else; but when it gets into the mouths of honest men, and of those who would knock you down if you dared to say they were blackguards, it becomes not alone disgusting, but pernicious. I may be called by such people, in their own slang, an "old fogie" for saying so, but its common prevalence shows, I think, a deterioration of the moral character of the age, and may have a greater effect in producing swindlers, forgers, and fraudulent bankers than is commonly imagined.

MEN OF MARK.—No. II.

LORD LYNDHURST.

It may be doubted whether any country in the world can boast three such men as Lord Lyndhurst, Brougham, and Campbell. A neighbouring state may produce one or two great lawyers and judges who have also distinguished themselves in her legislative assemblies; but revolutions and changes of dynasty have at one time condemned them to silence, and at another have exposed them to charges of political apostasy. It has been the happier destiny of the great men we have selected as the subject of this and a following article, to preserve a golden continuity in their public aims, and as much consistency in their political career as can be expected from fallible mortals. Three judges equally venerable, equally distinguished for learning, integrity, and impartiality, could scarcely be found, either on the European or American continents. But, when we remember that they are not less celebrated for their knowledge of the law than for the success with which they have laboured for its reform and improvement—when we spread to their claims as law reformers their world-wide fame as orators and politicians—when we recollect that they have not only taken a large and active share in home politics, but have done much to uphold the reputation of the British Senate as the great platform of freedom, and the last and sure refuge of the oppressed of all races and all climes,—we may congratulate the England of Bacon, Somers, and Mansfield that her great men have not all died out, or left themselves without witnesses in those later days.

And first of all Lord Lyndhurst. We shall suppose it to be some five-and-twenty years ago. We are in the House of Lords. The month is July. Some great event is surely expected, for the House is unusually crowded. Melbourne, gay, easy, smiling, *insouciant*, is Prime Minister. He looks, perhaps, more indifferent than he is; his colleagues undoubtedly appear glib and ill at ease. The "Great Duke" is the central figure on the front Opposition bench. On his right is a tall handsome man, who looks about fifty, but may be older, who divides with Wellington the gaze of "neighbouring eyes." Monkeys come in from the Commons, and fill the space below the bar. Peel, Stanley, Graham, and Goulburn, occupy the arms in front of the Throne, which is reserved for eldest sons of peers, ministers, and ex-ministers from the Lower House. When the auditory have composed themselves in their places, the handsome-looking man advances to the table. His well-proportioned figure is set off by a surcoat of faultless elegance, and he looks a gentleman, every inch of him. His features are regular, and indicate to the most careless observer great intellectual power. The mouth is compressed, but has a "knowing," and, as the Scotch would say, an "assuring" look about it. It is clear that he is a man of his word, and that the figure called irony is not unknown to him. With a glance round every part of the House, which denotes perfect self-possession, and elicits encouraging cries of "Hear" from the peers behind him, the orator may be supposed, under their Lordships' permission, to enter upon a brief REVIEW OF THE SESSION.

It would first be necessary to carry their Lordships back to the speech from the Throne, and the ministerial announcements in the other House of the measures to be proposed to Parliament. It would then be necessary to trace those measures separately, and to see how much had been left undone, and how much had been accomplished. By this time the stranger in the gallery has remarked a singular elocution, terseness, and simplicity in the speaker. There seems to be no straining after effect—nothing artificial in the structure of the sentences. Just so many words, and no more, are used as are necessary to put you in complete possession of his meaning. The elocution is perfect, the voice clear, the intonation musical. A graceful gesture with the right arm is at first sparingly introduced, to infuse attention and impart dignity to the exordium. By and by, as the proofs of the demonstration crowd upon the orator, and become more momentous, his gestures become more impetuous, as of one who strives to subdue and overbearn. That is a terrible catalogue of five-and-twenty years ago! Two or three of the great measures of the Session have been totally wrecked. One or two considerable measures have received the Royal Assent; but they have been either grievously mangled by legislative misadventure, or have been miserably improved by the orator's friends. The Budget has been a ridiculous failure; and their Lordships laugh long and merrily (as they have done since) at the pitiless history of the financial proposals of the Whigs. The law reforms of the Session are next directed by the same merciless and unsparring hand. Perhaps the orator is too much of a partisan to be impartial in his criticisms. Perhaps he does not make sufficient allowance for the growth of "talk" in the Lower House, which was beginning to strangle legislation, although it had not then attained to its present foul and rank luxuriance. The orator is just and impartial enough for the better half of his audience. The Great Duke cries "Hear, hear," and says to his neighbour, "That is the English I tried to write." Peel would have envied the orator his transparent clearness, if he could have envied anybody anything. The occupants of the Treasury benches are uneasy at being held up to the country as noodles, as having made prodigious promises and small performances. The stranger in the gallery thinks there must be some flaw in the logic, yet the ratiocination seems perfect, and the great fact remains that the end of the Session has approached and very little has been done. As for the Opposition Peers, their delight knows no bounds. Next to the delight of being in Downing-street, is the satisfaction of proving that you ought to be there, and that the nation is going to rain in your absence. Uselessly men, little "patterers" and decrepit dunces Lord Melbourne's Ministry appear, as portrayed by that vigorous and unflattering pencil. Some kind of answer is no doubt attempted. Various excuses, more or less reasonable, are certainly set up. Some hints, not very obscurely expressed, are thrown out, of factions opposition to Government measures by the orator's friends "in another place." But Opposition Peers go home arm-in-arm in high feather, and next day old Alderman prophesy that the country has had enough of the Whigs, and that a reaction in favour of Toryism is certainly approaching.

* The scene changes. We are in a magnificent mansion, furnished with gold and resplendent with colour. A queenly throne, with its ornate gold canopy, occupies one end of this lofty and well-proportioned chamber. The Peers are assembled. The Lord Chancellor, with the mane behind him, occupies the woad-sack. They wait some time. An old man, looking heavily, with the air of one friendly Peer, enters the House from the Council Chamber. His legs refuse their office, and hardly can he set one foot before the other. Slowly he moves down the House. If this be indeed the orator of a quarter of a century ago, how is it that he does not take his seat, as of yore, on the front Opposition bench? Has he outgrown Party? Has he become more candid—more liberal? When the aged Peer has nearly reached the gangway, he ascends to the second bench, and drops heavily into his seat, as if his legs were wood and his muscles had lost all their elasticity. See! they have made a hand-rail for him to grasp. It is attached to the bench below him; and he will with rise and address their Lordships, he might, perhaps, with some difficulty, get up with his legs, by this friendly aid. But can these dry bones speak? Is this venerable stony, whose tottering gait and shrunken limbs are suggestive of the cerecloth and the wind-impelled likely to utter anything but a tremulous and faltering voice from the grave? Let us look at him more narrowly. He is an old man, but not so old as you had thought him, or as you will know him to be to-morrow, when you turn to "Dod's Digest." He has a clear and undimmed eye, now shaded by coloured pantoscopic spectacles. There is a hectic colour on his cheeks, which are somewhat shrunk. His nose is small and regular; his mouth set compressed and expressive. You may involuntarily, when you look at his face, "That is the wreck of a handsome man;" and when you look at a certain pained expression in his dress, "That must have been a well-dressed man." His dandy-dandied surcoat would have satisfied the fourth George. His hat, which he puts on as soon as he takes his seat, is the best in the House, the most glossy, and the most juvenile. The Marquis of Bath would seem to wear a brim so narrow, and Carnarvon's Earl never were anything so unexceptionable at a *fête champêtre*. His trousers are innocent of a wrinkle; and Stalk, when he departed this life, must have breathed into the ear of the aged Peer the name of the man most worthy to succeed to his vacant throne. The cheeks of this venerable personage are destitute of whisker, whereby his face has been once or twice taken for Macready's. A clever scratch of Claude Melnotte elegance and juvenility knocks off twenty years from his age. Reader! the orator whom, a quarter of a century ago, you thought fifty, was then approaching sixty-five. The old man, whom you will hear presently—shamefully deserted and betrayed by his lower limbs, and whom you will pronounce to be a trifle over three-score and ten,—is fast verging upon his ninetieth year.

"Monstrous!" you will say. "Did any orator of distinction ever address a popular assembly at ninety?" Does history mention any such wretched old man? Does Homer venture to give such an age to the Nestor of the Greeks? Would not any poet put into the mouth of a man of ninety the counsels of childhood, and the suggestions of dotage? The feeble old man grasps the hand-rail, and with much difficulty gains his feet. His utterance is slow and mumbled, but there is no "childish treble" in the voice. It is the deep and manly bass of a quarter of a century ago, with a slight occasional tremulousness, infinitely touching, when he who speaks reminds those who hear that the valley of the shadow is before him,—that his tongue must soon be stilled, and his voice mute. At such moments the House of Lords presents a striking spectacle to the stranger in the gallery. The ministerial Peer can see the venerable orator without effort; but on the Opposition side every face on those crowded benches is turned to the aged Peer with an expression of deep interest and respect.

Does our British Nestor assert the privileges of his age by short, goosling, gurgulous speeches? Does he still engage in the party contests of his day, and contest with Lord Derby the leadership of the Conservative benches? Both questions must be answered in the negative. When Peel fell from his horse, and a great light was suddenly quenched, Wellington and Lyndhurst withdrew from politics. The survivor of that great companionship now breathes a higher, purer, serene atmosphere. No ignominious crummocked themes engage his oratory. Like the eagle of the sculptor, his arrows wing a strong and lofty flight at the king of birds. Is the Russian in the Principality? Is the Napoleonist despot menacing and torturing without trial? Is the Frenchman in Savoy, threatening Switzerland and the Rhine with his army, while his fleet is preparing to measure itself with that of England? Our Nestor of ninety makes shift to get up on his legs. With unswerving and elaborate power, and restless logic, he arraigns the offender at the bar of civilization and public opinion, charges the jury with judicial impartiality, and solemnly passes upon the wrongdoer the irrevoable sentence of posterity. When some great constitutional question arises, he is not content with a great speech, but shows himself capable of continued and stirring efforts. Three or four years ago we saw this wonderful old man thoroughly aroused and alarmed by a proposal to create life-peerages. Putting himself at the head of the opposition to the scheme, he examined the authorities, collated the evidence, exhausted the facts and arguments in one speech, and replied to all the views and assertions of his opponents in another. He took the chair of a Select Committee, cross-examined the witnesses, scrutinized the black-letter parchments, drew up the report, and triumphantly established the right of the Upper House to interpose between the Crown and the new scheme of life-peers.

For some months the contest was carried on. The hectic check became more flushed, and the lower limbs more impracticable. But the will was unconquerable, the intellect as clear, the brain as unclouded, as they were a quarter of a century ago. Peers who turned to that second bench above the gangway, looked significantly at each other, and exclaimed, "This will kill the old man." They were wrong. Since then he has warred us against the ambition of an incalculable ally. Since then he has inspired the Government to look to our first line of defence, and not to neglect our second and third. Since then he has vindicated the right of the Upper House to impeach and reject the financial

proposals of the Government. The old man, eloquent, does not pretend to be inflexible. The caution of age, nay, as he admits, veils in him upon timidity, and bolder counsel may be wiser counsel for a nation in the full tide of her youth and strength. But it is not to be denied that the aged orator rises to the heights of his great argument, and that the scene in the Upper Chamber on the now rare occasion when John Lord Lyndhurst is the centre of the picture, deserves to be painted by some royal academicians, not less eminent than the doubly celebrated father of the great lawyer and statesman.

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION.

RAYONABOLA AND THE PRIOR OF S. MARCO.

By WALTER SAVAGE LAMPON.

PRIOR: Hieronimo! my dear Hieronimo! Afflicted I have often been, but never so cruelly as now. Thou art abandoned to thy enemies, and there is no compe. The Holy Father has found thee guilty.

RAYONABOLA: Alas! how many hath he both found and made so! My Holy Father, our Holy Father who is in heaven hath indeed found me guilty, from my youth upward, yet hath He vouchsafed to show me the light of His countenance, and commanded me to utter His will. And now His right hand is guiding me on the road of expiation for my manifold sins.

PRIOR: Thy sins! thy manifold sins! What mortal ever lived more chastely, more charitably, more devoutly? And lo! the dus! O merciful Saviour! Can man's flesh endure the flames?

RAYONABOLA: Yes, that flesh which our Lord hath chastened.

PRIOR: Thou hast the courage of a martyr. Yet the first and stoutest of martyrs, our Lord Himself, prayed His Father that the bitter cup might pass from Him.

RAYONABOLA: It did not pass from Him. He loved His Lord on the cross, in obedience to His Father's will. Better men than I am have borne witness to the truth; and even I am deemed worthy to die for it.

PRIOR: Better men! None, none, none.

RAYONABOLA: Say not so. Providence hath seen it good that several of them lived longer and taught more efficaciously. Effeminate and vicious as our Florentines, they will spring up again into manhood. Wicked princes and wicked pontiffs have misgoverned, corrupted, and enthralled them. Conflicting strangers have trampled on them, generation after generation. Deliverers (so they called themselves, and were believed) have deluded them and bartered them away.

PRIOR: No people has ever been so prone to adulation; and what have they gained by it? The rind and stones of their own peaches and pomegranates—the drops of their own wine-presses. And this is the country which has longer been civilized than any other in Europe; which was flourishing a thousand years before Rome had risen from amid a mass of ruins, to be inhabited by robbers and murderers, who have left behind them a low valiant race, with similar propensities. The wolf has degenerated into the fox; the howl is softened into the whine, with an intermittent bark, and a more cautious prur about the sheepfold. After the example of Lorenzo, the worst *fourthaler* is become a term of reproach. Yet the more free our thoughts are, the nearer do they ascend towards the realm of truth, towards Him who alone hath given us the power of this ascending.

RAYONABOLA: Lorenzo, whose belief in God is doubtful, trusted to the wicked man who calls himself God's Vicegerent. That man is no Christian who assumes or permits to be styled "His Holiness," "His Beatitude," "Christ forbids His followers to call even him so. When I stood at the deathbed of Lorenzo, in order, at his desire, to hear the confusion of his sins, not one of the many and heinous did he confess, nor when I made any retrospection of what he had taken from every man in this country. "First of all," said I, "restore to the people the freedom bequeathed to them by their fathers." He turned round heavily on his bed, away from me. I left him. Peace be with his soul! if there be any peace where that soul is.

PRIOR: Why could he not have been contented with the eminence to which his fortune and his genius had raised him? No potentate in Europe possessed a third of his riches or of his residences. He commanded all climates: all exist in our little Tuscany. His feds no sharp winter—Proserpine no temperate heat. He commanded the breezes both of the ocean and of the Apennines. Here in Florence philosophers associated with him familiarly, and poets were often fed at his table.

RAYONABOLA: Their flybrows hastened his corruption. The constitution of the poetical mind is naturally feverish, and in most cases is corroded by the chronic disease of jealousy. He was subject to none of it; he saw no rival.

PRIOR: Jealousy, if ever pardonable, is pardonable in poets. There are more flowers than fruits upon Parnassus, and the pastures under it are luscious. Fit for the cattle. The songsters sit upon thorns, and clap their wings in conflict for a grain of millet.

RAYONABOLA: Not only poets, but graver men discoursed with Lorenzo. They might have taught him better.

PRIOR: They might have learnt better first. Their evenings and nights were spent in frivolous discussions and dissertations which they termed Platonic.

RAYONABOLA: Not improperly; for Plato's dialogues are mostly composed of cross-questions and quibbles.

PRIOR: Oh, the clever foolishness of false philosophy! We Christians know what true philosophy is, and where to find it, and who the teacher. It is better to be guided by Him in the roughest path, than to sit with idle chatterers.

RAYONABOLA: These Platonists remind me of a game at which children play when they have no better plying within reach. One lays his hand down flat,

another his upon it; and thus they alternate rapidly, until they are tired of the pastime. Then they slap each other on the knee, and run off laughing.

PRIOR: Nothing discomposes my Hieronimo. I never saw him before so near to facetiousness.

RAYONABOLA: I would rather think of children in frocks than of children in beads. Florence lies under my window, and I sadden at the sight of her.

PRIOR: Nevertheless, at this moment thou springest up alertly.

RAYONABOLA: Yes, yes; I am now a palm higher than I was. Florence, and the other fair cities of Italy, I feel assured, will be ashamed of their desolateness. Truth will supplant falsehood, activity will trample upon sloth. The Sun of Righteousness will shine again. The prophets of old will show their constancy through the thunder-cloud, and raise their voices audibly. Dante lies in his tomb at Ravenna, but his spirit will return to your city, and reanimate a people half extinct.

PRIOR: What rattle is that below? Where are those carts going?

It down, it down again,
What are they carrying?

RAYONABOLA: Faggots and stouter stakes, and one of them several ells long. How many poor half-starved creatures might these have comforted at Christmas! The people are impatient for their bonfire, and sacerdotal stomachs are yearning for their dinner. Remain here until all is over.

PRIOR: Hieronimo, my Hieronimo! must we meet no more?

RAYONABOLA: Hush! Most thou wilt knowest we shall: God alone knows when. Man's days are numbered; mine hath no numeral. May thou be so many as thy virtues, and as the blessings that are poured incessantly on thy head. Woe not; follow not one step farther; return to S. Marco when the smoke is blown over and is lost among the clouds.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE regret so generally felt for the death of two such men as Sir Henry George Ward and Mr. James Wilson, is greatly enhanced by the difficulty of filling up, at this conjuncture, the important offices of Governor of Madras and Financial Commissioner of India. Sir Henry Ward's success as governor in Ceylon and in Ceylon, pointed him out as the best man for Madras; whilst general assent of all parties picked out Mr. Wilson for the task of maintaining the finances of India. He gave himself so thoroughly to the work for four months, that he perilled his life. But he made so much progress in the work, that he left an easier task to his successor. Speculation is, of course, rife as to who that successor is to be. I believe I am far wrong in pointing to Mr. Laing, M.P., for the Northern Boroughs (Wick), and now Financial Secretary to the Treasury, as most likely to fill the post which Mr. Wilson held.

I believe that the thing dignified post of Governor of Madras—though not so difficult to fill—will be given to Lord Napier, whose experience in the public service at Naples, Constantinople, the United States, and the Hague, has given him the very best training for the place. Lord Napier has exhibited the highest talents, and has accomplished the most decided successes, wherever he has been employed.

There will also be another place vacant at the Council-board at Calcutta, on account of Sir James Outram's return to Europe in 21-th March. The "Old Indians"—that is to say, the Civil servants of the old Company—put in their claims for these high places in India, and do not want for *chapeurs* in their interest on all occasions. But the truth is, that there are too many of them in India already, and they are known to oppose themselves with the greatest pertinacity to the reform—military, civil, and financial—so presumptuously required by the new *regime*. We hope and believe that Sir Charles Wood will have the courage to resist their adherence to the old system, which has very nearly lost India, and reduced her finances to disorder.

I believe it was Lord Kilmorrough who declared that he knew the rules of the Queen's Bench to be stretched as far as India, to suit the convenience of the gentlemen who, in the old days of imprisonment for debt, abused themselves of the ancient privileges. Lord Palmerston, I am told, considers his country seat as sufficiently within reach of Downing-street, since the establishment of telegraphs, and the shortening of the distance to two hours by rail to Brighton, whence he can reach London so easily. He comes up when wanted, and, ordinarily, upon one day in each week. Lord John Russell is in town for the week, and will attend Her Majesty to Coburg and Berlin on Saturday. Sir Charles Wood is also in town, in constant attendance every day at his new office in Westminster.

The unexpected death of Mr. Joseph Locke is felt very much in his profession, so lately deprived of Stephenson and Brunel. He will be also missed in the House of Commons, where he was a very useful member. He was self-raised, and almost self-educated, and is said to have left property worth half a million sterling. His seat for Hoxton will probably be filled by his friend, Mr. George Moffat, who lost Ashburton at the last general election by the narrow majority of one.

From the best information I can glean, I look upon the Neapolitan question as settled. The talk of 50,000 royal troops behind Capua and Volturno, in defence of the king, is a myth. The reign of the Bourbons in Italy is a legend of the past. The stories of differences between Garibaldi and Cavour are all weak inventions of the enemy. They are both working for the same ends, with different instruments, and in congenial ways. The decrees of Garibaldi, of which I have seen the originals, are all issued in the name of "Vittore Emanuele, Re d'Italia." The Jesuits are expelled. The political prisoners are released. Ports—internal—are entirely abolished throughout all the Italian states. In due time we shall have railways and free-trade throughout the whole length and breadth of "United Italy."

The turn of the Pope is come. There was no doubt that Lamoricière would strike one last blow. Is that blow outside the walls of Ancona the last one? I believe it is, notwithstanding the speculations so cleverly indulged in by the French and English papers. The port of Ancona is blockaded by the fleet of the "King of Italy." There is no hope of Austrian aid from that side. The retreat of the mercenary army is also cut off by the fleet. A forced march through the mountains of the Abruzzi, surrounded by a hostile population, and without provisions, is out of the question. The Algerian general must yield, and give up his sword to the King of Italy elect, and not to the Lady of Loreto. Rome itself will be surrounded before many days. Garibaldi will meet with no serious resistance in his march from the south, and the legions of Lamoricière are already retired. What, then, will the Italy Father do? What can he do? "The intervention of Austria is at an end, for ever." So says one of the latest manifestations of the master of the French garrison at Rome.

The Pope, therefore, cannot look to Austria, as he used to do. Will he abandon Rome? I think not. He might not find it as easy to get back this time. He has no quarter to go to for a resting-place. He would do better to temporize, as popes have done before—open the gates of Rome to the army of Italy, and crown the brave king who is the choice of the united people. After all, this would be only exchanging foreign for native protection; and his person, as well as his ecclesiastical power, would be better protected by Italian than by Austrian, or even by French troops. If not in this mode, at least by some mode or other, I firmly believe is Garibaldi's promise to date from the Quirinal once more. The gates of Rome are played out, and even the College of Cardinals should better see the expediency of making terms, whilst yet they may.

As the season for country excursions draws to a close, the centres for public amusements in town begin to lester themselves for the coming winter campaign. It is notorious that last winter the metropolitan theatres in general did well. This was a good deal owing to the general prosperity and content, and to the fact of money—if not more plentiful—being more equally diffused. The success of the last season has given an impetus to that which is approaching. The notes of preparation are heard on all sides—even to the south and the far east of the metropolis. First in rank and importance is Her Majesty's Theatre, where opera—Italian and English—is sustained for every night in the week. The proprietors are perfectly right not to have this fine house follow in the winter months. The reign of exclusiveness has long passed away at "Her Majesty's Theatre." We doubt, however, the propriety of mixing up Italian and English Operas. Neither the stage, the orchestra, nor the audience, will work harmoniously together. The Italians are to have their old days, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday; whilst the English are to rule on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. We fear it will prove. The subscribers on one set of nights, and the general public, at *piacimento* prices, on the other, will be always making mistakes, and creating confusion.

The Italian company is strong in singers; but where are the musicians to come from? The English company is also strong. We are promised no new operas; by Macfarren and Vincent Wallace, but Balfe is secured for Covent Garden; and there is nothing said of the ballet, which was always a leading attraction at this house. In the practical sense of making the most of his space, Mr. Smith has let the old concert-room—now the *Dionysa* Theatre, to M. Talry, late manager of the French plays at St. James's, for the performance of French comedies, vaudevilles, &c. How these varied and cosmopolitan performers can go on smoothly under one roof, and presented simultaneously, we are at a loss to determine.

The English opera at Covent Garden opens on the 8th October, under the excellent, and hitherto successful, management of Miss Frye and W. Harrison, with Mr. Alfred Mellon recouder, as before. This scheme is more simple and consistent, and more likely to succeed, more particularly as the pretty ballets of last winter—brief, but lively, are to be renewed. Balfe's new opera is finished; but the season opens with "Lurline," to be introduced with new stage effects.

The fine old patent theatre in Drury-lane is also to be opened on the 8th October, at cheap prices, as before. Mr. Smith has secured some valuable additions to his company, including Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews, Mr. Walter Lacey, Mr. Ryder, Mrs. Stirling and her daughter, who have all parts in the new drama in three acts, which Mr. Tom Taylor has undertaken for the opening of Old Drury.

Mr. Alfred Wigam has made a good choice, we think, in selecting the comedy actresses of St. James's for the display of his accomplished style of management. Although late in the field, he has secured the services of Mr. Emery, Miss Kate Terry, Miss Herbert, Miss Clara St. Clare, Mr. and Mrs. C. Young, and other favourites of St. James's and the Old Olympic.

The "Colleen Bawn" promises to have a long run at the New Adelphi, and richly deserves it.

The Haymarket, Princess's, and Olympic, go on as usual, and we trust with as much success as last year.

Mrs. Celeste has secured the valuable services of Mr. Krelly, as the Lyceum. The Fruit and Flower show at the Crystal Palace, opened for the last two days, was the most successful seen for many years. The wealth of fruit and flowers seems constantly on the increase, and the Crystal Palace is still the place to show it to advantage. The managers seem resolved to keep up the musical reputation of the Palace at Sydenham. Several musical entertainments are announced—the most prominent of which is the farewell appearance of Madame Clara Novello.

Miss Emma Stanley has engaged the second of the late Albert Smith's large rooms, at the Egyptian Hall, for a sort of drawing-room entertainment, to commence at an early date.

The grand colonnade Diormani in the Great Room at the Egyptian Hall, consists of various scenes in Europe—particularly of views in Sicily, and Naples; very interesting, just now, as an answer to public curiosity. The landscapers are

splendidly painted. The exhibition will have the advantage of excellent music under the direction of Mr. Calvert.

The works of the new metropolitan underground railway, from Paddington to the City, are advancing with great rapidity. When completed, it will be a most convenient line. It is expected to be opened to the public in about a twelvemonth.

Very praiseworthy is the determination amongst the authorities to insist, in every way, the constant desire of the public for instruction combined with entertainment. One of the most interesting memorials of a great man, and of a great day—such an one as is only experienced in an age—is about to be committed to a very proper custody. We refer to the Wellington car. Although its design was bad, its castings and workmanship have won the admiration of foreign artists at its exhibition at Marlborough House. It is a compound of steel, was constructed in three weeks, cost £16,000, and is now to find its home in a national collection, already rich in most remarkable and costly works, the Kensington Museum.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

AUTUMNAL AGRICULTURAL ORACLES.

Too many of our landlords seem to imagine that a part of their local duties—to which Queen's speeches so impressively refer—consists in praising, blaming, or encouraging the farmers. And it is curious to observe that this holding of any rural opinion. Nothing like a discussion takes place. The farmers are expected to receive the blame, the praise, or the encouragement with meek submission and silence, and they generally do so. Indeed, some extraneous topic of public interest, some national calamity, panic, or delusion, is commonly energetically worked by the landlord speakers, so as to prevent or interrupt any answers to their own or anyone else's things agricultural. The autumn always brings these lectures as it brings the harvest, and it may be well to try to extract some useful moral from the rural oracles of the present season.

Now, Lord Stanley is a public man of larger mental calibre than most of those who take upon themselves annually to lecture the farmers; and moreover, he is supposed to have somewhat more sympathy with industry, rural or urban, than most of his class. Yet at the Manchester and Liverpool Agricultural Association, when proposing success to the society he at once adopted the tone of a tutor. He thought nobody could

"Entertain a doubt as to the value or utility of associations of that kind. Farmers, by the nature of their occupation, live comparatively isolated and separated . . . If a man lives altogether at home, he is apt to think there is no farm like his, that there are no crops and cattle like his; and that he has not much to learn from his neighbours. If any Lancashire man has an illusion like that, it is an illusion a walk over the moor would very soon dispel; and if a man sits at home with his book, he can hardly help getting hold of some ideas which are worthy taking home and working out; he can hardly help going back and knowing more of his business than when he came." "Then such meetings, and his speech, "emulate that spirit of healthy emulation and rivalry, that emulation, which is the very soul of business."

Now, all this may be true enough, and is as obvious in the case of the farmer as in that of any other trader. He feels it in the market. It is impressed upon him at every fair he goes to, whether to sell or to buy. It is his interest and his business to note these things. But he often finds that he cannot keep or rear such good stock as some other farmers, because his farm is unimproved, his yards and sheds are wholly insufficient for good stock. His fields, perhaps, are too small and too much encumbered with hedge-row timber to enable him to cultivate his land so well as his neighbours with cleared land can cultivate theirs.

Such are the difficulties which beset the farmer, far more than any illiterate or want of knowledge of his business, and those difficulties are removable only by his landlord. Doubtless Lord Stanley can speak with more confidence on such points than many landowners, for the estates of his father, Lord Derby, are better managed in all such particulars, than the estates of most English proprietors. Then Lord Stanley told his audience—

"There has been very much accomplished of late years in the way of agricultural improvement. One man goes anywhere about England or this country, without seeing fences straggled, fields thrown together, cottages improved, waste lands reclaimed, and cultivation creeping up the face of the hills; but though there is a great deal done, some of us recollect what small farmers were apt to be in the old days before agricultural improvement was thought of."

The natural remark on this is—What have the small farmers to do with such improvements as Lord Stanley referred to? They could be done only by or with the co-operation of the landlords. Such lectures and suggestions might really be very useful in a meeting of landowners, whose apathy or prejudices alone retard the improvements which naturally would take place in English agriculture. We are glad, however, to see such authority, that so great improvements have been made in Lancashire; for in 1840, Mr. Garnett, who obtained the prize of the Royal Agricultural Society for his Essay on the Farming of Lancashire, said,

"The county of Lancashire is a very important one; but most anomalously its importance does not arise from the excellence of its farming. . . . We are sadly behind the rest of the world in agricultural attainments, and our troubles, the North-Western Railway, from the time of his moving to the time of his quitting Lancashire for Westminster, must leave it with the impression that he has been passing through an ill-drained, badly-cultivated, and neglected district."

We fear a traveller going over the same ground now would agree more nearly with Mr. Garnett than with Lord Stanley's report.

At the time after the show of the North-Western Agricultural Society, the Duke of Northumberland, the patron of the society, providing, having referred to the excellence of the live stock which had been exhibited, and having given some statistical details as to the arable and moor lands of the county, said that, during the last ten years,

"About 170,000 acres of land had been drained, at an expense of £5 per acre; and this is about one-fourth of the whole arable land of the county. About £200,000 or more has been spent within the last ten years on draining; and perhaps

as much, or nearly as much, on other permanent improvements. Now, the result of this increased draining is an increase in the amount of production, more cattle and larger farm-buildings; so I think the country may be well satisfied with the improvements of the last ten years."

Now, the duke did not tell his audience how much of this sum had been spent by the landowners, and how much by the tenants; nor how much of it consisted of loans made to landowners by Government or land improvement companies, repayable by small annual instalments. Neither was there any hint of the possibility of such loans of which the repayment had been thrown wholly on the tenants. Neither can it be said that draining, equal in amount to the fourth of the arable land only of so humid a county as Northumberland, and where by far the greater part of the arable and other lands require drainage, exhibits any extraordinary degree of activity for a period during which agriculturists have become fully alive to the necessity of self-reliance and energetic improvement. We do not hesitate to say that, if the landed proprietors of Northumberland had been, during the last ten years, willing and able to grant their farms on long and rational leases to tenants of competent means, something more like three-fourths of all the land—pasture and moor, as well as arable—would have been drained. Does not this justify those who say the patrons of agriculture—why should agricultural industry alone require patronage?—are fond of "paralysing its progress, have talked and told how much has been done, while others are satisfied to work subject to the most active competition?" Then the duke referred to the improvement of the agricultural labourers' dwellings, for which the duke, as regards his own property, is entitled to much credit; and the advance of their wages, "something like 13 per cent. in ten years." But then he said higher wages increased "the expense of cultivation."

"Now, here is our problem—here is the great difficulty: How is the expense of cultivation to be lessened? The use of the steam-plough has been tried, but it is not yet practically successful; that is, it is not yet brought into general use. . . . Still, therefore, the problem remains—how are products of agriculture to be raised more economically, our land, at the same time, being kept equally good, and everything else being kept to its level? The produce of the land should be increased as the population increases. Whilst stating this problem, I must add that I have no doubt whatever that English energy and English determination will ultimately solve it. I have no doubt that means will be found, by steam or horse-power, to cultivate the land economically."

Neither have we any doubt that English agricultural energy can solve the problem, which, however, is not quite that stated by the duke; but that such energy must have fair play. It must not be asked to display itself in fetters. The real problem is—How can the products of agriculture be increased with profit to the producers?—for otherwise there will be no increase. Now, profitable production is to be obtained, not so much by lessening the expense of cultivation, as by the increased employment of such agents—mechanical, manual, or animal labour—as the farmers having secure possession of their farms may find it conducive to their own interest to employ. We believe the problem must be solved by greater outlay, to result in still greater proportionate production. To this end security is the first, the indispensable condition. Just look at the state of that security on the duke's own estates, and on those of nine-tenths of his fellow-landowners in Northumberland. How many of the tenant farmers in that county dare kill the wild animals—the game—which infest their farms and devastate their crops? How many dare to vote against the county candidate, supported by their landlords, without being "dismissed" from their farms? We pause for a reply.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

A VISIT TO THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—No. I.

THE METEOROLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

Or all the hundreds of thousands of pleasure-seeking Londoners who have been to Greenwich Park, few know anything of the Royal Observatory. They know the outside well enough. They are familiar with the graceful deer browsing on the verdant herbage beneath the tall firs that beautify the park. Hundreds of them have promenade round the red-brick house perched on that steep hill, down which merry lads and lasses have run or rolled on merry days, and some have looked with excited wonder at the curious cupolas with odd projecting pegs; the vanes, and posts, and balls; and at the tall mast rising high above the trees, with its ropes and wires, and queer suspended box. And those they have looked at without a chance of their curiosity being satisfied, and without the remotest idea of how the work inside was done. Of course they know that the stars were observed, and that eclipses were calculated there,—but beyond this vague conception all was mystery to their idle minds. So they looked at the massive gates, beside which the electric clock ticks solemnly night and day, and points its finger to the passing time,—and walked away, and wondered on.

The exclusion of the public is not merely justifiable, it is necessary; the workers inside that secluded area are not too numerous for the work they have to do; the instruments they have to work with are often of extreme susceptibility, and the operators themselves have to be punctual to seconds in their records and their labours. Interruption under such circumstances, would be fatal to their duties. Few thoughtful persons, even if not astronomers or meteorologists, but must take pleasure in knowing the details and means by which the facts of astronomy are ascertained; while of the most thoughtful some might be arrested in their trifling by such a knowledge, and perhaps be changed to humble but useful workers in the wide fields of science, where daily stand abundant crops and rich harvests ungarthered for lack of labourers.

On entering the Royal Observatory, I, Jones, or whatever my name may be, first passed by a narrow way to the small grass plot where stands the tall mast and the wonder of the passengers' eyes outside. Behind it is a low white building in the form of a cross, where Mr. Glaisher and his assistants superintend the magnetical, meteorological, and electrical apparatus. From the wooden box at the masthead

a copper "exploring-wire" is seen passing across to the roof of the astronomical observatory, and another copper wire is seen passing down to the window of the ante-room of the low white building we have just noticed.

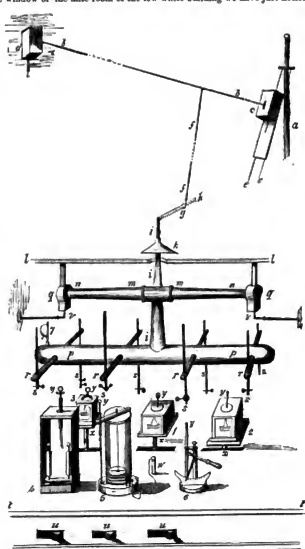


FIG. 1.—a, mast; b, c, copper exploring-wire, for collecting electricity from the air; d, wooden box containing glass insulators; e, f, iron wires from mast, on which the box, e, slides; f, conducting-wire to meteorological observatory; g, h, metal connection; i, j, l, conductor to apparatus; k, umbrella protecting the opening in the roof of the observatory window; m, n, o, p, glass insulator; q, r, s, two boxes containing the flames of two gas jets, e, v, p, p, copper cylinder; e, v, metal connecting-rods; t, bottom of window screen; u, v, x, z, z, rods for making each connection, to carry off dangerous quantities of electricity. The instruments are—1. Gold-leaf Electrometer; 2. Light Sheet Electrometer; 3. Heavy Sheet Electrometer; 4. Dry-plate Electrometer; 5. Galvanometer; 6. Spark Measure; 7. Foil Ball Electrometer.

The first, or "exploring-wire," gathers the electricity; the second, or "conducting-wire," passes it down to the window, inside of which the examining apparatus is placed, and the primary objects of which are to determine the quantity, the quality, and the variations and conditions of the electricity in the atmosphere. For it is not only when the lightnings flash, and the thunder-peals, echoing, roll from cloud to cloud, that electricity is present in the air: it ever abounds there, and in the earth itself, at all times; like a breath of life it seemingly pervades all nature, and its presence is manifest alike in the rustling of a lady's dress, the crackling of a sheet of brown paper, or in the most destructive storm. In another form it is our familiar slave, to carry our messages from town to town; and from lands a thousand miles apart, in the sunken wire "the hands of human brotherhood clasp beneath the sea."

What a strange thing is this lightning, electricity!—call it what you will. We can collect it, but we cannot see it; we can pass it like water from jar to jar, but we cannot measure its bulk, nor weigh it; all we could accumulate will not add a fraction of a grain in the balance; we can change it from a flaming flash to the steady current of galvanism, into heat, into motion; or we change the current into the flash, or from heat or motion eliminate its brightest sparks. We can bring down the death-dealing lightning with a copper thread, and, playing with it as with a toy, repeat all the poetry extant in the legends of the East. And yet we cannot tell you what it is. We can observe it, learn its powers and effects, we can, do with it what we will; but, impalpable, invisible, we cannot describe it.

But if we cannot describe the lightning, we can the apparatus which gathers it, and puts it in our power.

The first thing necessary to do with the copper exploring-wire is to insulate it,—that is, to prevent the passing-off of the electricity at either end, and hence each end is attached to a cone of glass. Now, although glass is a non-conductor, and bars the progress of electricity, yet water is a conductor, and facilitates its passage; thus if the glass cone be saturated, the electricity might pass along the watery surface, and escape. Electricity, too,

* An order from the Admiralty is necessary to inspect the Observatory.

always follows the shortest route to the earth, where a choice is left it—and a shower of rain might convert the mast or its ropes into admirable conductors; and the electricity might pass in this manner to the earth, instead of along the wire intended to bring it down to the examining apparatus. It is, therefore, above all things, necessary that the insulation should be perfect; and this is effected by means of a small flame, or of a lamp or gas-jet. Let us draw a glass cone, just to illustrate this. (See woodcut, Fig. 2.)



In the hollow of the cone gently burns the gas-jet. Just feel the glass: at the top it is red, the base slightly heated, between these two points, then, there must be a space (f, f, f) which is neither hot nor cold, but which must be perfectly dry. This space may be an inch or two higher to-day, or an inch or two lower to-morrow; but there must be, at some intermediate point of the cone, a space which is perfectly dry, and this space must be a perfect non-conductor—an effectual barrier to the electricity—an obstacle it cannot surmount. We have then only to attach our wire above this space to make certain that none will pass off at this end of it. By means, then, of another glass cone, heated in the same manner by a little flame, we can make sure that none will escape at the other end; and by attaching a conductor to our wire, we can bring down the electricity collected by any spot that we will.

By the glass cone, then, on the Observatory, or another in the wooden box at the mast-head, both heated in the way we have described, the "exploring-wire" is perfectly insulated; and by the copper conducting-wire (Fig. 1, f, f, f) attached to it at a short distance from the mast, the electricity is, or ought to be, with certainty, brought down to the white house, or magnetic observatory.

The situation of the Greenwich Observatory is, however, very bad for electrical observations, on account of the numerous trees in the vicinity, which act as so many electrometers to carry of the electricity of the locality.

To obviate this, the mast, no less than the feet, and there is consequently a great loss of electricity by portions passing off to the different strata of air, which it meets with in its passage along to conductor, to the Observatory.

The cut Fig. 1 also represents the electrical apparatus in the window of the ante-room. Here, again, it is necessary to provide against the electricity passing away in any other than the intended direction towards the instruments; and therefore, on either side of the metal bar which conducts it to the long copper cylinder is fitted a bar of glass, which is heated, like the insulating cones of the "exploring-wire," by a small gas-jet. At intervals metal arms pass through and in these arms are fixed the connecting-rods pass downwards, the bulbs of which can at pleasure be brought into approximation or connection with the respective instruments. These consist of a double gold-leaf electrometer, two Volta electrometers—one of light, the other of heavy straws, and a Henley's pith-ball electrometer, for measuring the intensity, or quantity of the electric force, and for determining its quality, or kind; a galvanometer; and a "spark measure." It may be interesting, however, and useful, to describe these instruments more at length.

The electrometers are constructed on the principle that objects, similarly electrified, repel each other. The electricity passing down metal bars from which gold-leaves, straws, or pith-balls are suspended, electrizes them similarly, and the tendency which they then have to repel each other causes their lower and free extremities to diverge more or less, in accordance with the quantity of electricity with which they are charged.

The double gold-leaf electrometer is extremely sensitive, and the first to be excited; the light straws of No. 1 volta follow, and are succeeded by the heavy straws in No. 2, as the electricity increases in intensity; and lastly, the Henley's pith-ball is set in play, but seldom until the volta No. 3 has indicated 100 divisions on its scale.

The dry-pile electroscopie has a single strip of gold-leaf placed over a dry glass or dry ivory piling, which have the power of maintaining a permanent charge of electricity at their summits, and are so arranged that positive electricity is developed at the one and negative at the other. Quietly the gold-leaf, in its natural state, hangs down between them; but no sooner does it receive the opposite electricity, and repelled by the other having the like electricity to that with which it is charged. So sensitive is this instrument, that a stick of gum-lac rubbed on a cloth will produce a sensible effect on the gold-leaf at a distance of nine or ten feet.

The "spark measure" consist of a vertical sliding-rod terminated by a brass ball capable of being raised towards or depressed from one of the connecting-rods of the copper cylinder by means of a brass lever with a glass or wooden handle, and to which an index-had is attached, pointing to a scale below, and indicating there the distance from the ball of the connecting-rod to the brass ball of the "spark measure," and consequently the distance at which a spark will pass from one ball to the other, or its length, is thus shown.

Besides the ordinary or static electricity in the air, which manifests itself by sparks, or flashes like lightning, there are continuous or galvanic currents, for the investigation of which the galvanometer No. 2 is employed. This instrument consists of two large magnetized needles suspended by a split silk fibre, one over the other, with their respective north and south poles reversed, technically termed a static balance. The galvanic current is passed along a fine wire, of 2,400 coils, and is thus so intensified that the slightest current, which in itself would be imperceptible, becomes palpably evident in the deflection of the needle over the circular index-scale. This instrument indicates only the electricity which passes in a continuous current; ordinary static electricity which passes by jerks or sparks does not

affect it. While I stood in the observatory, a hasty shower came on, and the rain pattered fast on the window-rod. Before I had scarcely taken my eyes from the sky, in their natural upward look, the time of the shower had been noted, the electric instruments put in full play, the straws in the voltae were diverging and collapsing, and the gold-leaves and pith-balls vibrating to and from the brazen knobs, as the electric sparks snapped, now loudly, now faintly, from the conducting-rod of the copper cylinder to the rigid little "spark measure" thrusting out its immovable hand to the marked length on the index. Soon the shower ceased, the sparks snapped fewer, the straws in the voltae, that before had opened and closed like the kicking legs of wooden merry-Andrews, when children pull their strings, hung down again, and the pith-ball drooped beside its brazen rod, and there was a return once more to the old quiescent state, as it was before this short and sudden disturbance.

The fall of rain was measured, the indications of the electrometers and galvanometer set down, the purple colour of the electric sparks noted,—all without the slightest confusion, each assistant having his appointed duties; while an ordinary observer would scarcely have known that anything unusual had been going on.

HEALTHY HOMES.

We know no subject that ought to be considered of more interest and importance to everybody than that of healthy homes. Homes are the places where our first and most lasting impressions begin; and they continue associated with our thoughts and recollections to the last moment of our lives. Next to parents, relations, and friends, their perma-ent, earthly things, have the most permanent influence over our character. As they are spacious and comfortable, so will be our ideas of what is proper and agreeable. As they are clean, well-arranged, decent, and all things in them are well ordered, so will men and women grow up to be fond of neatness, and be inspired with the spirit of order and good taste. They can do more for the character of people than the cultivation of the Fine Arts. There prevails still almost a fierce ferocity in the country most renowned for the cultivation of these, but where the homes of the people are the hovels of the dark ages. The rural population of England is not remarkable for delicacy, that of Scotland still less, and household accommodation for them is notoriously bad in both, and worse in Scotland than in England. In both great improvements are required, and we notice with satisfaction a book intended to help those well-inclined landlords and others who some time ago began and still continue to promote this necessary social work. No good can be effected from any scheme which does not combine advantage to the builders and the tenants of cottages. Where they are built on a man's own land, and he is subject to poor rates, he has the strongest pecuniary interest in providing houses that shall contribute to keep men healthy. In the work before us the interest of both classes is considered, and the profit of the landlord is constantly kept in view, as well as the comfort of the tenant.

These houses should be well drained, and provided with conveniences for carrying off or disposing of the refuse of the inmates, well supplied with water, and so substantially built as to secure them against all the inclemencies of our climate, are indispensable. These are great considerations, and no expense should be spared to secure them. A plentiful supply of water is also indispensable. For the small space really required for a house, little rent should be demanded, the chief payment required of the tenant should be for the conveniences supplied.

Our woodcuts give the plan and elevation of a cottage containing a living-room 11 by 9 feet, scullery 9 by 3, parents' bedroom 9 by 7, girls' bedroom 6 by 6, boys' bedroom 6 by 6, pantry 6 by 4, place for fuel 4 by 4, for tools 4 by 3, and a pantry 4 by 3, which may be built for £42. 5s. 10d.



The floor of the living-room is to be 2 inches above the ground outside, with a six-inch step to door of porch, and a 6-inch step to floor of the scullery. The floors of the bedrooms are all on the same level, the floor of the scullery is 6 inches below them, and the floor of the back porch 6 inches below the floor of the scullery. The height of the rooms against the outer wall is 7 feet, the other part of the ceiling in the room is 9 feet high. The ceiling in each bedroom is supplied with bands of perforated zinc, leading the contaminated air into the space between the ceiling and roof; chimney shafts to be formed with a ventilating flue by an air-brick will draw the place in thorough repair. To this sum must be added the rent for the spot on which the house stands, which will vary according to the neighbourhood. Of course it will be somewhat higher in towns, which has suggested

constructing, in them, lofty buildings, let out in chambers or flats. With this addition, whatever it may be, such a house, let for 1s. 6d. a week, would pay the builder, and supply the tenant with a healthy house. In our opinion the author does not make a sufficient allowance for the reduction of cost which would ensue were many such houses built of the same size, and requiring all exactly similar wood-work. It may be hoped, too, that long low timber dwellings will be repeated, which will enable builders to construct such houses still cheaper. When these duties are repealed, and when landlords have built a sufficient number, or still larger number, for which there are many plans in Mr. Bernard's book,* which also contains much practical information, nearly everything which they and the state can do to improve the homes of the people will be done, and they may, and indeed must, then trust them to their own exertions.

INDEED LETTERS OF LORD NELSON.

[Continued from p. 254.]

THE following are the letters alluded to at the close of our last article as having been addressed to the Earl St. Vincent by Sir William Hamilton, in whose handwriting they are preserved. One of them is described in a memorandum attached to it by Sir William, as "a very important despatch," containing "interesting details" concerning the great French armament which sailed from Toulon, with Buonaparte as commander-in-chief:—

NAPLES, June 10th, 1798.

MY LORD,—I was honoured with your lordship's most flattering letter of the 22nd of May, last Sunday, by Captain Bowen of the *Trenton* ship of war, and immediately communicated its contents to the Government and to your lordship's ministry. Your lordship may well imagine how welcome the news of a powerful and well-chosen British squadron being on its way to protect the Two Sicilies was to their Majesty, who had not before received the account of the Toulon armament being on the coast of Sicily.

The following is the account that this Government has hitherto received relative to that armament. The first division arrived on the Sicilian coast the 6th of June, and the second, which completes it, joined them there the 7th of June. They were then, according to the list I received from General Acton, 16 sail of the line, 10 frigates, 20 gunboats, some armed brigs and cutters, and about 280 transports with troops, mail to amount to 40,000 men.

General Buonaparte, commander-in-chief, was on board the *Saint Calixte*, as were all the savants, naturalists, mathematicians, &c.; it is said (I have seen) not less than 2,000 men on board that ship, which, as well as the other ships of war, appear visibly to be much encumbered with lumber of all sorts.

They remained between Trapani and Marsala for a few days, and General Buonaparte sent an officer to the Governor of the Kingdom of Sicily, and to assure him that His Sicilian Majesty need not be under any alarm from the fleet, as the French Republic was in perfect peace with His Majesty, and that the armament had another place, not Sicily, for its object. On the 8th instant they went off towards Malta. Yesterday the Sicilian Majesty, who dated the 10th of June, from the Governor of the island of Pantelina, saying that a French gunboat had been at that island, and wanted to land, was not permitted. An officer said that he came from General Buonaparte, who was, with 22 ships of the line, 80,000 men, off Malta, and that he had been informed by the Governor of the island that he belonged to the King of Naples, he said that advised the case, as he thought it belonged to Malta, and went off very civilly. He asked many questions relative to the report of a British squadron being in the Mediterranean, which they had been informed of by the Sicilian Majesty, and were asked the same, and were answered that for two years past they had not seen British colonies, except on board some Gibraltar privateers. The same feelings that brought this news from Pantelina said that the great armament was lying off Malta, and had taken a large Maltese brig, and that the Maltese were alarmed, and preparing for a vigorous defence.

This morning this Government has received advice from the island of Ischia, that yesterday evening, from the top of a high mountain in that island, they had seen a fleet of 14 ships of the line coming from the westward, and running S.E. and S.; if it, it can be no other than Sir Horatio Nelson's squadron. I have sent off at a hazard a Maltese spyglass, with a letter for Sir Horatio Nelson, with the above-mentioned information, which is as much as we know here, and which may be of use should the spyglass have the good fortune to fall in with the squadron. I have kept Captain Bowen some days, much against his will, with the hopes of being able to send your lordship some certain accounts of the British squadron.

I had word from Sir yesterday. This morning early, June 17th, Captain Hawley, in the *Muffin*, arrived here, and brought Captain Troubridge, of the *Catfish*, in which, Admiral Nelson remaining off of this day at such a distance that the hulls of the ships were no discernible. Captain Troubridge gave me letters from Vice-Admiral Sir Horatio Nelson, desiring to be informed of the ports of the Two Sicilies were open to the King's ships without limitation, and whether they had free liberty to provide themselves with all sorts of provisions and stores in those ports.

The answers to these questions your lordship will find in the enclosed copy of the Marquis de Gallo's (present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs) answer to an official bill I wrote to His Excellency, by order of Lord Grenville, demanding a categorical answer to these important questions. I have likewise sent a copy of the same to Sir Horatio Nelson. Your lordship will find, by the Marquis de Gallo's billet, that this Government is waiting for an answer from London, and from Vienna, before they take the decided part of joining us openly; but that every assistance that can be given to the King's fleet in the Mediterranean that would not be a direct violation of their treaty with the French Republic might be depended on. I carried Captain Troubridge to the Earl St. Vincent immediately to General Acton, and they were much pleased with the answer given to them by that minister, who still remains all-powerful in this country. Captain Troubridge having expressed a desire to have an order to the commanders of all the ports to supply our ships with provisions and stores, in case of an action, to be permitted to land the sick and wounded in those ports, the General was so good as to give him such a written order, in the name of His Sicilian Majesty, signed by himself, and addressed to all the several governors of the different ports in Sicily.

Captain Troubridge was perfectly satisfied with General Acton's declarations of

friendship. I really believe they were sincere, and that this Court will declare, as it certainly ought, that it joins with us without reserve against the treacherous enemy, as soon as it can, and that in the mean time every concerted assistance will be applied to the British fleet, on which the very existence of this monarchy depends at this moment.

Captain Troubridge did not stay above two hours on shore, and is now on his way to join Admiral Nelson, off the island of Capri, having got pilots to conduct him through the Straits of Messina, in order to reach Malta, where the French armament certainly was on the 8th instant, and where I hope Admiral Nelson will find it. I am assured by General Acton that the Grandmaster at Malta is prepared, and will make a vigorous resistance if attacked by the French; and that he has sent out one of his ships of the line and a frigate with orders to look for and join Admiral Nelson's squadron. This is all the information I can give your lordship at present; but I flatter myself that the brave and powerful squadron which your lordship has chosen for the protection of these kingdoms, will in a few days give occasion for my sending off a quick-sailing vessel, to give your lordship some joyful tidings.

These Sicilian Majesties have very particularly enjoined me to express to your lordship their grateful sense of the eternal obligation they feel themselves under to the British nation and to your lordship in particular. General Acton received your lordship's compliments with infinite satisfaction, and desires to be kindly remembered to your lordship, and that I would assure you that he will do all in his power for the comfort of the British squadron in the Mediterranean. I look upon my having detained Captain Bowen so long as a fortunate circumstance, as I am by it enabled to give your lordship intelligence both of your squadron and of the French armament.—I have the honour, &c.

St. Vincent, June 19th, 1798.

MY LORD,—I have only to add to my despatch of yesterday's date to your lordship, that this Government received last night the account from Malta of the French leaving, on the 10th instant, taken possession of the island of Gozo, near Malta, and landed a body of troops at Cuka St. Paolo, north of the harbour, thereby making the most important and comfortable for any expedition, and giving me this intelligence, adds that he foresees that this operation of the French general must necessarily bring on a rupture between the French and the Neapolitans, as the King of Naples (the knights being removed) has the least doubt that the French will attack Malta, the chief of Malta, being a most favourable circumstance for Sir Horatio Nelson, who will now most probably surprise General Buonaparte in the midst of his operations against Malta; and we flatter ourselves here that the Valletta may hold out many days longer, and without the possession of which the French will be unable to have any shelter from the British thrasher that threatens and approaches them.

Captain Bowen will give your lordship an account of your squadron, having been out with Admiral Nelson.

May I take the great liberty of recommending Captain Bowen to your lordship's kind protection. He is a nobleman, a man in Flanders, and a relation of Mr. Merrick, who has been so good as to superintend my estate in South Wales whilst I have been employed here, and who is much interested in Mr. Bowen's welfare.

I have the honour to be, &c.

Lord St. Vincent acknowledged the safe arrival of these letters, by the hands of Captain Bowen, in the following terms:—

Ville de Paris, off CADE, 15th July, 1798.

SIR,—The *Transfer* joined last night, and brought me your Excellency's welcome letters with others equally comfortable for any expedition, and giving me this intelligence, adds that he foresees that this operation of the French general must necessarily bring on a rupture between the French and the Neapolitans, as the King of Naples (the knights being removed) has the least doubt that the French will attack Malta, the chief of Malta, being a most favourable circumstance for Sir Horatio Nelson, who will now most probably surprise General Buonaparte in the midst of his operations against Malta; and we flatter ourselves here that the Valletta may hold out many days longer, and without the possession of which the French will be unable to have any shelter from the British thrasher that threatens and approaches them.

In the event of Sir Horatio Nelson's success, I will appoint your friend, Captain Thomas Bowen, to the command of one of the captured ships. I should have given him the rank of post-captain more than three years ago, but for his bad Welsh luck.

Assure General Acton of my perfect esteem and regard; and I beg you will do me honour to accept the same from your Excellency's very faithful and obedient servant,

ST. VINCENT.

P.S.—The *London* of 61 guns, *L'Éclair* and *Thémis* of 38, are on their passage up the Mediterranean, to join Sir Horatio Nelson.

The *Seahorse* captured *La Scyllie* within six leagues of Malta, with all the Bala which General Bugeaud d'Albiers was ordered to lay at the feet of the recovery, on the 15th and 16th instants, and the French Admiral long ago. I enclose an extract of a letter found on board *La Scyllie*.

General Bugeaud d'Albiers, his aide-de-camp, with the Bala, are on their voyage to England in the *Succes*, and *La Scyllie* is registered in His Majesty's navy, and I expect her every hour from Gibraltar.

St. V.

[To be continued.]

THE "ORIGINAL SHAREHOLDER."

LANTIERE LANTIERHEAD, the puppet showman, in Ben Jonson's "Bartholomew Fair," knew the difference between the magnificent and the profitable, and "Niverville" was a stately thing, "exclaims that discriminating manager; 'so was Jerusalem; but the Ginn-powder was the get-up-pany!'" He admitted the grandeur of colonial architecture, but his heartiest commendation was for that which paid,—which he "had presented to a one-and-innepenny audience, thrice in an afternoon." So Niverville and its unrenowned stables was discarded for the profitable coal-cellar at Westminster.

The work done and intrusted to that miserable clown, have some more? I disapproved not in respect to this auxiliary force; but by the aid of Don Rodrigo de Souza Coutinho, Minister of Marine, and the only "man" I have found in the country, I think you may count upon seeing these soon, for the marquis is instructed to proceed coastwise, and so on to Naples.

In the event of Sir Horatio Nelson's success, I will appoint your friend, Captain Thomas Bowen, to the command of one of the captured ships. I should have given him the rank of post-captain more than three years ago, but for his bad Welsh luck.

Assure General Acton of my perfect esteem and regard; and I beg you will do me honour to accept the same from your Excellency's very faithful and obedient servant,

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St. V.

[To be continued.]

What a list of "stately things" we can recall! They were all grand,

* Healthy Moral Homes for Agricultural Labourers, showing a fine investment for Lady Jode, with Great Advantages to Tenants. By G. Vincent Bernard, a Practical Workman. With 60 Illustrations. Rivington.

asserts that hand-feeding, with care and management, and by a judicious mixture of the cereals with cow's milk, is more wholesome for the child than the milk of a woman not its mother. And this opinion she founds partly on the unreasonableness of the latter practice. "Offended nature undoubtedly points out, in a very remarkable manner," she says, "that if the infant be denied the nutriment which is its birthright, a stranger's milk is not a fitting substitute." Yet, inasmuch as one woman's milk is more like to another woman's than it is to a mixture of cow's milk and corn, it would seem without question that a woman's milk should be the best substitute for the mother's, in those cases where this is wanting. Experience, too, proves that Miss Beines is wrong.

All medical men, almost women, can count up on their fingers cases within their own knowledge, where the most careful and scientific hand-feeding failed, and the child was obliged to be put to a stranger's breast as the only chance it had of life. Simply recording this protest, because we think the doctrine physiologically unsound, and experimentally untrue, we heartily concur in all that this subject has sought to impress on the public. We cannot too strongly insist on the cruelty and wickedness of the practice, on the infinite moral mischief attending to both mothers and to both children, on the confusion created in the minds of the poor erring girls who see themselves specially selected for their first fault, and favoured and rewarded for their second,—whose uncharitableness leads them to the kindly notice of indolent mothers and time-serving doctors, and whose cruel abandonment of their child leads them afterwards to a fine place, fine clothes, fine food, and some nine or ten months of pampered superiority over every other servant in the house. Only in the case of actual need, when the little life is dying out for want of that food which the mother cannot give, and of which no other child is hardier, and the blessing of the breast is the only way to save one life without endangering another, ought the practice of wet-nursing ever to be adopted. But as a substitution, because of a mother's own idleness, or unnatural dislike to the restraints of her position, no words can too severely scold those who lay, or those who sell, that precious gift which God gave to mothers as the most blessed and precious of all humanities. The sickly refinement which revolts at the honest breath of Nature cannot understand what is lost by this fatal fashion; the vain, the weak, the worldly, the unloving, those to whom pleasure is more than love, and self beyond maternity, think they have done their duty when they dry up their own founts of life, and stretch the child from its mother's breast to lay it in a stranger's arms. Society upbids them; nay, society applauds. It is not the "fashion" for women of a certain rank and calibre to nurse their children; and few women are sufficiently heroic to withstand the demands, or oppose the follies of any form of fashion whatever. We wish it were otherwise for their sakes, and for the children's, and for the progress of the world at large. "Fashion" is the up-stare under which modern womanhood has sunk to sleep: it not speedily aroused, that sleep will change to death.

INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

UNDER this head we intend to publish, from time to time, a series of articles that shall keep our readers *en courant* with all the most important and interesting facts connected with the progress of science. We commence by a description of an approved method of making

SUBMARINE CABLES.

As our readers are constantly hearing of Atlantic cables, Red Sea cables, and other submarine cables, it may not be uninteresting if we give a general idea of the construction and mode of manufacturing these cables, and of some of the recent improvements by which it is expected to ensure greater durability and more satisfactory results than have hitherto been attained.

An ordinary electric telegraph cable consists, in the first place, of a copper wire, or a strand of several copper wires twisted together. This wire, or strand of wires, is the conductor through which the electricity is to pass. If this wire were immersed in water, the electricity would pass out on all sides into the water, and none of it would reach the distant instruments. It is necessary, therefore, to wall in the electricity by a non-conducting substance incasing the wire. In the cables hitherto in use gutta percha has been employed for this purpose. In order to give greater strength to the cable, and to protect it from the attacks of marine animals and from abrasion on a rocky bottom, it has been covered by iron or steel wires laid round it in a long spiral or helical direction. The exterior thus assumes the same appearance as any other rope of iron or steel.

The mode of applying the gutta percha to the wire is very simple; a machine like a large squirt or syringe with its plunger or plunger as a piston. The bottom of the cylinder is closed, and it is filled with hot plastic gutta percha, which is kept heated by steam or otherwise. The piston is put in and pushed upon the gutta percha, which is thus ready to escape at any hole in the cylinder. At one side of the cylinder, near the bottom, is a hole about the size of a sixpence. Exactly opposite the centre of this hole, in the opposite side of the cylinder, is another smaller hole, which is just large enough to admit the wire, which is passed through it and through the centre of the larger hole. Pressure is now applied to the piston, and the plastic gutta percha is thus forced out at the larger hole, and by its adhesion to the wire it drags the latter with it. We have thus a continuous stream of gutta percha being forced out of the machine.

Now, having obtained our gutta percha-covered wire, the question has arisen, whether, after all, we have made use of the best materials within our reach? It is found by experience that there are frequently flaws in the gutta percha, owing to little bits of dirt or splinters of wood, which, when the covering is actually pierced by a flaw, it may be ascertained in the process of testing the cable; but when the flaw only passes nearly through, it is not discovered until perhaps the cable has been immersed, and the flaw has extended quite through, and splits the cable. Thus, when a wire is put in use without the precautions which, in gutta percha, is of a porous nature, and gradually becomes saturated with the sea-water, this occasioning great leakage of electricity, even in short cables, and still more in long ones.

To avoid the defects of gutta percha, which it has been proposed to employ India rubber, which is a better insulator, and is not porous; but India rubber is not plastic, and cannot therefore be applied by the cylinder and piston employed for gutta percha. Various other means have, however, been tried for incasing the wire in a continuous India rubber covering. Thus, a strip of India rubber has been wound on the wire in a spiral or helical direction, and with the edges of

each convolution in close contact with or overlapping the last convolution. The wire so covered has then been boiled in water for some time, by which the India rubber is sufficiently softened to cause the adjoining convolutions to adhere together; but this softening of the India rubber is said to injure its properties.

Several other modes of obviating the difficulties thus presented to the use of India rubber for submarine purposes, are being practically tested; but the plan which at present appears likely to supersede all others is that of Mr. C. W. Siemens, which preserves the India rubber in its natural state, and unites it in the simplest possible manner. If we cut two pieces of India rubber with clean scissors, and open the freshly-cut surfaces, they will be found to adhere so closely that they adhere firmly together. Mr. Siemens passes the wire, with two strips of India rubber, between two grooved rollers provided with cutting edges, or with other cutting rollers. The edges of the two strips of India rubber are thus cut, and the freshly-cut surfaces immediately pressed together with great force, thus uniting the two strips in a tubular covering to the wire. The wire is covered successively with two, three, or more similar tubular canings; and as an additional precaution, the machines are so placed that the seams of each covering may be at right angles to, or may break joint with the adjoining ones. We have thus an India rubber-covered wire, which is very perfectly insulated, but which still requires some addition, to protect it, and add to its strength. The ordinary iron or steel wire sheathing is rejected, as it is very heavy, and rapidly corrodes under sea water. Instead of the wires a number of hempen yarns, previously saturated with resinous cement, and all in an equal state of tension, are applied to the insulated wire with a slight twist. The cement is softened by heat as the yarns are laid on, so as to unite them all together. If necessary, another layer of cemented yarn is applied over the first, with the twist in the opposite direction to the first layer, and the whole is bound together with a thin copper wire or wires wound closely round it, and bedded in the softened cement, so that none of the parts can shift out of their places.

A light cable is thus produced, of which the chief strength is the hempen yarns, and the conducting wires, and which can be overhauled with a heavy iron sheathing, scarcely capable of bearing its own weight and the jerks to which a cable is necessarily exposed in the process of depositing it at the bottom of the ocean.

We need scarcely say that we shall hail with delight any improvements which are likely to place us again in instantaneous communication with the American continent, and to establish a permanent communication with our Indian empire and Australia.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR FRANCIS BLAKE, BART.

Sir Francis Blake, of Twist Castle, county Durham, and Tilmouth Park and Fowberry Tower, county Northumberland, Esq., died at Hoxton Middlesex; succeeded his father, Sir Francis, 2nd Bart., May 22nd, 1818; married Jane, daughter of Mr. William Neale, who died April 3rd, 1827, was M.P. for Berwick-upon-Tweed from 1838 to 1841. The great grandfather of Sir Francis, Robert Blake, Esq., of Inch, married Sarah, fifth daughter and co-heiress of Sir Francis Blake, of Ford Castle, county Northumberland, Kant, a vedona adherent of King William the Third, and their son, Francis, who energetically supported Government during the Rebellion of 1745, and was created a Baronet in 1774; took in 1778 the arms of his mother's family, the Blakes of Rosmevishire, of which the celebrated parliamentary Admiral, Robert Blake, was a member. Sir Francis, third and last Baronet, expired at Twist Castle on the 3rd inst.

SIR GEORGE SIMPSON,

Late Governor of the Hudson's Bay Territory in North America, who died on the 7th inst., at his residence in Lachine, near the rapids of that name, on the River St. Lawrence and about nine miles from the city of Montreal, was the only son of George Simpson, Esq., of Leobridge, in the county of Ross. He was born in 1795, and married, in 1827, a daughter of the late G. M. Simpson, Esq. He passed nearly his whole life in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, by whom he was highly trusted and respected; and received the honour of knighthood for his services to geographical science in the far north-west of the American continent; and was author of a work on Arctic discovery.

THE MARCHIONESS OF DONEGAL.

On the 14th inst. at Paris, the most honorable Harriet Anne, Marchioness of Donegal, eldest daughter of Richard, 1st Earl of Glengall; born, January 1st, 1799; married, December 8th, 1822, George Hamilton Chichester, Earl of Belfast, who succeeded his father George Augustus, 2nd Marquis of Donegal, October 6th, 1844, and by whom she had issue, Lord Chichester, born May 21st, 1826; died June 18th, 1837; Frederick Richard, Earl of Belfast, born November 25th, 1827; and unmarried at Naples, February 11th, 1853; and three other sons, Lord Ashley, son and heir of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

MR. JOSEPH LOCKE, M.P.

Mr. Joseph Locke, M.P. for Hoxton, died, on Tuesday morning, Mr. Locke was born in 1805, at a village near Sheffield, and educated at Barnsley Grammar School. In early life he was employed under George Stephenson. He afterwards attained well-deserved distinction for his engineering talent, which, though he did not achieve the celebrity of his friend, was of the same order. He was lately lost to us, as of a high order. Mr. Locke was President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, a member of the Royal Society, and a director of the Great Western, Great Northern, and Great Eastern Railways. Under his direction the Great Northern Railway was constructed, and he received the thanks of the House in recognition of his services in the construction of a French railway. He was likewise engineer of the Grand Junction Railway, and various other public works. His political principles were decidedly Liberal. He was returned a member for Hoxton in 1847. It is seldom we have to record the death of one who, as Mr. Locke, Stephenson, and Locke, within the brief period of twelve months.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Thomas Cotterill, Esq., of Birmingham and London, "a millionaire," died, at the age of 81, on the 12th of August last. The property, with a very slight exception, is all of a personal character, and with money to the value of a quarter of a million invested in foreign securities, added to the amount in this country, which was sworn to be being worth £1,200,000, he left a large estate. The executors are **William Schofield, Esq.**, the nephew, **M.P.** for Birmingham; **Thomas S. Girdler, Esq.**, Notary Public, London; **Daniel Bell, jun., Esq.**, American Stockbroker, London; and **William Cotterill, Esq.**, the son of the testator. The will bears date the 11th of April, 1859, and has three executors, and five of them were made within two months of his death. Probate was granted by the London Court on the 12th of September. Mr. Cotterill has bequeathed to his son £100,000, to his daughter £35,000,—which legacies are independently of any form of real estate; to his sister, **Mrs. Ann Redfern**, widow, he has left his dwelling-house and furniture at Birmingham, and he has amply provided for her by will and otherwise; to his niece, **Ellen Redfern**, he leaves an annuity of £200 for her life; and to his grandniece, **Fanny Louisa Redfern**, a legacy of £5,000. The residue of his property is to be divided into twelve equal parts, among eight nephews and four nieces, the **Redforns** and **Schofields**, giving to each one respectively an equal share. On each of his executors he has bestowed an annuity of £400 for the term of five years as a remuneration for their trouble in administering to his affairs; he has made an exception in favour of two of them by a further legacy of £2,000 to Mr. Girdler, and £600 to Mr. Bell, jun. There is a legacy of £1,000 to Mr. Bell, sen., and there are many other legacies to personal friends, and also charitable bequests: the latter are confined to the town of Birmingham, and are as follows:—The General Hospital, £1,000; Dispensary, £1,000; Deaf and Dumb Asylum, £1,000; Blind Asylum, £500; and the Blue-Coat School, £500. There is one other bequest, also, of a public nature, being the sum of £5,300 given to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, towards the extinction of the National Debt. **W. Schofield**, **T. S. Girdler**, and **D. Bell**, are the acting trustees.

Fredrick Augustus Carrington, Esq., Recorder of Wokingham, of Oghborne, St. George, near Marlborough, Wilts, and of 28, Lincoln's Inn Fields, barrister-at-law, died on the 18th of July last, at the age of 67, and was a native of Lincoln, connected, and of an ancient family in Cheshire, was of the legal profession, and was called to the bar by that society. He subsequently obtained the Readership of Wokingham, was appointed recorder of Wokingham, and was afterwards made a Justice of the Peace. He has died possessed of very considerable property, both real and personal; the latter is sworn under 14,000. The will, with three codicils, was executed last year, and the whole of the documents are entirely in his own handwriting. He has bequeathed to **Stephen Banning**, Esq., who is well known, and has bequeathed to **John Stephen Banning** his real estates at Oghborne, St. George, Burslem, Avebury, Milton, and Pewsey, all in Wilts, together with certain leasehold property, and also his residence and furniture at Oghborne. He leaves to the family of **Saunders**, the late **John Saunders**, who is well known, in the same county. The crops now standing on these estates he directs to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst certain relatives of his wife. He bequeaths to his sister, **Mrs. Marklove**, his funded property, family plate, and the furniture in his residence, **Lincoln's Inn**, and the residue of his personal property. He has left some small sums of relativity amongst those there are two words, who he has given to **Stephen Thomas Dunning**, the son of his executor, one being the sword of the legatee's ancestor, **John Banning, M.A.** of Oxford; and the other, which appears to be a singular instance, in **Wokingham**, he has bequeathed to the civil wars. To the **Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn** he leaves certain volumes of bound MSS., and also a portrait of **Admiral Russell**.

Colonel Arthur John Reynell-Pack, C.B., of Aivford, Sussex, and 41, Harley street, London, died at Cork, in Ireland, on the 17th of August last, aged 48. The Colonel made his will on the 23rd of January, 1855, which was proved in London, on the 15th of September, by his brother, **Captain Denis William Pack-Bereford**, one of the executors,—the personally sworn under £50,000. The Colonel inherited very considerable landed property under the will of his mother, the late **Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Louisa Reynell**, which was the daughter of the first **Marquis of Waterford**, and was the relict of **Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Reynell, Bart., K.C.B.**, her second husband. This landed property consists of estates in the counties of Somerset and Devon; added to which there are estates of his own acquiring, situate in England, Wales, Ireland, and other parts. The estates which he inherited under his mother's will the Colonel had the power of charging with an annuity of £400 to his wife. This annuity she enjoys, with a life-interest in the ever-increasing value of her own estates, both real and personal. On the decease of his relict, his estates, with the personality, are left to his daughters, the testator dying without male issue. Colonel Pack is highly connected, and of ancient descent, his family having settled in Ireland during the Commonwealth. His father, **John Reynell, Esq.**, died in 1760, and was a Colonel in the army. His father-in-law, **Lieut.-General Sir Thomas Reynell, K.C.B.**, was promoted at the siege of Sebastopol, for which he received the distinction of Knight of the Legion of Honour, and of the Turkish Order of the Medjidie; he subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel of that gallant regiment; he was appointed Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General at the Horse Guards, and ultimately Assistant-Quartermaster-General at Cork, and was also a magistrate for the county of Sussex.

Richard Weekes Vincent, Esq., late of Corfoid, Sussex, died possessed of considerable real as well as personal property, the latter being estimated at £5,000. He made his will on the 18th of August, 1858, appointing three executors, one of them being of the Society of Friends. His real estates, residence, and furniture, together with the residue of his personal property, he bequeathed to **Samuel Vincent**, son of **Samuel Vincent**, of the Galvanizer Iron Works, Moorgate-street, the whole of this property to be vested in him on his attaining the age of twenty-five years; but in the event of his decease prior thereto, then to the next son of the said Samuel Vincent, or if him, then to the eldest daughter. The name of Vincent to be used or acquired by royal licence. There is a liberal bequest to the said **Samuel Vincent**, the father, as well as legacies to the testator's nephews, nieces, and personal friends.

The Late Duchess of Cleveland, wife of **The Most Noble Henry Duke and Marquis of Cleveland, K.G.**, and daughter of the fourth Earl of Foxley, having died intestate, the property which belonged to her Grace was administered to by the Duke, her husband, in the usual form. It appears some internal elapsed before this occurrence, the Duchess having died in the early part of last year. Letters of administration to her effects were only taken out by his lordship in Her Majesty's Court of Probate, in London, during the last month.

Reviews of Books.

THE SPORTSMAN IN THE HIMALAYA.*

Two different opinions that are sometimes found to exist between competent observers of the same object, taken under different points of view, are not the least instructive hints we glean from books that treat of nature and natural history in popular forms. Mr. Dunslop's little volume affords several examples of this, the most remarkable of which is the discredit he throws upon the generally-accepted reputation of the elephant for docility and gentleness. His view of the character of that indomitable servile and companion of the Eastern household, is very nearly directly opposed to the evidence of Sir Emerson Tennent. But, apart from the larger experience which justifies him in holding the adverse view, he gives a sufficient reason for it in the circumstances under which Sir Emerson witnessed the elephant-catching in the Ceylon corals, which he so graphically describes. It is certainly one thing to be seated on a comfortable platform, perfectly secure from danger, to witness a process of snaring elephants, conducted upon what may be called scientific principles, by an overwhelming array of power and appliances; and another thing to encounter the wild elephant face to face in the jungle, with nothing to depend upon for protection but personal resources, promptitude, and skill. Why the elephant is not so frolicsome and defiant in the one case as in the other may be easily accounted for; and the "calm and dignified demeanour" he exhibits when he is surrounded by a circle of flames, and stoned by the shouts and clamour of some thousands of natives, may in reality represent his fear or his desire to escape from the snare, and into timidity and innocence. Both pictures are true; but they are true under opposite conditions. The amiable character of the elephant, under favourable influences, is not compromised by his savagery in forests and water-courses; neither is it to be too much taken upon trust at any time. Sagacity and a patient and suspicious character are necessary to enable us to look upon him with respect from elephants that consistency of conduct which we seldom find in the wisest and most considerate men. Provocation, neglect, temptation, which exert such strong moving influence over the actions of human beings, have their effect upon elephants also; and if the domesticated animal sometimes betrays a remembrance of its aboriginal passions, we may be tolerably sure, could we only find it out, that there is some other cause for it than the mere viciousness or cruelty of its nature.

Not the least curious circumstance in the history of the elephant on its passage alive from its entangled lairs into the hands of man, is the part which the tame female plays in the treacherous proceeding. We have seen, in Sir Emerson Tennent's work on Ceylon, how the elephants are entrapped in the corals by the Dalaias of their kind. Mr. Dunslop tells us how the tame females are employed in getting the elephants out of the pits which are made for them on their accustomed tracks. These pits are fifteen or twenty feet deep, and are dug transversely across the pathway, and carefully covered with branches and grass. The elephant is so wary, however, in testing the ground as he advances, that he seldom falls into one of them; but when he does, the difficulty is to get him out. This result is rarely accomplished without the aid of a tame elephant, who acts as nurse or trainer, and in for that purpose, coupled with the tame elephant, who acts as nurse or trainer, the tame elephant cannot be used, the snared elephant is half-starved, by way of subjugating him, before he is let out of the pit. But that is only in the case of comparatively young ones. A full-grown male is hardly amenable to training, and is considered so dangerous that he is sometimes destroyed.

Tiger-hunting seems to be even more exciting than elephant-hunting, partly from the marvellous power of the animal, and partly from its subtlety and stealthy mode of approach. Its strength is tremendous. A single blow from the paw of a tiger will crush the bones of a bellock; it will then carry off the body with the utmost ease in its mouth, just as a cat carries off a mouse. Mr. Dunslop considers a Bengal tiger to be a more dangerous enemy to meet on foot than an African lion. It never roars; its usage is to pounce amongst its own kind; and when it is about to charge, the only signal it gives is a succession of low growls. The sportsman who attempts a tiger alone, and on foot, with the ordinary double rifle or gun, incurs a hazard from which his escape will be next to a miracle. The only source of safety, in this form, is a party of ten or a score of men who are posted far apart when beating through the tiger-grass or jungle, as the animal generally sneaks away from noise and numbers.

Every species of sport to be obtained in the Himalaya is touched upon, with more or less fulness, by Mr. Dunslop. The volume is enriched by numerous illustrations, and several anecdotes and anecdotes of interest, which will be useful to future sportsmen. An expedition to Tibet is one of the most attractive passages; and the whole account of the snowy ranges, and of the incidents of travel and adventure amongst them will be read with interest. The tourist who for the sake of a little money in the Indian hills, will find in these light sketches of the Indian hills scenes which may fairly challenge comparison with the loftiest peaks from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa. One pass, that of the Chor Hiti, is 18,300 feet above the sea-level; that is, 2,600 feet higher than Mont Blanc. The passage is dangerous, and lives are frequently lost on the wild heights; yet, notwithstanding the warnings which the place in this way, the game is generally regarded as a highway for trade. The principal danger apparently arises from snow-storms and appalling snow-drifts, under which large parties of traders are sometimes buried. But upon the whole, with a careful observance of the state of the weather, the risk may be very considerably diminished.

Mr. Dunslop is a keen sportsman, and a close observer of the phenomena connected with his favourite pursuits. But his enthusiasm carries him a little too far when he expresses a hope that his narrative of his experiences may induce English sportsmen, instead of spending their time, money, and trouble, on deer-stalking and bird-shooting in Scotland, to undertake a voyage to India for the sake of a little money in the Indian hills. It is hardly likely that the Indian hills would altogether occupy fourteen months, and Mr. Dunslop is careful to indicate the articles with which it will be necessary for the sportsman to provide himself, the time when he should start, and the route he should take.

* Hunting in the Himalayas, with Notices of Customs and Countries from the Elephant Hunts of the Dehra Dooars, and the Bandouch Tribes in Bharat Soud. By R. H. W. Dunslop. London: R. Bentley.

We apprehend that our sportsmen will satisfy their curiosity with the perusal of the book; and, remembering that there are risks of other kinds in India besides elephants and tigers, be content to enjoy the luxury of hunting in the Himalayas by deputy.

COMMON INSECTS—THE HONEY-BEE.*

We are glad to find that not only Mr. Samuelson's pleasant account of the worm and the fly reached a second edition, but that it is followed by another little volume on the honey-bee.

Notwithstanding the numerous and elaborate works that have been published in all the principal European languages, on the bee and its habits, there still remains a wide and unexplored field for inquiry, which is only recently laid open to naturalists by the modern microscope. This instrument, thanks to the combined optical and mechanical skill of the best makers, is now as different and superior to the microscope of thirty years ago as the telescope of Lord Rosse to that used by Newton. The works before us are examples of the way in which minute observation, with a good instrument, lead to important and interesting discoveries in the structure and habits of common animals.

An established community of bees comprises one perfectly developed female or queen, the mother of the hive; about 600 or 800 males, called *drones*, of whose real use and habits singularly little is even now known; and from 15,000 to 20,000 imperfectly developed females, which they accumulate the stores of food for winter use, are called *workers*. The females, both queen and workers, are provided with stings, which also serve as ovipositors; but the males have no weapons of offence. The queen bee, or perfectly developed female, and the males or drones are much larger than the workers.

The productions of the hive are well known to consist chiefly of honey and wax. They include also what is called *bee-bread*, composed of the pollen of flowers moistened with honey, and serving as food for the young; and *propolis*, a resinous substance often seen in the comb and much used in the construction of the hive. This *propolis* is also employed to enclose and render harmless any animal that enters the hive, and is there destroyed or dislodged, but is too large to be removed. A curious anecdote is told of a snail that had crept into a hive in search of forbidden sweets having been solaced down by this material, "so fixing him as a stinging joke, a laughing-stock, a living anatomy, like Marston's Constance, 'alive within the tomb' [for a snail, though excluded from the air, would not die], so that he who had heretofore carried his own house was now made his own monument."

An original swarm of bees separating from a hive, consists of the queen of the original hive (who, after hatching another queen, is obliged to leave) accompanied by about 1,000 drones, and about ten times that number of working bees. If received into an empty hive, the queen at once lays eggs, and the workers construct the comb, collect honey, feed the young, and perform the other labours of the hive.

"First of all, a number of wax-makers having assembled for the purpose, one of them draws from the wax-pockets or belts, situated between the rings of her abdomen, where the wax is secreted, a certain quantity of this material, which she moistens with a fluid from her mouth, and then models here the form of a thin narrow ribbon, by repeated workings with her feet, jaws, and delicate tongue. The particles of wax thus obtained she attaches to the stalk of the hive, and then proceeds at once to fabricate and apply a second, and third, and so on, until her wax is exhausted, and so on, when she makes way for a second labourer."

The comb is completed by the *nurse-bee*, "who excavate the cells on both sides of the wall, drawing out the wax in the required direction, so that one partition serves as the base of ten cells."—"Honey-Bee," pp. 74, 80.

Three kinds of cells are constructed for the eggs laid by the queen, and she deposits first worker-eggs in worker-cells, then drone-eggs in drone-cells, and finally one or more eggs in the royal cells, whence proceed the future queens. And now comes a very extraordinary fact related by Mr. Samuelson, as the result of the minute and conscientious observation of some German naturalists, namely, that the fertilisation of the eggs is effected at the will or instinct of the female as they are deposited, and that the *drones* are the *progeny of eggs not fertilised*.

The time occupied from the deposition of the egg to the final appearance of the insect is, for the queen sixteen days, for the worker about twenty, and for the drone twenty-four days, and it is well known that, in the event of any accident happening to the queen, the nurse bee has been enabled by a peculiar management of the food to develop one of the workers into a queen.

In considering the peculiarities of structure of the bee, we cannot but regard the eye and the antennae as among the most striking and instructive. The bee has different kinds of eyes, no doubt adapted to different circumstances and conditions in which it exists, enabling it to discern objects at a distance the flowers that yield it its food and its distant home, while the others enable it to execute its wonderful mechanical instincts in the gloom of the hive. There are three detached simple eyes, and two groups, each of which consists of nearly 4,000 optical instruments pointing to one minute speck of nervous matter. Examined by the microscope, every one of these instruments is found to be a six-sided pyramid, whose base is a six-sided lens, the lower separated from six similar adjacent pyramids by a dark pigment. The lens is double, each part being flat on one side and convex on the other, and the two flat faces are in contact, but the density of the two is different, a peculiarity lately adapted to the microscope, by the best instrument-makers. It is an important fact that "in the drone, which rarely quits the hive, except to swarm or accompany the queen in her wedding flight, these eyes are much larger and more numerous than either in the queen or worker," and we cannot but hope and believe, for the credit of the male sex, that some positive and important point in which good eyesight is needed, may some day be discovered for this part of the bee community.

The mode of intercommunication of animals is a subject of great interest,

and where the instincts are so high and the habits so curious as in the bee, this subject is especially important. We cannot but consider that naturalists have been too anxious to discover some special organs of hearing, smell, and touch, corresponding to our ear, nostril, tongue, or fingertips. We can see no reason why means altogether distinct from those we are familiar with should not have been adopted in certain animals; and in the bee, taste, smell, touch, &c., the antennae, which certainly show no external resemblance to them, would seem to replace several of our senses.

"Whilst its antennae remain unimpaired (says Mr. Samuelson) the instincts of the bee are wonderfully active and acute, but as soon as it is deprived of these mysterious organs, its whole nature seems to undergo a change, and its physical or mental state may then be compared to that of an imbecile or insane person, to one, in fact, who has lost his senses."—"Honey-Bee," p. 32.

The mouth of the bee presents a wonderful combination of contrivances, containing a pair of toothed pincers, extremely strong and solid, two long pointed blades, forming a pair of shears, and a tongue fenced in with a pair of subsidiary feelers. Through the tongue runs a tube terminating at the tip by a small flat expansion closing the tube at the will of the animal. The use of this mouth apparatus is as varied and important as its structure indicates.

The sting of the bee is a double barbed dart, each piercer being furnished on one side with eight teeth, and the two stings, which are contained in a hollow sheath, diverge, as they enter the flesh, and a drop of poison at the same moment is expelled into the open puncture. The sting and apparatuses are often left in the wound, in which case the best mode of extraction is "by pressing the open end of the barrel of a key upon the puncture; this forces out both sting and poison, and affords instantaneous relief."

While fully appreciating their wonderful instinct, Mr. Samuelson does not attribute to the humble animals he describes any amount of true reason. He contends that the highest mental powers of the bee-work are true instincts not improvable or communicable by education, while the vertebrate are capable of reason, intelligence, and understanding, nobler qualities being superadded in each succeeding stage of progress. Taking the optimist view of natural history, and endeavouring to find in every instinct and habit a direct relation to human requirements and conclusions, we could scarcely write a brief summary of some of the uses of the insects he describes, and, without altogether falling in with his conclusions, we quote them as pleasing and illustrative.

"The slowly worn accumulated, and still continues to construct, the surface soil to which, each spring, we consider the seeds that yield us rich autumnal fruits."

"The fly, meanwhile, is the guardian of our health, and whilst we, ungrateful, rob the parent of existence, her countless progeny protects us from the dire disease that menaces our life."

"And then, the sensitive, industrious little bee flies busily from flower to flower, and fertilising blossoms in her flight, makes gay our gardens, lawns, and meadows, and gathering honey as she goes, with this and with her wax supplies the means to gratify our cultivated tastes of mind and body."—"Honey-Bee," pp. 164, 165.

MODERN PAINTERS.*

THE preface to this, the concluding volume of a work which has extended itself over a considerable period, contains the key to a treatise which has had a developing life slowly and by degrees. From a little beginning, a new germ of ideas as it were, it has gradually grown to completeness; and now at last we have presented to us the deliberately matured fruit of the experience of years. We must not, then, be surprised, if, in this fifth volume, we see much change and modification. To resume our earlier notice, the botanical metaphor, we must not complain if the thought-trees have developed themselves in a different way from what we should have expected, or even brought forth other fruit than that for which we should have looked.

The conditions of tree-life are change and not permanence. This will explain the change in the volume before us, but the author bids us remember that,

"In the main aim and principle of the book, there is no variation from its first article to its last. It declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God; and tests all work of man by concurrence with, or subjection to, that."

In short, Mr. Ruskin's purpose throughout is to prove, that he who will rule must first obey. Now this principle is by no means a new one. Bacon showed how that man was "nature's minister;" and that, though born to be the king and lord of the universe, he can only gain the mastery over nature by becoming its obeying minister. We have seen it done once for all in philosophy. Turner brought out for landscape painting. As the philosopher, by careful investigation of the operations of nature, was enabled to deduce principles which are true for all time; so the landscape-painter, by assiduously watching the aspects of nature, has traced for us on canvas and on paper, principles which are eternally and immutably true for landscape-painting, and, indeed for all Art. Turner's application to the study of nature was something almost incredible. We are told in the preface to this volume, that Mr. Ruskin, in 1857, arranged *nearly thousand* of his sketches from nature! And this patient study at length reaped its own reward, so that, be it from the humblest servant, sitting, as it were, at the feet of nature, and drinking in every lesson that fell from her lips, became the very prince and king of landscape painters. But the road to his success is open to those who will imitate Turner's perseverance and faithfulness.

In his fourth volume our author showed his readers the necessity for those who would be good painters of mountain-scenery to give good heed to the beautiful sermon that lay in stone. And now, in the volume before us, he bids all those who will draw trees first to learn something about them.

Of course a number of persons, who are too lazy to study anything, will make a great outcry of the uselessness of botany to a painter. This objection is perfectly true to a certain extent. Botany is as useful, and no further, to a painter of trees, as anatomy is to a painter of animals. All would explain

* The *Honey-Bee*: its Natural History, Habits, Anatomy, and Microscopic Structure. With Illustrations. By James S. Samuelson, J. B. Reardon, F.R.S., M.D. Lond., F.L.S., &c. Also Two Chapters on Insects and Bees: being an Introduction to the Study of Comparative Zoology. By James S. Samuelson, J. B. Reardon, F.R.S., M.D. Lond., F.L.S., &c. The *Earth Worm* and the *Common House Fly*. In Eight Letters. By James Samuelson, assisted by J. B. Reardon, F.R.S., M.D. Lond., F.L.S., &c. With Microscopic Illustrations by the author. Second edition.

* *Modern Painters*, Vol. V. By John Ruskin, M.A. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1860.

times in which they lived, or in the apprehension that ever overshadowed their consciences as to that just and awful retribution that awaited themselves, should fortune forsake the cause in which they had embarked. To a faithful follower, to a noble maiden who gave him her purest love, to a child who had not, and could not have offended him, Captain Brant the Pirate, is described as conducting himself with the same cruelty as if they were his worst foes. Now, this is not true to nature. It is not correct as regards the worst characters, for, with the very worst, even amongst the buccanniers of America, there was, as it is justly observed by Southey in his "History of Maritime and Inland Discovery," a society established, entitled "The Brethren of the Coast," and they too had "a code of morality," and it was "such as might be expected amongst men who, while they renounced a friendly intercourse with the rest of mankind, depended upon each other's fidelity."

No such personage as Captain Brant is described could ever have existed anywhere but within the walls of a lunatic asylum, in the pages of a romance, or upon the boards of a transatlantic theatre, in which last place it is probable our author's hero will, before many months have passed away, be making his bow to a well-pleased but not very discerning audience.

We must admit, notwithstanding our objections to "Captain Brant the Pirate," that Lieut. Wise's story about him will, most probably, because a very popular book. It is crowded with stirring incidents, terrific combats, awful descriptions, a frightful love story, elaborated accounts of torturing punishments, and agonising deaths. Those who have a taste for horrors will gloat over the pages which Lieut. Wise has penned for them. Such readers abound in this country: we deplore their taste, but, as we cannot amend it, we may assure them that in "Captain Brant" they have the opportunity of making an acquaintance with the greatest scoundrel that can possibly be encountered in the whole range of Negvate literature.

Before parting from this book it is necessary to notice the superabundance of very strange rhymes with which it is overlaid. All these rhymes are marked with inverted commas, as if they were quotations from works previously published. It may be said that in the case, they are curious specimens of Lieut. Wise's taste in selection; but if they are his own composition, then we are not surprised that his diffidence in his powers as a poet should have sought for shelter under the form of an anonymous contribution.

The two following extracts will be sufficient to demonstrate the peculiarity either of Lieut. Wise's taste for poetry, or of his original talent as a maker of verses:—

"Skeleton hands that will never be fatter,
All the domestic duties that I have to do,
Showering for food to eat and latter,
Bones to shatter
And limbs to scatter;
And who it is that must furnish the latter,
Those blue-blackening men know well."
Chap. xiii., p. 141.

"When descending on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm wind of the Equator,
Lashed by his own wrath he scourges,
The telling surges,
Laden with treasure from the rocks."
Chap. xiv., p. 209.

THE POOL OF ST. FILLANS.

[THE POOL OF ST. FILLANS, in the Highlands of Perthshire, was celebrated in early ages as a place for resort for the cure of idiocy or insanity. Immersion in its healing waters—accompanied by adequate offerings to the shrine of the saint—was believed to work a cure in the most desperate cases.]

Foe thirty long years on the side of the mountain I've guarded
Thy pool, oh! St. Fillan!—last hope of a doleful heart;
For thirty sad years I have sat as thy spring unwarded;
False Saint! and false Fathin! I'll take up my cross and depart.
Hither come young and fair,
Hither comes hoary hair,
Hither comes Hope with a light in her fast-fading eyes;
Hither comes humbled Wealth,
Begging the crumbs of Health,
Which Fate, like proud Lazarus, sits 'mid the stars and denies.

Oh, cheating St. Fillan! I brought thee my boy in his childhood,
And now he's a man, and his hair is bespattered with gray;
What hast thou done for him? Ruins he not yet in the wild-wood
Dark—in the Night of Unreason—unconscious of Day?
Have I not watched and wept,
When o'er his features crept,
Sparkles of light evanescent as gleams on the wave?
Or, as in waters cast
Shadow of bird that passed,
Or glow of the far-fishing steel in the grasp of the brave?

Idle! all idle! and Fountains, I've lost my reliance!
Thou cannot endow him with soul that he never enjoyed;
Selfish and proud I may be, setting God at defiance,
In craving the boon for my child which His wisdom destroyed.
Happy and thoughtless he,
All the grief lies with me!
Let me endure it, and cease to lament and deplore;
'Tis but a soul asleep
In the earth-primed deep,—
Heaven shall awake it, in Freedom and Light evermore.

C. M.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

PARIS SEPTEMBER 1860. LONDON SEPTEMBER 1860.

A Handbook for Bards, Bucks, and Oxford-shire. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Murray.
Private and Confidential Selections for the Island and Bazaar. By O. Windsor. Imp. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Gull's (W.) Memoirs. 2nd thousand, post 8vo. sewed. 1s. 6d.
Gull's (W.) Memoirs and Revival. 12mo. 2s. 6d. Trindler.
Minnipiegan and a Purgatory: a Book for Boys. Fcap. 8vo. imp. 1s. Low & Co.
The Prairie and Overland Traveller. By Capt. R. B. Marcy. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d.
Davis's Suggestive India. 12mo. Eighth edition. 1s. 6d.
W. Macpherson's Fraction of the Fifth Council. Royal 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Memoirs of the late Sir John Harrison, of Weston, by Rev. T. Bent. 8vo. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Wordsworth & Co.
Stories of the Crusaders. By the Rev. J. M. V. Nale. Second edition, 16mo. cloth. 1s. 6d.
Masters.
Pay Today! Trust To-morrow. 12mo. sewed. 1s. 6d.
Working and Waiting: a Tale. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Masters.
The Three Books of Theophrastus to Antipater. By the Rev. W. B. Flowers. cloth. 2s. 6d. Masters.
The Life of the Blessed Virgin. By A. St. John. New York. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Shipwrecked, &c. at Sea. 12mo. 5s. Hamilton, Bardsell, or the Triumph of Mercy. 12mo. 5s. Hamilton.
British Settlements in India. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Hamilton.
R. Brown's Elements of Natural Science. 4to. 41. 11s. Hamilton.
Frederick's Campaigns, &c. 12mo. 4s. 6d. Hamilton.
Winkler's (O.) Hidden Life. Eighth edition. 12mo. cloth. 2s. 6d. J. F. Shaw.
Lange's School. 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Mosley.
Oleum & Greek and English Lexicon. 8vo. 12s. Mosley.
Rural and Domestic Tables. 4to. 41. 1s. Mosley.
Haskins's (T. R.) Poems. Fifth edition. 12mo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Hatchard.
Macpherson's (C. E.) Practice of Latin Composition. 12mo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Hatchard.
Buntings for All Seasons. 8s. 6d. Haddon.
Village Life. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard.
Kenny's (W.) Elementary Manual of Latin. Privately. Post 8vo. 1s. 6d. Hatchard.
Old Journeys in and out of London. By Hollinghead. Post 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d. Greenbridge.
Hardships made Easy. Crown 8vo. cloth. 1s. 6d. Greenbridge.
Travels not Far from Home. By A. St. John. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Greenbridge.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. JAMES BLACKWOOD will publish a new work from the original Russian, entitled "Cossack Tales," by Nicholas G. L. de la Motte, and a novel by Mrs. Gordon Smythies; and "New Readings of Homer," by W. W. Orlé.
Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. announce "The Prairie and Overland Traveller," by Captain R. B. Marcy; and "A Handy Book of Patent and Copyright Law," English and Foreign," by James Fraser.
Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s new list includes "A Life of Edward Forbes, the Naturalist," by George Wilson; "An Introduction to the Study and Use of the Psalm," by the Rev. J. F. Thurgood; and a new work "On the Origin and Succession of Life on the Earth," by John Phillips.
Mr. Peter Cunningham has just finished his new work, entitled "Father and Son," which will be produced by Messrs. Chapman & Hall immediately.
Mr. J. C. Jefferson, author of "Creole Rice," is about to issue a new work, published by Messrs. Longman, being the Life of Stephenson, the celebrated engineer.

Messrs. Greenbridge will publish on the 1st of October, "A History of the Fishes of the British Isles,"—Part I., by Jonathan Couch.
Among Messrs. Hogg & Co.'s list are now several new works: "The Wits and Bards of Society," by Grace and Philip Wharton, authors of "The Queens of Society"; "Men who were Earnest"—a series of Biographical Studies; a new juvenile work by Mary Howitt, entitled "A Treasury of Tales for Young People"; and "The Busy Hours Around Us: a variety of Trips and Visits to the Mine, the Workshop, and the Factory."

Messrs. Longman have nearly ready a new work, called "The Dead Shot, or Sportsman's complete Guide."

The third edition of "The Woman in White" will be published during the next week.

M. Eugène Batin has just published, in Paris, a fifth volume of his elaborate "History of the Press in France," embracing the exact period of the great French Revolution.

The Librarian-Napoleonienne has issued a Pamphlet, by Pierre Dupont, entitled "Certain Rules of a Coalition."

A Haytian Primer has just made its appearance at Port-au-Prince.

M. Deuter, the famous pamphlet publisher of the Palais Royal, has just issued another brochure on the Isthmus of Suez, in which the policy of England and Russia is discussed.

"The Speeches and Proclamations of Napoleon the Third" have been collected into a volume.

The first part of "A Biographical and Political History of the Legion of Honour" has appeared. It is to be an extensive work, to which, according to the publishers, a band of French and foreign authors will contribute.

The Rev. James Whitte, the well-known author of some valuable historical works, has now in the press a "History of England," to be completed in one volume, uniform with the same author's "History of France."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MR. WASHINGTON FRIEND'S grand musical and pictorial entertainment, called TWO HOURS IN CANADA and the UNITED STATES. Illustrated by his great moving panorama, delineating 8,000 miles of the most interesting scenery, comprising the Falls of Niagara and the River of the St. Lawrence, the Victoria Bridge, Canada, America, Indian, Emigrant, and Negro Life, &c. Mr. Friend will also relate characteristic anecdotes and adventures, and sing original songs and melodies of the country, accompanying himself upon seven different instruments.—(OPEN DAILY, at three and eight o'clock. Balls, 1s.; arena, 2s.; gallery, 1s.—St. James's Hall, Finsbury.)

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MADAME TISSAUD'S HISTORICAL GALLERY, at the Bazaar, BAKER STREET.—Continuation of Early English Kings from the Conqueror. KING STEPHEN, grandson of the Conqueror, in the quiet costume of the period 1180. King recently slain Henry I. William Rufus, William the Conqueror and his Queen studied from old English manuscripts.—Admission, ONE SHILLING, EXTRA ROOM, SIXPENCE. Open from eleven till Ten at Night.

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The Total Income of these lines, for the last four years, has been as follows:—

| | ERIE. | PENNSYLVANIA. | BALTIMORE AND OHIO. | NEW YORK CENTRAL. |
|------|-----------|---------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. |
| 1856 | 6,130,050 | 4,720,193 | 4,385,551 | 7,774,169 |
| 1857 | 5,712,095 | 4,855,669 | 4,616,698 | 8,927,251 |
| 1858 | 5,151,616 | 5,185,330 | 3,855,485 | 6,528,412 |
| 1859 | 4,482,119 | 5,302,555 | 3,618,618 | 6,309,818 |

And these receipts, divided by the mileage obtaining traffic, give the following receipts per mile:—

| | ERIE. | PENNSYLVANIA. | BALTIMORE AND OHIO. | NEW YORK CENTRAL. |
|---------|----------|---------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. | Dollars. |
| 1856 | 11,237 | 12,722 | 11,572 | 12,818 |
| 1857 | 10,164 | 13,088 | 12,182 | 13,208 |
| 1858 | 9,117 | 13,076 | 10,175 | 10,780 |
| 1859 | 7,933 | 14,453 | 9,547 | 10,249 |
| Average | 9,612 | 13,550 | 10,809 | 11,788 |

The contract cost of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway is 37,000 dollars per mile, say £7,400 sterling. Hence, an average receipt per annum equivalent to that of those four great lines, will give an annual return upon the whole cost, Capital and Bonds, of 17-35 per cent., allowing 30 per cent. for working expenses.

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THE NEW AUSTRO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

THE projected meeting of the Emperors of Austria and Russia, at Warsaw, is pregnant with significance. It develops a new phase of Russian policy, but one for which those who have followed the subtle diplomacy of the vast Tower whose projects of territorial aggression are second to none in Europe may have been in some measure prepared. It would be a mistake to suppose that the apparent rapprochement between the two Governments indicates any change of sentiment in either of them. The Russian hostility to Austria, in consequence of old standing grievances, remains undiminished; while Austrian distrust of her powerful neighbour is still an active principle in the diplomacy of the Vienna Cabinet. It is impossible that Count Rechberg can be ignorant of a fact known to every Hungarian peasant, that Russia has her designs upon the eastern portion of the Austrian empire—that she has been diligently fostering the discontent which has prevailed in Hungary for some time past—that she has watched with growing satisfaction the signs of decrepitude which Austria has recently exhibited, and that she has come to a definite understanding upon the subject with his Imperial Majesty of France. As to what the terms of the arrangement may have been which was concluded between Count de Morny and Prince Gortschakoff at St. Petersburg, some months since, we can scarcely hazard a conjecture; how far the events which have occurred in Italy since that time may have modified them it is difficult for those who are not behind the scenes accurately to appreciate; but of the broad fact there can be little doubt that a thorough understanding has all along subsisted between France and Russia with reference to the main joints of European policy as bearing upon the three countries principally interested in the changes which the continent of Europe is now undergoing. Those countries it is scarcely necessary to say are Italy, Austria, and Turkey. Their destinies are connected by a chain, the links of which may occasionally require alteration, but which nevertheless binds them so firmly together that the fate of one must, more or less, directly affect the condition of the other two. Up to the present moment Russia has maintained an attitude of apparent indifference to the events which were transpiring in the Italian peninsula. She has been contented to prosecute with unceasing energy a secret agitation in parts of Austria and Turkey which should prepare those countries for the contingencies which must be forced upon them by the progress of events in Italy. It was, moreover, uncertain how those events would develop themselves; and Russia would not commit herself until the prospect of Italian unity becoming a reality was put beyond a doubt. Now she seems ready to declare herself prepared to come forward and take her share in the European drama. One by one the nations of Europe are being drawn into the coming struggle as one by one the interests they have more particularly at heart become affected. It is manifest that it must ever have been in the interest of Russia that the Power which divides her from the cherished object of her eastern ambition should be as weak as possible. It is only when the absolute annihilation of Austria comes into question that she steps in, not perhaps to prevent altogether a dismemberment from which she would have everything to gain, but to prevent that dismemberment from taking place in a manner which might produce revolution in a section of her own dominions.

Hungary, emerging victorious from rebellion, would present a spectacle so encouraging to Poland, that we can scarcely suppose that

even that country, though cowed by a long course of tyranny, could resist the temptation of endeavouring to follow the example of her successful neighbour. It is not, therefore, in the manner in which Garibaldi proposes to attack Austria that Russia desires to see her destruction consummated. The dependence upon her of the perplexed Government of Austria, and a large preponderance in its councils, would suit the policy of Russia better, probably, than its immediate dismemberment; and if this dependence is to be shared by France, and Louis Napoleon is to exercise with the Emperor of Russia a joint influence, it will only be with the view to those ulterior projects which those monarchs entertain with reference to that Ottoman Empire which is the final scope of their united policy. In the interest of Austria we should have warned her Emperor from committing himself to the tender mercies of two such friends. They may hold out for the moment the prospect of release from the difficulties by which she is encompassed, but it will only be to draw her more firmly within their grasp, for the purpose of ultimately turning her internal troubles to their own advantage, and making capital out of the state of dependence in which, by her short-sighted policy, she has placed herself. We much fear that she may be encouraged by the support which she thus hopes temporarily to obtain, to modify those concessions which have been more than half promised to Hungary, and to hesitate in developing those schemes of reform from which at one period we augured favourably of the liberal disposition of her Government. She will alienate from her an ally which, if not so powerful, would, at any rate, have been truer to her than Russia. For with Prussia she had many interests in common; with Russia she has none. Except tranquillity in Poland, Russia has nothing ostensibly to gain by allying herself with Austria at this juncture. Her objects are therefore under the surface, and lie in the vantage ground which she will obtain by placing that empire under obligations to her which involve the very conditions of her existence. England, lately disposed to look kindly upon her efforts for reform, and anxious, if possible, legitimately to retain her in an independent position as a first-class Power, will look coldly upon her now that she has formed so close a connection with the empire most formidable to our Eastern interests. For the future, Austria becomes a tool in the hands of Russia and of France, for the development of their combined Eastern policy. Not again, as during the Crimean War, will Russia have to fear a neutrality which proved fatal to the successful issue of her aggressive movement on the Principalities. When next she crosses the Pruth—and the day is evidently not far distant when this operation will be again undertaken,—it will be under very different circumstances from those which proved so cruelly fatal to the Emperor Nicholas's policy. With France for an ally instead of an enemy, with Austria bound hand and foot to follow the dictates of two land taskmasters, with the Ottoman Empire demoralized by an incessant course of intrigue and agitation, the task of dividing the territory of the Sultan will be considerably facilitated, and the position of England rendered one of the utmost difficulty and embarrassment. It is impossible, under these circumstances, that we can regard with a favourable eye the latest phase of Austrian diplomacy. Better would it have been for her to have sold Venice than to cling to it at the cost of a friendship which may prove her ruin. For with the dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire must inevitably follow that of the Austrian.

A consideration of the circumstances which called the Austrian

Empire into existence will illustrate the truth of this statement. When the Turks had poured their conquering hordes across the Danube, possessed themselves of Hungary, and threatened to devastate all Europe, it became evident to the Western Powers that a strong barrier must be erected between the Muselman invaders and the Christian nations. Hungary clung to Austria, composed of a variety of heterogeneous nationalities, sprung into existence. So long as the pressure exercised by the proximity of a valiant and aggressive nation remained in full force, it bound by a common interest the nationalities of which the Empire of expediency was composed. No sooner, however, was it removed, and the disavowal of the Turkish Empire manifested, than the discordant elements of which Austria consisted began to show themselves: a gradual fermentation ensued which ever since has been increasing, until at last the combined effects of mis-government, and mutual dislike arising from diversity of race, language, religion, and traditions, has placed that unhappy country at the mercy of any plunderer who has sufficient force to back his nefarious designs. The problem thus presented to Europe is this: Is the existence of a first-class Power, composed of the materials of which Austria is composed, possible in Europe, when no external political necessity exists to hold it together? and the problem which necessarily follows is, What is the policy which England should pursue in the event of such an existence becoming only possible, upon conditions which place that Power, with her vast material resources, in the hands of England's enemies. We have shown every disposition to maintain constituted governments, and to observe the treaties under which they exist hitherto; but if we are to fail a coalition taking place, of a character which not only threatens our nearest interests, but imperils the cause of liberty throughout Europe, we have only one alternative left us, and that is to throw ourselves into the opposite scale—oppose entirely the cause of the peoples as against their Governments, and make head against a combination which, if carried out, will extinguish every hope for the nationalities. We are prepared to hear that Louis Napoleon views with as great a distrust as ourselves this alliance between Austria and Russia. Time alone can prove whether he is no party to it. It is doubtless most important that he should not seem to desert the cause of the nations at a moment so critical to their interests; but his love of liberty is to be gauged exactly by the amount of advantage which may be gained for himself out of the agitation caused in the struggle for the principle. When it has gone far enough, and the small carls have taken all the tricks which were possible, he will bring out his troops in the shape of formidable coalitions. Then the Treaty of Villafranca will have to be observed in its integrity; and with all his love of Italian liberty, he must keep faith with Austria. Already he has protested against the action of Piedmont in the Papal States. The independence which the Italians have recently shown—the hardihood of Garibaldi, and the rapidity of his success, may have hurried on this combination more rapidly than was intended. The Venetian and Rhine Provinces transaction has been abandoned for a new complication—it is impossible even for the French Emperor to control events. He must play his cards as they are dealt to him; but we confess that the last deal has not been of a nature to inspire us with confidence; and we trust that our statesmen may attach the importance it deserves to the new European Alliance, and not put too much credit in the professions of a sovereign who has repeatedly misled them.

THE BLACK NEMESIS IN AMERICA.

HOW is it that there are so many and such fearful steamboat accidents in the rivers and lakes of America? Is it that the boats are frail?—that the captains and crews are reckless or careless?—or that speed, irrespective of safety, is the one consideration with owners, captains, and passengers? These questions have often been put, but have never, to our knowledge, received a satisfactory reply. It will be conceded as a preliminary to the investigation we propose to make, that the loss of life in steam navigation in America is absolutely greater, and accompanied with incidents more awful, than in any other part of the world. Disasters of this kind sometimes occur in Europe; but for one life lost in this hemisphere by explosion or collision, fifty at least are lost in the great streams and lakes of the West. The fact is not to be disputed; but the causes remain a mystery.

Ocean navigation is comparatively safe; and why? For three principal reasons. Firstly, it is known to be dangerous; secondly, every person employed in an ocean ship is fully aware of the absolute necessity of obedience to the commands of the captain and of his subordinates; thirdly, the persons so employed are looked upon, each by each, and by all their superior officers, of whatever grade, as responsible, reasonable, undegraded human beings. The consequences are, that every care and precaution are taken; that a good look-out is kept night and day; that discipline is maintained with the utmost strictness; and that every sailor and stoker feels a personal, a professional, and a human interest in the safety of the voyage.

In the internal steam navigation of the United States these causes do not operate. The frail build of the huge structures that ply on the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Alabama, the Hudson, and the Lakes, may be left out of consideration, because frailty of structure and hugeness of size, if not carried to such an extreme as to transgress the physical laws, are not in themselves sources of peril, but merely occasions for, and incentives to, the exercise of prudence and more constant caution. As in all preventable disasters, the cause of calamity in these cases are moral rather than physical; and it is for moral reasons that travelling, whether by the rail or by the steamboat, is attended with such frightful hazards in every part of the United States. Physiologists assert that the dry climate of the Western World stimulates unduly the Anglo-Saxon and European brain; and that men who, in our moist atmosphere, would be cool, prudent, and rational, become in that of America, hot-headed, impulsive, and reckless. Leaving this question for future discussion, and fully aware of its vast importance, we confine ourselves at present to the three points which we have mooted, and proceed to treat them *seriatim*.

Firstly, The safety of marine navigation is presumed in America. Ships, in consequence, are built of lighter materials than they otherwise would be, and less care is taken than would be insisted upon if danger were always present to the thoughts of the captain and crew, as it is on the broad ocean.

Secondly, In America, hand-work—except that necessary for the tillage of the soil—is considered less honourable than head-work. If anything approaching to the relation of master and servant is involved, the American mind revolts at the degradation. There may be “master” and “slave” in the South, but in the North, the word “master” is not recognised. There is no master carpenter, master tailor, or master builder; but instead of “master,” the word “boss” is employed, signifying the leading mind, or governor of the establishment, whatever it may happen to be. A barber’s assistant speaks of his employer as his “boss,” and would no more think of calling him master than he would of cutting a customer’s throat.

Such service as that of the British sailor in the mercantile or the royal navy is left, in the internal navigation of the United States, almost entirely to what is considered the degraded and inferior class of the negroes. These pariahs of the Western World are the stokers and sailors of the rivers and the lakes,—cheerful drudges, without intelligence, who perform work that men of the white race are glad enough to perform in Europe, but which they will not do in America while there are forests to clear, farms to cultivate, and store houses or mills to be established in the beautiful Far West. The white sailor, or mate, in America, in consequence of the prevalence of this feeling, does not yield the same obedience to his captain that would be yielded by his peers in Europe. He is a man, a voter, a citizen of the Great Republic, the political and social equal of the captain, and will not be dictated to. He asserts his dignity by disobedience to orders; and if there be a ball on board a steamer crowded with ladies—as in the melancholy case of the *Lady Elgin*, when Mr. Ingram perished,—he will, if it so please him, take his part in the festivities, and leave the vessel to take care of itself.

Thirdly, The employment of negroes in all the hard work of ships, in the Southern as well as in the Northern States, coupled with the enslavement of the race in the South, and their degradation in the North, by the refusal of whites to ride in omnibuses, sit in theatres, or go to church with them, creates a state of things in many parts of America which amounts to this: that the captain of a steamboat and his ticket-collector are the only white persons in authority, and that the whole work of the ship, above decks and below, is left to the negroes—men who, because they are looked upon as inferior beings, become, with greater rapidity than their white youths imagine, in the best of times, and in the best of climates, a degraded race. It is not surprising that he should accept his destiny, lead a merely physical life, and throw all care and responsibility upon his white oppressors.

In one sentence, negro slavery in the South, and negro oppression in the North, combine to form that “Black Nemesis” of America from which we have taken the title of our article. Treat a man as a man, and he will do his duty like one. Treat him as a brute, either by positive slavery, or by social ban and anathema, and put him into situations of trust, and the natural consequences will result. The brute nature, and not the human nature, will display itself. It may be servile in one part of the country, while in another it may be ignorant and brutal, and therefore dangerous service. If you degrade a man to the rank of a baboon, and then make him a stoker and an engineer, what can you expect? That which you receive: calamity, disaster, and death.

MORE LIGHT ON THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

LIGHT continues to break in upon the question of Italy. Since our last publication two circumstances have occurred, which combine in different ways to define the position and the task of Garibaldi on the one side, and Victor Emmanuel on the other. The Emperor of the French has reinforced his garrison in Rome, and will

maintain the Pope in possession of the Eternal City, a certain district around it, the port of Civita Vecchia, and perhaps Viterbo. The British Government, in the person of its Foreign Secretary, has notified to Sardinia the inexpediency of making any attack upon Venetia, lest a general European war should be the result; and Lord John Russell has intimated, at the same time, that Great Britain has interests to defend in the Adriatic;—a very suspicious announcement, which, if Parliament were now sitting, the Government would have to explain, and for which it will most certainly be called to account hereafter.

We believe, however, that Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, who seem to have partially, if not completely made up their late differences, will give to both of these facts the significance they deserve, and allow the Emperor of the French to uphold, in his own way,—and in the way to which his honour and dignity are pledged,—the spiritual supremacy of the Pope in Rome. All the Papal States are virtually incorporated with the Italian kingdom, and if King Victor Emmanuel be King of all Italy, with the sole exception of the city of Rome and its appurtenances, and the province of Venetia, he and the Italians generally will have made a very good business out of the late and present wars of the Peninsula. It will not be wise to attack the French in Rome or the Austrians in Venetia—even though every Italian heart may feel that it would be very desirable to get rid of both, and that France has no more valid right to uphold the Pope than Austria has to oppress the Venetians. But the world is a world of facts as well as of ideas; and if the men who are now at the head of Italian affairs in the North and in the South will agree to recognise the inevitable logic of events, and consolidate the actual gains of the Italian cause, without putting them in jeopardy by ineffectual struggles for more, it is likely that their discretion—the better part of valour in all doubtful cases—will be duly rewarded hereafter.

The Pope, if left in Rome with merely spiritual power, and the personal revenues of a Prince of the Church, would not be a very heavy burthen upon Italy, and could not, so short of honour, very greatly interfere with the constitutional liberties of the people beyond his own boundaries. He would speedily have no other subjects but priests, and Rome would be entirely ecclesiastical. The question of Venetia would every day become of easier solution. As we have said before, Austria will not be driven out without a mighty struggle, and perhaps a European war; but with patience and tact, her position, already painful and almost untenable, will be rendered so desperate that she will be glad to sell, for a fair price, the discontented and troublesome province, which, under present circumstances, she can neither safely keep nor safely let go. Thus the task for Victor Emmanuel—for Cavour—and for Garibaldi, resolves itself into this: to consolidate what they have got. Neither France nor Austria will interfere with them in that respect; and when they have done this,—and when all Italy, except the city of Rome and Venetia, is peaceably subject to the constitutional rule of the king of its choice,—the difficulty as regards Venetia will diminish day by day, and a free and united Italy—one and indivisible—will become possible without further bloodshed.

Lord John Russell, in his letter to Sir James Hudson, gives good advice in a bad spirit; but the advice is not inconsistent with the idea that the best way to get Austria out of Italy is to buy her out. That is and has been our own opinion ever since the Crimean war, when the subject was first mooted; and we believe it is one which will recommend itself more strongly to the Italians themselves, as well as to all the neighbouring nations, the longer it is reflected upon. But at the present moment to attack the Quasi-eternal, or the French in Rome, would imperil not alone the recently emancipated duchies, provinces, and kingdoms of Italy, but Sardinia itself.

SOCIAL SCIENCE AND LAY INTOLERANCE.

THE gathering at Glasgow has met with much more attention than expectation. It is generally felt that the Congress aspires to exercise the functions both of the Press and the Parliament, for both of which it is ill adapted. It discusses subjects which have already been amply treated of, or which are not yet ripe for discussion. It wants to forestall others, and acquire a foremost place in public estimation. Social Science is merely a knowledge of the natural laws which regulate society methodically arranged, beginning with the principle of population, obviously the foundation of the whole—its origin, its continuance, and its growth. With this the Congress confounds the art of the statesman, and discusses, without any peculiar advantage or exclusive knowledge, what he has done in past time, what he is now doing, and what it thinks he ought to do. It confines its discussions, also, to what our own statesmen have done, or are doing, or ought to do, which is much better discussed in Parliament and the Press. Though much discussion may be very useful, and may enlighten both the public and statesmen, it is no more Social Science than the construction of telescopes is the science of astronomy, or making salt is the science of chemistry. The Congress is recognised by the public as merely a collection of would-be politicians aspiring to obtain influence and honour by an unusual combination.

The world can but entertain great respect for the vigorous old man who, at eighty-two, fights over again all the battles of his life, and reminds it of the many victories he has won. We are not amongst those who object to this generation imitating the career of the noble hero, and promoting correct political knowledge by continuous discussion; but it is singular to find Lord Brougham using the strength he still possesses to denounce the abundant talk by which he obtained all his celebrity. It beggars the suspicion that if he had still a legitimate influence in Parliament, he would not harangue at Glasgow. If he were Lord Claudon, he would have other duties to perform than to provide over congresses of doubtful utility. If he had triumphed over Lord Melbourne, as over Lord Grey, and retained his seat in the Cabinet, making his way to the high place in his sovereign's confidence so long held by Lord Thurlow and Lord Eldon, or to the position still filled by a man almost as old as himself, he would not have been anxious to secure the applause of political chandlers, or the workers at Glasgow and Paisley.

If even Lord Brougham's philanthropy may be suspected of springing from rather low motives, we may suppose that if Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth had been completely successful in his projects for indoctrinating the people, and had carried the Council and the Parliament at his heels,—that if Mr. Chalmers still held the office of manipulating the Poor Law, with liberty to devise, and recommend, and print, at the public expense, numerous projects for moulding the multitude after his pattern,—if Sir Emerson Tennant had not effectually shut himself out of Parliament by his provident care to not himself in a permanent office,—if the Hon. Arthur Kinnaird, M. P., could have been sure of finding an audience in the House of Commons to applaud his very attacks on "servant gollies," and on the poor who do not mend their own clothes and make them out of the bowels of the earth,—if Dr. Guthrie could have induced the Government to give him money for his Ragged School,—none of them probably would have been very prominent members of Congress.

Their President denounces Parliament for excessive talk, and they have elected a parliament of their own, without the restraint of a Speaker and Standing Orders, in which disappointed men may indulge their passion for speaking. The Congress seems to us to have an unworthy origin, and it has treated many grave subjects in a trite, hasty, and superficial manner. Its juvenile aspirants for political distinction have neither the advantage of previous preparation possessed by members of Parliament nor by writers for the press, nor of the deep study which ends in works of profound wisdom. They are obviously more eager to obtain applause than to deserve it. They congregate to praise each other, and remind us of the family of Adolphus, as described in the "Anti-Jacobin" by Canning, assembling in Parliament to cheer its chief. However much their own voices may flatter them they have not won the admiration of the world.

To their harmless vanity is added gross intolerance. The members are lay inquisitors, and appeal to the Legislature to constrain all men to walk in the paths they find pleasant. They would make us all like themselves. Nature delights in diversity and multifariousness, and makes one man different from every other; they would thwart her intentions, and reduce us all to their standard. They are obtainers, or testators, and they insist that there is no virtue but in doing as they do. They have not even the spirit of originality, for they model themselves on some famous for sobriety in the great republic, and would establish the Maine Liquor Law as the universal rule.

All men are to be educated as they have been. What would become of society were it composed entirely of men like themselves—of Broughams, Shuttleworths, Pakingtons, Alisons, and Kinnairds—can be easily imagined. It would perish. The very diversities of disposition and pursuit, of taste and inclination—which they would limit and reduce to their own idiosyncrasies,—constitute the very glory, greatness, and utility of society. From them spring the multitude of our arts, and the mutual dependence of individuals. Excess in dress or luxury in any or all classes, intemperance of all kinds, a disregard of the laws of health, are all to be deplored; but experience teaches that they cannot be remedied, though they are dwindling away by coercive laws. The members of Congress seem to share the opinion lost in possessing diversities of taste, and while some of them would coerce the people into sobriety, they almost require the police to keep the peace in Congress between impenitents of smoking tobacco and the defenders and lovers of cigars.

They take no notice of the education which enables men to perform their duties to one another under the dispensation of division of labour common to all. There must be farmers, manufacturers, merchants, smiths, weavers, shoemakers, miners, &c., each expert in his own calling; and the education which gives this expertise is the education truly valuable to society. But boys learn these duties from what they see,—they learn from their fathers or their masters, and so learning, the acquired skill of mankind, improved in every successive period, is kept in life, and handed down from generation

to generation. As an illustration of this mode of acquiring knowledge, we may mention that Mr. Osler, the glass manufacturer, told a Committee of the House of Commons that he had been unable, by many years' exertion, to discover how to make dolls' eyes, but he learned it at once from seeing it done; then he established a large manufactory of them, and reduced the price, to the cheapening of these useful toys to all the females of the empire. This kind of education, then, by the eye—by example—is the true kind by which society is continued and improved. But this important part of Social life cannot be contrived, nor education in it imparted by paid officials; and so it offers no temptation to the politicians assembled at Glasgow to discuss it.

We should write an article as long as Lord Brougham's speech did we enumerate a title of the subjects—such as General averages, Appellate Courts, Bankruptcy Laws, Local Courts, Smoking Tobacco,—which this important body disposed of in a few sittings. What is most objectionable in the proceedings is the want of interference which it lent to the demands of individual members for additional interference with the common business of life, when, if there be one thing more emphatically taught by Social Science than another, it is that this kind of interference is extremely pernicious. Though the Congress have brought discredit on it by assuming its name, and treating under it of almost all imaginable things, we must earnestly assert that it has a definite object, and the name a definite meaning. Nay, the science is and must be studied by public writers and statesmen, before they can form correct ideas of the general principles of legislation, or have the least chance of correctly anticipating the probable consequences of any particular law. The discredit thrown on the subject by economists and radicals ought not to lure the public aside from a steady contemplation of the only means by which the natural constitution of society can be understood, and the welfare of all promoted by voluntary exertions.

AMERICAN RAILROADS.

WHEN Sydney Smith wrote his famous letter to the Pennsylvanians, American securities of all kinds were in exceedingly bad repute. Repudiation was a word in common use,—though it must be said in justice to our Transatlantic cousins, that only one state—Mississippi—ever repudiated her debts, and that Mississippi has gone down in the world ever since, and has lost all credit at home as well as abroad. Even so lately as 1857, American securities were at a low ebb, and American railway shares, in which Englishmen are so largely interested, suffered by a fall prices at a serious discount. But within the last two years, a change for the better has taken place. Even the Illinois Central, in which one of the most eminent of living Englishmen had perilled a large portion of his well-deserved fortune, has gone up; and the impression has gained strength that American railroads, under an improved management, offer one of the best possible sources of investment.

The country is rapidly increasing in wealth and population. The people may be almost said to live upon the rail, so much do they travel; and unlike our old country, the railway is in many cases the first road ever made, and does the same duty as our old highways. In addition to these advantages, land may be had for next to nothing; there is no compensation to be paid to wealthy landowners for cutting through their estates, or destroying the "amenity" of their country houses;—there are no law or parliamentary expenses worth speaking of; and no magnificent stations or depôts, like those with which England is studded, to engulf the capital of the shareholders. The only serious drawbacks are inefficiency of management, and control over the conductors and check-takers, and the running of lines through thinly-peopled districts. But care has greatly remedied the first of these difficulties in the way of good dividends, and time is fast remedying the other. American railroad investments have, for these and other reasons, become lately as much in favour as they were formerly out of it; and when for the first time in six years the shares of a great new American line have been offered to the acceptance of the British public, they have rapidly been taken up, principally by small investors from all parts of the country, and independently almost of the Stock Exchange.

The Atlantic and Great Western Railway, connecting the important cities of New York and St. Louis, is a necessary link in the completion of a mighty chain, and was certain to be made at one time or another. Already, such is the growth of the American Republic westward from the Atlantic seaboard, complaints are daily made from the new States, which are yearly rising into vigour and wealth in and beyond the Prairies, of the uncontrolled position of Washington. The route runs fix upon St. Louis, nearly fifteen hundred miles up the Mississippi from New Orleans, as the more fitting site for the federal metropolis. But Nature has so richly endowed St. Louis, that it has no need to become the federal city, to obtain advantages which agricultural and mineral wealth will shower into its lap, quite irrespective of political considerations. The effect of the building of the road connecting this important and growing city with New York and all the Eastern sea-board, is shown

on the New York and Erie shares, so largely held in this country, which have advanced from 10 to 38. We only know one other railway line more important than this, the Atlantic and Pacific, which we hope to see made, not in the territory of the United States, but in that of Great Britain, having its one terminus at Halifax, and its other on the shores of the Pacific, opposite Vancouver. When that line is made, as it must be ere long, it will form a new era in the history of North America.

THE REVENUE.

IT is too early yet to form correct opinions of the effects of the alterations made in our system of taxation by Mr. Gladstone, which mostly came into operation in the beginning of March. We learn only from the revenue returns for the year ended the 30th ult., that the total net produce of the taxes was £70,809,977, against £65,990,297,—an increase in 1860, to that time, of £4,819,680. Very nearly the whole of this increase, £4,623,710, is due to the Income and Property Tax, which Mr. Gladstone raised to 10d. in the pound. The other taxes seem not to have increased in productivity.

The Customs Duties, which, at the commencement of the year, yielded a greater sum than the Chancellor of the Exchequer anticipated, now show, in consequence of the reductions he made in them and the duties he abolished, a decline in the year of £1,421,371; but whether this be wholly the result of the changes then made in the duties, or of some falling-off in consumption, we are not certain. We see by the trade tables, that in eight months the consumption of wine has increased from 4,811,017 gallons in 1859, to 5,165,935 gallons in 1860, or about 13 per cent., which does not come up to what was expected from the reduction of the duty, and is very little above the increase of consumption in the year before. The consumption of coffee, cocoa, tins, tobacco, foreign spirits, &c., also, has increased; but the consumption of sugar and tea has declined considerably,—sugar from 6,314,916 cwt. in 1859, to 5,942,191 cwt. in the present year; and tea, from 53,834,173 lbs. to 51,816,830 lbs. In the last quarter, the decline in the Customs revenue, as compared to the corresponding period of 1859, was £688,866; in the half-year, £1,064,507; and in the entire year, £1,412,371. On the whole, though it is yet too early to form a decided opinion, the Customs Duties have, we think, fallen below the Chancellor of the Exchequer's calculations.

In the year the Excise has yielded £1,385,000 more than last year; in the last six months, however, as compared the corresponding period of 1859, it yielded £291,000 less, and in the last quarter £460,000 less. The bulk of the increase accrued in the March quarter, and was the consequence of the Chancellor calling up the Malt credits—not of increased consumption of excisable articles. In fact, in the six months for which we have the Excise Returns, the malt retained for consumption was only 28,114,454 bushels against 29,194,089 bushels in the six months of 1859, and the Paper only 98,039,172 lbs. against 98,421,578 lbs., while the Spirits retained for consumption was only 27,000 gallons more than in the first six months of 1859. These are unquestionable proofs that the yield of the Excise Duties is declining, and that the rate of increase in the national prosperity has been this year retarded. Our foreign trade has increased, but our agriculture has been less successful.

The Stamp duty yielded £279,277 this year more than last; but the bulk of this increase arises in the last quarter, and is the result of the new Stamp Duties on dock warrants, contract notes, &c., established for the first time in the late Session, by Mr. Gladstone. The Assessed Taxes, the Post Office, and the Crown Lands, show each a slight increase; but the returns generally indicate a check to the rapidity of the national progress. Not that the industry and energy of the people—the true and only sources of national growth—have abated one jot; but the comparatively small return for their labour on the land this year has in degree diminished their expected income, lessened their expenditure and enjoyment, and checked the growth of the revenue.

Seventy-one millions, almost, is an immense burden, in addition to all local charges, to lay on the people in time of protracted peace, but the manner in which they run along with it, faster and faster, the national resources increasing year by year, and the Government being able, if necessary, to raise easily half as much more, convinces us that our popular system, in spite of its vast expenditure, presses less on the people than the shabby skinning despotisms of the continent. Far from being like some of them, on the verge of bankruptcy, or actually bankrupt, our Government is rich in the wealth of its subjects. In good time it knocked off the cumbersome fetters which short-sighted ignorance had placed on their industry, and it is rewarded by increased power. If, as we think, these returns indicate a retarded progress, let it be remembered that this is the temporary consequence of an extremely unfavourable season; but let it also convince statesmen that it is easily possible for them to fall suddenly into all the difficulties of a deficient revenue. Taxation, whether direct or indirect, is so replete with unavoidable evil

physical and moral, that Government, of which the supreme duty is to protect property, is inexorable, whatever may be the national prosperity, for inflicting it in the smallest degree unnecessarily on its subjects. Its evils are instant and certain, and it may at any time hurry the Government into dissensions, and society into confusion and anarchy.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XIII.

MR. WADSWORTH EXPLAINS HIMSELF ABOUT "NUTSHELLS."

MAY I not, as a freeborn Briton, sit by the roadside, or at my own open window, and crack nuts? And having cracked the nuts, may I not, without breach of law, or propriety, or reasonable ground of offence to anyone, throw away the shells? These questions are not so trivial as they may appear, and I proceed to explain why.

In my youthful days, when I had less money and more audacity than I have now; when my laundress and respected sister was lord of Wilbye Grange, and beside me an annual allowance, which ought to have been sufficient, but which I did not contrive to make so; I set up a Mouthy Review, for the dissemination of my political and literary opinions. In that happily defunct periodical I sowed the wild oats of my youthful fancy; and first recommended myself to the good graces of the constituency of the borough that afterwards chose me as its representative to Parliament. Costly as I found it to add M.P. to my name, I found the Review a much heavier weight upon my resources. I have kept hounds and horses, and once I was foul enough to keep a yacht, but all these follies were inexpensive and trifling compared to the burden of that great literary organ, which I ground for some time with the pertinacity of a grimy Sarsaparil annoying Mr. Tallboys;—and which, when not grinding, I was forced to carry on my own back, without help from anyone. My other extravagances only affected my purse; but this affected both my purse and my brain,—and drew so largely upon both, that I was compelled, after a couple of years, to quench the light, and hush the taunt, and cease to be a public instructor, except in my night in Parliament.

But as an Editor, I believe I was conscientious;—and this brings me to NUTSHELLS. In the exercise of my function I strove to be fair, honest, and impartial. I never implied a ruthless and pre-judged dogmatist, or held him up to the world's applause as a model sovereign. I never called a political measure good if I thought it bad, or, for party reasons, praised Mr. Rigby when I thought Mr. Rigby was wrong. I never affirmed a dull book to be interesting, a stupid one to be full of genius, or an incorrect one to be trustworthy. I never represented a wretched dandy to be a fine picture, or a thing not good enough for a figure-head to be a statue worthy of Praxiteles. I never allowed my theatrical critics to taunt the musy tragedians or fusty farces of their acquaintances, unapologetic or creditors, at the expense of truth, justice, or the patience of my readers; or suffered them to land a mauler and a natter as a tragedian; or to dignify a mountebank with the title of a comedian. Let it not be supposed that I did not candidly endeavour to discover merit. On the contrary, if I found it, young, unobscured, and friendless, I did my utmost to draw it out and put it in the way of making reputation and fortune. And when I praised an author or an artist, as an orator or a financier, my praise was worth having, because it was genuine, and was neither venal, tame, or unwarranted by the facts. But the result of my justice and impartiality was, that I made enemies of great numbers of people whom I did not know, and whom I had never either seen or heard of; and that more than once a "genius," (not such in my estimation)—suddenly started up before me, to call me to account for throwing NUTSHELLS in his eyes, or in those of his son. Of course everyone remembers the story of the Merchant and the Genius in the "Arabian Nights!"—

"When the merchant (says the immortal story-teller) was satisfying his hunger with biscuits and dates from his little store, he amused himself with throwing about the stones of the bait with considerable velocity. When he had finished his frugal repast, he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and repeated a prayer, like a good Mussulman."

"He had hardly made an end, and was still on his knees, when he saw a Genius, white with age, and of an enormous stature, advancing towards him with a scimitar in his hand. As soon as he was close to the merchant, the Genius said, in a terrible voice, 'Get up! that I may kill thee with this scimitar, as thou hast killed my son.'"

"The merchant, alarmed by the terrible figure of this monster, as well as by the words he heard, replied, in trembling accents, 'Of what crime, alme! can I, my good lord, have been guilty towards you, to deserve the loss of life?'

"I have sworn to slay thee, as thou hast slain my son."

"Good God!" answered the merchant, "How can I have slain him? I do not know him, nor have I ever seen him."

"I didst thou not," replied the monster, "take some dates from thy wallet, and throw away the stones?"

"It is true," replied the merchant; "I don't deny it."

"Well, then," said the Genius, "thou hast slain my son. Whilst thou wast throwing about thy date-stones, my son passed by. One of them struck him in the eye, and caused his death."

The application of the story is palpable. Though I seldom wrote reviews myself, but entrusted the task to competent critics, every rhymer, novelist, essayist, book manufacturer, and blunderbuss of literature, put to my individual account every disagreeable word that appeared in my Review. And worse than that—even the meanest and stupidest citizen of the great and populous republic of Scribblewood considered my neglect to be a greater injury and insult than the most savage criticisms, and pretended to hate me far more for my silence than for my hostility. En-

grossed, very often, with far weightier matters, I was sometimes unconscious whether these literary lights had been trimmed or snuffed out, praised, condemned, or ignored; and sometimes did not even know their names. But it appeared that I could not quietly eat my dates or crack my nuts without hitting some plagy and invisible "genius" in the eye. Thinking of no evil, and proceeding to prune the rose-trees in my garden walks, or to eradicate the wild convolvulus from my lawn, they would suddenly appear before me,

"Black as night, fierce as ten furies,
Terrible as hell."

—a monster worse than him of the Arabian story. He would show himself, either personally or by letter, or perhaps in the columns of a rival Review, insisting upon taking my literary soul, as the penalty for the unconscious murder done by my innocent nutshell. Brandishing his tomahawk, one fend would endeavour to seize me in the death-grasp, making loud lamentations for the child in the prison on which he had set his heart. Another demon, in the form of a woman, aged forty-five, with stockings, not of red, but of blue, and holding in her hand the three volumes of her last novel of "Love, Plory, and Money"—horrible vision, of which the nose was long and red at the tip, the hair and the front teeth false, the fingers yellow and thin, the eyes preternaturally bright, and the voice shrill and discordant!—would vehemently shriek for revenge, weeping like Rachel for her three volumes,—and refusing to be comforted, because they had been received either with disfavour by my unucky Journal, or, worse still, with a dead silence. How I pacified these perturbed spirits it boots not now to tell. At first I was sorely troubled by them, and thought that no man in this world could be so unfortunate as an impartial Editor. But I grew wiser as I became more experienced in the mysteries of the craft, and soon learned to bear their visits and their abuse with the greatest equanimity. My nuts were my nuts, and so were the kernels. If the shells had injured invisible passer-by, it was not my fault for being palpable, but theirs for being invisible. Conscience, the great judge to whom I put the case, not only absolved me from blame, but put me on the heel for being a good boy.

Since that time I have built a superstructure of prudent philosophy on the foundation of these nutshells. Many a time and oft I have consulted myself under real or imaginary slight from a friend, or insult from a foe, by the quiet reflection that I might have "thrown a nutshell in his eye." If the Duke of Bogtrotshire gave me the cut direct, though he had formerly been in the habit of talking to me in Pall Mall and at the Club, and once asked me to an evening party, at which there were about five times as many people as his rooms could hold, I accounted for the fact by nutshells. If Mrs. Smiler invited me no more to her literary and musical soiree, I put the catastrophe to the debt of—nutshells—and maintained my soul in peace. When I published my great political treatise—now dead, buried, and forgotten,—and a reviewer in the *Weekly Standard* attacked me and not my book, I came to the conclusion that nutshells or date-stones were at the bottom of the mystery. I thereby escaped much needless misery and damage to my self-love. In short, I became satisfied that nutshells are the body and soul of a philosophy that will enable a man to get through the world with fewer hard rules to his self-esteem than he would otherwise experience. Why attribute adverse criticism to one's own demerits or stupidity? Why, if your aunt scratch you out of her will, place the unpleasant fact to any real crime or deficiency in yourself? Why, when your rich and powerful friend knows you no more, should you do yourself the injustice of believing that you deserved his disfavour? Nutshells will account for all; and if they do not heal your misfortunes, they may act as a salve to your wounded vanity.

Though I long ago ceased to be an editor, I continue to crack my nuts with the same equanimity as ever. Those who complain of the shells that I cast on each side of me are the fools and unfortunates, and not I. Let the stupid geniuses either keep out of my way, or disclose themselves visibly and palpably before me. If I see them, sure am I that no date-stones or nutshells of mine shall hit them, either in front or behind, in the eye, or elsewhere; but if I don't see them, and could not see them, either with a telescope or a microscope, or through my ordinary spectacles, were I to try ever so desperately to do so, what right have they to complain? But whether they complain or not, it is all the same to John Wagstaffe.

And you, oh, friendly reader of these lines, successful or unsuccessful, great or small, wise or stupid, think upon NUTSHELLS, and be consoled under the rubs and buffettings that you may have to endure from Envy, Spite, Malice, and Uncharitableness. What mad Sisylock hate Antonio! NUTSHELLS! What caused the Athenians to banish Aristides! NUTSHELLS. Every time that he was called "the just," a nutshell flew into the jaundiced eye of some invisible snail, who detested him evermore. The straightness of a man's spine may be a nutshell in the eye of a hunchback, and deserved Prosperity a sharp and hard-hitting nutshell in the eye of equally deserved Adversity. Smeuldungus has lost his nose—I will not say how; and whenever a man passes him with that noble member intact, and handsome as Nature made it, Smeuldungus feels a nutshell in his eye, and hates the good fellow who never heard of him or of his infamy. Every man in the world is some or other of a nut-cracker; but great men crack more nuts than small ones, throw about a greater quantity of shells, and consequently make more enemies. There is no help for it. Greatness has, at all events, this consolation; it not only cracks its nuts, but eats them, and cares nothing for the consequences.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.—MISS AMY SEDGWICK, and DOBIE REE LOVE ME? every evening. Also, first time, a New Comedy, entitled *ROMANCE AND REALITY*, written by Mr. JOHN BROUGHAM, formerly of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden and Drury-lane, and in which he will make his first appearance since his return from America.—*MONDAY*, 7, at 8 o'clock, Mr. Brougham, with DOBIE REE LOVE ME? Mr. Brougham, Miss Amy Sedgwick, &c.; after which, *ROMANCE AND REALITY*, concluding with the new Ballet of *THE SUN AND THE WIND*.—Box office open daily from 10 till 8.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1860.

WHEN we last adverted to the military tactics adopted by Garibaldi in his attack on the Royalist army, we stated that in order to command the plain of Capua, and separate it from the fastnesses of the Abruzzi, and the plains beyond the Apennines, he had taken up a strong position at Cajazzo, between the upper and lower basins of the Volturno. On the morning of the 23rd ult. the sentries of the revolutionary troops at this place gave notice of the approach from Capua of a body of 5,000 Swiss and Bavarians, and 3,000 Neapolitans. Their attack in such force was irresistible. For a whole hour, however, the Garibaldini withstood a terrible cannonade. It was not until their ammunition was exhausted that the colonel ordered a charge with the bayonet. The native troops yielded, but the mercenaries did not. A frightful butchery ensued, quarter being neither asked nor given. Houses were burned into which wounded men had been carried; volunteers in flight, swimming for safety across the Volturno, were killed by hand grenades thrown at them, and Cajazzo was taken. This defeat is the first important check which Garibaldi has sustained since he entered the mainland. Four hundred of his followers have been placed *hors de combat*. The loss of prestige which has followed has, however, to some extent, been redeemed by a triumph over the Royalists at Limetola; it has nevertheless produced a very marked change in the general tone of feeling at Naples, and the arrival of the Piedmontese troops, which are now drawn up close upon the southern frontier of the Papal States, is anxiously expected at Naples.

On Friday, the 28th ultimo, the Sardinian fleet having, by a bold manoeuvre, destroyed all the batteries of the port of Ancona, Lamerice, seeing that it was of no avail to continue his desperate resistance to overwhelming numbers, offered terms of capitulation. The French general, wishing to express his admiration of the gallantry of the Piedmontese admiral, surrendered to him, and was received on board the fleet with military honours not usually accorded to a prisoner of war. In his portfolio, which has fallen into the hands of the enemy, it is said that letters have been found of the most compromising character, with the most positive proofs of his having entered into intrigues with the legitimists, and even the red republicans, against the Government of the Emperor Napoleon.

The policy to be pursued by the English Government is so far indicated by a despatch published in the *Cologne Gazette*, dated the 31st of August last, from Lord John Russell to Sir James Hudson, the British Ambassador at Turin. In this document the English minister points out the consequences which may follow to Sardinia if the king should attack Venice. The Great Powers, he says, are at present bent upon the maintenance of peace, and Great Britain has interests in the Adriatic over which she keeps careful watch.

This despatch has, doubtless, not been without influence upon the policy of the Government of Turin, as set forth in a speech made to the Sardinian Parliament by Count Cavour, at their first meeting on Tuesday last. Henceforth, he said, Italy is free, with the exception of Venetia, for the recovery of

which, however, Piedmont cannot make war upon Austria against the almost unanimous wish of the European Powers. These reasons, he added, also impose upon Sardinia the duty of respecting Rome; and he concluded with a request that the Parliament will decide upon the point for which it had been convoked, viz., whether the existing Government enjoys its confidence, an expression of opinion at this crisis being all "the more necessary, as a voice in which is dear to the people has manifested its distrust of the present ministry to the crown and the country." After this address had been delivered a project of law was presented to the Assembly with a view to confer authority on the king to accept the annexation of those provinces of central and southern Italy in which the inhabitants, by universal suffrage, shall freely manifest a wish to form an integral part of the constitutional monarchy of Sardinia. A committee was appointed, who, on Wednesday, expressed full confidence in the policy of Count Cavour, but desired that all conflict with Garibaldi should cease.

The *Military Gazette* of Turin announces the fact that the king is to proceed forthwith to Naples; while Garibaldi, in an order of the day, published at Caserta, informs his troops that the Piedmontese army will shortly cross the Neapolitan frontier. Victor Emmanuel is now between Bologna and Ancona, on his way, it is understood, to Naples. This decisive step on the part of Victor Emmanuel has been hastened not only by the repulse sustained by Garibaldi at Cajazzo, but by the general discontent expressed with the men into whose hands the conduct of public affairs at Naples has fallen. On the 24th, a deputation of the municipality waited upon the Dictator to express an opinion that certain recent measures are inconsistent with the principles of sound constitutional liberty hitherto respected throughout the Italian Revolution. To this protest Garibaldi replied that he will not intrust the government to any but such who enjoy public confidence, and never under any circumstances allow the army of Southern Italy to contend with that of Piedmont. In conformity with these resolutions he has published the list of a new ministry, consisting of men belonging to the moderate party, that is to say, of those who are favourable to speedy annexation.

In anticipation of these re-assuring facts, a deputation is on its way from Naples to Victor Emmanuel, with the purpose of urging him to proclaim annexation without delay. An address, numerous signatures, has been at the same time transmitted to him, in which he is implored to hasten his journey to Naples, there to consecrate Italian Unity, and restore peace and tranquillity to the kingdom. The monarchists say that they wish to see the veterans who fought at Palestro and San Martino fostering with the brave youths who, landing at Marsala, few in number, but aided by the population, have delivered the most faithful—and not the least fair—of the Italian provinces, in order that all may march from Naples guided by the wisdom of a King of Italy, and aided by the boldness and genius of Garibaldi, to overthrow the remaining enemies of Italy, and complete the work of national redemption.

The reconciliation of Garibaldi and the Court of Turin is jealously watched by the Mazzini party at Naples, who have circulated a proclamation protesting against the absorption of the Italian provinces into Piedmont, and claiming for all of them the right to co-operate with perfect equality in drawing up a political and civil code for Italy. It is said that they have been getting up addresses among the soldiers, with the view of urging Garibaldi to proceed to Venice, it being the opinion of Mazzini that the Italian army must fight the Austrians before they can obtain possession of Rome, which, nevertheless, he considers essential to the unity of Italy. The extreme party, however, repudiate all interference with the course of events. In the mean time, they have resolved to sink their republican views in the cause of Italian Unity. When this great object has been accomplished, they will continue to advocate democratic measures, as tending towards a goal which may not be reached in this generation. Mazzini says that he has gone to Naples to enjoy the bright skies, to recruit his health, and with no purpose of meddling in politics.

The news of Garibaldi's defeat before Capua had no sooner reached Palermo than the Royalist garrison in the citadel opened a fire of grape and round-shot upon the citizens. Great excitement prevailed at the date of the latest intelligence, although, on the representation of the foreign consuls, the bombardment had ceased.

While the Royalist party in Naples has been cheered by the temporary successes of the ex-King against Garibaldi, the Spanish Government have addressed a circular note to the various Powers, recalling the treaties by which the rights of the Neapolitan Bourbons are guaranteed, and supporting the protest issued by the King, before retiring to Gaeta, against the invasion of Naples.

The views of the French are of more importance than those of the Spanish Government. The *Moniteur* of the 30th ult. announces that a division of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and a battery of artillery, are to embark at Marseilles, in order to reinforce the corps of occupation at Rome, and that General Guyon has been authorized to extend his action as far as the military conditions to which it is naturally subordinate may permit him. The Emperor, adds the official journal, will continue to fulfil, conformably to the mission which he has assumed, the duties which his sympathies for the Holy Father impose upon him. What this mission, these duties, and these sympathies are, it would be hard to say, seeing that Napoleon III. has it in his power to forbid the Piedmontese from invading

the territory of the Pope. The despatch of troops from Toulon has already commenced.

The great debate on the Constitution, in the Reichsrath, was brought to a close on the afternoon of the 27th ult. On a vote being come to, fifty-six members voted out of fifty-eight, thirty-four for the programme of the majority in favour of federation and local institutions, and sixteen for that of the minority of the committee, and in favour of centralization. The Archduke President dismissed the Council, after having warmly thanked its members for their self-devotion and activity. Artillery, ammunition, and supplies of all kinds continue to be sent into Venetia, while several regiments of the line are under marching orders to proceed to the same destination. It is said that the Government has now in its hands evidence that there has been a constant correspondence kept up between the new Neapolitan Government, the Venetians, and the Magyars. Throughout the Austrian empire a levy of 100,000 men has been resolved upon, a volunteer movement being at the same time encouraged by the Government. In consequence of the continued excitement in Hungary, the Government have resorted to the extreme step of shutting up the university of Prath for an indefinite time. A report is in circulation that agents of Garibaldi have been discovered taking soundings by night in the lagoons. Certain it is that the lamps have been extinguished in the lighthouse of the Austrian coast, in terms of a new regulation, fortunately not put in force until the Liverpool steamer had arrived at Trieste.

From Central America we learn that General Walker, with 70 of his men, had been captured by troops belonging to Honduras, who, in the boats of the *Jauru*, a British war-steamer, proceeded up the Rio Negro in pursuit of him and his party. The filibusters were in a very desperate condition. Many of them, who were sick, were allowed to return to the United States, on the condition of never again returning to Central America. Walker and Colonel Kodles are, however, condemned to be shot; and late advices state that the sentence has been executed.

The proceedings of the Social Science Association at Glasgow during the past week have received much attention, indicating, as they do, the course of legislation advocated in a large class of important questions by certain promoters of educational and social reform. The proceedings on the second day of meeting were opened with an address from the Lord Advocate, on jurisprudence.

On the same day, Sir J. K. Shuttlesworth read a paper on the "Correlation of Moral and Physical Forces," that is to say, on the compromise which must be come to in legislation between the art of money-making and the laws of morality. The upper classes of the community might, he held, gain for a time by a cruel system of overwork, in which men were treated as mere brute instruments, but they would ultimately lose by the degradation of the population so treated. Sir J. K. Shuttlesworth would have drunkenness suppressed by religious education, a rigorous police, and a stringent enforcement of the Licensed Victuallers' Act; education being his great remedy for the worst of our social evils. Mr. Kinnaird, on the 27th, read a paper on "Punishment and Reformatories." He adopted, to some extent, the views of Sir J. K. Shuttlesworth, but he advocated a different kind of education from that approved of by this gentleman and the Committee of the Privy Council, which he thinks is much too bookish and reconciles for the working classes, and calculated to unfit them for service and the performance of their home duties. He thinks that education should supply the poor with the means of spending their leisure in useful and varied occupations. "Why," he asks, "should not every boy know enough of tailoring, of shoemaking, and of carpentry to enable him, when a man and the father of a family, to make his children's shoes, though he may be a painter by trade; to make the easy-chair for his wife, and even to mend his own coat?" Mr. Kinnaird, to some extent, marred the force of his remarks upon many true and important principles, by proposals to place crowded tenements under penal statutes, to introduce the *Forbes Mackenzie Act* into England, and to enforce the observance of the Sabbath by legislative enactments. Mr. James McClelland contributed a valuable paper upon Education in the United States, from which country he has lately returned from a tour, during which he made the subject of Education his especial study.

The *Monitor* of the 20th ultimo publishes a document of the highest importance, viz., the first part of the new French tariff applicable to English products, embracing metals, machinery, tools and instruments. The extent to which the duties are reduced on all the goods enumerated in the schedule accompanying the Imperial decree, will surprise those unacquainted with the extent to which manufactured articles in iron, steel, and brass were burdened with prohibitory duties by previous regulations, and thereby placed behind the reach of French competitors.

The Prince of Wales, on Friday the 11th, arrived at Niagara, where he saw the Falls, as they have never been seen before, illuminated by the glare of 200 Bengal lights, on which the waters shone as if turned to molten silver. On the following day Mr. Blount executed his most terrific feat, that of crossing the rapids on a tight-rope with a man on his back, a spectacle which it was necessary that the Prince should witness, as the Americans now declare that unless you see "Blondin walk you don't see Niagara." His Royal Highness has now entered the United States. He left Hamilton on the 20th, and arrived at Detroit on the same evening.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

The price of wheat has risen generally from 5s. to 6s. a quarter, within the last ten days, in consequence of the return of unfavourable weather, and is now higher than at any time since 1856. White wheat now sells for 55s. to 70s. per quarter, and red wheat for 50s. to 65s. The difference of 15s. for wheats in *Mark-lane*, which in some markets amounts to 18s., indicates varying qualities in the crop. It is very unequal. Some wheat has been secured in good condition, and has grown well out, while some is extremely poor. In consequence chiefly of the rise in the price of food, speculation in the Funds and trade generally has been again dull.

From a reported deficiency of the coffee crop to supply the wants of the world, and a reported comparatively short stock of sugar in our possession, we might expect an active condition of the markets; but, under ordinary circumstances, the price of food influences, not to say governs, all other markets. While it is low, and likely to continue low, there is a comparative abundance of means to buy other commodities not so strictly necessary as food, and then there is life and activity in other markets. The *Legislative-General's* weekly returns inform us as to the metropolis, at least; and what is true in respect of it is true of nearly every part of the empire,—that population continually increases. We have no similar assurance that the production of food, and all other useful commodities, are continually increasing in an equal ratio. We believe that it has not so increased, because we know that production, as the rule is, is stimulated by high prices. We say, therefore, if population has really gone ahead of production, anticipate a season of advanced prices, particularly of food. As all other markets depend, in the main, on the food market, and as we know, from much experience, that this cannot be interfered with by the state without causing inexpressible mischief, it ought not to interfere with the production of any other commodity whatever; for the price of it, and the remuneration of the producers, must ultimately depend on the price of food.

We learn by the *Herndon* mail, in accordance with the statement that the supply of coffee is below the demand, that the price of coffee in the Brazil has risen, in consequence of the increased demand from Europe and the United States. The vast increase in the quantity of this article now grown in the island of Ceylon is one of the marvels of modern industry. From producing none, English capital and English energy, aided by native labour, has made it the chief source of our supply. Our increased consumption is more than met by what is grown in Ceylon, and the coffee produced in the other parts of the tropics goes to supply the countries of the continent which have not, like the French and the Dutch, coffee-growing colonies, and yet are great consumers of coffee.

The silver which lately arrived from Mexico has been sold at a reduction of 1d. per ounce. The present price is 61½d. per ounce. This expresses the relative value of silver to gold; thus, the present price, with the fall, indicates that gold is not declining in value, as has for some time been much doubted by all the owners of fixed incomes. Now people begin to see that a general rise of prices, from the gold discoveries, which it was supposed at one time would affect the fortunes of all, is not likely to take place. In fact, when the immense quantity of paper currency now in use is considered, or how small a proportion of the whole currency of the world consists of gold, and how great the quantity of gold—the increase in the quantity of gold, though great in relation to the stock in the world, is, relatively to the general amount of currency, so small that it is not likely to have much effect on prices.

It is stated that the idea of a bill of exchange, promissory note, draft, or other promise to pay, being regarded as cancelling a debt, is here considered preposterous. This is extraordinary, since it is an idea with which the public is continually familiarized by the promise to pay of the Bank of England being in law an actual payment or legal tender. This is not, indeed, a promise of the individual to pay, but the promise of a company, namely, as the guarantee, that the promise will be fulfilled by all the power of the state. Still it is only a promise to pay, which is made in law to be an actual payment.

The public has been rather astonished in the week to see the signatures of two English functionaries with those of two French functionaries to a decree in the *Monitor*, regulating the customs duties on iron imported into France. The strange circumstance is, however, the proper consequence of the treaty of commerce with France, and may perhaps be the first instance of a decree common to both countries affecting the interest of both, inasmuch as if the people were under one government, as they obviously carry on their mutual trade under one common national law.

The principal feature of the change is the substitution of a duty of £2 10s. 10d. on all rolled iron, for the complicated, greater, and discriminatory duty of different kinds of rolled iron, which before existed. It has been received with approbation by our manufacturers. It will tend, though it has not had any immediate effect on our iron market, to increase our manufacture, while it will facilitate the production of useful machines and instruments in France. It is a part of the changes which are to flow from the commercial treaty, and cannot fail to confer benefit on both nations. The duty is to be further reduced 16 per cent. in 1861.

Another failure of no great importance is announced in the leather trade. Money, in consequence of slackened enterprise, continues abundant. The rate of discount is unaltered; but there is no pressure. The Funds, too, stand at about the same figure as last week, but are a little improved. Political events have been considered to be favourable, and a slight improvement in the public Funds has followed. Railway Shares continue firm, and preserve generally their upward tendency. It is satisfactory to see that this vast property maintains its value, and to believe that it is destined to improve. The great work now on the Railways of the United States, and a fair amount of business has been done in them of late in our market. The public are beginning to think that there are no securities which promise larger dividends hereafter, or offer more temptations to capitalists, than the railroads of the United States.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

Those who were so loud and industrious a week ago in announcing—and fomenting—quarrels in Italy between Garibaldi and the King, are compelled to hark back, and once more to take the hopeful view of Italian affairs which has never been abandoned in THE LONDON REVIEW.

Many seem to doubt the co-operation of the Sarlinian army, and to hint at the reluctance of the Government of Turin to occupy protractively the Neapolitan territory. But I am confidently informed that there will be no more hesitation exhibited on this score, and that when the vote of the Parliament is taken at Turin, the Sarlinian troops will enter the Neapolitan territory to maintain order, and that they will be personally commanded by Victor Emmanuel, who will join the forces of Garibaldi, now swollen to 90,000 men, and will assist the vote in favour of Italian Unity, which will be no longer delayed. There is every fair prospect of a great and powerful Italian kingdom, without the interference of foreign Powers. I always said that the Pope would not leave Rome. He can stay there peacefully and happily, if he will confine himself to his spiritual duties, and leave the career of government to the brave King, and the united and intelligent Parliament of Italy.

Whilst the Court and the great officers of state are absent, Lord Palmerston receives daily at his country seat the reports of the several departments, and learns that everything in the United Kingdom goes on smoothly and tranquilly. Ministers will assemble in London early in November, in preparation for the coming Session of Parliament.

There is another unexpected vacancy in the House of Commons. Mr. Dunn, the member for Dartmouth, has died suddenly, on his route to Australia by the Red Sea. As he notoriously brought his way into Dartmouth, the place is considered open to any enterprising dealer, who can adopt safely the same road to success. Mr. Moffatt, who was twice elected for Dartmouth, is gone to Houlton, which he will not desert; and Mr. Lindley sits for Sunderland. As the Derby Government is not now installed at the Admiralty, it cannot use the bribe of sustaining any ship of war of the coast. I believe Mr. Shesley is in London. If so he may regain the seat of which he was deprived by a Committee of the House of Commons. He would make a most respectable member. His wife has just offered her splendid house, near Fittsbrough, to the Prince of Wales,—a fact which ought to give her British husband an additional claim upon the sympathies of his countrymen.

Covent Garden does not fill for the English Opera season. I should be surprised if it did—with old opera, old singers, and everything of a mediocre quality, except the lead, which is only inferior to Coste's. The managers must better themselves if they keep to maintain their reputation.

The rival house at the West-end premises great variety, both in Italian and English Operas. But, with the exception of two or three names of eminence, the companies are composed, for the most part, of very inferior and unknown artists. Unless the land can be improved, Her Majesty's Theatre, I fear, will sink lower than ever below its ancient aristocratic reputation. There is a new staircase in course of construction for the Queen, with increased accommodation of every kind; but the musical department must be improved, ere the management receives any large accession of royal patronage. However, Mr. Smith enters for the million, and they, perhaps, are the best playmates, after all. A very questionable change is made in the audience part of the house. The balcony, first constructed for the promenade concerts, is once more erected. Some room is gained by this; but a great portion of the pit, and of the grand tier and pit tier of private boxes, is destroyed—so that upon a balance of accommodation, there is nothing gained. It is only admitting a more numerous and inferior class.

Singularly good fortune attends the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Beckstone almost makes his season continuous; and excellent management always finds its reward.

Fitzfall has a striking dramatic piece ready for Astley's. We wish it success. It is one of the very few theatres in London which pays a good price to dramatic authors.

The company at Drury Lane Theatre, which is to open on the 15th of the present month, is strong. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Matthews, Mrs. and Miss Stirling, Mrs. Frank Matthews, Miss Ellen Arden, Mrs. M. Davis, Mr. Robert Rooley, Mr. Lamlert (who has been for years absent in Australia), and other popular artists, are to appear. The ill effect of a "contract," compels Mr. B. Webster to carry another "contract" play, for which he has not room at the Adelphi, to that, properly, which operates as a "house"—Drury Lane. Mr. Webster thus assists Mr. Smith to swell his long list of modern actors at "Old Drury," but he is right, so long as "The Colleen Bawn" continues to draw full houses to the New Adelphi.

The Princess's Theatre is announced to open with a French actor of celebrity, who was the representative, in Paris, of the twin brothers in the well-known high mark. But Mr. Harris has provided one or two sorceries of high mark. But Mr. Harris must stir himself, for there is promise of more than usual rivalry in the forthcoming theatrical campaign.

Mr. Wigan makes no sign since the St. James's beyond what we were able to announce a fortnight back. But his friends are confident in his judgment and ability, and we have no doubt he will make the St. James's Theatre a fashionable and favorite resort.

Mr. Robson keeps on his successful career at the Olympic with as little as possible of novelty, either in his company or in his productions.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul, whose entertainment was so fortunate as to obtain a lengthened London "run" are performing in the large Yorkshire towns with very great success.

MEN OF MARK.—No. IV.

LORD CAMPBELL.

THE King is dead. Long live the King! Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst retired, and is succeeded by Lord Chancellor Brougham. Cottonian, Trevelyan, St. Leonards, Crauworth, Chichester follow, and then comes a venerable figure, who affects a certain republican plainness and severity of attire and demeanour. Years ago he wished to be known as "Plain John." His speech is the rugged Doric of the land of Burns. Nelson could not have worn an air of more staid and sober gravity. His mind never parts off the omnino. Fox used to say that no human being was ever so wise as Thurlow looked. Minerva would accept the present occupant of the mace and seals as her high priest, and, if justice could look from under her fillet, she would not be approvingly at her revered interpreter. If we called Lyndhurst the Pericles and Brougham the Alcibiades of Lord Chancellor, the subject of our present sketch might be, for gravity, if not for wisdom, the Keomest of the group. In such brilliant and dashing company he is like a quaker dressed in homopony and hoddie-gry among the Valkyries of his age. By the side of cotemporary so eminent and so rarely gifted, his peculiar gifts are likely to be undervalued, and to receive scant appreciation. No flashes of genius, no brilliant versatility here dazzle our judgment or extort our wonder. Yet, to speak of him as a more plodding lawyer would be a great mistake. He has that rare good sense, which, in perfection, is another kind of genius. Shrewdness and sagacity, a mild well-bemused and highly balanced, perseverance that can disconcert occasional failure, a happy knowledge of men and things, strong convictions, with a due temperance and moderation in their advocacy and expression, are not gifts and graces so equitably vouchsafed that they need to be displayed. In one respect our lawyer, third and last in order, will be by many esteemed above his great rivals. His political career has been distinguished for an undeviating consistency. While the Tories have reproached Lyndhurst for occasional tergiversation, and while the Liberals have not seldom mourned over the alterations of Brougham, "Plain John" has never swerved from the principles which he avowed at his entrance into public life. The assiduous had a saying, "Call no man foreman till you know the manner of his end." But if there be any faith in politics or politicians, that which our present Lord Chancellor was at the outset of his political career he will be to the end,—a happy and enviable example of public consistency, and of a political faith which posterity will consider wisely chosen and manfully upheld.

Perhaps the proudest and most exciting moment in the career of our legal sage was when he walked up the floor of the House of Commons after gaining the verdict which declared the innocence of his Prime Minister and political patron, and recused the reputation of a woman of beauty and genius from the shafts of calumny. By his singular skill and tact in cross-examination, he had made the lowliest disreputable witnesses, who were to have sworn away a man's honour and a woman's plighted faith, tell the story of their own baseness and untrustworthiness. The skilful and eloquent advocate walked from the Court to St. Stephen's to gain the cheer that greeted his triumph; and richly he deserved his oration. He had not only laid bare a conspiracy—the law served his party. The dangerous wound recoiled upon the heads of those who had used it. The calumny, invented and fostered to serve a political purpose, was followed by a reaction against its authors, editors, and sponsors.

Another proud event in the career of the Whig Attorney-General was his pamphlet setting forth the law upon church-rates. It was a courageous act. No client had paid a hundred guineas for his opinion and then published it; last deliberately, in order to set at rest mischievous and unfounded assertions, the Attorney-General published a statement of the law as it was afterwards substantially affirmed by the House of Lords upon the *Brimley* case. This pamphlet greatly encouraged Liberal Churchmen and Dissenters in their opposition to this vexatious impost, which, if the Church had been wise, would long ago have ceased to create heartburning and ill-will.

"Plain John" was a tower of strength to the Whigs of his day. He was the great Attorney-General of his generation. As a law officer of the Crown he was of the first force—judicious, safe, abiding from to responsibility that rightfully belongs to a lawyer; unassuming, and not cured with a too intense consciousness, like his latest successor in the office. He was, indeed, indispensable to the Whigs. Unless an Attorney-General consents to a restriction upon his privileges on taking office, he can, according to etiquette, enact any law of his office that may fall venial, from a prime judgment to the Chief Justice of the Bench, or the Great Seal. When the subject of our sketch stated that he should like to exchange the turmoil of the Courts for the dignity of the Bench, he was told he could not be spared. When he shrugged his shoulders, and said "*Mais, Monsieur!*" he was asked, like a certain transatlantic celebrity, whether "he would like a tide?" This acknowledgment of his eminent services to his party was freely accorded, and his wife became a baroness in her own right. Yet the fruit plucked from so high a bough threatens to turn to litter asides in the month, for the son has inherited the mother's barony; and unless the old man's signal consistency, his judicial services, and his legislative achievements, are rewarded by a step in the Peerage, he will drop from woodcock to a rank and precedence inferior to that of his son.

As a law reformer he has won laurels scarcely, if at all, inferior to any of his cotemporaries. No newspaper writer will forget the gratitude which his order owes to the legislator who first permitted them to plead *habeas corpus* in the discharge of their functions as public instructors; nor can we omit, even in this brief notice, to bear testimony to the exemplary candour, fairness, and moderation which, as a judge, he displayed on all occasions of prosecutions against the press. Our space will not permit us to detail his share in amending the law of evidence and practice of the Courts, but we must not close in a line the next known by his name, by which railway directors and ship-owners are made responsible to the widow and orphan for deaths caused by their negligence, or the carelessness of *hicks* of their servants. It is now clearer for railway companies to employ a *haver*

pointman, and to pay for a day relay of guards and engine-drivers, than to deprive the doctor's bill, or compensate the families of the victims to their parsimony and bad management.

It used to be said of Dr. Buckland, that he demonstrated the habits of the megalomaniac with mastery, because natural, pantomimic action. When our Lord Chancellor rises to address their lordships, his gestures seem heavy to un-imaginables. He pitches his voice too low for that capacious chamber, forgetting that he is no longer charging juries in the Queen's Bench or in assize courts, and that his voice, to be heard, should be low and sustained. Much of what he says is therefore lost, even by the lordships, which is to be lamented, since all that is heard is cogent and well reasoned. His "Lives of the Chief Justices of England" has taken a high place in legal biography. His "Lives of the Lord Chancellors" it may be hoped, will complete to the date of his death, by leaving behind him his autobiography. Our three lawyers are all self-made men. They owed nothing to rank, fortune, and influential connections; and the young Scotch advocate had to struggle against the disadvantage of his rugged northern speech and somewhat unpublishable exterior. In the annals of self-made men there are few histories more striking or more honorable than that which will chronicle the earnestness, energy, and industry of JOHN LORD CAMPBELL, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF ENGLAND.

We bracketed our three great legal dignitaries together, although want of space prevented us to give their portraits separately—from week to week,—and not collectively, as we intended. A rivalry, half real and half affected, has long existed between them. If Lyndhurst makes a speech on foreign affairs which wins him the greater fame, Brougham congratulates himself on being able to dance a better quadrille, or on carrying off the honours of blind man's buff. If Campbell shoots a hawk, he would miss his chief satisfaction if he did not "make Brougham die of envy." In law reformers they maintain a constant triangular duel. Campbell delights to engage and vanquish Brougham; and when he himself tries his hand, and comes down with a bill, he always finds Lyndhurst "waiting round the corner for him," as the sparrow-hawk, in Sam Weller's story, waited for the robin. In this encounter of legal acumen, the audience, like the Vicar of Wakefield, may not feel sure that there is a great deal of wit, but they can not but feel that there is a great deal in the great deal of wit and laughter among their lordships.

Lyndhurst is eighty-eight, Brougham eighty-two, and Campbell eighty-one. Ought we not to admire no brilliant and remarkable a conjuncture of great planets in our parliamentary horizon with a certain fire and haste, lest, ere we have sufficiently gazed, observed, and compared them, one or other of these luminaries be suddenly withdrawn and quenched in night?

THE SHAKESPEARE IRELAND FORGERIES.

I.—WHAT THE FORGERIES WERE.

THE fabrication, towards the close of the last century, of a mass of documents purporting to be in the handwriting of Shakespeare, and other persons of his time, is an incident in our literary history which recent circumstances have invested with renewed interest. The details concerning it have been carefully examined in an article published in the August number of *Frazer's Magazine*. But the subject is by no means exhausted. Some curious particulars remain yet to be filled in, and some errors, both of statement and conjecture, to be set right. Of our purpose is to digress the materials for the completion of the story of the forgeries, in a short series of papers, touching chiefly on certain portions of the narrative which have not hitherto been sufficiently explored. The new matter will partly consist of memorabilia derived from a personal knowledge of William Henry Ireland, and of Montague Talbot, who detected the forger at his extraordinary labours in his chambers at New Inn. The contents of both, drawn from direct observation, and the origin and progress of the forgeries, as related by them at different times, long after they ceased to hold intercourse with each other, suggest points well worth dwelling upon in the reconsideration of the case. It is also our intention to introduce in these papers fac-similes of the most remarkable of the signatures, real, water-marks, &c. traced or forged by Ireland, so that the reader shall have before him accurate illustrations of the skill with which the fraud was perpetrated, so far at least as the imitation of the Elizabethan handwriting went. These fac-similes are taken from a volume, which we shall presently mention, in a future paper, presented by William Henry Ireland to Montague Talbot, the dramatist, and now in the possession of the Editor of this paper.

It will be necessary, for the sake of clearness, to tell the story of the Forgeries in the first instance; but we will dismiss it in outline, its most material features being already well known. In sifting it, with a view to the marshalling of the facts, as matter of evidence, great difficulties arise from the want of dates. In none of the statements that were published at the period, either by the Irelands, or their supporters or opponents, can we obtain any clue to the exact time when the forgeries originated, or when they first came into the hands of Samuel Ireland, or the earliest dates of their pretended discovery, all of which items are essential to the elucidation of more than one important question raised in the course of the inquiry. We must, therefore, be content with such dates as we have, and such lights as they supply.

It is strange enough that there were two Irelands, who were contemporaries in London towards the end of the eighteenth century, who followed the same pursuits, and who were often mistaken for each other. Both trafficked in prints and pictures, both made large collections of Hogarth's works, and both issued publications bearing the same identical title of "Illustrations of Hogarth." But there were marked differences between the two Irelands. One was John Ireland, the other was Samuel. John Ireland was born in a farmhouse in Shropshire, which had the honour of giving birth to the poet Wycherley. He was brought up by Wycherley's widow, and being left unprotected for at her death, his friends put him to the watchmaking business, in which he had so little success that he turned dealer in prints and pictures, and an avocation which he had a natural inclination, and some talent. This led to his employment upon the works of Hogarth. He is said

to have been a man of strict integrity of character, and of pleasant and inoffensive manners.

Samuel Ireland had a higher ambition than his modest namesake, and his tastes took a more discursive range. He began life in Spitalfields, but soon made his way to the West-end, where he found a ample field for his talents in the compilation of *Illustrated Tour Books*, for which there was a great rage at that time, to which he added the more profitable calling of a speculator in rare books, prints, and drawings. He could draw, engrave, and write, with a certain amount of practical cleverness in each department, but excelling in none. He was an enthusiast in whatever he did, and if he did not always do his work well, he never failed from lack of exertion. In 1790, he published a "Picturesque Tour in Holland, Brabant, and a part of France"; in 1792, "Picturesque Views on the Thames"; in 1793, "Picturesque Views on the Medway"; in 1794, "Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth"; and in 1795, "Picturesque Views of the Severn and its branches, and the English Lake District." He was also the author of a "History of the Inns of Court," a posthumous publication. This list of his works testifies to his industry, and which is more to our purpose, indicates the direction it took. We learn from a publication given to the world upwards of thirty years after his death by his son, that the great passion of his life was unbounded devotion to Shakespeare. Four evenings out of the seven, Shakespeare was read and discussed in Ireland's house after dinner, his son William Henry and his two daughters taking different parts, and reading them aloud, to the infinite delight of their father. Ireland lived in Norfolk-street, off the Strand, where he had an excellent library, and a large collection of prints, drawings, and engravings, especially of the works of Hogarth, which is spoken of in terms of critical admiration.

Surrounded by such associations, and inspired by the constant perusal of the works of Shakespeare, under such suggestive circumstances, we may easily understand, without throwing any doubt on the sincerity of his professions, how young Ireland became impressed with the conviction that he was called upon to do something for his country, and for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. The situation was dangerous to a youth about town, whose lively imagination was evidently in advance of his moral culture; and when his father declared, as he did over and over again in various forms, that he would give him his whole collection of rarities—books, pictures, and all,—for a single evening of his divine Shakespeare, and that he would give him the privilege of reading the plays to the eyes of the son, whose destiny—to use his own peculiar language—these "reiterated eulogies" and "incessant remarks" irretrievably sealed. The crude, irresolute thought which these evenings with Shakespeare at home first dropped darkly into the mind of William Henry, was confirmed into an abase by a journey to Stratford, collected materials for a book upon the Avon. The boy was the companion of the tourist on that occasion, and participated in the frantic orgies with which the elder Ireland appears to have closed each day's gathering of "legendary tales" and "traditional accounts." From morning till night nothing was talked of but Shakespeare. "In short," says William Henry the name of Shakespeare ushered in the dawn, and a bumper, quaffed to his immortal memory at night, sealed up our weary eyes in repose."

It was early in the year 1795 (we confine ourselves at present to the public production of the forgeries, reserving for a separate paper the singular drama of their fabrication) that Samuel Ireland announced to the wondering world of literature—which boasted of the most famous Shakespearean commentators that had at that time appeared upon the scene, including Malone, Steevens, Farmer, Prynne, Ritson, Doane—the discovery of numerous MSS., large portions of which he had discovered in the handwriting of the great dramatist. Of these MSS. it was stated that they brought to light not only new facts in the life of the poet, but new works from his pen, which had never been heard of before. The effect this announcement produced on the literary circles was much the same as if a bombshell had suddenly exploded among them, and the world had been shaken to its centre. He exhibited his precious relics freely to the public, at his house in Norfolk-street. He made no attempt to set a fictitious value upon them, or to support their authenticity by an ingenious story. In fact he had no story to tell. There they were, to speak for themselves. Their authenticity rested upon the internal evidence. His own raptures about them knew no bounds; but he declined to enter into particulars, answering all questions by a general assertion that he was bound to secrecy. This was honest enough, although he could hardly have taken any course more likely to excite suspicion.

Opinions were divided, upon the inspection of the papers. Some names of note were on the side of authentication, but the number of the critics, and, if we may judge from the tone of the controversy in the periodicals, the bulk of the public, were on the other side. In the midst of the upsurge, Samuel Ireland issued proposals for the publication of his treasures. At first, the only account given of the contents of the MSS. was that they were in his hands, and that he had fallen to him; but he afterwards became more explicit, and stated that he had received them from his son, who had obtained them from a gentleman, the possessor of a large valuable library, who imposed upon him a solemn condition of secrecy. The shifting of the responsibility from one to another, until it disappeared in an anonymous group, will recall the manner in which Moses is obliged to borrow money through a friend in the city, who is obliged to go to somebody else for it, the discount increasing at each remove. Public curiosity, however, was stimulated rather than abated by the impediments that were thrown in the way of the disclosure, and when the promised publication came out in 1796, with great pomp and splendour, in a noble folio volume, issued by subscription at four guineas, the interest it excited was universal and intense. The following is the full title of the work:—"Miscellaneous Papers and Legal Instruments under the Hand and Seal of William Henry Ireland, including the Tragedy of 'King Lear,' and a small Fragment of 'Hamlet,' from the original MSS."

The reader of the present day, who has never had access to any of the original publications connected with this memorable fraud, can form no adequate conception of the extent of the fabrications, or, even if he does, of the ingenuity, industry, and boldness they displayed. A catalogue of the papers exhibited by Mr. Samuel Ireland is no ordinary curiosity in itself. The tragedy of "Vortigern," which came at a later date upon the stage, the "Confession of Faith," the "Letter to Anna Hatheway,"

* A copy of Part II. afterwards brought as much as £20. 8s. Lovers say that there are only two copies extant.

enclosing a lock of Shakespeare's hair, a letter from the Earl of Southampton, and, perhaps, one or two more letters, comprise the whole of the forgeries that are now known, and known chiefly by their titles alone, to the reading public. But the genuineness of the fabricator was far more comprehensive, and involved a much larger area, as will be seen by the following list of the papers, in which we have not included either of the plays forged in Shakespeare's name. Only some of these were published in the grand folio volume; and we are not aware that, except in fac-similes, any of the remainder have escaped into print.

Shakespeare's Autograph.

Quarto Mitchell's Letter to him.

Four Miscellaneous Papers.

A Letter to Anna Hatheway (whom Shakespeare afterwards married), enclosing

A lock of his hair.

A Copy of Verses on the same.

A Copy of Shakespeare's Letter to the Earl of Southampton.

The Earl's Answer to the same.

Shakespeare's Profession of his Faith.

A Letter to Richard Groun.

A Pen-Drawing or Sketch of Shakespeare, by himself, with his Arms and Crest, with two Signatures of his Name.

The Reverse, with his Initials, &c.

A Duet of Gift to William Henry Ireland, with his Signature and Seal reversely attested. In which he gives to the said Ireland several plays, and ten pounds for a ring, in testimony of gratitude towards him, for having, at the request of his own life, saved that of Shakespeare, when drowning in the river Thames.

Tertiary lines to the said Ireland, with the Arms of Ireland and those of Shakespeare linked together by a chain, rudely sketched by himself.

A Pen-Sketch of Ireland's House in Black Friars.

Another Pen-Sketch of the Arms of Shakespeare and Ireland, and two Signatures of Shakespeare.

Shakespeare himself, as it is imagined, in the character of Hamlet, a whole-length

Tinted Drawing; on which are his Arms, and, on each side, the Names of several of his Plays, and the Initials of his Name.

The Reverse of the above, a Drawing, in the same manner as above, of Shylock.

An Agreement with John Lowin, with Shakespeare's and Lowin's Names and

Seals, duly attested.

Another agreement with Henry Condiell, with Attestations as above.

A Lease from Shakespeare to Michael Fraser, and Elizabeth his Wife, with Attestations as above.

A Duet of Trust from Shakespeare to John Henegay, an eminent Lawyer at that time, and afterwards the Manager of the Players in the State Paper Office, sink into insignificance. Here is, at least, an amount of cleverness in design and execution of which it is impossible not to regret the misapplication.

Indeed, the versatility displayed in these instruments and autographs is so remarkable, that the most surprising oversight, as it appears to us, committed by the critics who examined them, was to have overlooked the fraud in the number and variety of the documents laid before them. Had they opened the investigation from that point of view, they must have infallibly arrived at the conclusion that the sponsor of the papers had proved too much.

To this catalogue must be added the tragedy of "Vortigern," produced at Drury Lane Theatre, in the month of April, 1726, and based on the fraud, partly through the exertions of Malone, who warned the audience in a hand-bill that the whole of the pretended documents were forgeries; and partly through the silent resolution of Keble, who played the chief part, to effect the destruction of the piece, by showing that he held the same opinion. Good, kind, pious Mrs. Jordan, who was a firm believer in the authenticity of the play, just as she would have been a firm believer in the generous and trusting side of any question, did her best to save the piece, but in vain. The performances ended in an uproar, which was scarcely appeased by the reappearance of Mrs. Jordan, to speak a spiritually but dangerous epilogue, written for the occasion by Mr. Merry. She was listened to for her own sake; but the moment she left the stage the riot was resumed, and the play, thus effectually annihilated, was never produced again. Mr. Sheridan was indignant at Keble's conduct, and told him, in the green-room, that his private opinion led nothing to do with his business as an actor, that he had been there as a servant of the theatre, and that it was his duty to exert himself to ensure the success of plays, and not to damn them.

Nor was "Vortigern" the only play announced by the owner of these productions. Mr. Ireland informed the public that he possessed another and a better piece, in the handwriting of Shakespeare, which he promised shortly to produce. The fate of "Vortigern," however, seems to have diverted him from his intention. This play was an historical drama, called "Henry II.," which was advertised for publication thirty-six years afterwards by William Henry Ireland, in his last reprint of "Vortigern."

But more daring than these fabrications was a statement put forward by Samuel Ireland, that he had in his possession a number of books which contained marginal notes in the handwriting of Shakespeare, and which were supposed to have formed a part of Shakespeare's library; in confirmation of which he produced a catalogue, in the same handwriting as the other Shakespearean papers, in which the titles of upwards of ten hundred volumes. That this circumstantial attempt at imposition did not at once strike the scholars who resided to Norfolk-street as almost as marvellous as the fraud itself; but nobody seems to have laid any stress upon such points. Everyone was willing to accept the papers as he found them, and to test their authenticity solely by the internal evidence. Even the unscrupulous deed of forgery by which Shakespeare was made to bestow several of his plays, and two pounds for a ring, upon *William Henry Ireland*, for having saved him from drowning, did not excite him so much as the question of orthography.

It was felt on all hands that the reluctant spelling was suspicious. Malone came out upon this point with great force. A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* justly described the orthography as being "blotted throughout with unmeaning letters;" and another writer, in a pretended letter to Malone, gave a highly humorous imitation of it, of which the fol-

lowing is a sample:—"Iste fityes thee too unmederstande that the verretuose epyrtine offe three deparetedde William Shakespeare offe Stratford upon Avon offe offrudibleme lyf anothere counterfeytynge Wyllye fromme Iaxaxa lyf Thamus." The application of this principle of blotting out words by superfluous letters to the name of Ann Hathaway, drew down the special ire of Malone, who declared that, although he had examined thousands of old English deeds, he had never seen the name spelt *Ana*; and that the addition of the final *a* to the repetition of *end*, invariably adopted in these MSS., was utterly unknown to the age of Elizabeth, as, indeed, was the whole orthography, and much of the diction.

Hostile criticisms, charges of fraud, and angry demands for explanations, accumulated upon the head of Samuel Ireland. His house was beginning to be too hot to hold him; and the impatience of William, who was now equally as accurate as his father, was summoned to give evidence. Alarm, or shame, set in at last; and the confidence which had, up to this time, out-faced all interrogatories, now broke down. The young man made a full confession of the whole fraud, and fled from his father's house, which he never entered again.

This disclosure marked the character of Samuel Ireland, who was suspected by many persons then living to have been *peripetous crinatus*. He fell at once from the position he had previously held in the literary and artistic circles; and although he evinced much courage and consistency under very trying circumstances, he could not live down the discredit that settled upon his name. Even John Ireland thought it necessary to disown all connection with him, and took care to let the public know, in the third volume of his "Illustrations of Hogarth," that there was no relationship or intercourse of any kind between them.

Samuel Ireland did not long survive a disgrace which undoubtedly contributed to shorten his life. He died in July, 1804.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARY.—No. II.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

ONE of the most important and agreeable discoveries which we made during our rambles in Hungary was the summer. This year it has been difficult to find a fine day in any part of Europe. We came upon a whole cluster of them together; and just when we stood most in need of cloudless skies and glorious sunshine, we were favoured to our heart's content. It was a bright clear morning when we left Szatmar, a little after sunrise, and our four horses made pleasant music on the hard road as we clattered along; still, for the most part, across wide rolling plains, now dipping into valleys where the streams were fringed with willow, and where rose occasionally a church tower, to mark the site of a village, now rising to the brow of a bare hill, from whence we could see over the undulating prairie for a vast distance in every direction, and distinguish mountain ranges scarcely visible in the blue haze. Fast-rising fields of Indian corn were still the predominant feature in the cultivation; and the golden ears of the ears of the gorgeous sunflowers, at this time of year in full bloom; overtopping the heads of the stalks of the maize, with faces all turned to the rising orb, they bowed their heads like a congregation of worshipping Zoroastrians in their adoration of the god of day. Occasionally we passed vineyards, more often the plough, and at intervals, and at intervals, and at intervals, we passed a stunted oak, celebrated throughout the country for containing quantities of wild boar, and which surrounded the small town of Westprim, where we decided to rest during the noonday heat. We had scarce entered the small hotel when our ears were saluted by the din of voices singing, in stentorian strain, the stanzas of a song. We found a general party collected at the door of a large room, temporarily fitted up as a theatre, from whence these sounds proceeded, and on entering perceived a fine-looking man with a pipe in his mouth, walking, with a *disregard* air, in front of the small stage; occasionally he removed his pipe, in a semi-theatrical manner, from his mouth, and raised his voice to its utmost pitch, when he was immediately joined by a rather plain young woman, sitting in a corner farming herself. Both these personages possessed very powerful voices, and when they had executed a difficult measure together, the gentleman went on smoking and walking about the room, and the lady hummed a little air by herself. The proceedings of this pair, until we discovered that she was the *prima donna* of a company of strolling players, and he the *jeune premier*, struck us as singular; but presently the group at the door came dropping in, and with the assistance of a chair, popped upon the primitive stage, where they placed themselves on their knees, and we perceived that they were to utter a few lines of the performances which were destined in the evening to charm the community of Westprim. The piece was apparently a Hungarian opera, but the actors confined themselves to those choruses about which their proficiency was doubtful, so that we had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the plot. The Hungarian voices were somewhat hoarse and raspy, but the music was pleasant to listen to, and contained some fine passages.

We dined off wild boar, and made a little exploration of the town, which is situated on two sides of a river, and contains a minaret, now used as a fire alarm, a remnant of the former occupation of the town by the Turks.

In two hours after leaving Westprim we reached the brow of a hill, and found ourselves looking down upon the vast expanse of the Platten See, glittering in the afternoon sun. Vineyards clothe the hill sides, which slope gently down to its margin; villages nestle at their base, and a clump of woods on the lake shore, and two or three large substantial buildings, indicate the position of the baths of Furdau, which we regard with complacency as our journey's end.

A promenade, shaded by small trees, with a statue of Kisdalud, the Hungarian poet at one end; the mineral spring, contained in a sort of little temple at the other a band-stand in the middle, and benches everywhere, in the middle of the lake, on one side, and on the other three by hotel, and shops, and the bathing establishments. The baths of Furdau had served as an object for our journey, but the name had conveyed no very definite idea of what we were to expect in the shape of a watering-place in this secluded corner of Europe. We were therefore agreeably surprised, not only by the beauty of the situation, but by the extent of the establishment which it possessed.

We made immediate acquaintance with the warm mineral baths, not for medicinal, but for additional purposes, and afterwards inspected the arrangements of the establishment generally. In some of the compartments

were douches and other hydropathic appliances; others were set apart for the poor people of both sexes; but although there were three or four rooms which would have afforded every facility for separation, they all lashed indelicately together, with very little more to cover them than if they had been Japanese.

The season at Fúrad is nearly over in the beginning of September; and when we visited it there were only a few last remnants of the summer left. They thought they deserved to be so considered when they made their appearance on the promenade in the evening. Their light, graceful forms, seen to the utmost advantage in the national costume, their flowing veils and human-like perisols flung gracefully over one shoulder, added a peculiar piquancy to their natural charms. The characteristic of the Magyar race is to be found in their erect yet supple figures, their small and beautifully-formed hands and feet, and Caucasian profile. Their easy, but courteous manners, genial hospitality, and invariable politeness to strangers, renders exploration in Hungary a most agreeable occupation; and I subsequently found no difficulty in travelling in any direction, parts of the country where public conveyances did not exist. Indeed, we no sooner reached Fúrad than we found that these were not to be depended upon; for the first piece of intelligence which we received was to the effect that the steamer in which we had calculated upon proceeding to the end of the lake had ceased to run. We were relieved from our embarrassment in this respect by an acquaintance whom we were so fortunate as to make at Fúrad, and we decided, at his instance, to take on our vehicle to the country house of a friend, to whom he introduced us, at the other end of the "see." Meantime, we employed the moonlight hours by boating upon the lake, and in tracing the indistinct outline of the old manor, the character of the Magyar race of Thiansy. The Thiansy is the sight of Fúrad. To our shame be it said, that we did not visit it; but future travellers, who are more enterprising, will find there a tiny lake, which is said to be the exact counterpart of the Platten See itself, a wonderful echo, a magnificent view, and a number of old monks, who are very evil to strange women. The early morning is also a time when the patients at a watering-place, and although Fúrad was nearly empty, there were groups of persons collected at seven round the little temple which contained the spring, and the little temple where sheep's milk was served out to those who were unacquainted with the milk. It is taken warm, and possesses a slight green tinge, which gives it a suspicious appearance; nor does the taste, which is peculiarly rapid, belie its aspect. This cure is said to be peculiarly efficacious in cases of consumption.

The waters of the lake are slightly mineral, and contain principally iron. On its margin comfortable bath-houses are erected, and an early swim in the warm soft water was a most refreshing preparation for a continuation of our travels. During the season there is perpetual music at Fúrad; but while we were there, the only band consisted of gipsies, who were, however, indefatigable musicians; nor were we ever tired of listening to the national airs, which seemed a strange contrast to the lofty pretensions of Thiansy. The gipsies, and the wonderful expression of melancholy which seems to pervade them, but by degrees the influence which they exercise upon the native begins to steal over the stranger, and he soon finds himself hanging as fondly upon the tones as if he had listened to them in childhood.

We had scarcely departed a day to Fúrad, and now left it with a feeling of regret, and a certain consciousness of having done it an injustice by hurrying so rapidly away. It had been such a charming break in our journey, the more acceptable because so little expected. There was a repose and tranquillity about it which was relieved from dullness by the little society which had collected there, while the morning was ever pleasant to open. In front, the broad placid surface of the lake in one direction, showing a watery horizon; in the other, its waters divided by the precipitous Thiansy; while behind arose vine-clad hills, with white cottages dotted about the slopes, and gleaming out of the green foliage. Our road lay along the base of the hills, and, after passing through small villages—for the country here is well populated,—we left the shores of the lake, and entered a more mountainous and picturesque district. Volcanic conical mountains, crowned with the ruins of ancient fortresses, rose abruptly from the broken country at their base, their sides sometimes crowned and precipitous, at others clothed with vineyards. In the fields the country people were taking in their crops, and in the villages treading out the grain with horses, who, in circular phalanxes, were wading knee-deep in the corn. We had some difficulty in finding the road to our destination, which was situated near the lake, to which we returned across the country, always through pretty scenery, and hence the shadow of the romantic ruins of an old castle, enclosed in trees, the new chateau of the proprietor, and we were welcomed with true Hungarian hospitality by its noble occupant.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

PROPRIETARY RIGHTS—AGRICULTURAL PERSECUTION.

The relative rights and duties of landowner and tenant-farmer are precise, simple, and easily defined. The landowner has land which, to be made productive, must be cultivated. Capital, labour, and skill, in some proportion or other, are necessary to effect that cultivation, and by the act of seeking a tenant to occupy his land, the landowner admits that he is unable or unwilling himself to apply such capital, labour, and skill to his land as would render it of any use to him. He is a simple commercial transaction on both sides. The tenant-farmer possesses capital, labour, and skill, wherever he is willing to cultivate the land and make it productive. For that purpose he is willing to give a portion of the produce so obtained to the landowner as his share in way of compensation for the use of his land. The landowner's estate constitutes his rent. This is a simple commercial transaction on both sides. Neither party is under the slightest obligation to the other, save the legal obligations of paying the rent on the one side, and protecting the tenant's possession of the land against adverse claimants on the other. What portion of the produce obtained from the land goes to the landowner as rent depends upon the actual state of competition amongst farmers for the land. That competition will always secure to the landowner all the produce raised under the ordinary circumstances of the locality, which will remain after replacing the tenant-farmer's capital, with such interest and remuneration for his labour and skill as the existing competition may permit him to retain.

In the simple case of a landowner having a vacant farm, he may, if he pleases, insist on other conditions than payment of rent and rational management of the land. He may decline to let his farm to any person unless his hair is of a particular colour, or his height reaches a defined standard, or he will bind himself to wear red, blue, or yellow clothing. Indeed, he may insist on any capricious or ridiculous condition as the qualification for occupying the land. No sane landowner would insist on any conditions as we have suggested. But there are landowners, not reputed to be insane, who require their tenants, besides paying rent and duly cultivating their land, to hold—or profess—a particular political or religious opinion, a requirement not less ridiculous, though occasionally more mischievous, than caprices which have reference solely to the stature, complexion, or physiognomy of a tenant-farmer.

The absurdity of a landowner thus acting is palpable. He limits the field of competition for his land by insisting on something totally irrelevant to the contract proposed to be entered into; and, moreover, by such an exhibition of caprice, he drives from his farms many persons of energy and capital, who naturally decline to have any business engagements with a person so obviously deficient in business intelligence. Still, if a landowner insists on a silly and irrelevant condition when he lets his farm, and the tenant, with his eyes open and his hands free, chooses to hire the farm subject to that condition, there is nothing to be said but that two persons not very wise or prudent have come together.

The ordinary position of the landowners of this country is, however, far from being so simple as that we have suggested. Either they let their farms on leases, as in Scotland, for long terms of years, and on engagements involving large and cheap permanent outlays on the part of the tenant; or they let their farms on precarious conditions that cannot be thought of; or they own properties on which bodies of tenants have gone on for long series of years as yearly tenants, under the implied, and often expressed condition that, so long as their rents were regularly paid and their farms properly cultivated they would not be turned off; or they let their farms on leases for a term of years, as yearly tenants; it is indefensible. But it exists widely, and its existence is possible solely because, as a rule, landowners do act up to the implied condition that, rent being paid and the land being managed in the ordinary way, their tenants shall go on with their farms for an indefinite number of years without disturbance or eviction.

This is particularly the case with estates on which the farms are small, where the tenants have no great amount of capital or enterprise, such as are most Welsh properties. There, probably, the same families have occupied the same farms for generations, and though only as yearly tenants, they have considered themselves to be as certainly and permanently settled in their holdings as if they held under leases. Indeed, it is the boast of the landowners that yearly holdings are as secure as leasehold tenures, and often more permanent; and where the occupiers have neither the wish nor the means to improve their farms, they may be as sure as death in this boast. A relinquisher of leasehold tenants, who have paid their rents and farmed according to their lights, often forms a considerable obstacle to the improvement of landed property. To turn out an old tenant, even when the object is the legitimate one of improving the property, commonly excited no little odium in a rural district, and the landowners are willing to encounter. But when tenants are capriciously turned out of their farms, when a proprietor suddenly imposes some irrelevant condition—one which has nothing whatever to do with farming—an outrage is committed on the moral sense of the community which landowners would do well to avoid. And when such caprice assumes the form of a political persecution, it deserves and will receive the severest public reprobation.

A case of this sort has occurred in Cardiganshire. The Welsh farmers are usually men of strong religious feelings, and they are for the most part dissenters from the Church of England. For the owner of a Welsh estate, occupied as it would be by dissenting tenant-farmers, suddenly to insist that all his tenants should attend the parish church, would be an act as wicked as it is capricious. Yet this seems to have been done by a Miss Mary Morice, the owner of an estate in Cardiganshire. In a circular letter to her tenants, which betrays a lamentable bigotry and want of Christian feeling, she says:

"I feel myself bound to let you know that you have two alternatives, and you are at liberty to choose for yourself, namely, either to attend our church services, with your family, and thus to support its principles, or otherwise, if your consciences will not allow you to comply with my request, you must quit the farm which you occupy, and find some other means of subsistence. I am sure you will make use of the advantages which you derive from your connection with my property as a tenant, to the support of those principles which are at variance and hostile to those of your landlady."

Assuming this lady to be sane, her letter is worthy of the dark ages. Comment upon it is superfluous. To read it is to condemn it. We should, however, scarcely have supposed this silly lady to be responsible for her actions, had not her letter been republished and defended by a writer in the *Cardaracha Journal*, signing himself "Clericus," and being, therefore, we suppose, a clergyman.

One passage from "Clericus," in justification of poor Miss Morice's persecution of her tenants, will show the unchristianous advisers the landowners have, in some at least, of the clergy. He says—

"It is to be hoped better times are at hand, when our landowners will see and feel the necessity of taking this bold step, which has already been taken by Miss Morice, in opposition to the usuals, and in order to put an end, in a great measure at any rate, to the most violent attacks which are made by these creatures against our beloved Church."

Undoubtedly Miss Morice's step is a "bold" one, not very likely to make the Church beloved amongst the Welsh farmers. May not it be "boldness" that of certain persons who are said to rush in "where angels fear to tread"? What odd notions of the relations of landlord and tenant-farmer must "Clericus" have, when he writes—

"How absurd and inconsistent it is for a Church person to allow his tenant to rail most bitterly against the Church he loves?"

Probably much wild, such puerile fanaticism will not much help the Church, whatever effect it may have on the hastydom of Cardiganshire. Of course it

dexterous manipulation, and from tricks with which clever conjurers puzzle the most acute—

"Dogs that bark when they are dead,
Are very curious dogs indeed!"

And spirits that ply for individual profit, and tables that waltz, and spectre hands that feel their way and make their mark, are but chimeras and unreal mockeries—

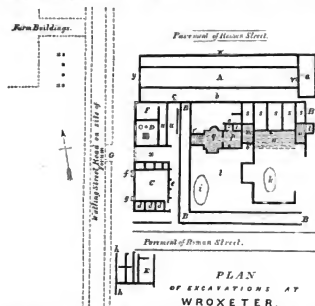
"For what's impossible can't be,
And never, never comes to pass."

THE BRITISH CITY OF THE DEAD.

By THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

We think we may justly say that few events in this country have excited a greater and more lasting interest than the excavations which have been carried on during the past year and the present at Wroxeter, near Shrewsbury, and which have brought to light a part of the remains of the ancient Roman city of Uriconium, buried during many centuries under the surface of fertile fields. It is situated on the eastern bank of the Severn, at a spot where the river runs for a short space nearly from north to south, and occupies a very extensive site on an elevated position overlooking the vale of Shrewsbury. The success which has hitherto attended this undertaking gives us every reason for expecting that its continuation will throw new and great light on the history of our island during a remote and obscure, and at the same time very important period, and on the condition of the people. We regret that the work is just now on the point of being interrupted by the temporary (for we can only look upon it as likely to be temporary) want of funds, and it is, perhaps, a good opportunity for giving our readers some account of what has been already done, adding that, in spite of the interruption of the works, the ruins already uncovered will still remain open to the public.

Our space will not allow us to enter into any questions connected with the history of the Roman city, or the cause or manner of its destruction, or to give any account of the progress of the excavations. It will be sufficient to say that Uriconium was evidently a place of great importance during the Roman period; it was one of the largest and one of the earliest of the Roman cities in this island. The wall of defence which inclosed it may still be traced by a continuous mound which covers its remains, and this is between three and four miles in extent, forming a very irregular oval. This great city had been taken, plundered, and burnt at the time when the Roman province was desolated by the inroads of the barbarians, and left in ruins and without inhabitants. In this state it was gradually buried by accumulation of earth, mud, at a later period, all that remained aboveground was cleared away for material for building; but the buried portion remained, and was buried still a little deeper by a subsequent accumulation of earth on the surface. It is thus that the lower parts of the buildings only are found underground, but the walls are some of them of considerable height, and in some parts the excavators have had to dig to a depth of thirteen or fourteen feet to come to the foundations.



The accompanying plan will enable us to explain the result of the excavations down to the present time. They were commenced nearly in the centre of the site of the ancient city, and on nearly its highest ground, and it was consequently expected that public buildings would be found. In this the excavators were not disappointed. At first a large building was traced, consisting of a long central inclosure, with a narrow gallery or passage on each side. It is marked in our plan with the letter A, and its extent will be understood when we state that it is 226 feet long, that the central apartment is 30 feet wide, that the southern gallery is 14 feet wide, and that the northern gallery is 14 feet wide at the western end and 16 at the eastern, which has thrown the whole building rather out of square. In this northern gallery were found the remains of a beautiful tessellated pavement, which had extended through its whole length. The central apartment was paved with small bricks, set in what is technically called hebring-bone work. In the middle of the northern wall there is a considerable space where no wall can be traced, and where there may possibly have been an entrance gateway. In tracing the ground to the north, the workmen came in several places to the pavement of the middle of a street, so that this northern wall of the building just described, which was traced far beyond it to the east, bordered on a street

running nearly east and west. There appeared to have been a rather wide space, with a smooth surface of concrete, between the line of buildings and the pavement in the middle of the street. The grand entrance into the central apartment was evidently at its western end, where remains were found which indicated a considerable degree of architectural ornament. Thus it became clear that this building had formed the corner of two streets, running at right angles to each other. At its eastern end was a doorway in the wall, or in the plan, approached by a step, and leading into an inclosure *a*, which appeared to have been a court. In the southern wall were two similar doorways, also approached by steps, *b* and *c*, in the latter of which the step was much worn by the feet of those who had passed over it. Each step was formed of a large square block of stone. Various circumstances which cannot be detailed here, leave little doubt that this great building was the *basilica* of Uriconium, answering to our town-hall, and used for a variety of public purposes.

The excavators proceeded southward through the doorway, *b*, and soon came upon the great room, *d*, which had a hypocaust, or apartment underneath for heating it with hot air. A series of other apartments were opened one after another, *p*, *m*, *n*, *u*, and a comparison of them left no doubt that they belonged to an establishment of public baths. This building has since been more extensively explored. A series of rooms, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*, *t*, *u*, *v*, *w*, *x*, *y*, *z*, *a*, *b*, *c*, *d*, *e*, *f*, *g*, *h*, *i*, *j*, *k*, *l*, *m*, *n*, *o*, *p*, *q*, *r*, *s*,

on the north of the basilica, at the western end of which some buildings, E, have been opened, which stood on its southern side. The line of buildings formed by the western front of the basilica, the buildings F and D, and the market, evidently formed the side of a street or open place, the site of which is now partly occupied by a modern road, known by the name of the Watling-street road. The ledges on each side of this road are marked in the plan by dotted lines, G being the gate leading into the excavations. By a reference to the plan it will be seen that the buildings at E advance much beyond the line of buildings just described, and that there was here a much narrower street running southward, at the side of which was a deep gutter, A, A, constructed of stone, and remarkably well preserved. From this and other circumstances, it may be concluded that the line of buildings we have been describing looked upon an open space very much wider than one of the ordinary streets. This, there can now be little doubt, was the forum of Uricinium. A few years ago, in excavating for the foundations of farm-buildings which have since been erected, a row of ten square pillars was found at x, which had evidently not supported any building. These probably belonged to one side of the inclosure of the forum, and will be understood by a comparison of the forum of Pompeii.

It will thus be seen that we have fallen among some of the principal public buildings of the Roman city, forming a square, bounded by streets running at right angles to each other, and looking on one side upon the forum. The ground for some distance eastward was trenched, but no remains of buildings were met with, so that perhaps it was the site of gardens attached to the baths. In clearing out the buildings, the excavators met with the remains of men, women, and children, the infants of the Roman city, who had been massacred when it was taken, and a great variety of objects which had been dropped and scattered about when it was plundered. These latter are all deposited in a museum at Shrewsbury, and are already sufficiently numerous to throw great light on the manners and condition of the people of Uricinium. In consequence of some local difficulties at the beginning of these interesting researches, the basilica was but imperfectly explored, and is covered up again; but, by the liberality of the proprietor of the ground, the Duke of Cleveland, the rest of the excavations, to the extent of the ground occupied by the present basilica, and the monument of great importance, and unique in this country. The excavations have hitherto been carried on by means of public subscriptions; but it is to be regretted they are likely to be interrupted through want of funds. They have now so evidently become a work of national importance, that the Government of the country ought to interfere, and grant the necessary money for carrying them out effectively. An appeal has been made, but the Lord Commissioners of the Treasury have refused to listen to it, on the ground that they object to spending the public money on an undertaking of this kind. Yet money has been granted for excavations in various parts of the East, as well as on the Roman ruins, and surely it might be found for a work of at least equal interest to us at home.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

THE ATLANTIC SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.

Or all modern undertakings, there is none—not even the *Great Eastern* steamship—which is at once so deeply interesting to the mass of science, and so important to the state, as the Atlantic submarine telegraph. It seems to have nearly a success, but hitherto so completely a failure—to convey messages across the Atlantic by means of a submerged electric telegraph cable. Our readers will remember the history of the expedition which conveyed and deposited the required length of cable between Valentia and Newfoundland, in such a state as to transmit messages, but at the same time so imperfect as to become gradually and rapidly incapable of performing its task. It is of course not easy to decide, in a case where so many reasons for failure might be offered, to which of all of them the actual failure was due; but a few very important and somewhat unexpected difficulties were brought into notice, any of which would seriously interfere with success.

One of these certainly is the singular sluggishness of the electric current through a submarine cable, and the necessity of regarding the cable as an elongated Leyden jar for all electric purposes. It is supposed that, even if no other cause existed, this alone would have prevented the line actually laid down from fully answering its end, in a commercial sense. Other causes, such as the fracture and destruction of the metallic core and its sheath were due to the tendency of the whole cable to coil, and on being straightened, to come into a kink, or doubling back of part. The nature of this difficulty will be easily understood, if the current, which will flow through the cable, stretches a piece of wire or coil of rope of any kind. Now, the slightest fracture in the wire through which the current passes must cause the occurrence of a spark and development of heat; and each time the spark is caused, the broken ends of the wire, being heated, tend to melt, the heat becoming greater as the intensity increases, till at last the current can pass at all, and communication is permanently broken. Notwithstanding, therefore, the partial success of the trial, the probability of placing along the bottom of the Atlantic a telegraph cable that should rapidly, and without injury to itself, convey messages between Europe and America, is decidedly not strengthened.

But besides mechanical causes, another not unknown, but not sufficiently considered difficulty, also became strikingly apparent during the short period of the working of the line between Europe and America. It appears that long lines of conductive wire, placed in high latitudes almost on a parallel with the earth's equator, are singularly liable to disturbance from magnetic storms, and that the current passing through them, from the regular state of terrestrial magnetism, at such times, is quite sufficient to render the regular communication of signals impossible, and perhaps sometimes to melt the wire.

These difficulties—many of them very grave—suggested to some of the parties interested the advisability of avoiding the great distance between the stations, and the annoyance from magnetic storms, by carrying the cable either southward, by the Azores and Brazil, or northward, by Iceland, Greenland, and Labrador. The condition of the sea bottom is believed to be not unfavourable for the former scheme, but the distance to be traversed is enormous; and in the early part of the present summer a strong representa-

tion was made to our Government, to organize an expedition to determine how far a cable could safely be laid along the latter or northern course. The suggestion was immediately accepted to, and H.M. steamship *Bulldog*, commanded by Captain Sir Frederick McIntock, R.N., who had just returned from his memorable expedition in search of Sir John Franklin's party, and had been ordered to proceed by the present Admiralty to Greenland, taking frequent and careful soundings, and then to continue the soundings between Greenland and Labrador. The *Bulldog* started before the end of June, and was shortly followed by the *For* steamer, commanded by Captain Young. The latter expedition, however, was private, and at the close of the parties in the present month of August, the *Bulldog* returned.

It is only within a few days that any news of interest has reached England on the subject of either of these expeditions; and we hasten to lay out-line of it before our readers.

The *Bulldog* made her way without meeting with any difficulties till within a few hours of the coast of Greenland. A few soundings were taken, but up to that point there were no important undulations of the sea bottom. There, however, the depth was found to diminish at once from 900 to 200 fathoms. We proceed with an account of the expedition in the words of an officer who accompanied it for the purpose of investigating the Marine Zoology of the North Atlantic seas.

"We sighted the east coast, below Cape Belle, on the 18th July, and it was our first really fine day since leaving Spitzberg. The entire coast line for thirty miles out to sea was one close-packed field of ice. We were at once unsheltered in amongst the great features of the Arctic regions, and from that date to the 17th of the following month had to do battle with ice just as fiercely as if we were in the West Indies. The ice was of the most dangerous kind, and we wished to make was attempted a dozen times unsuccessfully. Gale after gale lashed us about, and we were all but run out of fuel, when we fortunately fell in with our coaling vessel, and managed to take in coal at Godthaab. The passage into the straits was very dangerous, and the ice was much more than intended; and the Godthaab people say such a season has not been nearly equalled for thirty years."

From this point the survey was continued across to Sydney (Cape Breton).

"Our soundings from Cape Farewell to Labrador were quite satisfactory, with the exception that we failed to meet with the deep channel said by the promoters of the North Atlantic line to extend from the entrance to Hamilton's Inlet well out to sea, and to be protected to the northward by a bank or reef. The inlet itself is a subtle one. We ascended and surveyed it to its north-western extremity, where two rivers flow into it from the interior. The scenery is grand, but grand only in its lack of comparative danger. Along the lower third of the descent, the high hills slopes are entirely level and vegetation of any kind. Above that they are wooded, but only with the dull and stunted spruce first of these regions."

The *Bulldog*, after coaling at Sydney, was about to recross the Atlantic, making a second series of soundings, a little to the north of the first, as far as Iceland, and would then return home. We fear that the extreme inclemency of the present season, which does not often recur, must always be regarded as a possible, and very likely a periodic occurrence, must show that no cable can, with safety, be laid in this direction. There seems no reasonable prospect of so far securing a cable against the effects of ice as to insure its preservation during a single winter; and it is evident that, should an accident happen, the summer months of the next summer might elapse before the attempt of injury could be even approached.

There is no doubt that the survey made by the *Bulldog* will have great value in increasing our knowledge of the Atlantic sea bottom, and we know that there is on board one ardent naturalist who is able and willing to record all that is of interest to the inhabitants of the great ocean depths as well as those near the surface. We look forward with much interest to hear further of the details of this expedition.

CLARA NOVELLO.

THE CURT of this great artist may now be regarded as closed. The two great performances of sacred music last week, at the Crystal Palace, were her *adieu* to the public of the metropolis. She has yet to take farewell of some of those towns in the provinces which have been the scenes of her former triumphs, and then her voice will be heard no more. No Englishwoman, either of our own or any former age, has ever run so brilliant, and very few so long a course. The fame of our most celebrated singers of former days has been confined to their own country, while she has a world-wide renown; and, though she retires in the strength and vigour of womanhood, she has enjoyed her renown for thirty years. Another remarkable circumstance is, that she has this retirement chosen for herself, and not been driven to it by private life, on her elevation to the rank which she is so well qualified to adorn. For reasons which do her honour, she renewed her professional exertions, and resumed a career which became more splendid than ever. She now retires again, and this time, her retirement is final.

Clara Novello was born in London in the year 1818. Her father, Vincent Novello, one of the most distinguished musicians of his time, yet survives, an aged and venerable man, whose name will live in his valuable works. At six years old, she was placed at M. Choron's *Conservatoire de Musique Sacree*, at Paris, a seminary at that time famous for its complete and solid system of musical instruction. There the youthful pupil showed her superiority, at one of the annual concours, by carrying off a prize from nineteen competitors, all of them older than herself. In consequence of the disturbances caused by the Revolution of 1830, she was brought home. She was then only twelve years old, but so thoroughly conversant with the principles and practice of her art, that her father found her competent to perform before the King and the Emperor, and at every musical performance throughout the kingdom, where the highest talent was in request. She was invited to the well-known Gerandini's concerts, of Leipzig, then under the direction of Mendelssohn; and we find her afterwards singing with success at Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg.

She now, under her father's wise counsel, repaired to Italy, which has for centuries been "a land of song," and still possesses a school of vocal music superior in many respects to that of any other country. At that time it was better than it is now. It preserved, under the influence of Rossini, much of its pristine purity, and had not been vitiated by the noisy style introduced by that great master's successors, and especially by Verdi, the fashionable favorite of the present day. Soon after her arrival in Italy, our young countrywoman had the good fortune to attract the attention of Rossini himself, who took a warm interest in her welfare. By his advice she abstained from all public engagements, and devoted herself for a year to a course of study for the Italian stage. Her first appearance was at Padua, in Rossini's *Semiramide*; and she was, then, engaged to sing at the theatre of the Apollo upon her from Rome, Milan, Bologna, and most of the chief theatres in Italy. At Bologna, where Rossini resided, she was chosen by him to sing the principal soprano part in his "Stabat Mater," when that splendid work was first performed under his own direction. The English public has become familiar with this "Stabat Mater" through numerous performances by the greatest foreign and English singers of the day; and, as a combination of power and beauty of voice, brilliant execution chastened by purity of style, and earnest simplicity of manner, the palm has been generally, we may say unanimously, given to the performance of Clara Novello.

During this period, through some blunder on the part of an agent, she found herself involved in a double engagement, for Rome and Genoa. Neither city would give up its claim; and, as she happened at the time to be at Ferme, in the Papal States, the Government resorted to the strong measure of detaining her there, in a sort of captivity, in order to secure her services for Rome,—an incident which at first excited the indignation of the celebrated Gabrieli, who was impressed by the Viceroy of Sicily for refusing to sing at Palermo—a piece of despotism which only drew from her the spirited declaration, that the Viceroy might make her cry, but should never make her sing. In Italy, where she was, in a sort of state; and, after much diplomacy, the matter was adjusted by an arrangement, which required that she should sing first at the one place and then at the other. On this occasion, it is said, she first became acquainted with a young nobleman of a distinguished family, Count Giglicini, whose kind exertions contributed to relieve her from her embarrassing position. At all events, it was soon afterwards that her marriage with Count Giglicini took place, and their union has been, in all respects, a happy one. Her virtues and talents are sufficient to adorn the most exalted station; and her husband, who has long been well known in London society, is generally esteemed for his excellent qualities and agreeable manners.

Before her marriage, Clara Novello returned to England, and appeared for a short time at Drury-lane Theatre, then under Mr. Macready's management, and at several counties and provincial festivals. But, on this event taking place, she retired into private life. The political troubles of 1848, however, and their influence on the fortunes of individuals, induced her to resume her professional duties; and, in the year 1850, she re-appeared under her maiden name. During the last ten years she has pursued her arduous labours with indefatigable energy and brilliant success, not only in Italy, Germany, Spain, and other parts of the continent, but in England, where she has passed a considerable part of every year, the last ten years which have been begun to shine on Italy, and other circumstances, now allow her to cease from her self-imposed toils—no longer Madam Clara Novello, but the Countess Giglicini,—to retire with her husband to the enjoyment of her proper social position in her adopted country.

OPENING OF THE LYCEUM THEATRE.

MADAME CRESCENT inaugurated her winter season on Monday night with a re-decorated house, some additions to her company, and a new piece by Mr. Tom Taylor. The house itself deserves unequalled praise. It is very elegant, bright, and cheerful, and has more the air of one of the choicest French theatres than of the dingy and dreary structures to which we are ordinarily accustomed. The aspect of such an interior goes a considerable way towards putting an audience into the proper disposition to enjoy the entertainments prepared for them—a fact of which English managers in general seem to have resolved to remain eternally ignorant, although it lies on the surface of all theatrical experience. The art of providing for the comfort of the public is a modern discovery, which none of our theatrical houses have shown much inclination to adopt, with the exception of the Adelphi, which has been to perfection, and the Lyceum, where a luxurious taste has left little to be desired.

The additions to the Lyceum company are Mr. Keeley, whose *entrées*, after what we all felt to be a long absence from the stage, was hailed with a burst of enthusiasm; Miss M. Terman; Mr. George Vivings, a careful and painstaking actor from the Olympic; and Mr. Watkins, from America, announced in the bills with a preliminary panegyric, which it is not possible to endorse from our present limited knowledge of his capabilities. The company, drawn up for the National Anthem, at the closing of the new piece, presented a prosperous appearance, which, we hope, may be an augury of the future fortunes of the house.

The new piece by Mr. Tom Taylor is called "The Brigand and his Banker." It is drawn bodily from M. Elmeind Alout's well-known story "Le Roi de la Montagne," a narrative of irretrievable humours, characterised by wit and there with shadows of earnestness. Some liberties have been taken with the original, without contributing any equivalent advantages to the drama, which is a singularly feeble reflection of a tale remarkable for its breadth and vigour of treatment. The whole plot consists in the adventures of a few excursionists from Athens in the neighbourhood of Mount Paros, where they are made prisoners by *Hadjis* Scaros, a terrible brigand, who infects that neighbourhood, and who is known by the title of "The King of the Mountains." *Hadjis*, under the usual penalty of desecration at the end of a certain number of days, sets a heavy ransom upon his prisoners, one of whom, a "strong-minded" Englishwoman, who is accompanied by her sister, Mr. Keeley,—happens to be the sister of the brigand's London banker, who holds in his hands a large sum belonging to *Hadjis*. The Englishwoman tricks the Brigand (although the means by which the end is accomplished are exceedingly obscure in the play), by contriving that her brother shall pay her

ransom out of *Hadjis*'s own money. The other excursionists are variously provided for. One, a German student, who is in love with the strong-minded lady's niece, attempts his escape down the rocks, but is hunted by dogs and retaken; and another, an American Captain—the part assigned to Mr. Watkins—is saved by the daughter of the Brigand—a picturesque character in a rich Greek dress, having little to do in the way of acting, but affording Madame Crescent an opportunity of showing her skill in some effective pantomime, and in dancing the "Komaika," which she executed with grace and brilliancy. In the last scene, by a transparent device, which provoked a snigger in the house more fatal than open condemnation, all the excursionists are brought back into the power of *Hadjis*, who has discovered the trick attempted to be played upon him, and orders them to be tortured; when suddenly his daughter appears upon a rock, with the American captain holding her by the girdle, and threatening to dash her to pieces over the precipice, if his friends are not immediately released. Of course we know the result. The Brigand yields to an argument which deeply touches his tender old heart, and which, moreover, is quickly refuted by a rush of sailors, and we believe, soldiers also, to the rescue, whose appearance, although nobody can tell where they came from, is naturally expected by a public well instructed in this infallible dramatic expedient.

Mr. Taylor's facility of composition, and long practice in the employment of stage business, enables him to keep the stage in movement under the most unlikely circumstances, and to fertilize the most barren spots with sprightly dialogue. But you cannot make bricks without straw. The vital principle of the drama is action. There must be action, mental or physical. There must be a story, developed in dramatic situations, and not a series of metaphors, the less forced and more natural the better. But here we have neither action nor story. The piece is built up of conversations and detached bits and scraps of scenes, not wanting in occasional flashes of cleverness, but totally deficient in unity of construction and a pervading interest. It is no doubt a "pleasant evening's work," but is infinitely inferior to it in striking contrasts of character, and in the skill with which the astounding variety of that play is presented and sustained. "The Brigand and the Banker" is better adapted to the region of the amphitheatre than to that of the Lyceum; and with an expansion of the low comedy, and the introduction of horses, it might be attended with a measure of success which we apprehend it is not likely to achieve in its present locality.

The piece is put upon the stage in the best possible manner. The two scenes through which it passes are exquisitely beautiful; and the acting is quite equal to the demands of the play. Mr. Keeley's delineation of the Englishwoman who refuses to believe in brigands, with phrases implicit confidence in the powers of her own government, and who, in the last resort, threatens to write to the Times, was capital, and secured the safety of the drama at moments when it was sinking, from lack of strength. The masquerade into which Miss M. Terman is put, by being made to assume a Greek costume that does not at all become her, and the scene of the Greek especially as there is no reason for abandoning the riding-dress in which, strange to say, she has ascended the mountains. The Brigand and the American captain are stock characters; and the English servant, delivered with muchunctuous humour by Mr. House, is known to the melodramatic stage in a thousand shapes. Mr. George Vivings, who plays the part of the Brigand; but we must defer our judgment of Mr. Watkins until we see him in a part of more original pretensions.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD FRENCH.

On the 26th ult., at Farnley Hall, county Mayo, Ireland, in his 75th year, Charles, second Baron French, of French Castle, county Galway. Born 9th April, 1796; succeeded his father, Thomas French, first lord, December 9th, 1814. He was a zealous Roman Catholic, and follower of Mr. O'Connell throughout that gentleman's long career of Irish agitation. Lord French was the first magistrate to whom Chancellor Gaskell directed his celebrated missive in 1843, signifying the intention of Her Majesty's Government to remove from the management of the peace any person who took part in furthering the visionary scheme of a repeal of the Legislative Union, and which acted as a signal for the commencement of hostilities between Sir Robert Peel and the Brexideers. His lordship married, 29th Dec. 1820, Maria, eldest daughter of the late John Browne, of Moyne, county Galway, Esq., and by her, who died July, 1827, had issue—Thomas, now Lord French; the Hon. Martin French, the Hon. and Rev. John French, the Hon. Jasper French, and the Hon. Margaret, married to Valentine O'Connor Blake, of Tower Hill, county Mayo, Esq.

SIR JOHN K. SWINBURNE, BART.

On Wednesday, 25th of September, Sir John Edward Swinburne, of Caphen Castle, Northumberland, Bart., F.R.S., son of Sir Edward, fifth baronet, by Christiana, daughter of the late John Dill, Esq., of Bordeaux, in France, March 6th, 1762; married July 18th, 1787, Emma, daughter of Richard Henry Alexander Brouet, of Bechemham, Kent, Esq., and niece of the late Duchess of Northumberland. Succeeded his father November 2nd, 1786. His Lady Swinburne, who died in 1839, he had issue, two sons and three daughters. The venerable baronet, who had survived till next March, would have entered the 100th year of his age, was a warm patron of literature, and a generous friend to literary men. His library at Caphen Castle was probably the largest in the north of England. His eldest son Edward, and his other son Henry, both died before him. A grandson succeeds to the title and estates.



THE DOWAGER LADY WROTTELEY.

On the 20th ult., at Clifton, Bristol, in the 74th year of her age, the Right Honourable Julia, Dowager Lady Wrotteley, Her ladyship, who was the daughter of John Conyers, Esq., of Copthall, Essex, was first married to Captain the Hon. John Astley Bennett, B.N., and secondly to Major-General Sir John Wrotteley, Bart., who was raised to the peerage by letters patent, July 11th, 1828, as Baron Wrotteley, of Wrotteley, co. Stafford, and father of the present peer, by his first wife, Lady Caroline Bennett, daughter of Charles, fourth Earl of Tankerville. The late Lord Wrotteley died March 10th, 1841, leaving her widowed by his second wife, the lady now deceased.

MR. JOHN DUNN, M.P.

On the 10th ult., at Aden, on the Red Sea, en route to Australia, of apoplexy, John Dunn, Esq., M.P. for Dartmouth, and formerly Member of the Legislative Council of Tasmania. Mr. Dunn was a merchant and ship-owner in London, and largely engaged in the Australian trade. He contested Totness unsuccessfully in May, 1859, but was elected for Dartmouth in the August following, and generally supported the Conservative party.

THE REV. DR. ALEXANDER FLETCHER.

The death of this eminent divine took place on Sunday morning, at his residence, 4, Portland-place, London, after a protracted and painful illness. Deceased was born at Bridge of Tait, near Stirling, in April, 1767, and was thus in his 74th year. He was licensed to preach in 1806, was ordained, at his native place, in 1807, and was called to London in 1811, where he remained till his death. He was a man of deep and earnest sympathies, and gained a firm hold on the affections of all with whom he came closely in contact.

MR. ERNESTUS LANDELLS.

We regret to announce the death of this well-known engraver on wood, which took place at Brompton on Monday morning. Mr. Landells had been for some time in ill health, but his demise was unexpected. He was in his 63rd year. He was a native of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where he was a pupil of Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver, and Mr. Landells's best woodcuts have much of the artistic feeling of his master. Mr. Landells came to London about thirty years since, and had since been connected with the leading illustrating periodicals of the day. In 1841, he was one of the originators of *Punch*, his share in the copyright of which he disposed of in the following year to the present proprietors of that popular journal. In the autumn of 1842 Mr. Landells was commissioned by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News* to sketch and engrave the scenes and incidents of Her Majesty's visit to Scotland; and his success on this occasion led to his being subsequently engaged by the same journal, the several visits of the Queen to various parts of the United Kingdom, and the continent. He was likewise the originator of the *Illustrated Magazine*, 5 vols., and one of the original proprietors of the *Lady's Newspaper*. To this arduous branch of his art Mr. Landells brought considerable skill, as well as an untiring energy, such as could enable him to sketch and engrave incidents from some hundred mile distance, so as to meet the requirements of a weekly newspaper. In private life he was an affectionate husband, an indulgent father, and a warm-hearted, generous friend.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Baron Denis Moses Samuel, of the kingdom of Portugal, and Commander of the Order of the Rose of the Empire of Brazil, died at his residence in Sussex-place, Regent's Park, on the 10th of August last. The baron was possessed of personal property in this country which was estimated for probate duty at £200,000; he was also possessed of foreign securities in Greece, Turkey, and Brazil; as well as East-India stock and landed estates. The will bears date the 1st of July, 1850, and was drawn up in the English form, and administered to in London on the 28th of September, by his widow, the sole executrix. This accumulation of wealth he has bequeathed to his wife and two sons—his wife, the baroness, taking a life-interest in certain of the securities, as set forth in the will; the sons receiving annuities until the age of twenty-five. His only daughter the baron had provided for on her marriage. The will is entirely in favour of one, the only exception being a few legacies which he has given to his clerks and servants. The rest of his personality he has left to his wife absolutely, whom he has appointed residuary legatee. The landed estates, on the decease of the baroness, will pass to the eldest son. There is a service of plate bearing the royal arms of Portugal, which he has bequeathed to the baroness for life, and then bequeaths it on his eldest son, to be kept by the family in perpetuity. There being a question of property depending upon the assumption of the name of "De Vail," the baron obtained the royal permission to incorporate it with his own, and which he has requested his heirs and successors to adopt and use hereafter.

Colonel John Cooper, late of the Bombay establishment in the Hon. East-India Company's service, but residing at the city of Bath, where he died on the 21st of July last, had executed his will in 1857, which was proved in London, the 17th September following, by his eldest son, John, Esq., of Beckington, Essex, the sole executor. His personal property was sworn under £10,000. To his son Frederick Charles Cooper he leaves a sum amounting to about two-thirds of his property, and has appointed him the residuary legatee, his annuities together taking the other part of the property. His only daughter he had given a sum, on her marriage, equal in amount to her sister. The will is attested by John Wright and Francis Bryan Wright, goldsmiths, Bath.

Major-General Arthur Goodall Wessell, K.F., K.C.B., F.R.S., of the Mexican army, died at his residence, Ludlow-street, No. 10, on the 10th of July last, aged 75. His will, which is entirely in his own handwriting, although it is not dated, is known by the attesting witnesses, Alexander Fennie, J.P. Elliott, and George Sturges, of Northfleet (who signed, together with Sir Robert Alexander, since deceased), to his own executor, he had given a sum, on her marriage, equal in amount to her sister. The will is attested by John Wright and Francis Bryan Wright, goldsmiths, Bath.

Major-General Horatio George Brooke, of Gloucester-place, Hyde Park, died on the 20th of August last, aged 70, having made his will on the 11th of June preceding, which was proved on the 25th of September, by his executors, namely, his relict and Horace Brooke, Esq., his son, the personality being sworn under £12,000. To his relict he leaves an annuity of £120, charged upon his landed estates in Suffolk, which he has also left her a life interest in his furniture, plate, linen, china, books, pictures, &c., absolutely, and further bequeaths to her the income and profits arising from the residue of his real and personal estate for her life, and after her decease, to his son Horace absolutely. His land and farms in the parishes of Barking and Beagat 79, together with the residue of £120 to his relict, he has devised to his son Horace. He has bequeathed some small annuities upon three widows. This gallant officer was attached to the 68th Foot, and was promoted to the rank of major-general in 1856. He was the relict presumptive to his nephew, Sir George Nathaniel Brooke, Bart., who, although married, has no issue.

Nathaniel Goldmist, Esq., Barrister, of the Inner Temple, and of Upper Berkeley-street, but late of Grosvenor-street, Hyde Park, where he died on the 10th of August last, aged 63, had executed his will in London, in September, 1858, and in the present year, whilst residing in Paris, executed two codicils. This gentleman was twice married, having three children as issue by his first wife, who are all amply provided for, as well as his relict, under various settlements; and to her he leaves a life-interest in his property, and the furniture absolutely; the plate, on her decease, passes to the sons. The deceased's personality was sworn under £10,000, and there is considerable property under the settlements, as well as landed estates. The actual executors being Captain Henry de la Rue, Esq., and James Young, Esq., of the Isle of Wight. The testator was of the Roman Catholic faith, and he has given some stringent directions to his executors and trustees, and particularly to those persons whom he has nominated as guardians for his children, respecting their being brought up in the Roman Catholic religion; indeed, his only daughter is at this time a novice in a convent at Rome.

The Reverend Henry Worsley, LL.D., Rector of Hayes, Middlesex, of Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and of Clapham Common, Surrey, at which latter place he died on the 15th of August last, aged 79, having made his will on the 1st of the year 1853, which he appears to have in no way altered, either by codicil or otherwise. The will is exceedingly brief, and contains but one direction, namely, the disposition of his property, real and personal, furniture, effects, &c., to his wife absolutely.

Reviews of Books.

ROMANTIC NOVELS OF MODERN LIFE.*

The romantic element enters so slightly into modern English life, that it can hardly be said to have any existence at all, except as a matter of sentiment. And even as a matter of sentiment it amounts to nothing more than a slight mannered feeling in the mind, upon the commonplaces of conversation, and never influencing our actions. We are, in the strictest sense, a practical people. It would be summing too much to deny that there are young ladies who marry for love, and young gentlemen who grow away from their parents, and leave their families in preference to what is called literary interests; but there is always room for a doubt whether such cases may not be referred to weakness of character, selfishness, or indolence, or to twenty other causes, rather than the inspirations of romance. After marriage, at all events, whatever elevations may take place before, the affairs of life are conducted upon business principles. Families are usually governed in their relations with society by prudential considerations. Outward appearances are respected; conventional forms are observed; and perturbations arising from individual eccentricities are seldom allowed to displace the settled order and routine which is in our pleasure, by common sense, to live. This way of existence possesses all the advantages which may be reasonably expected to accrue from respectability and uniformity; but it is undeniably dull. It affords hardly any scope for the play of fancy, the caprices of genius, or the pursuits of morbid imagination—Murder, robbery, and forgery abound; but they become reduced, by the nature of our social compact, to vulgar crimes, merely assume heroic shapes or dimensions, and never excite any sympathy. The law asserts an influence which is fatal to the cultivation of exceptional flights of imagination, in reference to questions of life and property. We cannot hunt down our enemies, kill our wives, carry off young girls, and shut them up in lonely towers, overlooking the sea and sea, pursue wild, forge conveyance, or, in short, perform any of the higher existing deeds that we delight in seeing done upon the stage, without bringing ourselves under the disconcerting grips of the law. The romantic inclination, whenever it shows itself, is taken out of us at once by a process which is conclusive of all further experiments in that direction.

Hence the skilful dramatist who desires to deal with romantic or picturesque ingredients takes care to lay his scene in a distant country or a remote age. He knows well enough that it would never do to exhibit a melodramatic villain in a recent hat and a frock coat, prowling about Regent-street, with a brace of pistols in his pocket; or to make a lady in crinoline perpetrate the feats of a genuine heroine in a West-end drawing-room. He is aware that the unreasonableness of the combination would be detected at a glance by the discriminating British public. Consequently he treats his actions and actions of his mind, under various names, and them in a far-off land, where he can set up any laws or moralities he pleases, without fear of awaking the critical scruples of his audience. The violations of common sense and ordinary probability which we reject as absurd in an English fiction, prove to be necessary to reproduce the manners and the scene of our day, fascinate our judgment, when they are dressed up in strange costumes, belted garb, and daggers, stouthead hats, and yellow boots. It is idle to ask the reason of this inconsistency. It may be a mysterious provision of nature which furnishes us with a taste of fictitious life superior to the actual conditions; or it may be that we are willing to believe the rest of the world quite capable of the irrational and criminal courses which we are ourselves wise enough to detect. But, whatever may be the ground of this curious contradiction, the fact is undeniable.

Our writers of modern novels are not so deluged in their craft as the dramatists. For the most part, they ignore the poetic character of our society, and substitute epigrams and tinsel for our plain broadcloth. They will insist upon making the basest of our contemporaries do the noblest of our actions, and will induce into situations in which young ladies are never known to appear, except at Astley's or the Victoria. The things that are sometimes done in these books by

* On the Cliffs. By Charlotte Chatter, author of "Fanny Coombes." Two Vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

article. The writer very fairly remarks:—"They have the remedy in their own hands; why don't they withdraw their deposits from the savings banks, and form a joint fund to establish a flour-mill, a bakery, and a grocery shop?" "The Ammergau Mystery; or, Sacred Drama of 1860;" is a description, by an eye-witness of the most extraordinary spectacle in Europe—that is, the deœcenal "play," or "mystery" in Bavaria, of the sufferings and passion of the Godhead. The just, reverent, and impartial spirit in which such a subject is dealt with, makes this the most remarkable contribution to periodical literature for the month. "Kyrie Jonck," and "Tom Brown at Oxford," are the continuations of stories commenced in previous numbers.

The *Relicist*, a monthly review and miscellany, contains the following articles:—1. The Pauline Doctrine. 2. A Contrast; or, Theological Influences. 3. The Province of Reason. 4. Church Principle and Life. 5. Egypt's Place in Universal History. 6. The Social Afflictions. 7. Home Evangelization. 8. The Story of Ralph Hakem, the Druse, With two excursions all the way to the Lebanon, and with matters connected with religious belief. "The Story of the Caliph Hakem" is a curious piece of biography. It presents the details of a life which was a compound of "crusity, caprice, and profanity, ebullient by occasional fits of generosity, and acts of summary justice." Such was "The Messiah" of the Druses; and it cannot be a matter of surprise that they who worship such a deity should have recently committed atrocities in the Lebanon that have excited universal horror throughout Christendom.

In the first article of the *British Quarterly Review*, the past condition of Ireland is truly described in one sentence:—"Her political system had been the agency of an alien colony over a nation, and her social condition had been the tyranny of a caste over a subjugated people." The writer then shows what was the state of Ireland thirty years ago, and illustrates its position by a reference to Irish metropoles. From the past the writer proceeds to the present condition of Ireland; and here again he draws a picture which is as accurate in its details as it is gratifying to behold. The article is of unusual value, and well worthy the attention of all who are desirous of having a sound knowledge of the past history and present situation of Ireland. The second article is a complete analysis of "Mr. Atkinson's Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor." Art. iii. is a paper which reads like a romance, and the subject one of the most interesting in natural history. It is upon the growth, progress, and inevitable destruction of "Glaciers." With the same power and ability are written articles on "German Philosophy and Literature," "Burton's Lake Regions of Central Africa," "Modern Painters," "Egyptology and the two Exodus," "Christian Races under Turkish Rule," "Hours with the Mystics," and a variety of criticisms on recent publications.

There is a very valuable and instructive paper on "German Ideology," by Mr. Cyrus Redding, in the October number of *Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*. There are two articles in the same magazine—one based upon a book written by Mr. Gurney, the other upon Mr. Wingerock's work, and both pointing to the same conclusion—that Algeria is a failure as a colony, and ultimately the French will be forced to leave it. "On Board a Cartel" is manifestly not an invented story, but the genuine record of circumstances that had occurred within the presence of the narrator.

The *New Quarterly Review* is a "Conservative" periodical, and the first article is devoted to the present fallen condition of its party as represented in "Concurrence journalism." Considering the wealth, the power, and the influence possessed by the Tories, it is certainly strange to find their newspapers so few in number, and so insignificant in influence. The Whigs have acted in the same stupid way in Ireland. They have left the press there in the hands of the Tories and the "Young Ireland" faction, and the consequence has been that the representation of Irish counties and boroughs has slipped out of their hands. A very fair review of the acts of "the Session of 1860," constitutes the second article in the Review. The third article, "The Syrian Disurbances," casts the entire blame of the atrocities committed in the Lebanon upon the Christians. The first of the murders perpetrated were, it declares, by the Maronites on the Druses. Upon the principle of "audi alteram partem," this article in the *New Quarterly Review* is deserving of examination.

There are three magnificent engravings in this *Art Journal* for October. The first is a picture of the beautiful and unfortunate Henrietta of Orleans, daughter of Charles I, who unconsciously felt a victim to poison in the midst of the dissonant court of Louis XIV. The second is an engraving, by Comen, from Turner's well-known grand picture, "The Opening of the Waltham," in the National Gallery. The third is Ernst Habner's statue of "Medicine." In addition to these there are many fine wood engravings, illustrating the course of the Hudson river, from the wilderness to the sea; and the companion guide of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hall in South Wales. The literary portion of the *Art Journal* is always valuable and interesting; but that feature of it which is, in our estimation, the most curious and instructive, is the series of papers contributed by Mr. Thomas Wright, entitled, "Miscellaneous Illustrations of Mediæval Manners."

"Seeing is Believing," is the title of the first article in *Blackwood's Magazine*; and a very able article it is on "Spiritualism." The main purpose of the writer is to reply to the statement which appeared in a former number of the *Blackwood Magazine*, from a gentleman who gave a narrative of what "he had seen" performed, and the marvels he had witnessed at a *séance* of "Spiritualists," "Spirit-rappers," and "Table-turners." The writer in *Blackwood* makes this just observation upon the subject of such exhibitions, the course of the Hudson river, from the wilderness to the sea; and the companion guide of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hall in South Wales. The literary portion of the *Art Journal* is always valuable and interesting; but that feature of it which is, in our estimation, the most curious and instructive, is the series of papers contributed by Mr. Thomas Wright, entitled, "Miscellaneous Illustrations of Mediæval Manners."

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think accurately, and reason closely, it is justly observed, "if convinced that monarchs are not much wiser or better than other human beings, they run off into the belief that all things have been little more than inaccurate demons; they convinced that representative government often works very imperfectly, they raise a cry for imperialism; if convinced that monarchy has its abuses, they call out for republicanism; if convinced that Britain has many things which are not so good as they ought to be, they keep constantly entreating the perfection of the United States." The article is suggested by the Archbishop of Dublin—the most logical of platonists—prefaces—the most worldly-wise of all the learned Sokomons in the House of Lords. The second article, "A Last Word on Lord Macaulay," will not be received with universal approval, for it deems "that Macaulay belonged to the very highest order of mind," and it then maintains that "in no department, except the historical, did he show pre-eminent capacity." The writer will find it difficult to defend either of these two positions.

LOUISE ON THE DOOR-STEP.

I.
HALF-PAST three in the morning!
And no one in the street
Not me, on the sheltering door-step
Resting my weary feet—
Watching the raindrops patter
And dance where the puddles ran,
As bright in the dawning light
As dewdrops in the sun.

II.
There's a light upon the pavement—
It shines like a magic glass,
And there are faces in it,
That look at me, and pass.
Faces—ah! well remembered
In the happy Long-Ago,
When my gait was as white as lilies,
And my thoughts as pure as snow.

III.
Faces! ah, yes! I see them,—
One, two, and three,—and four—
That come on the gust of tempests,
And go on the wind that lures.
Changeful and evanescent
They shide 'mid storm and rain,
Till the terror of their beauty
Lies deep upon my brain.

IV.
One of them frowns; I know him,—
With his thin long snow-white hair,
Caring his wretched daughter
That dreads him to despair.
And the other, with wakening pity
In her large, tow-streaming eyes,
Seems as she yearned toward me,
And whispered "Paradise."

V.
They pass,—they melt in the ripples,
And I shut mine eyes, that burn,
To escape another vision
That follows where'er I turn—
The face of a false deceiver
That lives and lies; ah, yes!
Though I see it in the pavement,
Mocking my misery!

VI.
They are gone!—all three!—quite vanished!
Let no one call them back!
For I've had enough of phantoms,
And my heart is on the rack!
God help me in my sorrow;
But there,—in the wet, cold stone,
Smiling in heavenly beauty,
I see my lost, mine own!

VII.
There on the glimmering pavement,
With eyes as blue as mine,
Phaëa, by the fire-haired darling
Too soon from my bosom torn;
She clasp her tiny fingers—
She calls me sweet and mild,
And says that the God forgives me,
For the sake of my little child.

VIII.
I will go to her grave to-morrow,
And pray that I may die;
And I hope that my God will take me
Ere the days of my youth go by.
For I am old in anguish,
And long to be at rest,
With my little babe beside me,
And the daisies on my breast.

C. M.

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THE POPE, THE KING, AND THE EMPERORS.

A MAN in the high but difficult position of Garibaldi must march from success to success, if he would escape detraction. At the least sign of ill-fortune, concealed enemies, and false friends, and all the ignomies throng who look upon Virtue as a reproach against themselves, yelp their mean displeasure. Garibaldi has passed through this ordeal, and, like other great men, has scorned and survived it. Having won the brilliant and all but decisive victory of the Volturno, and justified his great reputation by a great deed, the critics who last week felt inclined to hiss, now find themselves compelled to applaud; and once more Garibaldi is the man of the time, and the Washington of Italy.

Beaten at the Volturno, but still holding on, though with a feeble grasp, at Capua and Gaeta, the unlucky King of Naples has made a piteous appeal to Europe. But for him there can be no help, except that which lies in his own right hand,—a fact with which he is, doubtless, by this time better acquainted than he was a week ago. The Roman Catholic Powers have an interest in the Pope as a spiritual, if not as a temporal sovereign; but no one has a title as much interest in the Bourbon dynasty of Naples. No doubt all the despots of Europe are grieved that a brother despot should come to such humiliation and ruin as poor Bombino; but their own houses are in too much danger to allow them to spare either time, or men, or money, for the support of a king who can do nothing for himself. There will, perhaps, be one more short struggle, and there will be an end of Francis II., except as a private gentleman, when, like Adam expelled from Paradise, he will have the world before him to choose his place of rest,—anywhere he pleases, so that it be not in Italy.

But pitiable as are the appeals of the ex-Neapolitan sovereign to the Powers that dare not and cannot help him, the Allegation of the Pope is even more painful. From end to end it is one long whine, interjected with curses, where epithets take the place of arguments, and impotent passion does duty for reason. Few can be so destitute of the organ of veneration as to behold with indifference the ignoble end of such a venerable institution as the Papacy. If the monarchy which for the last thousand years has held its place, alike amid the anarchy of the Middle Ages, and the more menacing struggles of Germans, Spaniards, or Frenchmen, for universal domination, is to perish in this second phase of the great Revolution, after surviving the violence of the first, its last act ought to have been dignified, as became its antiquity and its pretensions. We cannot forget that the origin of the temporal power of the Popes is to be sought in no gift of Constantine or Charlemagne, in no universal-suffrage vote, but in the spontaneous affection of a people. It was a power conferred by so silent a revolution that history bears no trace of its date. It seems to be agreed on all hands that the Papacy is approaching, at length, to the destruction to which it has been so often doomed, though hitherto fated not to die. We are inclined to doubt whether this be its last phase; but, for all the purposes of a short retrospect, we may assume that it is so.

That we should find in its fate the stale moral of the mutability of all things, may seem trite, when we consider the lengthened age it has attained. We might, perhaps, rather be expected to dwell upon the artifice of its structure, which has enabled it to sustain such shocks, and to survive so long. Yet the mutability of fortune was never so glaringly displayed. Louis Philippe, flying in a hackney

coach, was a less striking illustration of it than Pius IX. still seated on his throne in the Vatican. This man was but twelve short years ago the idol of Italy, and the Papacy seemed to have reached, in his person, a degree of power undreamt of by the most ambitious of his predecessors. At his word, not Italy only, but Germany and France, were roused from the lethargy of years, which had succeeded to the agonies of the last decennium of the previous century. The compressed instincts of the nations, encouraged by his example, found a voice to demand the liberties of which the Holy Father was presumed to be the apostle.

It cannot be forgotten how, at the end of 1847, the King of Naples applied to the Pope for an encyclical to calm the effervescence of his subjects, and how the Pontiff answered that a king who gives good laws needs no pastoral. Yet, within one short year from that date Pius IX. was a refugee at Gaeta. He had ceased to reign, for his return under the protection of France was not a restoration. If the last Pope, he is not the first who has been an exile, nor need we ascribe the difference of his fate to the times alone. It is to be sought in his personal character. The heroes of the Papacy were men of a different stamp; they believed in themselves, but with a quite different belief to his; they may have been ambitious—they were not vain. "I have loved justice and hated iniquity," were the dying words of Hildebrand, at Salerno. He died in exile, but the principle for which he had struggled triumphed, and it was with truth that a bystander answered—the lifeless clay heard not the words,—“The ends of the earth are thine inheritance.” Pius IX. represents no principle. He has laboured, not for the reward of the statesman, a memory enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people, but for the meed of the historian—popular applause. From the day when he first proceeded to St. Peter's, amid the shouts of a throng which only ten days before had crowded to kiss for the last time, with bated breath, the feet of his dead predecessor—the funeral catafalque still enumerated the vast basilica—from this first day his career has been marked by the same craving for popularity. Self was, and is, predominant in all his actions. “He does not love me,” was a reason more than once given for setting aside a long-tried servant of the Papacy.

His delight in those early days was to appear on his balcony surrounded by Bengal fires, to chaunt forth a benediction over assembled crowds, and to respond with the alacrity of a Gipsy to the repeated *encores* which his capital singing elicited. He could listen without reproof to the orator who applied to him the words, “There was a man sent from God, and his name was John.” The loss of the popularity he so loved was no cure for his vanity. The castle of Gaeta is on a rock, and he had no difficulty in likening it to Calvary. Escorted by French troops, he, the would-be liberator of his country, re-entered Rome amid the significant silence of the people. Deprived of the gratifying sounds at home, he sought to catch their echoes from abroad. He proclaimed the restoration of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England, and when this proved a *fiasco*, he negotiated a concordat with Austria, which rendered his spiritual authority as hateful in Germany as his temporal rule had become to his own subjects. Unfortunate in his Church government, most unfortunate when most successful, he next sought to distinguish himself in Theology, and added, of his own sole authority, an article to the Creed of Trent. It was not so that his predecessors won new kingdoms to the Faith, or meddled with dogmatic questions which were not in

dispute. His last performances have all been failures; the applause dear to his heart has been denied by men, and gods, and columns of newspapers, and he has now crowned his ill success by an allocation, the last perhaps that will be heard in the Vatican, and assuredly the weakest that ever issued from it. *The Times*, in its energetic irreverence, calls it a prolonged serech; it is hardly more than a whine. The enemy is at the doors of Rome, and this successor of Lees and Gregories, and Innocents, neither goes forth with cross and banner to confront the intruder, nor hurls at him the greater excommunication he has incurred. We had expected some more startling catastrophe in so great a fall.

And while this is the deplorable state of the Pope and the Papacy, the three Emperors of Europe, aided by a king or two, are preparing for the great work that every one sees must be speedily done—the reconstruction of the Continental system. Italy integrates itself, and Austria disintegrates; a weak power becomes strong, and a strong power weak; and, meantime, the Emperors of Russia and France look on, to devise what plunder they can secure in the break-up, which they fear, while they desire, and which neither of them can prevent. Austria is doomed to disintegration, and Turkey to dismemberment; and the great Italian struggle, on which all eyes are fixed, is but the necessary prelude to both catastrophes.

THE HALF-WAY HOUSE TO INDIA.

OUR attention has been so riveted on the farther East, first by the Great Mutiny, and more lately by the financial difficulties of our Indian Empire, that we have overlooked what has been going on in the Half-Way House. The importance of Egypt in this capacity, has been our excuse for interfering to perpetuate its dependence upon Turkey; and is still our excuse for endeavouring, by force or diplomacy, to maintain the integrity of the Sultan's empire. We have no wish to be masters of Egypt; but it is essential to our very existence that Egypt should be, not only in friendly hands, but in hands which, even if unfriendly, should be powerless to hurt us. We do not, like the Caliph Omar, deprecate the construction of the Suez Canal, from a dread of hostile fleets in the Red Sea; nor from a natural point of view can it signify to us that ten or twenty millions of money should be buried in the Isthmus, in the ostensible prosecution of a work which its real projectors know to be impracticable, or practically useless if carried out. The real object has been already attained, namely, the reduction of the state of blockade to a state of money obligations, and by money liabilities. He has become liable to M. Lesseps for some two millions, more or less, of money, on the one hand; he has also opened the door to claims of French subjects to a still larger amount; and on the other he has come under personal obligations to the Emperor for the loan which he lately effected in France. We have it on good authority, that the property which has been assigned as ostensible security for this loan was already mortgaged. These are the moral fetters in which the Egyptian Viceroy is bound, but the Isthmus of Suez has rendered still greater services to its French patrons. The works have been suspended by orders from Constantinople; but they are not the less pushed forward in the only direction in which they can be serviceable to French interests. A basin in which ships of war can float, a jetty at which troops can land, are now in process of construction at Mex. By some logical process, little bound by the rules of geography, these works are proved to be connected with the Suez Canal; and no doubt the railway, which is to connect them with Cairo, has the same object in view.

French engineers and French workmen overrun the country. Of the latter we are informed, on reliable data, that there are between five and six thousand, all able-bodied active fellows, whom a uniform and a rifle would convert into soldiers. Useless to stem the current of the Nile, the barrage is being rapidly appropriated to the real object its constructors originally had in view—a military post of great strength. Enormous fortifications are being rapidly run up, on which these foreign labourers are employed. In a word, the French occupation of Egypt, more quietly effected than that of Rome or Syria, is not less real. It is directed, not by the French Consul-General, but by M. Lesseps, who, through his influence with Said Pasha, and the patronage which he wields, is a far greater power than the British Consul-General. In our intercourse with semi-barbarians like the Turks, we are far too apt to treat them as we should do Europeans, avoiding even the appearance of carrying favour, and trusting for respect from them to our own self-respect. We may secure their respect, but we forget that this in the East is a very negative quantity. Personal likings and dislikes are the only motives of action, even in the best of their rulers, and so small a part of the insufficiency of our representation is due to their neglect of this line of conduct. For a Turk, Said Pasha is an enlightened man; he is a humane one, and free from the bigotry which was one of the many vices of his predecessor. He deserves credit for his watchfulness and energy in protecting the native Christians, and for his liberality to the Syrian refugees. But in all grave matters he is a puppet in the hands of France, and this entirely by our fault. When he succeeded to the government he was inclined to an independent course; but to

maintain himself in it, he needed support from England, in the shape of only of encouragement in his good intentions, and it was withheld. The result is what might be expected. We have lost in Egypt, as in other parts of the Turkish East, that consideration which we enjoyed before the Crimean expedition, and while we are careless of regaining it, our French ally profits by our *laches* as eagerly as if we were on the eve of a war, instead of the long peace which the Commercial Treaty is intended to secure to us.

THE "CONSERVATIVE PRESS."

WE have a curious account of the Conservative Press from a Conservative organ. The total number of newspapers published in the home empire is put down at 1,050, and of these only 193, or little more than one-fifth, serve the cause of the great party which still aspires to rule the State. In the metropolis the utmost care can only make out 13 papers devoted to Conservatism, and 40 to other parties. Morning and evening, 55,000 copies are issued to advocate Conservative interests, and 200,000 the interests of its opponents. "The penny press is the great fact of the day," and the *Standard* and *Evening Standard* alone do homage to Toryism, while the *Star*, and the *Telegraph*, and the *Express*, all support the Liberals, and the *Telegraph* has an enormous circulation. "The united circulation of the entire weekly Conservative Press is not equal," is the sad lamentation, "to that of a single one of the four twopenny papers, all devoted to anti-Conservatism, which circulate 420,000. They are all pulling down what Toryism tries to build up. Besides being deficient in numbers, Toryism is deficient in talent; and there is now "an absolute necessity that its journals and reviewers should keep pace in point of intelligence and information with the Liberal organs." These opinions of the *New Quarterly Review* are endorsed by the daily Conservative papers, and their dreary condition is accounted for by "the expedient policy of Sir Robert Peel, which not only broke up the great body of the Conservatives, but inflicted on the newspaper proprietor, which stuck to its standard, a most serious permanent injury." "The financial resources of the papers being reduced, the editorial and literary staffs were decreased in number, and in the same ratio the power and ability to compete with the Liberal organs were diminished."

This is a very gloomy picture of the decay of a great and powerful part of society. It is the dying out of a widespread opinion. Looking at the records of the past, or carrying back our memory for one half only of Lord Brougham's existence, we find a period when a Liberal paper was barely tolerated, and Tory journals, protected by Tory Attorney Generals ever ready to pounce on Liberal *Examiners*, circulated largely in every town. This great change has not been brought about by any of the puerile causes to which it is assigned by the Tory journals, aspiring to make the public lose sight of their party by assuming a new name, but by a great change in society, to which the public attention may with propriety be directed.

During the last forty years, if not before, Conservatism, which is only coercive Toryism in a mask, has been engaged in a continual warfare against Progress, and has suffered a continual succession of defeats and disasters. Its own instruments continually wounded it. Huskisson, whom Lord Chancellor Eldon—the incarnation of the principle—hated, was not more fatal to it than Peel, whom Eldon loved and trusted, till he, too, from necessity, betrayed the cause he was elected to defend. The commercial reforms, begun in 1821, were as hostile to Toryism, and as much opposed by squires and monopolists, and on the same principles, as the abolition of the Navigation Laws and the Commercial Treaty with France. The declining party gained a momentary triumph on the unexpected death of Canning, which destroyed the only anti-Tory ministry—a triumph which cost the subsequent Tory ministry what it was obliged to do the work it would on no account allow him to execute. The Tories were constrained immediately to commence a reduction of taxation, and had scarcely got reconciled to their new fate, when an adverse vote of the Commons, conformably to public opinion, compelled them to abolish the Test and Corporation Acts.

From 1806 to 1829 Toryism held office, on condition of maintaining the old bigotry, which made a third of the people, on account of religious tenets, the enemies of the State. It then yielded to fear what it had denied to justice; but, more fortunate in its defeats than in its victories, its concessions in 1829 came in good time to remove the occasion for revolutionary disturbance, when Europe was convulsed in 1830. Unthought, however, by the reflection from abroad, in almost universal disturbance, of the mischief resulting from its principles, it resisted the reform which a progress in material wealth and political knowledge made indispensable. The subsequent restoration to place, when it again presumed to raise its head after that shameful defeat, was only to concede, in spite of many years of protestation and resistance, great commercial reforms, the abolition of the corn laws, and to acknowledge the thoroughly anti-Tory principle of free unrestricted competition as the law of social life.

Less fortunate than its spiritual allies, Toryism has always been

obliged to appeal to facts for the confirmation of its doctrines, and facts have, for upwards of forty years, convicted it of being continually in the wrong. Naturally, the multitude has separated from fiction and falsehood. Workers can only live by observing and obeying facts; and between their minds and Toryism affinity is impossible. They necessarily repudiate error wherever discovered. This is the true explanation of the decay of the Tory Press. It has continually advocated error and wrong, and has fallen, and continues to fall, into disrepute. It has tried to thwart the dictates of the senses, and has necessarily been defeated.

The *New Quarterly* admits that "journalism is essentially a commercial question;" that "there is no occasion to resort to a system of subsidies to support the press;" but if newspapers can only succeed by being bought by the public, they must supply the public with what it wants. According to the confusion of the Tories, the public does not want, will not have, will discard and condemn to obscurity, then and their doctrines, because they persist in advocating what is false, wrong, and mischievous. It is supposed, however, that journals can "judiciously prepare the public mind;" that the "dread journals owe their pernicious influence" to the skill with which they are written, and that the Conservatives may, whatever doctrines they teach, if they only teach them skillfully, recover their dominion over the multitude. This is an error. They had for years all the resources of the State at their disposal; the wealth of the Church, and the emoluments of the law, were almost exclusively theirs; most of the landed property was in their hands, the press was entirely under their control; and yet they were compelled to abrogate their most cherished enactments. They could not keep opinion bound in their chains. They could neither bribe nor awe the multitude. Facts were more powerful than theories. Nature abhors political conservatism; she is ever on the life of change and progress, and whatever would withstand her, she drives away.

The whole theory of Conservatism, as presented by its journals, is founded on a false assumption. It starts upon the principle that the mind—that opinions can be manufactured to order,—that right and wrong, falsehood and truth, good and evil, are subservient to political systems, can be modelled by them; and that it is only necessary for Conservatives to open their purses, buy and distribute Conservative journals, to make the multitude conservative. They fancy that the Emperor of the French makes the opinion of the French, and they sigh for his power. Their present complaints are a refutation of their own theory; for they have tried all human means to preserve their dominion over the mind, and have failed. The history of the last forty years is not theory, but a fact; and it ought to convince the Tories that opinions concerning all material and social objects are not formed nor regulated by journalism. The most successful of the journals, according to the Tories, owes its success to conforming to public opinion, without claiming to model or direct it.

We should not have occupied ourselves and our readers with the dolorous cry of our contemporaries—for we have no pleasure in witnessing distress,—but the avowed decay of Toryism which it acknowledges is a great fact in the history of society. It is not merely the dying out of a party—it is the sinking into oblivion of a worn-out principle. An old rule of action is disappearing, and a new one coming in its place. The knowledge of the many fashions the minds of individuals, and they cease to respect in proportion the dogmas of the ignorant few. A necessary development has given information to the public. They see who make railroads, cultivate the fields, and import luxuries, and they discriminate between their real and their pretended benefactors. They are as ready as ever to obey, but the authority they respect is different. They must be convinced that obedience is right. They glide with satisfaction into all the regulations of the rail,—they obey, with infinite readiness, the captain of the steamship,—they readily pay the taxes, which, they suppose, are required for the preservation of the public credit or the security of the nation; but they repudiate as mischievous all unnecessary restrictions. They see that freedom, which is the law of nature, is far better than coercion, which is the essence of Toryism.

THE INTOLERANT "ISMS."

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States are the paradise of the "isms." The only "isms" that we hear of on the European continent are despotism, Roman Catholicism, patriotism, and republicanism;—the two first of which are engaged at this moment, as they have been ever since 1789, in a desperate feud against the two latter. But in our land and in America, the "isms" are more abundant, and include Abolitionism, Teetotalism, Vegetarianism, Sabbatarianism, Educationism, Puritanism, Memorialism, Socialism, Puseyism, Pugilism, Mormonism, Owenism, Fourierism, Spiritualism, and a whole host of others, more or less social or religious. Once a year a social section of these pseudo-philosophers hold high revel in some principal city of Great Britain, where the soldiers of the multitudinous army of the "isms" display themselves, and disport at their wild will, to the amusement of onlookers.

The great characteristic of all the "isms" is intolerance. The

believers are not content with the quiet enjoyment of the faith that is in them, but must ride full tilt against Law, Government, and Society, if these will not succumb to their rule, or acquiesce in their teachings. Take, for instance, Teetotalism, clamouring for its Maine liquor law. Its zealous disciples, not satisfied with their own liberty to drink nothing but cold water, hot water, or even salt water, if they prefer it, insist that there is no virtue possible in the world, unless it be fluted upon water; and would enact summary laws to prevent or punish the drinking of any other liquid. But if it be free to Adam to drink of the fountain, why should it not be free to Noah or to Timothy to drink of the juice of the vine? This is a question that teetotalers never ask. They believe themselves to be right, and the rest of the world to be wrong; and, like all men who have a faith and a conscience, they are impatient of contradiction, and only need the power to be as intolerant as the Inquisition, or any other persecutor who ever bowed a dissent at the stake, or hung, drew, or quartered a man for heresy.

The "vegetarians, with their "ism," though smaller in number, are not weaker in arguments than the teetotalers. There is as much to be said in favour of vegetables for food as there is of water for drink. If, in the estimation of the one sect, misery flows from claret or gin, misery, in the estimation of the other, flows from mutton chops or sausages. The mischief is, that those who consider all virtue, manliness, patriotism, honour, and health to reside in potatoes, cabbage, and carrots, will not allow the same liberty of opinion to those who believe that beef, mutton, pork, goose, turkey, chickens, and lobsters are equally provocative of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. Full of intolerance, they invoke the aid of law to uphold their opinions, just as Calvin did when he burned Servetus.

Among the other "isms" is a sect of Sabbatarians, in the far north, who would not only stop cabs, omnibuses, and railroad trains, but would prohibit cooks and waiters from pursuing their worthy callings on the Sunday,—who would put an end to all the locomotion and feeding of the other six days of the week on the day that they devote to prayers, forgetful of the fact that Great Britain is the country of civil and religious liberty; and that the observance of the Sabbath or the Sunday is a matter for the individual conscience, with which they have no right to interfere. There are religious people in England who hold that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." But the Sabbatarians, with their "ism," would render it penal to take a walk in the fields, or look happy, on the day which they deify and would convert England, where a different feeling prevails, into one great and lugubrious Glasgow. They clamour for religious liberty in their own case, but do not understand that others, who differ from them, should enjoy any degree of it.

The Hon. A. Kinnaird dislikes what has been called "servant-galism," and would have female servants wear a particular costume, not only inferior in quality, but different in form from that of their mistresses. But a Celtic philosopher, with a faith in the kilt, might object to Mr. Kinnaird for wearing trousers, and, strong in his "kiltism," might wish to deprive Mr. Kinnaird of his natural right of dressing as he pleased. How would Mr. Kinnaird like such interference with his liberty? And is not a servant girl as much entitled to please herself as he is?

These various "isms" are the growth of freedom of opinion; but there is scarcely one of them that would not do violence to its origin. Nature and Revolution devour their children; but the "isms" would devour their mother, Liberty. There are no "isms" in despotic countries; and if our social philosophers, each with his crochets, would but reflect on that fact, and be thankful for the freedom which they enjoy to broach and to discuss what theories they please, they might perhaps rely more upon common sense, and less upon law, than they now do. The world, which is large enough for their liberty, is surely large enough for the liberty of those who do not agree with them.

A NEW AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.

WHILE the Prince of Wales is creating a *furore* of curiosity, impertinence, and applause among our ultra-democratic, but, at heart, aristocratic cousins of the United States, it may be worth while to recall to mind the effect produced by his happily-ended, but not always happily-conducted, visit to Upper and Lower Canada. If the transient sojourn of His Royal Highness in British America had no other value, the demonstration it afforded of the great fact that Republicanism, with all its vauntings, has made no great headway, except in the United States, could not fail to render it highly gratifying to the people of England. The visit is, moreover, a very sufficient answer to much that home politicians of a certain school are wont to affirm with regard to the loyalty and attachment of colonists to the institutions of the mother country, and to the frequent iterations that the value of the connection is not equal to the cost. Whatever may be the future policy of Great Britain with reference to her American dependencies, we have at

least the satisfaction to know that the allegiance and affections of our fellow-subjects and countrymen, who people them, have not been contaminated by the proximity of their faster-moving cousins; and that, if we wish to retain these extensive possessions, the power to do so is in our own hands. These provinces now contain five millions of people. Our policy has hitherto been calculated to keep them separate—so separate, indeed, that in some instances one territory has continued to muleet another, immediately adjoining, of a duty upon its products. Recently, it is true, a greater amount of local freedom has been permitted, and the colonies have now nothing to complain of in the shape of imperial restriction upon their intercourse. The consequence has been the removal, by the local governments, of such absurd and unnatural impositions. Still the provinces of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward's Island, and the Canadas, are, to all intents and purposes, strangers. These people, having, in the main part, one common origin, and acknowledging one common nationality, are, from early operating causes, still kept apart, and their interest made distinctive, if not antagonistic. That there is no great wisdom in this, is perceptible enough to the more considerate of the colonists themselves, as well as to their very astute and far-seeing neighbours. Concomitantly it is seriously disadvantageous. Nationally it possesses all the elements of weakness; and in the case of strife would endanger the possession. The time appears to have arrived when the Imperial Government should look to the better security of these important dependencies. As they at present stand, they are at the mercy of any powerful aggressor. It is not to be supposed that at this day an assailant could devise no other strategy than to take his ships up the Saint Lawrence for the purpose of having them blown out of the water by the guns of Quebec. What was done at that point one hundred years ago would not be attempted now in the same form, nor are the conditions the same. The strategic phase, however important in the government of a distant possession, is hardly that which now calls for the solicitude of the statesman upon whom should fall the duty of perpetuating British sovereignty in North America. A more successful experiment is not to be found in the history of government than the imposition of self-government upon the colonies. The responsibility thus created has undoubtedly brought a far better feeling than formerly existed. Coupled, too, with a just recognition of the colonists' rights to the privileges and honours of the citizen, a sense of inferiority is removed, and the attachment to the parent state has no longer the alloy which neglect and depreciation could not fail to engender.

There can be little surprise that Canada should be the foremost in any movement having for its object a new political or social existence. The united provinces of Canada contain three millions of people; and if among them the standard of education is not so high as in England, the diffusion of intelligence is far more general, more especially of that peculiar intelligence which may be termed democratic—a knowledge of the respective duties of the governed and the rulers. A population already numerous and rapidly increasing, so circumstanced, are not likely long to overlook the cause of any permanent or existing disadvantage. This sentiment has led them to detect a weakness in their present status, and they are unquestionably casting about, as men under uneasy circumstances are wont to do, to find some remedy for what they feel to be an evil. It is always better to acknowledge the ill than to attempt to disguise it. An honest admission of its existence is the true road to a dispassionate and calm solution of a difficulty. This conviction appears to have led the people of Canada to the consideration of the relative position of the whole of the British North American provinces. This consideration has been superinduced by the ill-considered working of the present union. It is useless to deny that the people of Western Canada are not well content with their present partnership, and they suggest a remedy in a Federation of all the Provinces. They assert that such a federation, while void of any of the inconvenience and injustice of the now existing union, would necessitate an identity of interests, and give a nationality to the whole. As it is not suggested to make a legislative union, it is presumed that the jealousies arising under the present system would no longer be called into existence. There certainly are many reasons why a scheme of this kind should find favour with those who are discontented with the Canadian union as it now exists; and it is therefore not surprising that it is universally popular in the western provinces.

About two years ago, Mr. Galt—not then in the Ministry, but now the Minister of Finance, and one of the most able men of the present Government—brought before Parliament a plan of confederation. That this gentleman is now a leading member of the Cabinet is a tolerable assurance, if there were no other evidence, that the Canadian Government is not unfriendly to the project. It would seem to promise great advantages to the smaller provinces of the east, connecting, as it must, these with the grain sections of Upper Canada and the north-western states. It is doubtful if the consummation of this Federal Union is anything more than a question of time. All these popular questions require a certain amount of discussion preparatory to their partition, and of this, if comment and debate indicate its approach, the advent is not far distant.

THE LAW OF REAL PROPERTY.

LORD ST. LEONARDS succeeded, during the late Session, in passing an act "further to amend the law of real property," as its title describes it. As his lordship was also fortunate enough, in the Session of 1859, to pass an act with a similar title, it is evident that he, as the champion of real property law, is doing all in his power to fortify his citadel against the future onslaughts of Sir R. Bell and Sir H. Cairnes, whose proposed measures of registration of title were obliged to be postponed in consequence of the dissolution last year, and the immense quantity of business engaging the attention of the House during the past Session. Lord St. Leonards certainly exhibits the tact of a good general in thus depriving his opponents of any objections to the present state of the law, generally acknowledged by the lawyers themselves to be well founded. They, at least, are wise enough not to postpone timely and judicious reform, and, by so doing, endanger the main part of their interests. Their policy is to reduce their adversaries' ammunition as much as possible; and, doubtless, they think that the fortress will be sufficiently strong to resist the little that will remain when the day of conflict shall arrive.

As the Acts of Lord St. Leonards are of considerable importance, it may not be altogether unprofitable to give an outline of some of their main provisions.

First, with regard to leases. Formerly, when a tenant was prohibited from sub-letting the premises, or doing any other act specified in the lease, and was under a penalty of forfeiting his lease on a breach of the conditions, if the landlord granted him permission to do the act provided against, the permission then granted destroyed the landlord's right to claim a forfeiture for any further breach of the conditions, for which the tenant had not obtained the landlord's permission. This inconvenience applied also to the case of a release of a portion of land from the payment of a rent-charge to which the remaining portion was also liable—the release of part was a release of the whole. The law was founded on a case decided in the reign of Elizabeth, and had prevailed in all its inconvenient integrity to the present time. Now, happily, and thanks to Lord St. Leonards, it has at last been repealed.

The execution of powers of appointment over property, in a technical and peculiar manner prescribed in the instrument creating the power, is no longer absolutely necessary to support the appointment made, provided they are executed in the manner in which other deeds are usually executed.

Devises in trust may raise money by sale or mortgage of property charged with the payment of debted legacies, although there may be no power to do so contained in the will, if there be no other prescribed method of raising the money.

Vendors of property are now made liable to criminal proceedings for fraudulently concealing deeds, &c., material to the title, or for falsifying pedigrees.

Executors and administrators may now, with safety to themselves, distribute the effects of a deceased person, on giving notice requiring the creditors to send in their claims before a certain specified time.

Provisions have been made for further securing *bona fide* purchasers or mortgagees from the claims of judgment-creditors, by requiring, in addition to the registration of the judgment, the issuing and registration of a writ of execution.

There are many other important clauses in the acts, but of too technical a character to be understood by the general reader, who will be able to form an opinion, from the foregoing sketch, of the great improvement in the law which Lord St. Leonards has effected.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XIV.

MR. WAGSTAFF DISCOVERS UPON VALUES AND UPON SOME VALUABLES, NOT HITHERTO CONSIDERED OF MERCANTILE OR OF ANY OTHER ACCOUNT.

It has been said—

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring."

I deny the assertion. The value of some things is infinitely greater than any price they will bring—infinite greater than the means of any purchase in any market of the world. Words are such poor representatives of ideas, that when we speak of Value, we use a phrase without meaning. The value of corn is to be estimated, but what is the value of sunshine and rain, without which there could be no corn? In the same manner, when we ask what is Truth, Beauty, Wit, or Poetry, there may be fifty thousand persons who feel the answer, yet not two, or even one, who is able to express it. Sir Robert Peel asked the British Parliament—What was a pound? But no one could tell him; and to this day one half of our social philosophers and monetary doctors are at war with the other half upon this very question; and a pound, of which any schoolboy or shopkeeper knows all the secrets, is a puzzle to those who would define it scientifically. What is Value?—Who can tell? Is it a thing fixed or arbitrary? Is it physical, moral, or spiritual? Is it matter of fact, or of any creation of the fancy? Is it of the earth or of heaven, of time or of eternity?

Nature and man are at issue upon the answer. Nature says that there is no thing, however apparently small or mean, which has not some value. Man says that there are many things, both great and small, which are utterly valueless. The values of nature are absolute and eternal as herself. The values of man are as man is—transitory, shifting, and unreliable. They partake of geography far more than of mathematics, and of caprice more than of reason. Man throws his refuse into a river, and poisons himself, his children, and his grandchildren; while Nature, allowed to deal with it in her own way, would convert it into flowers and fruit, and if man would aid her, into corn and rye. Out of fifth Nature brings roses and lilies. Out of the soil where the dead soldier rots, she produces wheat that is heavy in ear. Such is the calculation, and such is the practice of Nature.

The old Saxon English says value is worth. The modern French says that to be *vaillant*, or brave and courageous, is to be of worth—worth and valour signifying the same thing. In ancient time, if a man or thing was good for any purpose of utility, either in peace or war, he or it was worthy. Our ancestors called one who had money, brains, or good character, or all three in combination, a valuable man. They addressed him as his worthship, which we now call his worship. In rural districts, when simple hard-working men see another man with better clothes on his back than they can afford, and suppose him to have money in his pocket, or at the Bank, and fancy that he has education and refinement of manners, which must have cost something to acquire, they address him as "your worship." The title, supposing it to be deserved, is more appropriate than that of *Excellency* for an ambassador, *Grace* for a duke, *Serenity* for a grand-duke, or *Majesty* for a king. In some respects the title is even higher; for, to say of a man that he has worth is better than to say that he has *Lorship*, or *Grace*, or *Excellency*, or *Serenity*. As for *Majesty*, there are many nobilities that are not majestic, if you could but see them in their night-gowns; whereas worth naked is as good as worth with its clothes on, or its crown on its head. In addition to this there is a fancy value, as well as a market worth to all things. Robert Burns the farmer, and Robert Burns the poet, put two separate and distinct values upon a daisy. To Robert Burns the farmer, a daisy was a daisy, a mere common, worthless weed. To Robert Burns the poet, a daisy was a gem of beauty and delight—worth the whole farm. He made it so before he had done with it; for the world would much rather that that portion of Dumfriesshire whereon stood Burns' acres were swamped under the Nith, than that his little poem upon the Daisy should be obliterated from books and men's memories.

The fancy value of the great Koh-i-noor diamond is estimated at two or three millions of pounds sterling. But what is its marketable value? If the Queen sent it into the City, could she find a purchaser? If she tried to pawn it, what would the pawnbroker lend upon it? There are not perhaps two persons in the world who could buy it, and they, not with their own money, but with that of the unconsenting people whom, as aristocrats, despots, and military chiefs, they misgovern. So that if a man had the Koh-i-noor for his whole property, and was compelled to part with it, that he might purchase beef, bread, and beer—the Englishman's three B's,—or food and raiment, he might, perhaps, get much less for it than for a farm of a hundred acres, or for a ship-load of cotton from Alabama or the Mississippi. Thus the Koh-i-noor depends for the greater part of its value upon an idea, and this idea there is no one to realize but a despot, who is himself the creature of an idea, and may be an emperor to-day and a felon or an exile to-morrow.

What is the value of one hundred pounds? Surely that is a fixed thing? Alas! no. Its value depends upon time, place, and circumstance. A man cannot, or will not, eat a bank note for a hundred pounds—unless he be an idiot, or a drunken sinner. But sure or insane, drunk or sober, he could not eat it in solid gold or silver, or drink it as molten metal. A hundred pounds hoarded represents theoretically and is actually a hundred pounds. To this extent it is what the French call *une idée fixe*. But being hoarded, its value decreases, and it is of no more real account to the world or its possessor than if it lay at the bottom of the deepest valley in the Atlantic or in Tycho, or any other crater of the moon. Not being hoarded, it represents physical or mental enjoyment of some kind: so much wine and mutton; so much broadcloth and satin; so much warmth and shelter; so much chair and table; so much musical or dramatic recreation; or so much clarity and philanthropy. But if representing a certain portion of these things to-day in England, it may represent more or less of them to-morrow; and in France or Germany either to-day or to-morrow may represent them in quite another quantity and proportion.

When the ship *Juno*—of whose wreck the mate, William Mackay, has written a very pathetic account—lay water-logged off the coast of Africa, her hull and deck under water, and her starving crew clinging desperately, in the intolerable sunshine, to the spars and cross-beams amid the rigging, the captain's widow (made a widow by the wreck), who had eleven hundred pounds in Bank of England notes and gold, sewed up in a little bag which she wore in her bosom, offered the whole of it to a cabin-boy for a quarter of a sea-biscuit, which, being unwell and without appetite, he had saved out of his nation. But the price of biscuit had gone up, and that of gold had gone down, at that time and in that place. Food was at such an enormous

premium, and gold at such a frightful discount, among that perishing community, that the eleven hundred pounds failed to tempt the cabin-boy to part with one square inch of his biscuit. Biscuit was as good as life. Biscuit was life itself. A sudden crier, picked out of the gutters of London or Paris, and rejected by the dogs or sparrows, would, if it had been suddenly brought among those sailors in that rigging, have been of more real worth than a year's yield of all the gold-mines of California, Oregon, and Australia.

All physical values are equally changeable and uncertain. No land in the world is of more worth than the land of the British Isles—especially in and around the city of London. But let some strong deposit abound, aided by shaks, degeneracy, effluviary, insensuous, corruption, and want of public virtue at home, convert this great empire into a tributary province of France or Russia, and what would be the value of the land of all Middlesex, and fifty other counties?

What is the value of pig? Much to the poor Irish peasant, for pig, in Ireland, pays rent. But pig is on a lower standard of respectability in Ohio, where the people, on an emergency, for want of coal, have been known to burn his carcass to make a blaze under a boiler. And what would a Brahmin give for all the hogs ever slaughtered in Cincinnati, or barreled in Cork?

What is the value of a horse? It depends upon fancy and caprice, like other physical values. It is to be estimated by its qualities either for strength, like a brewer's animal, or for swiftness, like the winners of the Derby. But when Richard III. said he would give his kingdom for a horse, a swift steed was like biscuit to the captain's widow—not possible to be valued. It was worth infinitely more than all England and Normandy besides. It was worth a human life—the life of a man who, with a horse, would have had a hope left; but who, without a horse, must die in despair, having nothing to ask of the mercy of God; and despising the mercy of man. But to come down a peg lower—What is the value of a barbers' old, worn-out, ragged, musty, dusty, feid, and unweavable horse-hair wig? In London, perhaps, two pence, or three at the utmost. But send that same article to Dahomey, and the negroes will give an elephant's tusk for it, or an ounce of gold-dust, and will clap it on their heads, or tie it round their middle instead of a fig-leaf, and strut about with the price—as grand in their own estimation as Napoleon III. at the head of his army.

Coming to values of a very different description—values not supposed to be values, until they have been lost for ever,—let us look for a moment at yonder beautiful young maiden, entering into the ball-room, rich with the riches of her seventeen years, and of her fresh hopes, and let us ask her what is the value of her nose? Penitence as she is—for her father has nothing to give her, and earns his daily bread by the sweat of his brains, at the law, or at physic, or something else,—what would she take for her nose? Ten thousand pounds? Twenty thousand? A hundred thousand? Five hundred thousand? No. There is nothing in this world that she would take for her nose. It is beyond all price. The Queen's throne would not purchase even the tip of it.

Look, again, at that fair, blooming, fresh, rejoicing widow of two years' standing, who has not yet seen her twenty-fourth birthday: what would she take for the whole set of her teeth? Her dear departed was perhaps a dealer in grocery, in broadcloth, or in cutlery; but would she give her teeth to be made a dentist? She would not. She would scorn the bargain with utterable or unutterable scorn. Well, what would she take but for one of those brilliant eyes, that unmake the hearts of men leap in their bosoms? To cast that eye out—mere dead matter!—what is the price? There is no price. She would not sell it for anything that the world can show or offer. Not to possess India and Canada—not to share the throne of Bonaparte—not for all the wealth of all the world. Wealth is a grand matter; but it is not worth the eye of a widow, or of the meekest beggar that crawls in the sunshine. And then, oh, allerman—then, oh, man of sixty years—who knowest what is what—who has a punch-bell and weakened with a superabundance of good things—what wouldst you give for the appetite which yonder curly-headed playboy sits upon the stool, eating bread-and-cheese? Fifty thousand pounds would not buy thee such an appetite. Thrice fifty thousand could not bring thee even an approximation towards such a relish for thy food. Food is in the gift of Heaven; but Heaven, though thy food be provided, will not give thee, at threescore, the appetite of enscowred, which thou hast abused, tormented, and extinguished. Offer thy worldly goods ten times over for an appetite, and thou mightest just as well offer the shadow of a farthing, or the snuff of thy fingers in the air!

Youth and Health: who, when he possesses these inestimable treasures, ever thinks for a moment of their value? What would the old man give for his youth? What would a grandmother give for her bridal hour? What would the cripple give for a sound leg?—the hunchback for a spine—like a soldier's, selling himself, spine and all, for thirteen-pence halfpenny a day? What would the blind cat give for a clear vision?—the stammering martyr for the tongue of a Billingsgate fishwife?—or the dead duke for the charm of music and song!—or even for the power of gossiping in whispers with a neighbour on the benches of the Painted Chamber? How can her Grace the Duchess tell him she loves him? She must shrink it out, or speak it through a trumpet, so that the servants may hear;—and what love is worth the having, if you are obliged to blazon it upon the house-top!

I have not yet done with the Values, and shall return to the subject next week.

In the absence of all other domestic news of interest, public attention has been attracted to the speeches and lectures delivered by leading public men to audiences of various kinds in the provinces.

A long speech on the national defence was made by General Peel, in replying to a toast at the annual dinner of the *Huntingdon Agricultural Association*. General Peel attaches very great importance to the rifle movement. He remarked that a bad shot may be a good soldier; that it is one thing to fire at a bull's-eye and another to fire into a battalion; and that, therefore, no one should retire from the corps because he could not stand high in the prize competition. No great battle was ever gained by the dexterity of individuals; victory, in all cases, being ensured by the valor of the masses, and the confidence that each places in the other. With regard to the navy, on which the defence of the country must chiefly rest, General Peel stated that by Sir William Armstrong he had recently heard the opinion expressed that if the new iron-clad frigates introduced into the French navy are found to possess the speed and to be as seaworthy as ordinary men-of-war, no other vessel will have the slightest chance against them. This being the case, the entire reconstruction of the navy will be necessary, at an expense which may be judged of from the fact that two vessels of war, now in the course of construction, will cost alone no less than a million sterling.

In connection with this subject, it appears that the authorities at Whitehall have, during the week, had under their serious consideration the necessity of building a number of iron-clad ships. They have resolved that several shall be laid down without delay, although nothing definitive has yet been settled with regard to the exact plans to be used in their construction. One vessel is to be built at the Chatham dockyard, others at private establishments, and this, probably, with a view to ascertain the respective merits of work so performed.

Parliamentary talk was denounced once more by Lord Enfield, at the dinner which followed the annual show of the *West Middlesex Agricultural Society*. He suggested two modes in which the evil might be cured: the one being, that the electors should take their representative to task when he wastes the valuable time of the House of Commons; and the other, that parliamentary reporters should not transcribe irrelevant, pointless, ungrammatical, and incoherent speeches into whole columns of good grammar and good sense.

The influence of reformatories and ragged schools in diminishing crime has been treated of with all the new light shed on the subject in recent discussions, by Mr. Hill, the recorder of Birmingham, in his charge, delivered on Monday last, to the grand jury of the borough quarter sessions. The fact is now established beyond all doubt; he says that juvenile reformatories have diminished crime to an extent which should secure for them the warmest public support. If, he argues, it is found that instruction and training qualify the recipient for the performance of his duties as a member of society, thereby reducing to a minimum the expense of governing him, then and so far education should be considered a part of government itself. Where the right of tuition cannot be extracted from natural sources, in it not self-evident that it should be furnished by the state? He united "his humble protest to the masterly speech of Sir John Pakington in Parliament, the fervid appeals of Dr. Guthrie, and the unanswerable remonstrances of Mary Carpenter, against the huckstering frugality with which our ministers let go their coin shilling by shilling to the ragged schools—a parsimony which, when contrasted with the plaintive of their usefulness in favour of classes of the community able and willing to contribute to the education of their children, struck him as the most astonishing example of inconsistency which had occurred in his time."

The disturbances at St. Georges-in-the-East have again broken out, in spite of the efforts made by the Bishop of London to put an end to the fooleries which in the first instance provoked these disgusting scenes. Mr. King, the regular clergyman, has now retired, and is replaced by Mr. Hammond, a minister of moderate opinions, who for some weeks past has been allowed to conduct the service in a comparatively quiet manner. The "Anti-Psueyite League" are not, however, satisfied with the change which has taken place in the mode of conducting worship. Accordingly, on Sunday last, not only the reading of the service, but the sermon, which was altogether free from allusion to any subject in the most remote degree connected with Psueyite tenets, were interrupted by coughs and hisses, and a repetition of the other proceedings on the part of the audience which shocked and scandalized the public some months ago. As there is now no valid excuse for the perpetration of these enormities, it is to be hoped that the magistrates will punish the offenders in a manner which will bring them to a sense of the folly and blackguardism of their conduct.

His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, on the 1st instant, had a narrow escape from what might have proved a very serious accident. Returning alone, in the afternoon, in his carriage, from Catterburg to Colong, his horses, which were driven four-in-hand, began to kick violently, and then started off at full speed. At a distance of about a mile from the town, they reached a level crossing, where the highway passes over the railway. A train being expected, the gate was closed, and a wagon was standing in the road. Seeing that a collision was inevitable, his Royal Highness, with great presence of mind, jumped to the ground, and escaped being stunned or seriously injured, although slightly out of the face. The driver was less fortunate. He remained on the carriage, and was violently thrown when it came into collision with the bar, and severely injured.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

The demand for money has increased this week. In consequence of a considerable sum of gold having been taken from the Bank of England to supply the Bank of *Escompte* at Paris, a little apprehension of scarcity begins to prevail. Caution is induced, and money is secured, to be ready against contingencies. The Bank of *Escompte* has been fully authorized to establish branches in the East, with a view of making French trade as much as possible independent of the London and Eastern banking companies. It requires, therefore, to send a considerable sum to China, to enable it to meet the wants of commerce, and probably, also, the wants of the French expedition. Again, then, the flow of silver to the East will increase, and gold goes hence to France in advance of what we usually send, as we generally export gold to France, in order that purchase silver to be sent to China. The total amount of gold to be so sent away is, however, only £500,000, and this would occasion no uneasiness were the Bank of England otherwise in a very favourable position.

The Bank returns last week, however, showed a decline in its resources, partly in consequence of the commencement of quarterly payments on account of the Government, and partly in consequence of the demands of trade. The returns of the present week will no doubt exhibit, from the same causes, a further decline, though they will not include the payment of dividends to the public. Those who watch such matters are aware that the reserve of the Bank, — £2,391,153 last week, and £2,985,880 last year at this time, — and its resources generally, are considerably less than last year, while the demands of commerce, as represented by the private securities, are something greater — now £19,945,221, last year £19,792,356. One cause of the Bank's unfavourable position is Mr. Gladstone's plan of raking out its resources by drawing on the Government balances in the Bank; and it was noticed in the revenue account published last week, that in the quarter ended June 30th, there was no surplus balance whatever in the Bank to the credit of the Government, — a thing we have no recollection of ever having seen for England before. At present, accordingly, the public deposits in the Bank are only £6,832,025, while at the same period of the quarter, for several successive years, they have not been less than £8,242,217. The vast amount of money which the Government now spends, is attended with the obvious disadvantage of lessening the resources of the Bank — the only body which can create legal tenders — and hampering commerce. Money, or legal tender, being now unusually limited in quantity, will, most probably be dearer.

Messrs. Overend & Gurney have some reference to the real transaction for which they are drawn. The object is to prevent bills being offered for discount which are not drawn against goods actually on their way to the market, and is so far good. There must, however, be some difficulty in verifying each transaction, and in ascertaining at all times whether the goods will be equal in value to the credit taken on them, and whether any other credit has been taken. After taking all possible precautions, the discounters will have to rely, in a great measure, on their customers, and it would be better to make the reliance on them entire and complete. The true source of credit is confidence in an individual, and it would only be logical that this principle should be relied on throughout. If the individual created by a region, he will find out means of obtaining his region's ends. Men, too, in a large way of business may want temporary accommodation without having any immediate transaction on which to base it.

A bill drawn on this account will be truly an accommodation bill; and if the man be trustworthy, he ought to be able to obtain it without rendering an account of what he immediately wants it for. All bills, as a cotemporary has remarked, are for accommodation, or why draw them? Why not hand over the money? To make a distinction between bills which a man draws on some one transaction, and those which he may require to draw without the possibility of using them for any single transaction, will be in practice very difficult. Of course, all credit is based on value in future, and whether a man be justified or not in taking credit, turns on his judgment and discretion. We believe, therefore, that discounters would be much safer were they to make discounting depend entirely on the character of their customers, rather than on written evidence of their special transactions.

The corn markets generally continue about the same as last week. In other markets, too, the alterations are unimportant. They have been dull rather than otherwise.

The Funds, and with them Railway Shares, have gone decidedly backwards, more, we believe, on account of the rise in the value of money, which increases the danger of speculation for the account, than from any political cause, though the affairs of the continent, in consequence of the movements of the Emperor of Russia, have been more uncertain. The fall is chiefly speculative.

The money price of Consols is about 92.

It has been remarked that since July last the average rise in the value of railway property has been 5 per cent., while the average fall of public funds in the same period, has been about 2 per cent. This course, as we indicated long ago, is a healthy one, the property, earning something, is increasing in value, while the indolence of the State is declining in value. The *Times* estimates the nominal gain from the rise at £16,000,000, and the loss from the fall at £16,000,000. Without guaranteeing these proportions, the continued rise in the value of railway property, both here and in the United States, is justified by facts, and is very gratifying. It is, however, due entirely to the increasing commercial traffic, the line connecting with the rest of the world being more prosperous than those connected with places which are chiefly sought for pleasure.

The iron trade is flat, notwithstanding the improvement in the French tariff. A liberal tariff issued by the still nominal, but really orking of Naples, has just reached this country. As its authority cannot give effect to it, its only value is the testimony issuing it bears to the progress of free trade.

MEN OF MARK.—No. V.

FARADAY.

CONSIDERED as an element of society, the man of science is peculiarly circumstanced. To be admired, he must be appreciated; to be appreciated, he must be known; to be known, he must be understood. This latter assumption presupposes the public to be scientifically educated, which postulate we very rarely deny. The public are not scientific, in any parallel sense to that in which they are literary or artistic. The capacity of admiring a work of art, because it is a work of art, is at this time not rare. The capacity of admiring poetry or fiction, because of the pleasure they confer, is of very general occurrence; but if we come to investigate the nature of popular scientific taste so-called, it will be found usually to represent some secondary or independent idea which once grasped, the scientific origin and connections of it are forgotten. The scientific mind, in its highest type of development, is characterized by the love of investigating natural laws, because they are laws, and irrespective of any personal advantages which may accrue from the investigation. Such is the impress of the true scientific mind; but there is a mock similitude, and one should be aware of it. Very commonly does it happen that the walks of science are entered upon as a road to fame by individuals in whose organization the true incentive to scientific culture is wanting. Fame, and social distinction—the goal of fame,—being the inducement held out to such pseudo-votaries of science, they aim at securing for themselves the rank of abstract thinkers, without the possession of mental characteristics sufficiently exalted, or motives sufficiently pure.

The term abstract science is very inadequately understood. The pretenders to high science, of whom we have just spoken, affect to disengage all scientific knowledge which finds immediate application to the needs and wants of man. The pretender to high science speaks of utilitarianism as though it were a demerit, seeking by this foolish depreciation to bespeak his alliance with a superior order of minds. This is the quackery of high science, not the reality of it; a feeling that will begot naught save contempt in the mind of a true philosopher. Abstract science is not so much science incapable of being applied to the wants and conveniences of man, as science the application of which is, for the time being, not obvious. Were it possible for the real philosopher to assume that some particular law had been impressed on matter uselessly, arbitrarily—imposed by more caprice—falsely—then would the philosopher discover no sources of pleasure in the investigation of such law. Analyzed out, the true spring of a scientific man's investigations is faith—faith that every law impressed on nature is impressed for some good end. The so-called abstract philosopher is abstract only in the sense that he works not necessarily for himself or his contemporaries. He knows that truth is good because it is truth. He is filled with an exalted reverence for the destinies of life transmitted from race to race, but he heeds little the destinies of an individual.

The admission must be made that a mind attuned to this belief is prone to become unsympathetic in its immediate relation with contemporaneous humanity. Much reflection on individual smallness, contrasted with specific grandeur, is prone to engender a callousness to the things and circumstances of today. When unregulated by other and extraneous tendencies, the philosophic bent may drift the possessor of it into the condition of pure misanthropy. Of this result the celebrated Cavendish offers a marked example. He was as nearly devoid of individual human sympathies as a human being could possibly be—though perhaps no man ever lived a life of more true and unflinching devotion to the shrine of science.

Having endeavoured thus to set forth a few of the reasons wherefore a votary of high science, though appreciated in kindred circles, remains, too often, unnoticed to the outside world, almost unknown, let us try now to make apparent the causes which have conferred on Michael Faraday an exceptional position. Unquestionably he is a man of mark. "Faraday" is a name which not merely comes as a familiar sound to those who have walked in his own paths, and followed kindred avocations, but it is a word known and familiar to the multitudes of that larger outside world whose tendencies lead them in no way to the cultivation of science. The certainty of this fact came upon us with startling force the other day, when looking into a miscellaneous shop, we saw the pretentious offer of Professor Faraday's lecture the list of a tobacco-box. Yes, there indeed he was, fairly dividing honours with a wholeery of Venuses, Dianes, Turkish brivies, and other ladies of various degrees and qualities of attraction; to say nothing of male candidates for popularity in the shape of Volunteer Riflemen of all grades, and the hero Garibaldi. Of a truth the phenomenon set up as a-thinking. The fly and amber comet would have suited the occasion, had flies, like Faradays, been rich and rare. We marvelled, nevertheless, how the — he got there! Had Michael Faraday won his way into the affections of the tobacco trade by some fortuitous act of chemical special pleading? Had he got some fumbling tobacco-cosmet out of an Eschbacher scruple by demonstrating, for a consideration, that duck-leaves were tobacco-leaves? Prove this, and the appearance of our man of mark upon the lid of a tobacco-box would have been sufficiently explicable; but Faraday, almost from the time of his first entrance into the precincts of the scientific world, has totally eschewed the blandishments and popular renown, and heavy fees, of scientific special pleading.

Be the fact noted: he is never seen giving testimony within the walls of a court of law, in any case; whether civil or criminal. Probably the dictum may go forth hereafter, that, in refusing to do so, he has taken to too decisive stand, and entered too strong a protest against an abuse of the age we live in. Undoubtedly, scientific special pleading has grown into an abuse. Undoubtedly the parallelism sought to be established between the functions of the barrister who defends the thesis of his brief, and who must not travel beyond the records of that brief, is a false and disconcerting parallelism. Undoubtedly it is full time for the position to be recognized that the only brief a scientific man should hold is the book of Nature's brief, open it where he may; a maxim

which, forgotten or spurned, has wrought much damage to the character of scientific men. But it may be argued, nevertheless, that the sentiments of disgust for this abuse, should not drive men of science from courts of justice altogether. A protest is wanted, and men of mark like Faraday are every way suited to make that protest. A very self-sustaining protest he has made in altogether repudiating that fruitful source of wealth which comes from judicial and commercial retainers. No, depend upon it, though the evidence of all past tobacco disputes be not at this moment before us, Professor Faraday did not get advanced to the position of a man of mark in the tobacco-trade's Wallalla, installed amidst a hazy of fair nymphs and renowned warriors, through the recognition of services of this kind. We must seek the cause of his popularity through other channels.

To increase the difficulties of him who would trace the cause of Faraday's popularity to its source, our philosopher is not to be termed a convivial man. He is not a disconcerting though seemingly a man who would be merry enough at the dinner table. Faraday loves a joke, may laugh very heartily, and is never seemingly better pleased than when making a big, boy of himself—eluding the sympathies of children. Very sociable, he has ever avoided society: wherefore he knows better than we, whose only object at present is to show that our man of mark certainly never ate his way, or drank his way, into the appreciation of the public. Excepting court commands, to which he must needs respond, Michael Faraday is nearly a recluse. Far from courting aristocratic circles, Faraday has ever shunned them. Independence itself, he lacks not courtesy; and was ever known to maintain that somewhat difficult position of vindictive, with ineffective delivery, the claims of intellectual aristocracy, in the presence of aristocracy of hereditary rank.

Neither has Faraday won popular favour and recognition by pandering to any low or meretricious scientific tastes. Though his lectures have been ever popular, the subjects of them have been ever profound. His experiments, always attractive, have never borrowed the spurious charm of meretricious display. His illustrations, devised with a meaning, are carried out with precision and address that would enhance the reputation of a professor of legerdemain. As a manipulator, Faraday has always been unrivalled. His back on chemical manipulation is unique for as far as it goes, which was as far as chemistry, at the time it was written, had reached possible, or desirable. That some author has not similarly dealt with the intricacies of chemical manipulation down to the era of organic analysis, is to be regretted. To needless manipulation Faraday is indebted for much of the charm which attaches to him as a lecturer, and in some way or another the position of mark which he has achieved for himself is due to his lecturing capacity. None who have heard him lecture will deny that, as a lecturer on popular science, he stands alone, at an immeasurable distance from all competitors. As an author his pre-eminence is not so great. His literary style is open to objections. His sentences are long; needlessly qualified sometimes; and occasionally involved.

These characteristics are the more unaccountable, seeing that, as a lecturer, Faraday is so natural and uncontrived. The desire of giving conscientiously to all things, is ever present to the mind of Faraday; and to it, we believe, is attributable his defects of literary style. For would he would not propagate a falsehood; he therefore weighs his words so deliberately, and tempers them in writing with other words, but they should pass for too little or too much, so carefully, that a sentiment akin to pendency is suggested to the reader. In lecturing, this over-conscientiousness cannot take effect. Always master of his subject, and speaking extemporaneously from the merest jottings of notes, the lecturer's fluent tongue and nimble hands respond to first ideas, as they come welling up fresh from their sources. Regarded as a philosopher, for what he has done in scientific walks, Faraday's name will be revered by kindred minds until chemistry, magnetism, and electricity are forgotten; but, considering him in relation to his widely-diffused social fame—considering him as a man of mark—it may be otherwise. When Faraday shall be dead and gone, and the memory of his oral teachings shall have departed, non-scientific posterity, it may be, will seek vainly to discover the secret of his present social fame and extended influence. It is to be regretted that Faraday fears to recognise the spoken language of his ready thoughts as worthy a permanent record in print. That language would be of peculiar interest, but very charming. If the mere titles of Faraday's lectures were all collated, posterity would routine them in vain for any cause or topic of general interest, or popular sympathy. A sympathetic chord, nevertheless, the lecturer manages to thrill, whatever be the subject of his discourse. More than, perhaps, any other philosopher, he connects the elemental laws of nature with some dominant idea capable of awakening human sentiments and affections; thus not infrequently dividing with the painter and the poet the domains of emotional feeling. Scientific discourses, for the most part, are addressed to the head; a lecture of Faraday's goes direct to the heart. Commands not proved in school have experienced this charm without ceasing to analyze the nature of it. Apart from the cultured or suggested sentiment, the general topics of Faraday's discourses would not be of themselves popularly interesting.

The mind of Faraday is eminently suggestive. It opens out new points of vision and of retrospect, from which beheld, the domains of science are seen under new phases, and made to disclose new lights. In this capacity, Faraday is unrivalled; but the new point of view being indicated, many contemporaries are better fitted than he to exhaust the treasures there waiting to be disclosed. An analytic mind, it is deficient in the cultivated resources of analysis. Even as regards analytic chemistry, Faraday never went very far, though the little he has done in that department bears the stamp of truth. That language would be of peculiar interest, but very charming. If the mere titles of Faraday's lectures were all collated, posterity would routine them in vain for any cause or topic of general interest, or popular sympathy. A sympathetic chord, nevertheless, the lecturer manages to thrill, whatever be the subject of his discourse. More than, perhaps, any other philosopher, he connects the elemental laws of nature with some dominant idea capable of awakening human sentiments and affections; thus not infrequently dividing with the painter and the poet the domains of emotional feeling. Scientific discourses, for the most part, are addressed to the head; a lecture of Faraday's goes direct to the heart. Commands not proved in school have experienced this charm without ceasing to analyze the nature of it. Apart from the cultured or suggested sentiment, the general topics of Faraday's discourses would not be of themselves popularly interesting.

The mind of Faraday is eminently suggestive. It opens out new points of vision and of retrospect, from which beheld, the domains of science are seen under new phases, and made to disclose new lights. In this capacity, Faraday is unrivalled; but the new point of view being indicated, many contemporaries are better fitted than he to exhaust the treasures there waiting to be disclosed. An analytic mind, it is deficient in the cultivated resources of analysis. Even as regards analytic chemistry, Faraday never went very far, though the little he has done in that department bears the stamp of truth. That language would be of peculiar interest, but very charming. If the mere titles of Faraday's lectures were all collated, posterity would routine them in vain for any cause or topic of general interest, or popular sympathy. A sympathetic chord, nevertheless, the lecturer manages to thrill, whatever be the subject of his discourse. More than, perhaps, any other philosopher, he connects the elemental laws of nature with some dominant idea capable of awakening human sentiments and affections; thus not infrequently dividing with the painter and the poet the domains of emotional feeling. Scientific discourses, for the most part, are addressed to the head; a lecture of Faraday's goes direct to the heart. Commands not proved in school have experienced this charm without ceasing to analyze the nature of it. Apart from the cultured or suggested sentiment, the general topics of Faraday's discourses would not be of themselves popularly interesting.

Altogether, perhaps, this deficiency is not to be regretted. It may be that the very absence of mathematical power entails what we may call the sentimental aspect of Faraday's mind, and establishes a firmer bond of union between the domains of mere science and the common sympathies of humanity.

Having, on many occasions, been charmed with the peculiar turn of suggested thought which is so much a characteristic of Faraday's style of lecturing, we shall be expected to furnish an example. The following may be selected out of many. Lecturing on the non-metallic elements, some years ago, he took occasion, by a perfectly natural transition of thought, to elucidate the obvious, though not often contemplated fact, that the normal state of all matter is transition-motion. Chemistry—sometimes regarded as the science which illustrates the properties of matter at rest—has ceased to yield up evidence of all-pervading motion. The most seemingly permanent of elements and their combinations are ever on the move. Force cannot be abolished, though it can be masked. Nature tolerates no stagnation. The mountains disintegrate, and are disintegrated. Crystals are aggregating, plants are springing up. Animals are born, only to die and yield their tormented elements to other forms and further destinies. Nothing is at rest. Diverging from this poetic vein of thought, he next showed the beneficence of that Ordaining Power which had so willed, from the first, that elements should normally aggregate and constitute forms beneficial to the general interests of created life. He sketched ideally the desolation which would have ensued had phosphorus and chlorine, for example, existed free, or in harmful combination, instead of being fettered into harmlessness in the state of bone-earth, and common salt.

And thus the lecturer succeeded in denoting a chord of sympathy in close relationship with the human heart; showing how, outside, and beyond the sphere of material forces, there lies a power ever mindful of the wellbeing of the created world.

Faraday is, perhaps, the most emotional of philosophers; yet his emotions are never inappropriately indulged. In his own mind he has long ago settled the point where things to be scrutinised inductively end, and things to be accepted on faith begin. This condition of mind is no less averse from the error of supple-menting faith by inductive experiment, than from the opposite error of importing a blind credence into the realms of discussion, properly to be settled by experiment alone. The mind of Faraday is essentially a sound and healthy mind. This was well exemplified by the part he took in reference to the table-turning and spirit-rapping deluge. Human knowledge is never more endangered than by the experimental testimony of persons unaccustomed to the performance of experiment. The first characteristic of an experimenter, as Liebig some time ago pointed out, is self-honesty, freedom from bias in the direction of preconceived notions.

The capacity of experimenting with perfect honesty to oneself is rare. Instead of proceeding from experiment to conviction, table-turning enthusiasts took the opposite course. Starting with convictions, they saw, in the results of experiments performed, a confirmation of their belief. So soon as Faraday set himself to investigate the conditions of table-turning, he placed the defenders of it in this dilemma. "The motions of which you speak (said he) are referable to some physical force, or they are not. If the former, they are proper subject for experiment; if the latter, let us at once confess them to be supernatural—demoniacal." Granting, for the sake of argument, the reality of the phenomena—choose your ground. Are you content to defend their reality by recourse to experiment, or do you choose to ignore the results of experiment, and stand on faith alone? A mixed position you cannot take. Experiment or faith—which shall it be?

The course adopted, the issue agreed upon, and the result, are well-known. Faraday, having brought the phenomenon of table-turning within the scope of experiment, by consent and agreement, soon demonstrated it to be the result of muscular force unconsciously put forth, under the suggestion of a leading idea.

A somewhat melancholy shadow now comes over us. Faraday has attained the normal limits of the life of man, and there is none like him. Speaking according to the lights of humanity, he will no long time hence become. Few spirits more pure or holy than his will ever have soared heavenward from this far microcosm. For himself—like a philosopher so he is—we know Faraday to be waiting in tranquil reserve for what comes next. On his behalf we would not give expression to the regret, much by him, that the days of his busy career amongst us must be so few. But on behalf of the Royal Institution, and science, and the public, who through science have been charmed by Faraday, though often unknown to science and unknown to it—also for them?

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

GARRIBOLDI has been fully restored to the good opinion of his friends, and the friends of Italy, as I supposed he would. It is well that even the cavaliers and false friends should be satisfied. He has risen higher than ever, both as statesman, patriot, and general. He has shaken himself free, too, from many of his old friends, when he saw that their interference was mischievous, and their actions subject to misconception.

I was right last week when I said that Victor Emmanuel would immediately put himself at the head of his army, and march into the South to join the victorious ranks of Garibaldi. He has already done so. Still every eye rejoices that the General had time to put himself right, both in a military and political sense, before the arrival of the King. I am now just enabled to inform you that the Turin Chamber voted the law of annexation yesterday by an overwhelming majority, and the votes of the inhabitants, both of Sicily and of Naples, will be taken without further delay, so soon as the ex-king, and the remnant of his garrison at Messina and at Gaeta shall be removed.

I much fear that we have to deplore amongst the losses in the last battle the correspondence of one of the morning papers, whose zeal led him to the front. The correspondent, whom many friends in England will lament, is not an Englishman, but a Lombard noble, who was well known in London for his amiable and unobtrusive disposition during his exile in this country.

The death of these three great Powers at Warsaw will be a very significant one, and is intended to exercise a considerable influence upon future events. But it will be confined to a defensive policy. The days for holy alliances are at an end, even in continental Europe. There is no party in England, at all events, who would be mad enough to repeat the exploded policy of Castlereagh—nor would it be possible, if necessary, for France to repeat the perfidy of Laybäck, or Campo Formio. The explosion of Italy will, therefore, be kept within its proper limits; and the Italians seem to have acquired wisdom, as well as patriotism in the management of their own affairs. Hence is the interest of universal Europe, and the "idea" of Italian unity is now in a fair way of being carried out.

This country seems to go on well, without being misgoverned, whilst the three estates of the Realm are out of town, and we are literally governed by the fourth, whose rule is more mild and easy than usual. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has returned to town. Lord Napier, who has been in London during the last three weeks, has refused the Governorship of Madras, after full consideration. It is found that, by accepting it, he would lose his diplomatic standing, in which he has earned so good a position. It is also said that Mr. Laing hesitates, on the score of health, to succeed Mr. Wilson in the Council of India; but, I believe, nothing is definitely settled respecting the new Chancellor of the Exchequer for Calcutta. The place is also said to have been offered to the Right Hon. R. Lowe, and to Mr. George Arbuthnot, of the Treasury, the able auditor of the Civil List. It is now rumoured that it will fall to the lot of Sir Stafford Northcote, Lord Derby's financial secretary of the Treasury.

There is likely to be a sharp contest for the representation of Boston. There are already four candidates in the field, besides one who has withdrawn. There is a Tory, a Whig, a Nonconformist, and an advanced Liberal. The real contest, we take it, will be between Mr. Malcolm, the Conservative, the first comer, and Mr. Ridley, the Liberal, the last in the field. Mr. Ridley is, like the late Mr. Ingram, whom place he aspires to fill, a native of the town. He has acquired wealth by honorable industry, and manifests a disposition to spend it generously for the improvement of his birthplace. Boston is not a picturesque or attractive place, by any means; but it has charms for those who were born within sound of the bells of St. Botolph; and when a man like Mr. Ridley comes back to it, with a full purse, a good set of political principles, and a well-considered plan for the improvement of its port, he threatens to be a formidable competitor against any other candidate. The Tory and the Whig candidates seem to rest their chance of success on the not very important fact that their several "uncles" once represented the borough. Mr. Ridley seems to stand upon his own legs, and not on those of his uncle or uncles; and his chance with such a constituency as that of Boston is, therefore, all the better.

In theatrical matters, Mr. E. T. Smith has opened his Italian and his English Operas, at Her Majesty's Theatre. The old Traviata—Verdi's best—was judiciously enough selected for the opening night. Gingsini and Titens were, of course, first-rate; but Madame Lemaire was a poor substitute for Graziella, in the Giuletta; and the new Count de Luna, Signor Brian, did not come up to his Italian reputation. He seems to belong to the boisterous school of Morgani, of which the provincial theatres of Italy produce so many raw specimens. There is room for improvement and tuning down.

Laurie is reported nightly at Covent Garden, and is little spoken of out of doors. There is a fresh and promising actress at the Lyceum, Miss Goughenham, from America and Australia, who has made rather a sensation in light comedy, but, apparently, not to the extent hoped for by the management, if we are to judge by the force of advertising employed.

Mr. John Brumham has come back, after a twenty years' absence in New York. He has appeared in a lively part at the Haymarket, in a farce of five acts, written by himself, in which the clever actors of that pleasant establishment are admirably fitted with appropriate parts. The piece was well received, and the author highly welcomed by his old friends.

Old Drury opens next week.

The St. James's will commence on the last week of this month. We have a host of no more additions to the company, beyond that of Mr. Keeley, who is at home in himself, and who is said to have been persuaded from his declared intention to give up the stage; and of Mr. Flanahy, who is reported as about to submit more of his refinements on the "Tales of the Fairies" to the careful hands of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan.

The "Italy Biaz" of Victor Hugo, and "Princes Corcoran" of Dumas, are performed at the Prince's by a French actor in an English dress.

Let me say a few words about Richmond Theatre. If any boards can give inspiration to an amateur, it would be found on those of the theatre Garrick built, and that were so often trod by Edmund Kean. And we believe the regular company at Richmond is occasionally recruited by an aspirant from the metropolis, wishing to try his strength in the centre of great stage traditions. A few evenings since a well-fitted horse greeted the appearance of a Mr. Taunton as Richard the Third, an amateur, we were assured, though, from his self-possession and evident knowledge of stage business, he might well have been set down as a regular practitioner. We confess to a strong prejudice against the transformed, transposed, interpolated piece of tragic patchwork we have to accept as the "acting edition" of "Richard the Third." But taking the part as left after Garrick and Cibber's improvements (which resemble the havoc of two churchwardens at loose with hammer and whitewash among Gothic tracery), Mr. Taunton dealt with it intelligently. His elocution was effective, flowing, and distinct; and he avoided the common error of giving

every passage in the "Cumbrian note," throwing in a relief by lighter tones, verging on comedy, which the audience evidently appreciated. His wailing scene with Lady Anne was a piece of very frank comedy. The text scene, with its terrors of conscience, different altogether in style, was equally well given. Mr. Taunton dressed the part splendidly, and with due attention to correctness in detail, showing something of the artist as well as the actor. As the close of the performance he received the honour of a call before the curtain. At the M. Taberny will present a French company of comedians at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the concert-room, on the 17th.

Miss Emma Stanly, at the Egyptian Hall, is about to add another to the numerous "entertainments," which Mr. John Parry and Mr. Albert Smith made so pleasant and profitable.

We are threatened with a deluge of Nigger performances, an abundance that seems to be violently on the increase. In fact, no writer on record has ever mentioned so many theatres and places of public amusement open in London. There is a good deal of scandal, respecting some alleged tampering with Middlesex magistrates in regard to the "license" of one of these projected places of entertainment for ladies and gentlemen. I shall say no more about this at present. The licensing day is fixed for to-morrow, and the murmur will probably be cut.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

AN AGRICULTURAL INTERLUDE.

Party politicians on the Tory side, who happen to be county members, commonly find it convenient to make their appearance at one or more of the agricultural associations of the counties they represent. Formerly, indeed, when the farmers were kept to the Conservative standard by illusory promises of laws for the advancement of corn prices, and denunciations of those "wicked" politicians who would permit the unrestricted importation of foreign agricultural produce, the county societies, though agricultural in name, were, in fact, protectionist political clubs, which it suited the purposes of such county members to foster. Nor have such objects altogether ceased to be regarded at agricultural meetings. In spite, however, of the best arrangements for preventing any real farmer from speaking "a bit of his mind," awkward truths are occasionally said, especially in the smaller societies; and therefore the shrewder of the county members are now endeavouring to render the local agricultural societies more completely what they profess to be, by promoting such changes and amalgamations as will be likely to produce real county agricultural societies.

Of all the county meetings who have used and abused local agricultural associations for their own political purposes, there is no one who has done so more ingeniously than Mr. Disraeli. He seems at present, however, to have no political views which he thinks it useful to communicate in the rural districts. His thoughts are purely basileic. He has taken note of the agricultural improvements of Buckinghamshire, and he ties himself down to eloquent expostulations of the advances made in husbandry by his valued constituents. Thus it was at an agricultural meeting held at Buckingham, and again more recently at Salt-hill. At the annual meeting of the Royal South Buckinghamshire Agricultural Association, lately held at Salt-hill, Mr. Disraeli took the chair, and, after having playfully tossed around some allusion to the Corn Law, the French tariff and treaty, the malt tax, and other kindred political topics, went doggedly and decisively into topics purely agricultural. His thesis was "to form a clear estimate of the result of our exertions after twenty-seven years' experience,"—being the period during which the society had existed. He considered the object had been "completely reached." That object was, "to encourage and reward the agricultural labourer and servant." This seems to have been the prelude to a suggestion that the local society might now be merged in a general county one. The Royal South Buckinghamshire Agricultural Society is said, by its "views and encouragements," to farm labourers, "to have improved the skill and elevated the feelings of all who occupy the various spheres of rural life," and Mr. Disraeli thought that the promoters of the society might "receive the reward which always attends well-directed efforts, in the consciousness that we (the promoters) have benefited the classes whose fortunes we have sought to influence."

How daring is eloquence. Fancy the influencing the fortunes of the working classes engaged in husbandry by a twenty-shilling prize to a farm labourer, who has worked for twenty years on one farm, or reared ten children without parental relief, or the like. The real purpose of the society is, in short, which, for the most part, had their origin during the anti-corn-law agitation, was to attach the labourers to the protective system their employers, the farmers and their landlords, sought to uphold. Its success was not indifferent, for the farm labourers pretty generally apprehended the fact that dark corn was by no means synonymous with more comfort or better wages, and subsequent events have satisfied them that wages are highest when industry and trade have been made free. Now such "rewards," and the societies formed for conferring them, have become simply ridiculous. So Mr. Disraeli told his audience that "it is impossible to conceal from ourselves that we live in a time which, especially as regards agriculture, is one of rapid progress, and that there is a very general feeling that the arm of operations for societies of this kind should be extended." That, in short, the society should be amalgamated with others, and show its stock and implements—the real objects of an agricultural society—established. And he recommended a South Bucks Society, which will include the bill farms of the Chiltern district, and all the county lying to the south of that line. Doubtless this advice was good, and such as would be likely to afford a real agricultural society, if the locality can support one, which is by no means certain.

Confessing himself incompetent to discuss the merits of steam ploughs and steam diggers, Mr. Disraeli "could not help arriving at general conclusions," and his chief general conclusion was, "that the agriculture of the county, and especially in South Bucks, has, during the last quarter of a century, made very considerable progress." Of course it has; else how could farmers pay the rate, and more than the rate, fixed with reference to the high prices of wheat to be under permanent for the Corn Law when actual prices have been far lower? Nor should it be forgotten that Mr. Disraeli and his party pre-

dicted ruin and loss to landlords, tenant-farmers, and farm labourers, from that freedom to commerce against which, during the first portion of that "last quarter of a century," the party so strenuously contended. As to the bill farms in South Bucks, he spoke from personal observation, that it is impossible for the stranger who comes into the county for the first time, and even through the Chiltern farms, to gather even a faint impression of their rapid progress. You find excellent crops, and not only books but numerous flocks, where they were, not long ago, unknown. You also see a greater number of new cottages, which can hardly be equalled in any other part of England; and in a part of the country where there was once the usual residence of the poor, a thatched cottage is now the exception instead of being the rule." Well may Mr. Disraeli "appeal to those facts with pride," and say "the English farmer has a great future before him;" but how much more justly may those public men feel pride in the progress made by English husbandry, who expected and predicted that progress, the result of measures which removed from agriculture the baneful influence of protection, and revealed the English landowner and his tenant-farmers more enterprising and self-reliant? After some further suggestions for accomplishing stock and implement sales in South Bucks, Mr. Disraeli said, "The career now open to the farmer is a career of the most brilliant and successful character, and a great agricultural country is no mean one. To feed every man and to feed better a great and thriving community like ours, is a very great office, and it will demand the utmost exertion of your intelligence, and the application of all the resources which an active science is placing at your disposal." Bravo, worth, doubtless. But if the farmers had spoken their own opinions, they would have kindled a sundry more potent and practical shades to the "great future" of the English farmers. There would have been talk of game damages, precarious tenures, and want of those permanent improvements which it is the landlord's province to perform.

COMMERCIAL MORALITY IN PUBLIC COMPANIES.

Is a former number of "THE LONDON REVIEW," in an article entitled "The Massacre of Public Companies," we took occasion to refer to some singular coincidences, which seemed to link together, in a somewhat mysterious manner, the names and the fortunes of Robson, Redpath, and Pullinger. We further stated that the chief auditor of the Great Northern Railway, which was plundered by Redpath, was also a director of the Union Bank, and that the same Redpath, though disclaiming the idea of attaching himself to any party, we added, that the same salacious served all the three companies plundered by these three convicts. To-day we continue our remarks upon this subject, with a full conviction that the code of commercial morality prevailing in England at the present moment, was never at so low an ebb; and that, if it is not, the financial interests of the country are in a very serious and real danger.

It has been often remarked, that up to the very hour of their detection, each of those persons noted in what is called respectable society, Redpath, in particular, has been a man who has been seen in the most exclusive circles, affected a taste for the Fine Arts, and a speaking acquaintance with lords and dukes. He had his box at the Opera, and was known well on the Stock Exchange, where his large operations secured him a welcome, as a "most respectable gentleman." In fact, all these persons, according to the received standard in such matters, were highly respectable, respectable as was John Sadler, M.P., chairman of the Royal Swedish Railway and of the London and County Bank, a Junior Lord of the Treasury, from the benches of which he smiled upon flunkies in and out of the House, who were dying for the light of his countenance; and from whence, too, he gave a generous support to the principal interests of the country, and he had been a member, until anticipating for himself the doom which was overtaking his lumber imitators, he paid on Hampstead Heath the forfeit of his crimes, impelled by the stings of a conscience at once his accuser, his judge, and his executioner. And others there have been, others may we not feel that there still are, occupying prominent positions in the public eye and in the world of commerce, men who until the bubble upon which they have floated bursts, are highly respectable too, and are worshipped accordingly, by the herd, which throngs to their palaces and gardens. When the day of sudden eclipse arrives, that same crowd will pour down upon the degraded heads of their idols the lofty contempt and indignation,—happy indeed the idols, if, ere the day of reckoning, they escape the fate of John Sadler and others.

It is to these, as a class, that all who desire the ancient integrity of British commerce to be perpetuated are interested in calling attention; for it is to these, that we have to look for the ruin of the country, the ruin of the signs, and of the men, of the times succeeding the railway mania of 1846, that the Great Britain, and her merchant princes, of the present day, are no longer what they were. Coincident with this decay of real confidence in great names, has sprung up a system of spurious mania, which, in the shape of glittering testimonies, whenever any of these names have been suspected of bad faith towards those who may have trusted them, seeks to bolster them up with inflated recitals of their patriotic services, rendered somewhere or to somebody, the presentation of which being duly emblazoned in the public journals, is forthwith vaunted as the proof that a substantially damaged reputation can be set up again by such a person, and, in short, here we must advert for a moment to other practices prevalent at public meetings of shareholders, who are less enough in their animadversions upon boards of directors, for neglect which permitted frauds like that perpetrated by Pullinger upon the Union Bank of London, and yet are themselves careless in the carrying out of their own contracts, and in the payment of dividends to these same directors, lest the present value of their shares should suffer by the assertion of a more honest, and more usually, and a more consistent course. Such conduct is enough to deprive them of all sympathy and respect, were it not also notorious that meetings of this character are managed by men who are strong enough to tamper with almost all independent directors, and who, had it been expedient, could, on a recent occasion, have carried a vote of thanks even to Pullinger himself, for having condescended to rob the Union Bank of £250,000.

Such proceedings, however, on the part of shareholders, are no more deserving of rebuke than the system of testimonial-giving we have referred to. As this sort of hypocrisy lies at the root of much of the evil

from which society, in common with public companies, is suffering, and which compromises the national character of a commercial people in its nearest and most important relations.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARY.—No. III.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENCE.]

COUNTRY life in HUNGARY possesses a charm peculiar to itself. With all the amenities of civilization, it combines the attractions of a certain freedom and independence rarely to be found in countries which are still in a wild and partially undeveloped condition. Under freer auspices than those which are afforded by the Austrian Government, it would contain many elements of enjoyment unknown in England. It was early in the afternoon when we arrived at S—, and our kind host determined to lose no time in initiating us into some of the mysteries of his establishment and its neighbourhood. No sooner had we done justice to an early dinner than we were informed that the carriages had been ordered, if we felt disposed to explore the vicinity. Presently appeared two open carriages-and-four, with picturesque coachmen in airy robes, their red jackets profusely embroidered and adorned with tassels, long flowing white sleeves, giving them a fantastic and half-Hungarian appearance. Behind a spirited team of half-English and half-Hungarian-bred horses, we were soon rattling along the bad road across a low stretch of pasture covered with flocks and herds to the side of a range of hills, which afforded a magnificent view. We looked back upon the country we had just quitted, and, with the aid of the high central hills, ruined castles, white cottages, and vineyards formed a charming landscape, with the broad lake stretching away to the horizon. Upon the slopes of Belascon, a mountain which rises abruptly from the lake to a height of nearly a thousand feet, is grown a vine celebrated throughout the country. In the fields the peasant is busy engaged, taking in some of the later crops. We observed, among other cultivation, the never-failing Indian corn rape, from which oil is extracted in large quantities; hemp, noted throughout Europe as the best which is produced anywhere; millet, and other grains. The peasant's dwellings are by no means the most picturesque feature in the landscape. The working-dress of the men is of the simplest nature and consists of a kind of night-gown and long boots reaching to the knee. Their hair is worn long and flows freely over their shoulders; it hangs down tank and straight, and, added to the matted beard and pendant moustache, gives a wild and almost ferocious aspect. The night-gown is exchanged for a pair of white trousers reaching a little below the knee, so wide and loose that at first sight they have rather the appearance of a short petticoat than trousers; below them are the high boots, while a short black jacket and felt hat and feather complete the costume. In wet or cold weather they wear a huge sheepskin or blasket coat, embroidered with red, and slung over the shoulder without arms. The women wear short petticoats, little jackets, and usually go barefoot. The winter dress is more picturesque: then the feet are encased in red Wellington boots, and the jacket is of untanned leather lined with fur and covered with embroidery. The women wear long and very coloured handkerchiefs. The population of the country we were now visiting was entirely Hungarian, and the costume of the peasantry varies in some degree with the nationalities to which they belong. Every man cultivates his own land, giving a certain portion of the produce of his vineyard, if he have one, to the lord of the manor, and he returns to himself all the rest of his produce, and receiving pay for all the labour which he may do for the great man. The estates of these latter are not, as with us, divided into farms, and let, but managed by intendants; thus all the farms are in the proprietor's own hands, and in some instances the property is of enormous extent. Sometimes this consists of several herds in lands, and the wealth of the noble which many of the magnates derive from this source of revenue is immense. Thus Prince Esterházy alone possesses 300,000 merino sheep, each one of which produces two pounds of wool, valued, in ordinary times, at two florins, or nearly four shillings a pound. We observed several flocks of uzerinos, and in one instance inspected the sheep, which are by no means handsome in appearance, and seem dark and dingy, until we look beneath the surface, and discover a fleece of exquisite whiteness.

On the broad pastures, watered by a stream which emptied itself into the lake, were herds of horses and of buffaloes, these latter exactly similar to those used for draught in India. Here they answer many of the purposes of oxen, and the milk of the cow is used almost exclusively for domestic purposes. The oxen of the country are a pale ashy grey, with enormous horns; they are most valuable animals for farming purposes, and we observed teams, varying in numbers according to the soil, drawing the rude ploughs of the country.

We found an ample supper awaiting our return, which was somewhat late, and had an opportunity of making acquaintance with some of the purely national dishes. The hours of a Hungarian family are very much the same as those of our ancestors, and vary only in name from those of fashionable London life. A cup of coffee and milk brought to the bedside in the morning constitutes breakfast; luncheon—called in Hungary dinner—takes place at one or two o'clock, and is the need of the day; at five or six in the afternoon, fruit, food, and preserves, correspond very nearly to our afternoon tea; and at nine o'clock, a substantial supper takes the place of our own late dinner. The cookery is altogether peculiar to the country, and is chiefly distinguished by an extensive use of red pepper and a great deal of gravy, in which, together with hashed meat, float pieces of dough. Flour is an important ingredient in many of the dishes, some of which, if more highly spiced, would not be far removed from curry.

Our kind host would not leave of our continuing our visit to one night only, and proposed, on the following day, an excursion which should give us an opportunity not merely of seeing a new tract of country, but of making the acquaintance of some of its political eminence. Accordingly, on the next morning early we again found our carriage-and-four in waiting, and were soon cutting through the bare, morning air in the direction of the extreme western point of the lake. In less than two hours we reached the little town of Csáthly, and, shortly after, leaving the post-road, struck across the country. The high-roads in Hungary are often impassable in winter; and even in summer, where the formation of the country does not

lend itself to road-making, bear a strong resemblance to ploughed fields; but they are magnificent in comparison with the cross-roads. We found some difficulty in keeping the carriages out of ruts, in some instances three or four feet deep, while, on one occasion, a ravine, at least thirty feet in depth, and as many broad, intersected the road, and forced us to go to the field at the side. A violent storm of wind destroyed one of these roads in a night. The soil being loose and sandy the torrents upon the hillsides cut it away and leave a deep gash where the road formerly passed. We struggled through the Bakker Wald by a road of this description, passing a swamp, which reminded me of those of the delta of the Mississippi, where tangled brushwood and trees cut out of the bog and render it almost impossible to find a track. The station was celebrated for containing great quantities of deer, and belonged to a monastery in the neighbourhood, the monks of which were fond of sport, and generally gave every year a grand chase, in which they invariably took part themselves.

After crossing this somewhat desolate tract, we came upon pleasant scenery, where the bottoms were heavily timbered, and large farms were dotted over the country. One of the charms of this section of Hungary is to be found in the great variety which the aspect of the landscape presents. In the Carpathians it is grand and imposing. Low Hungary is flat, and, after a while, extremely monotonous; but here the scene is ever changing. Now we pass beneath lofty hills clad with vineyards; now over a wide rolling tract bare of wood; then into dense forests or open park-like country, pleasantly diversified. Occasionally the villages are few and far between; then we come into a district where farm-houses and hamlets are seen on every part of the bog, and render it almost impossible to find a track. The villages of Hungary seem to be constructed upon principles which remind one of the monastic character of its former conquerors. They consist of broad streets, crooked and irregular, apparently laid out upon no definite system, with rows of trees planted along them, and the houses so thickly packed together as to leave no space between them. The street—presenting only, as in Russia, the gable end towards it. Round each cottage is generally a plot of ground of considerable extent, containing gardens, fruit-trees, and drying-ground for grain, &c. The houses are consequently very far apart. In Low Hungary some of the villages are situated in the most fertile and fertile soil, and are covered with vineyards, and cover an enormous area. In this part of the country, however, they were smaller and more snugly built; the cottages substantially constructed of brick, chatched in, and whitewashed. Sometimes they only contain a single room, but are usually possessed of a veranda which serves as a bed-room for the occupants, and an agreeable lounging-place always. After rain the village street is a slough, to cross which involves wading, knee-deep, through mud and water; and its extreme breadth and absence of passengers gives a desolate aspect to the place generally.

Earlier on, for days, the weather was in the fields, the women in the houses, and the dogs in the streets. These latter are by no means the most agreeable portion of the inhabitants. They are in fact the sheep-dogs of the country, almost always white, with ears that fall viciously back, curly hair, and formidable in stature. They look like young polar bears, and have an inconceivable strength and courage. They are not so much of the nature of the press of countenance, and then, when he is thoroughly off his guard, diving suddenly and secretly at the calves of his legs. The country house of the magnate is generally situated in the main street of the village, so that he lives like a sovereign surrounded by his subjects. There is a sociality about him, and he is not so much of the nature of the noble as the noble of the Hungarian aristocracy do not appreciate it, and envy us our system of isolation and large parks.

In passing through some of the oak woods, we observed a singular excrecence on the acorns, which we were informed was peculiar to this part of Hungary, and the production of the insect. It is so large and so numerous, for tanning purposes, and is a source of considerable profit. We dined at a friend's house, and, after a pleasant drive of forty miles, reached our destination in the afternoon, an unpromising little abode in a secluded part of the country, but containing beneath its humble roof a man upon whom the hopes of many are fixed at this peculiar crisis in the service of Hungary. "He brings you," in the first and most characteristic salutation of a Hungarian when he receives you beneath his roof; and you quarter yourself upon him as naturally as if he was an old friend, and you had written to say you were coming. He knows, as a matter of course, that though an stranger, you expect to find a friend in his house; indeed, he knows further, that though a stranger, there is probably no inn within thirty or forty miles, you have come with that intention, of malice prepense; and he loses no opportunity of making you feel, with true hospitality, that he is the obliged party. There is no affectation of wealth or display; if the host be poor, he knows that, and what he is, and what he is worth, he will correspond to a country gentleman, perhaps of very small means, he makes you none the less welcome, and, as a traveller, you have a better opportunity of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the people, by mixing with this class, than by confining your experience to the grandeur alone, to whom the traveller visiting Hungary will probably have no letters of introduction addressed.

I have found among the farmers of Hungary, a simple and unpretending hospitality as genuine as that of the first magnates; and in their homely manners have learnt as much of the real feeling of the people upon the great questions which are now agitating men's minds as amongst those who are supposed to be taking a more leading part in the events of the day. With all the aristocratic sentiment which prevails in Hungary, there is a sturdy feeling of independence, which distinguishes what—now that the privileges of nobility have been abolished—may be termed the middle class, which is contrasted with the nobles of the nation for noble and what, in fact, has been the effect of creating a great middle class, who should form a connecting link between the two extremes of society, and fuse the interests of both in a common sentiment of devotion to the fatherland. Hitherto these were so widely dissimilar, that a formidable weapon was placed in the hands of the Austrian Government by the very constitution of society itself; and

nevertheless, in some respects as good as anything Mr. Boccioni has written. The admixture of melodramatic elements with a drawing-room imbroglio is an error of judgment; and the experiment of representing an Irish lady on the stage, speaking the brogue, and sustaining at the same time the weight of a high comedy of English life, is a fundamental mistake. But, apart from these objections, the dialogue is easy and lively; the characters are well drawn, and sustained without extravagance; and the structure is solid. The piece is played very effectively at the Lyceum; and we can commend the performance to all play-goers who desire to see a comedy as well acted as the present state of our theatres will permit, and certainly put upon the stage with a luxury and refinement in the mass on some which reflect credit on the good taste and liberality of the management.

Miss Goughen's Irish brogue has been evidently studied from stage originals. We will not enter upon the question as to how far it may be possible for an actress to identify herself successfully with traits of national humour which the public have been accustomed to associate exclusively with the other sex; but we may say that Miss Goughen has not solved the problem. She has some excellent requisites for comedy: an agreeable person, a pleasant air, and a vivacious manner. But the necessity of speaking all throughout in an artificial dialect, kept her continually in such a state of rickety strain and effort as to prevent us from being able to judge fairly of her natural qualifications. Her Irish personation is not happy. She overlooks one of the essential elements of the character—sagacity proper. She is too fast, too eager to eliminate her points, too sharp, and too abrupt to fulfil the ideal of an Irish lady. We waited in vain for the witchery of the mellow voice and the soft musical intonation, the quiet fun, and the tender pathos, all of which belong to the very nature, so to speak, of an Irishwoman. Much, too, of what Miss Goughen delivered was utterly lost to the audience by that process of clipping and jerking of the words which is indiscriminately applied, with slight variations, to the stage versions of Scotch and Irish characters. We trust, however, that Miss Goughen's reputation has a wider reach, and that we may have an opportunity of seeing her under more propitious circumstances.

The cast, although it will not bear comparison at large with that of Covent Garden, is extremely good, and evinces in every scene the care with which the piece has been got up. Mr. George Vining is an efficient representative of the part originally played by Mr. William Warren; and a Mr. Neville, new to the London stage, displayed an amount of ability from which a secure career may be safely predicted, in the character formerly acted by Mr. Charles Mathews. Nor should we omit a word of recognition of the good sense and intelligence displayed by Mr. Lyon in the small part of the lawyer, and the grace with which Miss Kate Syville clothed the character of Lady Darenty.

THE WEATHER DURING THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER.

(By JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Royal Observatory, Greenwich.)

The weather in September was cold throughout, both by day and night; the sky was very cloudy; there was a great deficiency of sunshine; by rain falling nearly on every day from the middle of the month. The average highest temperature of the air daily for September is 67° F.; and very seldom the temperature reached this point. The mean for the month is 63° 4', being 4° F. lower than the average, and lower than in any September in the preceding twenty years. The nearest approach to this low day-temperature was in 1842, when its mean value was 64° 3'. The average deficiency of night-temperature was 3° F. The highest temperature in the month was 69° F. on the seventh and eighth days, and the lowest was 35° 7', on the twelfth. The range of temperature in the month was therefore 34°. The usual range of temperature on a day in September is 18°. The mean daily temperature, that is, the average of the temperature during the twenty-four hours, between the all but continuous depression of temperature in the month, points out the unseasonal character of the weather. One warm day only was experienced, viz., on the 17th; but as the range of temperature on this day was only 6° instead of 18°, and the degree of humidity was as high as 96°, it was not a fine day.

The mean temperature for the month was as low as 55° 4', whilst its average was 57° 1'. We have not had so cold a September since the year 1836, and the previous instance was in 1830.

The temperature of the dew point—or that temperature to which if the air had fallen, it would have been saturated with the water contained within it, as was the case on September 22,—the mean for the month being 50° 2', was 1° lower. There was, therefore, less water than usual in the air at this season of the year; but, in consequence of the much greater deficiency of temperature generally, the air was more than usually humid.

The average humidity for September was 81°; the mean for the whole month was 86°; so that the excess of humidity is represented by 7°.

Rain fell on seventeen days in the month, and the amount was 3.1 inches. The average for this month is 2.4 inches. The fall of rain, from January 1 to September 30, was 25.1 inches, exceeding the average by 0.9 inches.

The mean temperature of the three months ending September was 56° 5', being of the same value as in the year 1817. In this year, the temperature of July was 57° 7'; of August 55° 4'; and of September 55° 6'; and this is as far as trustworthy records extend.

The weather in the North of England has not been quite so bad as described above. It seems to have been the best near the north-east coast, where the smallest amount of rain has fallen. On this coast, extending from Berwick to North Shields, I was planting barometers at the various fishing-stations, from September 8 to September 21, during which time no rain fell, and the weather was generally fine.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR WILLIAM EDWARD CROSSIE, BART.

On the 31st inst., at his residence, River Cottage, county Wicklow, Ireland, Sir William Edward Crossie, of Maryborough, Queen's county, baronet, was the only son of Edward William, fifth baronet, by Catharina Weauruna, sister to Warner William Lord Rossmore, and widow of Captain Harry Duff of Parley. Born at Wicklow, county Carlow, May 18, 1791; succeeded, on the death of his father, in 1798, at the early age of four years. Entered the army in March, 1812, and served in 23rd Royal Welsh Fusiliers till June, 1815, when he retired on half pay. Sir William married, 20th March, 1830, Dorothy Anne, daughter of John Walsh, Esq. of Dublin, by whom, we believe, he has no issue.

ADMIRAL CHARLES GORDON, C.B.

On the 31st inst., at his residence at Bath, Admiral Charles Gordon, C.B., aged 79. The deceased officer was brother to the late Admiral Henry Gordon, and to a state of the Right Hon. James Willeoughby Gordon, Bart., and entered the navy as a midshipman in June, 1796. He was three years signal officer to Admiral the Hon. William Cornwallis, in command of the Channel Fleet; was appointed to the *Levin* ship, and afterwards to the *Corvette*, 36, one of the squadron employed in the destruction of more than eighty piratical vessels in the Persian Gulf, during November, 1809, rendering the most effectual assistance to his senior officer. As commander of the *Ceylon*, of 44 guns, he sustained a most gallant night action off the Isle of France, when the French ships *Albatros*, 44, and *Fier*, 18 guns, in which he was wounded, and his ship, being completely disabled, was compelled to surrender. The *Ceylon* was, however, retaken the same day by the *Boscawen* and the *Other*, brig, and Captain Gordon and his crew honourably acquitted by a court martial of all blame. In 1840 he was made a Companion of the Bath; Rear-Admiral, 1841; Vice-Admiral, 1843; and Admiral, 20th January, 1848. He married, November 20th, 1818, Anne, eldest daughter of Andrew Thomas, eleventh Lord Blaney.

MR. ALFRED CHALON, R.A.

On the 31st inst., at his residence, "El Retiro," Campden Hill, Kensington, in the 80th year of his age, Alfred Chalton, Esq., R.A., portrait painter to Her Majesty, member of the Society of Arts of London, and honorary member of the Society of Arts at Geneva. This amiable and distinguished artist (the brother of the late Mr. John James Chalton, R.A., the landscape painter), was for many years the most popular painter of portraits in water colours of his time, and especially of those of ladies, whose painter he may be said to have been *par excellence*. Not only were his likenesses very truthful, but the details of female dress and decoration were depicted with a grace and feeling particularly felicitous, in that *je ne sais quoi* which was his favourite light. A brother artist used to designate such elegant accessories as *les chaperons*. The late Mr. Leslie, R.A., had so high an opinion of his talents, that he collected his autograph, recently published, "the first amongst painters in water colours;" and when, a few years ago, the brothers Chalton exhibited a joint collection of their art works, in the *Art Journal*, speaking of Alfred, he said, "He has produced in his day many elegant ladies, without labouring fetters,—such as the admirable portrait of Rachel in this exhibition; and these sustain his fame high amongst the best painters of the epoch." The two brothers were tenderly attached to each other, and rarely seen apart. Mr. Alfred Chalton laboured, it would appear, to the last, with the disease of the French Academy; he had no less than six pictures. He had offered to the inhabitants of Hampstead (a place he was very fond of) his fine collection of water-colour paintings, on condition of a building being provided for their reception, and a trifling salary paid to a curator; but the gift had not been accepted. As he had died intestate, all his property, including that collection, will have to be disposed of by public auction. It is stated that he did make a will before leaving town this summer, and duly signed it, but with a carelessness characteristic of the literary and artistic world, he had neglected to take the necessary precaution of having it witnessed. His only sister, as well as his brother, having died before him, Mr. Chalton has left no very near relative. It is, therefore, at present doubtful who will be entitled to administer to his estate. The family was of Swiss extraction, and its legal representative may probably be found abroad.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Lady Smythe, the relict of Sir Edward Joseph Smythe, Bart., and the daughter of Sir Edward Bellier, Bart. Her ladyship died at her residence, Wootton Hall, Warwickshire, on the 17th August, aged 70; having executed her will in December last, which was proved in London on the 5th inst., by her brother Richard Montagu Smythe, Esq., M.P. for the county of Louth, one of the executors, her daughter Catherine being the other executor. To her eldest son Sir Charles Frederick Smythe, Bart., who was the heir to his father's estate, she bequeathed, as a token of affection and regard, a valuable collection of French clock, candlesticks, &c. Her property also has been bequeathed amongst her children, with the exception of a legacy to her brother Lord Bellier, a peer of Ireland, and formerly one of the Privy Council of the Parliament of that kingdom, and some bequests to her ladyship's children and legacies to her friends and dependants of her ladyship's family. Her daughter Catherine Smythe is the residuary legatee.

The Most Illustrious Donna Maria de Bettencourt Senechal, relict of the Most Illustrious Bento de Bettencourt Vasconcelos e Lemos, of Angara do Hero, in the island of Terceira, in the kingdom of Portugal. This is a will of a Portuguese noble of distinguished rank, who died at the above place; it is necessarily of a somewhat considerable length, and being composed of some property in English, it became requisite to have a translation from the Portuguese into the English language. The will is of moderate length, and the distribution of her property is confined to the various members of her family. These dispositions are in accordance with the peculiar laws and customs of the kingdom of Portugal, leaving two-thirds of her property to her surviving daughter, and the children of her two deceased daughters, as her rightful heirs, and disposing of the remainder also

he is excessively fond of music, and there is " seldom any great musical festival in London, or its suburbs, in which he is not to be seen," which, considering his clerical occupations, must keep his hands pretty full. As a preacher, his sermons are distinguished by " originality of thought and copiousness of language, studded with images lofty and poetic," and they are likewise remarkable for their power of " indoctrinating with an all-pervading religion the sentiments the transactions of every-day existence." We wonder what Mr. Bellows thinks of his kind of theology, and whether he considers it likely to be advantageous

It is hardly necessary to add, after these examples we have given, that the English of this book is rather peculiar. The words sometimes take rank as malapropisms, and the sentences are often muddled off in the middle, the last being left without a subject. The words *travelling* and *travellers* are used in a sense which I should doubt, that the late Mr. Modford is called Mr. Modified, and by a lapse of memory, that Edmund Keen is said to have sung only once on the stage. But the most curious error is that which occurs in the last chapter. Mr. Liston was "very celebrated in performing the operation" of *strabismus* (which, we presume is the operation alluded to); or that "Mr. Moseley has been distinguished by his skill in the operation of *strabismus*;" or that "though born to affluence, and unselected to fortune's orb, from the cradle to the grave, he failed the long enviable prosperity of his career to descend to the poverty, or, indeed, the large portion of the fortune, which corresponds to the contented selfishness of the peasant." It is not those on whom affluence, as a student's hand has never fallen, of adversity's sharp arrow, and bitter penalties, and cruel humiliations, &c., &c., "through nearly an entire page, without a resting point on

USEFUL ANIMAL PRODUCTS.*

FROM the title "Uses of Animals," Dr. Lankester has just published the first half of a series of twelve lectures, delivered at the South Kensington Museum, "for the purpose of explaining, to those interested in the subject, the nature and objects of those animal products which are employed in the arts and manufactures." The lecturer's lucid and judicious treatment of his subject has attracted a very large audience, and the lectures (delivered extemporaneously) are published from corrected short-hand notes, a good deal of repetition, some curiousest of expression, and many curious errors of fact and of grammar being the result. The method of treatment, that there is, in reference to each raw product, a good deal of detail of microscopic structure and physiology in reference to the parts of animals to which it belongs, together with some statistical and practical information concerning the

man-made, however, to persist against the doctrine, rather clumsily put forward in this little volume, that whatever is not actually made *as of* for the direct service of man, is wasted, the proper object of its existence not being attained. "In course of time," says the author, "we may find, if we learn to think, that the world is not made for man, but that man is made for the world. He has made, He has intended for the use and benefit of man."—p. 53. Now, it is quite certain that in the greater part of the ocean, and in almost the whole of the land situated in the torrid and frigid zones, there is everywhere abundant life, although man is either absent, or represented by tribes whose intelligence is far below that of the white races. It is equally certain that the greater part of the earth is now, and must continue to be uninhabited by intelligent and manufacturing races of human beings, while, during the whole of the earth's early history, before man was introduced, there was the same development of life, and to human intelligence whatever, it seems clear, that the world was not made for man, or else that the All-wise and All-powerful Creator was and is satisfied with a very imperfect carrying out of his intentions. It seems to us more consistent with reason and due reverence, to assume that man occupies a distinct place in creation, being able to contribute to his world, and to the world at large, in a manner proportionate to his will, and render them useful for his various needs; but that, whether he be absent or present, whether he exist in silence, or busy himself with manufactures, Nature still holds on her way evenly and perfectly balanced,—that there is no such thing as waste in her household, every thing being arranged for some useful purpose, and being available for the general economy of the world.

Quitting this subject, let us turn to the doctor's budget, and see what instances of quality it furnishes us with. Describing hair and wool, he points out that to the presence of small serrations in the latter its peculiar properties and relative value are due. The microscope reveals, that in the short wools from the neck and sides of the sheep, the serrations are 7 to 7.5 times as numerous as in common long Leicesterian fibres there are but 1.250. The value of wool seems to depend on the serration of each hair. The entangling of the hairs covered with these serrations produces what is called *felting*; and as some kinds of hair and wool felt well and completely, while others remain loose texture, we have, for example, the difference between the *carpeting* and *blanketing* wools, between carpeting, blankets, and flannel; and the latter the substance known as hemlockize, stuff, canvas, &c. This is a curious and instructive illustration, and

is well described. We are also told, that in working hair and wool there is no waste, the clippings and other parts not used otherwise being ground down to a powder, to manufacture flock paper; whilst of old woollen rags the better parts are used to re-manufacture into a cheaper kind of clothing, and the dirtiest and most rotten parts are still saleable as manure.

Leather is well known to be manufactured of skins. The outer layer, or true skin of animals, chiefly consists of the epidermis called gelatin, which is soluble in water, and is converted into tannic acid, this substance is converted into leather, which is insoluble. The tannic acid is largely derived from oak bark, of which between 200,000 and 300,000 tons are consumed in a year in England only. Numerous other vegetable substances supply this important material.

The skins of almost all animals are used in the manufacture of leather. In parts that are largely replaced the kid for gloves; and as about sixteen millions of pairs of gloves are used in England every year, it is certainly interesting to know of a natural resource which other animals become scarce. The cuttings, both of skins and leather, are important articles; and Dr. Lankester suggests rather mysteriously that minute inquiries as to the source of the beautiful gelatin largely consumed in cookery and by the poultrycock should be avoided as insignificant.

But there is another use of phosphate of lime: it is needed to supply the soil with phosphorus, which, passing into the fruits of the earth, and thus becoming

But there is another use of phosphate of lime: it is needed to supply the soil with phosphorus, which, passing into the fruits of the earth, and thus becoming

* *The Uses of Animals in Relation to the Industry of Man.* By E. Lankester, M.D., F.R.S. London: Hurdwicke, 1903.

THE LIFE OF SIR MARTIN ARCHER SHEE.*

[illegible]

Sir Martin was ever ready to listen, prompt in social correction, and eloquent on public occasions, when called upon to address an assembly. He seemed natural to his country and ancestry; for he was descended from the family of an Irish peer, though his forefathers had been driven from their native land by the English, and he himself was a native of the Emerald Isle, (ingratiating trait!) and a native of the Emerald Isle, and a native of the Emerald Isle. As a boy he was lively and precocious—learned music, and wrote a play before he was twelve years old, and, at the age of fifteen, had been led to the study of the law, and had been led to the study of the law, and had been led to the study of the law, with a profession, with so much success that he was exported to London, 1788, at the age of seventeen. He had favourable introductions, and within the month of his reception by Burre, Murray, and others, he had been introduced to the notice of the most distinguished persons of the day, and had been introduced to the notice of the most distinguished persons of the day, and had been introduced to the notice of the most distinguished persons of the day. Sir George Siles, returned from India, and paved the way to more beneficial connections.

meations. He was reintroduced to Burke, and by Burke to Reynolds, who now was interested to notice and advise him. He entered the Academy as a student, in 1780, and was elected into his class by his fellow-students, and by the vote of the president, while lodging in Craven-street; he walked daily for several months, at dinner-time, to St. Paul's, and got back in time for tea; that his hands might not suffer, he had hot his appetite for the midday meal; and he was not without his literary friends, and his friends in the House of Peers; the agent, made some amends for those abstinences; and Shove was fond of the theatre, and painted likenesses of several leading performers. His first attempts at exhibiting were in 1781, and his pictures were returned, from want of sale, in 1782, and in 1783, and in 1784, and in 1785, and in 1786, and in 1787, and in 1788, and in 1789, and in 1790, and in 1791, and in 1792, and in 1793, and in 1794, and in 1795, and in 1796, and in 1797, and in 1798, and in 1799, and in 1800, and in 1801, and in 1802, and in 1803, and in 1804, and in 1805, and in 1806, and in 1807, and in 1808, and in 1809, and in 1810, and in 1811, and in 1812, and in 1813, and in 1814, and in 1815, and in 1816, and in 1817, and in 1818, and in 1819, and in 1820, and in 1821, and in 1822, and in 1823, and in 1824, and in 1825, and in 1826, and in 1827, and in 1828, and in 1829, and in 1830, and in 1831, and in 1832, and in 1833, and in 1834, and in 1835, and in 1836, and in 1837, and in 1838, and in 1839, and in 1840, and in 1841, and in 1842, and in 1843, and in 1844, and in 1845, and in 1846, and in 1847, and in 1848, and in 1849, and in 1850, and in 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So fitted, on the death of Laurence, in 1830, he worthily succeeded to his chair, his only rival in the estimation of the electors being David Wilkie, who,

part of the food of animals, enables their bones to acquire due hardness. Some of the mineral matters of highest importance contain phosphorus in a soluble form, which is readily supplied from bones. Phosphorus of lime also exists as a natural mineral, but except in some of the accumulations of remains of animals, recent or fossil, it is rare. Dr. Lankester, indeed, speaks of a supply in Spain, where exist thousands and tens of thousands, probably millions, of tons, and which is "of more value than all the gold Spain obtained from the New World." We regret to be unable to throw doubt on this statement; but if we are to believe Dr. Daubney and Capt. Widdington, who visited the site of this mineral several years ago, there is neither any assurance of large quantity, nor any probability of the smallest money value, in these reefs of the Spanish gold mines of America.

Ivory is a peculiar combination of bone, and tables of ivory, for the artist, are now obtained of large size, by slicing a tusk like a cucumber, and afterwards softening the ivory by exposure to phosphoric acid, by which it is rendered almost plastic. When washed with the strong alkali it is found to consist of a mass of plates 30 inches square have been obtained at a small cost. Ivory has many other uses, and some 35,000 male elephants must be killed annually to supply the English market alone.

We pass over the lecture on soap, to say a few words, in conclusion, on Dr. Lankester's views of scientific education. We cannot agree that a mere cramming with facts, however important, deserves the name of education. We hold that Education and Information are things altogether distinct, and we believe that, for the latter to bear fruit, the former must have preceded it. Education is such a preparation of the intellect as shall enable its possessor to understand and reason correctly on the facts and information afterwards learnt or acquired by experience; and thus language and mathematics, in themselves abstract studies, are much more useful to the unimpaired and undeveloped intellect than a mere exercising of the memory in the recollection of a vocabulary of words. We hope the result of the North Kensington Museum and its teaching will never interfere with the good old system of instruction under which our eminently practical national character has been developed.

AGNES ARNOLD.

THE author of a political discussion, or a solemn historical narrative, in general draws his information, when applicable to recent times, from materials collected by journalists and biographers. His *domestic personæ* are prominent statesmen and soldiers, on whom public opinion has already passed its verdict; his incidents are great events, the nature and scope of which has been already commented upon, while his facts, his reflections, and his very language, are drawn from documents which have been previously prepared. A much more difficult task lies before the novelist. If he aspires to enter the field opened by the great masters in this department of literature, he must not only invent his chief incidents, but he must create his characters, and represent them with such skill and truthfulness that they may serve as types of great classes in society, and illustrate by their actions and feelings the world in which he moves. He who has had in modifying the habits and feelings of those who have necessarily remained within the sphere of private life. The historian, in short, describes the storm at the point where it bursts forth, and where its phenomena strike every beholder; while the novelist, on the contrary, follows the storm as it moves, follows the course through eddies and shoals, and exhibits the less marked but more permanent influence which their reflected and crossing ripples produce upon the shore. The writer of fiction can seldom glean his information from books. He traces, in tracing examples of the events which he wishes to represent, not intellect, but chiefly to a careful observation and study of the times in which his scene is laid. For evident reasons, a novel can be best written in the generation succeeding that in which the events it records are supposed to have happened. It was sixty years after the last Scotch rebellion when Sir Walter Scott wrote "Waverley," the most perfect of his works, and the very archetype of historical romance. It is now sixty-two years since the events before which are elucidated by Mr. MacCabe. He takes up his theme after the proper lapse of time, when a few old men still survive who bear a part in the events he describes, and when the events are all but forgotten by the rising generation. Just as Sir Walter Scott drew his information from the lips of Highland chiefs and Jacobite lords who had been "out in the forty-five," the author of "Agnes Arnold" has derived his knowledge of the heroine's career of 1798 from distinguished Irishmen who took part in the rebellion of that year. He has thus had the best means of obtaining a kind of information not to be got from books, but indispensable to the novelist, and of learning from reliable sources what was the influence of the ferocious struggle between Protestant and Catholic which then distracted Ireland. Thanks to information so obtained, he has succeeded in producing a work abounding in incident and character, which shows a ripe acquaintance with Irish life in all its ordinary phases, and a ripe acquaintance still with the historical events by which the habits and feelings of the present generation have been shaped. The close of the last century. The plot is no compact and replete with incident that it would not be possible to give a summary of it.

The most carefully drawn of his characters is Holly the Spy, a tooth-browed ruffian, not altogether devoid of some sympathy, who, in the execution of his duty, has escaped the gallows, although prone to crime, but who, in the Ireland of 1798, found fitting employment as a government spy and informer, and in this way acquired the power of doing infinite mischief. The brutality and selfishness of this personage are brought out striking contrast with the broad qualities of the noble, single-hearted, and high-spirited Irish squire, John Kirwan, who, in an attempt to stand aloof from the violence alone of the Protestant and Catholic factions, is suspected and persecuted by both, without having it in his power to appeal to a Government which is too much following an independent and successful course. His grief, when he discovers the treachery of one belonging to his own household—when he finds that he had provoked the bitter enmity of persons against whom he had never cherished an unkind thought—and when he betakes himself for consolation to a friend, a Kilmoyne, is very touching and true to nature. The part played by outlandish personages is very judiciously treated, by good faith in survey tales, by the *grand monarque* in old French plays, and by the home-bred, but suspicious, upright, and faithful Scotch agent in Miss Edgeworth's tales, is performed in this novel by a Scotch soldier, Captain Abercrombie, whose character—less infinitely honorable to his country—is treated with great delicacy and discrimination. Miss Agnes Arnold, the heroine, is a very fascinating young Irishwoman, and perhaps all the more fascinating that she is gifted with intelligence beyond her years. But, upon the whole, we prefer the English maid, Lucy Walcott, who, in the novel, is a more attractive and sensible girl, guilty of just enough bad grammar and ignorance of book-learning to remind us that she does not belong to "the upper ten thousand."

Her admirer, Pat Kinchela, is one of the author's happiest conceptions; and, indeed, as good a representation of a red-blooded, witty, and kind-hearted young Irishman as any we recollect within the whole range of recent fiction. His love of his country, while she sits on the purple heath of his own, holding him tight round the waist, is extremely well imagined, and is worked out with great spirit and vivacity. It was, we think, one of Moore's medical men in love, who arrived, after a process of ingenious thought, at the conclusion that he would best employ his military and imperialist "services" in the service of his country, and importance by conducting her to a dissection. Pat Kinchela shows a deeper insight into the female heart when he, like a true Irishman, resolves to advance his suit by dancing the "pottering jig" at a village ball with a crowd, and his love's doubts, and his misanthropic and his "sorrow" are all very well and hollow in the door, to the music of a supple-jointed fiddler, half drunk, playing up to him with proper spirit, and inspiring him with fun, frolic, and joy, till he could kick up a clatter like twenty "drag-boats," and knock the panels, bolts, and hinges of a thousand solidly built "sparables." The greatest pleasure of the piece would have been in a less uproarious, but in a more serious and entertaining fashion; and, indeed, we commend the scene where Mr. John Kirwan pays his addresses to Miss Arnold to those who contemplate matrimony, as supplying hints not to be met with in the most "complete" story-writer, or in any repository of a kindred character. In our respect, Mr. MacCabe has been pre-eminently successful. From the beginning to the end of his novel he stimulates curiosity, and keeps alive the interest of the reader by a series of incidents which are never intercalated, and never interrupted by episodic, irrelevant description, or tiresome reflection, but which all converge to the *dénouement*. To conclude, he leaves on the reader's mind a faithful and animated picture of an episode in Irish history which has a most important bearing on the politics of our own time, but which, nevertheless, has compelled the careful study of those most interested in its issues.

VERSE—AND WORSE.*

POETRY! everybody went to the East for marvels. Quacks, quack, or said they, did their pills from the Orient; astrologers sent to Egypt for stuffed crocodiles, and readers of romance pronounced the "Arabian Nights" the most wonderful of books. Things have altered. The arrival of an East-Indiaman is no longer regarded as an event, and, acting in obedience to the motto of Bishop Berkeley—

"Weasted the course of empire takes its way,"

people now look across the Atlantic for the wonderful and strange. Every steamer from America bears a marvel of some sort or another. The old woman's tale of there being but eight wonders in the world has long been an idle story; a book without the least straw of truth, which fell from the mouth of the first pedlar from Connecticut landed in Liverpool with a pine cask of home manufacture; the arrival, one after the other, of wooden inventions, scrubbing-machines, machines for doing all the washing, washing, pill-making, salt-swinging, and bag-making, only prove the lateness of the late-upon East and the productivity of the West,—or the Great West, as the playful Yankee prefers, tearing his native soil. There is one commodity, however, associated with the dusky East, which foolish people believe yet to come over in packages of tea and china, and which, alas! is unimpeachable poetry, the only compound which may be observed on the shelves of tea-chests, and dancing over Indian porcelain. Ah, well! America now supplies that too, and the East is cheated out of a staple commodity.

At the present moment certain imaginative persons in the United States are engaged in crowning with laurel a new poet. Flaxen-haired Byronic youths have laid their day, and now the path is cleared for the thick-necked "swart" school. We learn that in certain quarters the muscular poet is popular, and whilst all the young ladies here are dotted up and down with the names of Byron, Keats, and Keats, trusting their imaginations to the bewitching "Idylls" of Tennyson, their sisters across the water, at Saratoga, or the Falls, are in love with Walt Whitman.

It seems ridiculous, but still we are assured of the fact, that by many persons in the United States, the name of Whitman is regarded as the most potent in powers of inspiration to our Saviour. The parallel is ingenious and disgusting, and but for our knowledge that there are such people as the Murnous, and such institutions as the Aspernere, we should be very loth to believe that it was ever instituted amongst even the weak intellects of the sister country.

From the circumstance, however, we may learn a lesson. Civilization kept at a very high point of pressure, the economy of life too refined, nature put back into the stable too far, produce strange fancies and fancies that are unknown to health. There is a certain stage in disease, the doctor tells us, when the patient has a keen appetite after all sorts of odd things—slate pencils, corals, or leather. So with the literature of a crowded and anxious people, it occasionally exceeds its proper bounds, suffers pethora, and puts forth pithless things which dissonate minds suitable for true health. Each individual exorcises on the "Leaves of Grass."

It appears that in New York, some years ago, a rough fellow was employed in a printing office. Nature had given him a strong constitution, and his features were of a good mould. Not a word of his name, but he was a good fellow, and the United States stands still—a servant today, master to-morrow; now teaching a school in the backwoods, now the head of a bureau at Washington; therefore there is nothing wonderful in the fact that Whitman was soon holding the pen of a journalist, and writing for a democratic paper. After trying various schemes for the exercise of his muscular pen, he hit upon what he conceived to be a new vein of poetry. The "poetry" is not poetry, but "verse"—and verse, and the "verse" is of a kind that we are thankful is seldom opened. The metre of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," it will be remembered, was pointed as not for first acquaintance, not remarkably pleasant, but it is music compared with Whitman's lines. Here are a few selected at random. They remind one of so many negro songs:—

"America! America!
Mother-humans! Foremost!
Crests human! Crests human!
For just a programme of death."

Other paragraphs—or, as you will, verses, we suppose the poet would term them—read like entries from a bookworm's newspaper, or notes from a stump-orator's speech. At page 119 we have—

"What does it mean to me? To America's person, progress, class?—
America! the glory, Yankee, soldier, immigrant, sailor, squatter, and statesman, statesman!"

We believe it is the author's lament that he is the sole discoverer of the metre in which he indulges, and that its originality is the delight of his poetic admirers. But the leading principle of the book, where the sense is intelligible, appears to be—

"LEaves of Grass: Poems by Walt Whitman. Boston: Thayer & Eldridge. Year 85 of the Master (1860-61)."

* Agnes Arnold. A Novel. By William Bernard MacCabe. London: T. C. Nisbet, 1860.

holding this position; and in the present manner the information afforded as to the names of officers and non-commissioned officers in the Artillery Corps, in the Volunteer Rifle Corps, the statements respecting the Mounted Rifles, Colonial Rifles, list of anniversaries, &c., prove that all the necessary duties required from such an organ can be adequately and satisfactorily discharged.

The October number of *Bentley's Miscellany* is light and lively. It commences with pleasant news for its readers—the promise of a new tale by Mr. Ainsworth. A simple incident is turned into a romance by Dudley Cretschin's manner of telling it. If his "Bel and the Dragon" had been published in June or July, instead of October, we have little doubt but the reading of his descriptions of Tappin and Cookham would have induced thousands of visitors to examine that portion of river Thames scenery which is so well described by him. "A Coquette's Campaign," by Onida, is a rollicking story, thrown off in a hand-gallop style. "The Recollections of an Old Salt" is a judicious analysis of Admiral de Gravelle's sovereignty; and in "The Story of Francesco Novello da Carrara," and "Voltaire at Ferney," the reader is supplied with two attractive morsels of interesting biography. The great charm, however, of the entire number, is the tale entitled "The House Blackwink—Part the First,"—the renouncement of a little novel, so well that it is sure, so long as it is continued, to be the first looked at in all future numbers. One fault is to be found with it that can be easily avoided—the introduction of a most disagreeable provincial dialect. We hope there may be no more specimens given of it; for what is already printed is absolutely unintelligible.

The *Forerunner's Review* has not the slightest connection with the chase, or archery, or sporting of any kind. It is a publication devoting itself to the interests of the working-classes—an organ and record of Saving and Benefit Societies throughout England. The great merit of the *Forerunner* is evidenced by poetry and essays; but the better portion includes facts and articles, such as are to be found in the present number, on "Provident Institutions," "Vital Statistics," and "Emigration."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Singer's Library of Concerted Music. Edited by JOHN HULLAH. Published by Addison & Co.

THIS new serial is one of the most interesting publications now issuing from the musical press. It is in two separate series, the one consisting of sacred, the other of secular music. Each series includes pieces forming integral parts of great works, or listens drawn up in rare and expensive collections; compositions of foreign masters now adapted for the first time to English words; music originally requiring combinations of voices rarely practicable, now re-arranged in a manner calculated for ordinary use; and pieces composed by eminent living musicians, many of them expressly for this work. The sacred pieces are anthems, hymns, choruses, psalms, &c., adapted to use either in places of worship or in private families. The secular series consists of madrigals, glee, and part-songs, chiefly, but not exclusively, by the greatest English masters, and all of them translated in English poetry. The work is issued in weekly numbers, a number of each series being published simultaneously; and also in parts, each part consisting of four or more numbers, according to the length of the pieces. We have now before us twenty-eight numbers of each series, done up into six parts, and the parts again form a volume, so that the first volume of each series is completed. The price of each of these volumes is 7s., which, considering the quantity, variety, and excellence of their contents, and the elegance of their form, is a marvel of cheapness.

We have examined this work with great attention, and no less pleasure. It may well be called a library, and promises to be a rich treasure to the lovers of vocal harmony—a species of music for which England has for centuries been pre-eminent, and in which the people of this country, from the days of "good Queen Bess" to the present time, have always taken delight. The Italians excel us in the smooth and voluptuous strains of the opera, and the Germans in the gigantic combinations of the instrumental orchestra; but in the harmony of the human voice, whether employed in the grand services of our Church, or in the lighter music which forms the enjoyment of society, we can assert our superiority over every other country in the world. No one is better qualified than Mr. Hullah, by knowledge, judgment, and taste, to call the richest and rarest flowers of vocal harmony; and accordingly, in the pages before us, we find many of the greatest works of our great ecclesiastical masters, and the most charming specimens of the madrigal, glee, and part-song, from the sixteenth century to the present time—from old Byrd, Willbye, and Parrell, to our contemporaries, Macfarren, Smart, and Hullah. We cannot specially notice particular pieces of this already large collection; but we must point out one thing of much importance. Many of the finest glees of the older composers are entirely for men's voices, the highest part being given to the male counter-tenor. Mr. Hullah has re-arranged these in such a manner that the highest part may be sung by the female soprano or contralto—a liberty with the text to which some rigid purists may object; but we feel it to be a great improvement, as it is agreeable to modern taste, and what the composers themselves would have done had they written at the present time.

Lady Clara Vere de Vere. Song, written by ALFRED TENNYSON, composed by Mrs. Worthington Bliss.

Marguerite. Song, written and composed by ANNE FRICKER.

The Mother's Dream. Ballad, composed by G. A. MACFARREN.

Published by Cooke & Co.

What is Life? A Revere; the poetry by Mrs. A. M. MYSTERY, set to music by JOHN L. HATTON. Published by Addison and Co.

We have selected for notice the above vocal pieces, in the first place because they are of no ordinary beauty, and likewise because they furnish exceptions to the remark, too generally well-founded, that our composers are either careless of, or unable to appreciate the quality of the verses they set to music, and are quite ready "to waste their sweetest notes on any sort of marvellous man's poetry rhymes that may happen to come in their way. Did we desire to illustrate this remark, we might cite nineteen in twenty of the new songs which issue in such abundance from the musical press. But it is more worth while to show, by a few instances, that we have popular musicians, possessed of judgment and taste, whose genius is inspired by true poetry.

One of these is Mrs. Worthington Bliss (formerly Miss Lindsay), already known as the author of various graceful compositions. Tennyson's song, which she has now set to music, is not new to the public, but the fair composer has given it

a new charm by the simple and speaking melody which she has joined to the verse.

The fair author of "Marguerite" is a poet as well as a musician; and in this song the sound is truly an echo to the sense. The verses consist of a lover's playful and tender allusions to his mistress's name and its pretty meanings—a daisy, and a pearl. The simple natural melody, with its graceful accompaniment, might have flowed from the pen of Mendelssohn.

Mr. Macfarren, as everybody knows, stands in the first rank among our English musicians, and is, moreover, a man of literary attainments. The poetry of "The Mother's Dream" is impressive, and the music is in a congenial spirit; but the effect is injured by faults of accent and prosody, which are so glaring that it is sometimes impossible to speak the words along with the music. Such negligence we could scarcely have expected from a composer of Mr. Macfarren's reputation, and a Professor, to boot, in the Royal Academy of Music. They are not only bad in themselves, but are positively enough to students of the art.

Mr. Hatton's "What is Life?" is a composition of a high order, inspired by a poem of much beauty. It has not, we believe, been published before, and is as follows:—

"What is Life?"—Fond youth replied,

"To a grave where once with a burning glow,
Where the waves are bright as the skies above,
And the bark is guided by Hope and Love,
While the sun of hope, and the breath of flowers,
Make glad the sight of the golden hours."

"What is Life?"—Stern manhood said,

"To a grave where once heeps to dust,
A tomb with faded garlands deck'd,
A low-shed where the heart is laid;
While the sun and day, kind of bright time
Pulse on the soul like a fun'ral chime."

"What is Life?"—Old age drew near,

"With tottering limbs, and now-white hair,
And said, "The journey drear and cold,
Where death full oft doth tread,
To wander alone from day to day,
Where all they loved have passed away."

"What is Life?"—A small soft voice,

"Rejoice, made my heart rejoice;
"Tis in the night before that glorious day,
When death, and fear shall pass away,
And the tears of the mourner shall fall no more,
In the safe repose of the heavenly shore."

Mr. Hatton's music to this poem is a combination of grandeur and beauty, to which it is impossible to listen unmoved. In its masterly construction, broadness and simplicity of style, beauty of melody, and depth of feeling, it is akin to the exquisite cantatas of Haydn.

OUR SOCIAL REPUBLIC.

In this Republic where we sit,

Each man his glass in hand,

Free as the birds that chant in upper air,

Be this the Charter of our wit,

That all may understand,

And those the taxes every one must bear.

Lightly, brightly

Let the wit abound;

And temperance pass

In every glass,

That sparkles in our round;

And he who jears at Woman's Truth,

Or tips his jest with gall,

Or scorns the man that nobly dares be poor,—

What'er his age, what'er his youth,

A traitor to us all,

He shall be banished! banished evermore!

But he, the generous citizen,

Whose jests are pure, though keen,—

Who laughs his laugh, and sings his song,—

Who aids the cause of honest men,

His country and his queen,

And bows no knee, except the hate of wrong;

Only, truly,

One of us he is;

To all our rights,

Through joyful nights,

We give him welcome here.

To this Republic where we sit,

Each man the other's friend,

And both all knaves and scoundrels from our door,

To feast where wisdom, mirth, and wit,

With social pleasures blend,

We make him welcome, welcome evermore!

LIBERTY OF OPINION: MARSH'S COMPLAINT.—At the sitting of the National Convention, on 21st October, 1792, Marsh was charged with inciting a battalion of the March-soldiers to massacre a regiment of dragoons, and also of inciting in his journal soldiers to assassinate their officers. The Assembly was greatly moved by these statements; and some of the representatives mentioned that they had recently heard Marsh demand 170,000 *livres* to be kept off by the guillotine. "Well! well! what of that?" replied Marsh to his accusers; "yes, it is true I said so: that is my solemn and deliberate opinion, and I repeat it." The orator was interrupted in his speech by cries of indignation. "This is atrocious treatment," exclaimed the assembly orator; "have any fellows who talk of liberty!—of the liberty of opinion, too! and yet they want to deprive me of the liberty of having my own opinion. What abominable tyrants! They talk, too, of three being factions in the country. Why there is but one,—and that is composed of all who are inimical to myself—to me—Marsh—the friend of the people!"

THE LONDON REVIEW

AND WEEKLY JOURNAL OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SOCIETY.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES MACKAY.

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TWO MEN OF "IDEAS."

WHEN the people of France, alarmed for the safety of their shops and their lives, rushed into the arms of a military despotism, to escape from socialism, red republicanism, and anarchy, they listened with complacent credulity to the boasts of their new Emperor that "he had closed the era of revolutions," and that his "Empire was peace." Seldom, however, have boasts been more completely falsified. To King Canute, sitting upon the sea-shore with his courtiers around him, it was about as easy to close the era of tides, as it is to Napoleon III. to stay the waves of revolution. The great popular tide which ebbed after 1830, began to flow again in 1848. It is flowing still, and there is not a despot in Europe who can drive it back.

Napoleon III. is a man of an "idea," and looks upon himself as the child of destiny. His idea was to restore the dynasty of Bonaparte to the throne of France, and to make France as mighty in Europe as she was ere Fortune first played false to his great predecessor, within the walls of Moscow, and in the icy stream of the Berezina. He has realized the idea, in both of its developments, because he had France to work with him, by him, and for him, and because he had strong faith, invincible determination, and the stern tenacity of a fatalist, to hold to his purpose through good and evil. In his other idea, that his "Empire was peace," he has not been so fortunate. It was a mere political expression, unless he could govern all Europe as well as France, and close the era of revolutions in Italy, Hungary, Germany, and every part of the continent where the people desired liberty and a voice in the management of their own affairs. All powerful at home to repress the revolutionary sentiment, he is utterly powerless abroad to prevent its growth and outbreak. He does not himself seem to know that he acts in a double capacity. Success and the possession of a throne have made him a conservative, but Nature made him a revolutionist. In the days of Louis Philippe he was a conspirator and a fomentor of revolution—*against* France. In the present day, fate, fortune, circumstance, even his name combine to make him, *against* Europe, the same conspirator that he was against the house of Orleans. It cannot be otherwise. His example is greater than himself. It is because he has realized his idea that other men are incited to realize theirs. It is because France overthrew an odious government, and a family for whom it had no love, that other nations, more unhappy than France has ever been, even in the very thickest turmoil of her revolutions, have determined to do likewise, and that they will never rest until the desire be accomplished, whatever French or any other despotism may say or do to prevent them.

But, great as Napoleon III. is when looked upon as the man of an idea, King Victor Emmanuel is even greater than he. A purer purpose than the Third Napoleon inherited from the First was inherited by Victor Emmanuel from his father, Charles Albert. The great idea of the unity, the freedom, and the independence of Italy, was not annihilated on the fatal field of Novara, when Austria seemed, for the moment, to have crushed the last hopes of Italian patriotism, and Charles Albert abdicated his throne to die broken-hearted and alone in a wayside inn, afar from the beloved country for which he had done and suffered so greatly.

In his proclamation to the people of Southern Italy, King Victor Emmanuel—at this moment the foremost man of Europe—recalls

those facts to mind. He shows that it was this great idea which led him to build up the fabric of Piedmontese liberty, that all Italians might see and love it; it was that and this idea which led him, though only the sovereign of a third-rate state, to claim partnership with Great Britain and France in the war undertaken to preserve the Turkish empire from the spoliation of Russia; and to incur liabilities and make sacrifices which his country could but ill afford. It was this idea, also, which led him to make Piedmont, in all times and places, "the standard-bearer and arm of Italy," and which led him to court the aid of the French Emperor in 1859 to strike a blow at Austrian rule in Lombardy and Venetia, which might make atonement for the reverse of Novara. It was this great idea which led him to accept the proffered allegiance of Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, and to annex them, by the will of the people, to his own dominions, though by so doing he offended his powerful friend. It was this, also, which led him to sacrifice Savoy that he might gain Italy, and to brave the fulminations of the Pope—the hatred of Austria—the coolness of France—that he might annex, in spite of all these embarrassing influences, but supported by the will of the people, the Romagna, Umbria, and the Marches. Last of all, it is this idea which leads him to Naples, to receive from the hands of the illustrious Garibaldi possession of the Two Sicilies, and to become, *de facto*, the King of Italy.

Gaeta, Capua, the province of Venetia, and the city of Rome with its environs and adjuncts, are now the only portions of the Italian soil, that do not yield allegiance to the constitutional king. Italy is no longer a geographical expression, but a political and national fact. Gaeta and Capua will speedily slip from the grasp of the ex-King of Naples; and the great idea of Italian unity will then have reached such a development, that neither Pope, Emperor, nor Kaiser, will be able to overthrow it, without letting loose the passions of Europe, and exciting such a general war as would shake many other thrones besides the throne of Italy. Will the sovereigns of Europe run the risk? We hope, and we believe, they dare not.

It is idle, under the circumstances, for the continental powers to prate of the illegality of the invasion of Naples. It was illegal, unjust, and in every way abominable, when Russia, Prussia, and Austria, partitioned the kingdom of Poland; but the fact had to be recognized and submitted to, because it was too mighty to be resisted. It may be illegal and contrary to all the dictates of Vattel, Grotius, and Puffendorf, that Victor Emmanuel should invade Naples; but the thing had to be done, and is well done, not only in the interest of the Neapolitan and other Italian peoples who approve of it, but in the interest also of the peace of Europe, if the great despot could but see an inch or two before them. It is fitting that Victor Emmanuel should act as he has acted, and that he should take the lead in a revolution that was to be guided, but could not be prevented; and which, without guidance, would have let loose all the malignant passions of the continent in a tornado, compared to which that of the first French revolution would have been but a summer tempest. It is possible that a great European convulsion may yet arise out of this complication; but if it do, let Austria, Russia, and France beware of the consequences!

To throw Italy back into the degraded position in which she lay six months before the battles of Magenta and Solferino, though such a consummation might please Austria, would settle nothing. Instead of a calm, constitutional, and well-regulated

monarchy in Italy, a dozen blood-red Republics would struggle for existence, and send a propaganda of mischief into Germany, Hungary, Bohemia, Poland, and France. Victor Emmanuel, revolutionist though he may appear in one sense, is, like the Emperor Napoleon, a true conservative in another. If the Pope will follow good advice, and if Austria, instead of fighting for Venice, and enslaving her dangerous friends to help her to retain the costly and ungrateful burden, will but sell it at a valuation, the peace of Europe will stand upon a better foundation than it has rested upon since February 1815. If the Emperor Napoleon means his empire to be placed, now is his time. He is known to court the good opinion of the English nation, and both the French and the English desire that the Italians should be free. Let him take his side with Victor Emmanuel now, as he did in June last year; and he will not only gratify the enlightened public sentiment and interests of England, France, and Italy, but he will cement the Anglo-French alliance, and preserve the peace of the world. He will not "close the era of revolutions," because such a feat is purely impossible; but he will procure for Austria and the other Powers the splendid opportunity to prevent violent revolutions by granting the powerful reforms which their subjects demand, in their own interest and in that of civilization.

SERBIAN POLITICS AND THE LATE PRINCE MILOSC.

THE death of Prince Miloš of Serbia is an event for which we have been prepared for some months past, but which cannot fall sooner or later, to produce its influence upon the Eastern question. The politics of Serbia are so complex; the questions they indirectly embrace so important and so little understood, that even the best informed can scarcely venture to do more than speculate vaguely upon their probable solution. Looking back for a century past upon the history of Serbia, and taking into consideration the present state of parties in that country, the most timid prophet might safely hazard the prediction that a revolution is inevitable. What the circumstances may be which will give rise to it,—what party will head the movement,—or how soon it will take place,—are, however, matters which time alone can develop. Meantime, the deceased prince has just closed a career singularly eventful in its character, and which has been protracted over a period little short of a century. Originally a common swineherd, Miloš had already acquired, in the early part of this century, a considerable prominence as a political agitator. He combined with great powers of combination inexhaustible energy, an indomitable will, and a thorough knowledge of his countrymen. Unable to write his own name, or to speak any language but Serbian, he nevertheless gained an ascendancy over his brutish and unintelligent compatriots which rendered him a formidable enemy to the power of the Sultan, and a dangerous foe to his celebrated rival Kara Georgevitch. In 1815 Miloš ventured to place himself at the head of the popular party in Serbia, and organized a revolution against the Turks. For some time the country was a prey to anarchy and civil war, and the contending factions of Miloš and Kara George, when the former ultimately gained the day by a judicious alliance with his Musulman enemies, succeeded not merely in turning the tables upon Kara George, but wisely determined to secure his success by decapitating him. It is scarcely possible to follow, at this distance of time, the intrigues by which this new combination was brought about, which resulted in the most celebrated of the Serbian rulers being thus summarily disposed of. Kara George, though justly the most notorious character in Serbian history, and a man of remarkable courage and ability, was not to be regretted, in a domestic point of view; and, perhaps, on the whole, Serbia benefited by his removal from the scene. He was a true type of the race to which he belonged—those Christian subjects of the Porte for whom the sympathies of the British public are at the present moment so warmly enlisted. A man who could stab his father with his own hand, and kill his mother by putting her head in a bee-hive, was evidently possessed of a character calculated to inspire his subjects with respect, and to render the task of a less scrupulous ruler somewhat difficult. Fortunately for Serbia, in Prince Miloš she found a worthy successor. We are not aware that he ill-treated his parents, though he endeavoured upon one occasion to compass the destruction of his son; and by the assassination of obstructive or dangerous ministers and rivals, secured the position of prince, with which he was invested by the Porte in return for his successful triumph over her old enemy, Kara George. While, by the wholesale confiscation and sequestration of the property of those of his subjects who had either by fraud or legitimate commerce acquired it, he laid by for himself a sufficient store of wealth to render his circumstances comfortable in the event of his being ejected from the somewhat perilous position of Prince of Serbia.

The result proved that the pretension was not a vain one, for the arbitrary rule of Miloš soon became intolerable. He carried murder, robberies, and excessive exaction to such a pitch that a revolution, headed by Vutsitch and Petronitch, and encouraged by both Russia and the Porte, who had at this time a common interest in favouring the national party, proved successful, and

resulted in the banishment of Miloš, and the accession of his son Milan, in accordance with a *hatti* sheriff of the Porte, by which the succession to the throne of Serbia was named hereditary, but which has since been abrogated. This fact is one of considerable significance at the present crisis, as the new prince ignores the refusal of the Porte to revert to the *hatti* sheriff of 1830, and appeals to it in his recent proclamation of the 27th September, as his claim to the hereditary succession. Milan, however, was in such ill health, that he scarcely had time to understand the nature of the new dignity with which he had been invested when he died of consumption, and was succeeded by Prince Michael the second son of Miloš. This prince, who has now again been called to the supreme power, by the death of his father, did not upon this occasion show that tact and discrimination which could alone have retained him on the throne. Manifesting a determined opposition to the national party under Vutsitch, and the Turkish authority by which it was backed, he succumbed before a bloodless revolution, after a reign of a few months, and retired to lead his father company in exile. Vutsitch, now become all-powerful, nominated, with the consent of the Porte, Alexander, son of Kara George, as Michael's successor, and, for a time, the phase of anarchy and civil war through which Serbia had passed seemed at an end. The substitution of Alexander Kara George for the Obozovitch family was a distinct intimation on the part of the Porte that the hereditary claims of that family to the throne of Serbia were at an end. Meantime Miloš commenced a series of intrigues with the Russian Government, which had, during the reign of Alexander Kara George, found itself deprived of that influence which it aspired to exercise in the councils of the Serbian Government. Her agents, acting under Miloš's advice, agitated Serbia, and found a favourable moment in 1858 for bringing their schemes to a head. Accordingly a revolution once more broke out, which ended in the expulsion of Kara George in the latter part of that year, and the recognition of Miloš as Prince of Serbia by the Porte,—scarcely against its will, however, and under the pressure of the Russian Government.

For the last two years Miloš has governed under Russian inspiration. His senate has been composed of men in the pay of that Government, and devoted to its interests, and he himself supported in his antagonism to the Porte. By the treaties of Ackerman, Bucharest, and Adrianople, Russia has, at various times and in various ways, asserted her right of interference in the affairs of Serbia. Her former exclusive protectorate of the Christians, upon the plea of their being co-religionists, gave her a constant excuse for meddling in its internal administration, and complaining of persecutions which have never been exercised, and of grievances which do not exist. This right, though she no longer possesses it, she still seeks to exercise.

The most glaring instance of her policy in this respect has just occurred. It is now well known that a conspiracy existed in Serbia to make a rising simultaneously with that originated by the Maronites in Lebanon, and which terminated so disastrously for themselves. The Porte, however, having received timely information of the projected movement, despatched large bodies of troops to the Slavonic portion of her empire. Some of these were necessarily drawn from Syria, leaving that portion of the Sultan's dominions where no movement on the part of the Christians was suspected comparatively undefended. The concentration of these troops in the neighbourhood of the districts, at that time exposed to Russian agitation rendered a successful outbreak impossible. Foiled in his projects of revolution, Prince Gortschakoff made a complaint against the administration of the Turkish Government in her Slavonic provinces, and called for a European commission. This, however, was not agreed to, and the Grand Vizier was sent by the Sultan upon a tour of inspection through the provinces in question. The result of this investigation on the part of this official is now public. He courted no secrecy; the agents of any European government, or the traveller in quest of information, were alike admitted to the tribunals which he held throughout the country for the examination of complaints and the redressing of grievances; and it is a remarkable fact that not one solitary case was brought forward on the part of any Christian of persecution on religious grounds. That the Turkish administration is faulty in many respects; that its officials are frequently corrupt; that tax-gatherers are oppressive and dishonest; and that there is abundant room for reform, must be admitted by every one familiar with the country; but these grievances press equally on Turks and Christians, and the few points in which a distinction is made in the law between their position and that of the Turks are by no means of an oppressive character, and are being rapidly removed. The utter failure of the Russian Government to substantiate the charges preferred by them against the Turkish authorities or people in the Slavonic provinces has only served to stimulate them in their efforts to disorganize the country at the expense of the character of the Porte for administrative capacity. Scarcely six weeks have elapsed since a band of Serbians fell upon and attacked some unarmed Turkish soldiers in a cove in Belgrade, massacring seven of them, and throwing their bodies into the Danube, and wounding eighteen. At the same time five other Turks were murdered, at a small town upon the

Bulgarian frontier, with the object of exciting the Bulgarian Turks to retaliate. The Mussulmans were perfectly unprepared for the assault, had offered no provocation, and had not time to defend themselves. The design in Belgrade was evidently to create a disturbance which might induce the Turkish Pacha to fire upon the town, with the view of quelling the riot, contrary to treaty; for by treaty the Turks are rendered powerless to repress disorder in Servia. The Sultan may not march troops into the province, much less use force to repress a revolution, without the consent of the European Powers. Under these circumstances, it is evidently the object of the enemies of Turkey to disorganize those of her provinces in which her hands are thus tied. The recent massacre of Turks in Belgrade was originated with this view, and at this moment there are armed bands of robbers on the Bosnian frontier, which we are entitled to assume are in Russian pay, not only from the confessions of those who have recently been taken prisoners, but from the fact that two Russian standards were found in their possession.

By massacre and robbing the Bosnian Turks, where the Mahometan population is equal to the Christian, it is hoped that the latter may at last become exasperated, and afford another opportunity to the Christian Powers of Europe—and more especially Russia—of proclaiming the necessity of an armed occupation, by Christian troops, of this portion of the Sultan's dominions. In the same manner a band of robbers have been recently captured in Bulgaria. Among them, it appears, was a priest, who made a confession which throws considerable light upon the means employed by Russia to effect her objects in this quarter. It turned out that all the members of the band, though under Turkish names, were Servian Christians, enlisted, not for purposes of robbery, but assassination. A list of the victims was found upon them, consisting of the Christian chiefs of the villages who were opposed to the Russian propaganda. For every chief's head a reward had been offered by the Servian Government. Two luckless Christians had thus been murdered by their co-religionists, their heads sent into Servia, and the money received by the chief of the band.

These are facts which are beyond doubt, and which deserve to be known in this country. We perceive from them, and from a consideration of the events which are every day taking place in Wallachia and Moldavia, where the same system of disorganization is taking place; and the Government is urged to pursue a course which defies not only treaty rights, but outrages public morality—that the ulterior design of Russia is to persuade Europe that the only remedy for the evils which they have themselves caused, is the intervention of Russia, and the occupation of the Principalities by her troops. We have already alluded to a second crossing of the Pruth; nor will Austria be loath, for her own reasons, to assist, upon this occasion, in the operation. It behoves our Government, if we wish to thwart a policy so unworthy, but, at the same time, so dangerous to Turkey, to offer a support to the Government of the Sultan, instead of co-operating, as we have done hitherto, with his enemies in weakening it,—while it is the duty of those who have more than a superficial acquaintance with the East to disabuse the public mind in England of an absurd prejudice against a race who have not progressed so rapidly in civilization as the nations of the West, but who are possessed of a far higher moral and physical organization than that section of the population of Turkey who call themselves Christians, though they are a disgrace to any religion, and are now trading upon the misplaced sympathies of the Christian world. Meanwhile Prince Michael of Servia has inaugurated his accession to office by a proclamation which indicates a desire, on his part, to throw off the Russian yoke, and emancipate himself from the leading-strings of his father's cabinet. We trust that he will persevere in this policy, and that he will find, if he does so, a support on the part of our own Government which may encourage him to adopt a more enlightened and independent system of administration than that which marked the reign of the old prince whose mortal career has just closed.

THE PRINCE'S TOUR IN AMERICA.

THE Prince of Wales has created quite a flutter among the devotees of Transatlantia. Canadian royalty was more fervent than discreet; but the enthusiasm of the Republicans, all the way from Detroit to Cincinnati and Washington, has boiled into a positive frenzy of curiosity and delight. What the degree of heat will mark in the social barometer when His Royal Highness reaches New York, it is impossible to predict. Already the expectation of his advent has kindled a conflict of fierce passions in hundreds of gentlemen in the "Empire City," who all indulge the by no means unnatural wish of being selected by the heir of England to lead off the first dance in the ball, which is to be given in honour of the occasion; and who all indulge a not unnatural, but a very ungenerous enmity towards every fair sister, whose attractions may be supposed to rival or excel her own. It was suggested that Miss Lane,—who is, by virtue of her position as the niece of the President, the first lady in America, and who does the honours of the White House at Washington with a grace and dignity that would well become a

queen,—should be selected as the Prince's first partner in New York. But the proposition was only mentioned to be scouted with angry scorn. The damsels of New York were as indignant as ladies could be, and gave vent to their feelings in expressions, which not even the *New York Herald*, that reports everything, deemed it expedient to publish.

In England, if it were possible that such a question could arise, a whole host of lovely maidens would be thrown out of the circle by the simple fact that they were wives or daughters of grocers, printers, lakemen, bankers, attorneys, &c. But, as in the United States there is no rank except that which money can bestow; and as one lady is as good as any other lady, and only better if she be prettier, younger, or wealthier, the crowd of aspirants for the honour of the Prince's hand in the quadrille, or his arm in the polka, could not be circumscribed within British limits.

Whether the fair ones, outraged by the idea of Washingtonian intervention, held a preliminary caucus, and afterwards an indignation meeting, the world has not been informed; but it seems to have been determined by their fathers, husbands, lovers, and brothers, who have to pay for the ball, that Miss Lane should not be invited—that it was sufficient glory for her to have received the Prince in Washington, to have danced with him, dined with him, and broken him at the game of ten pins. Why, it was asked, having done all these things, should she invade the privileges of the beautiful New Yorkers, who have as much right to dance with royalty, or least it at ten pins, as she had? And so the matter rests as regards Miss Lane, though the gentle but unenvied war rages as hotly as ever with regard to the multitudinous rival beauties of Manhattan. But the Prince is godsend, and will undoubtedly do as much dancing as he can, for his own sake as well as for that of the ladies.

There was at one time a project mooted in America, that the Queen herself should be invited to visit the United States. Had Her Majesty received such an invitation, and accepted it, there is no knowing but what Massachusetts, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, in a fit of enthusiasm, might not have voted their annexation to the old country, and thus got rid of all participation in the guilt of negro slavery, against which some of their orators so lustily declaim. But it was otherwise ordained. The Union remains intact; and the Prince of Wales, exciting no disruption, has only proved to Americans as well as to Englishmen, what a fund of good feeling in reality exists between the two kindred nations, which speak the same language and enjoy the same freedom. One of the most graceful acts performed by the Prince during his tour was his visit to Mount Vernon and the grave of Washington. Our friends the spiritualists, who believe that Mr. Home, the medium, "weighing between you and what's above," can, by spiritual agency, float in the air, over the heads of a water-doctor and several literary gentlemen, writers for the *Cordill* and other magazines, and that he can hold long conversations with the ghosts of the departed, may imagine the sorrow, if not the anger, that the ghost of George III. would feel if it were in Virginia at that moment. Why did not Mr. Home go there on such an auspicious occasion? He might perhaps have brought the two Georges together, and afforded new edification for the readers of the *Spiritual Magazine* and its brother *Cordill*, besides amusing the whole world of English readers. But whatever may be the opinion of the ghosts on this matter, living men in England and in America are satisfied that the heir of the British Crown did well to render respectful homage to the memory of Washington, and to mark in this emphatic manner the difference between the stupid obstinacy of our forefathers and the hale common sense of their grandchildren and great-grandchildren in the present generation. The incident affords a fine subject for a great historical picture. We hope some of our Royal Academicians will look to it.

IRON-CASED SHIPS OF WAR.

THE question as to the superior merits of iron or wooden sided ships of war, though much agitated, is still indeterminate. That much abused body, the Lords of the Admiralty, may well gather courage from contemplating the phase into which the discussion has passed. "Fast-going gentlemen of the British public," my lords may be supposed to exclaim, "you have said your say, you have speculated about the relative merits of wood and iron to your heart's content. What do you make of it, gentlemen of the British public? What are your conclusions?"

Perhaps the best way to advance the argument a stage towards the region of certainties, is to take for granted the existence of iron-cased ships—of a few qualities, the reality of which is still disputed; seeing then, how lies the balance of advantages between iron-cased ships and their wooden-sided competitors? Let the following postulates be conceded. Firstly, that the armadillo system need not and does not interfere with the sailing or steering of a ship; secondly, that the increased weight due to such mailed coating does not prejudicially interfere with the buoyancy of a ship; and hence does not restrict—for any given measurement tonnage—the number of her guns or the weight of them. Granting, for the sake of argument, those postulates, let us

now imagine two belligerent vessels meeting each other in broad ocean, clearing decks, and preparing for action. Demolition of her antagonist is the intent of each; the question is, how to act about it. For the sake of giving our ideas a local habitation and a home, let us choose one of the belligerent vessels in which to take our stand, during the trial presently to ensue between impact and cohesion,—cannon missiles and slabs of iron. We elect to be in the wooden ship. If the iron one be altogether impenetrable, why there will be no effects of penetrating shot and shell to see; and if port-holes, in the ordinary sense of them, be absent, their case supplied by small round apertures, out of which project the muzzles of breech-loading guns, as proposed by the Sardinian Colonel Cavalli, the atmosphere will be none of the nicest.

We elect, therefore, to be on board the wooden ship. Well, the armaments on either side are equal; and as breech-loading ordnance have hitherto been the cyanoise to which the eyes of naval artificers have long been directed, let us assume each ship to be armed with breech-loaders. Each anxious for the fight, we close mutually. A goodly distance yet separates us—say, some three thousand yards. Guns are manned, and all is ready, but no booming roar of cannon rouses old ocean yet. Three thousand yards, and still no broadside; when Mr. Lyndal Thomas's gun, the other day, threw its projectile more than ten. What wanton waste of artillery power is this! Not a bit of it. As a vessel of iron-sided antagonism, doubtless she would be very glad to be hurling some long bolts at us. Doubtless she would be very glad to ply us with shell; not content with shivering our timbers in the old-fashioned way, but bringing to bear the full powers of that incendiary system devised by General Paixhans, and the exercise of which our own wooden walls seemingly court; but from the effects of which the mail-coiled enemy is exempt to a considerable degree. Vain longings all! Be the fact remembered, our adversary has, like our own good ship, breech-loading guns—guns of equal calibre to our own, and of precisely similar pattern. Yet, whatever the size, whatever the power of the iron adversary's gun, their effective range is much less than of our own. Carrying out the idea of hermetically sealing her iron sides as much as possible, the architect of our iron enemy has expensively diminished the size of her port-holes. She can barely give three degrees of elevation to her guns, whereas we can give eight or nine. Hence the effective range of our enemy's broadside is restricted within narrow limits. To what precise distance her shot and shell may go, when fired at an elevation of three degrees, will depend on the size of the gun; but, speaking in a general way, seventeen or eighteen hundred yards will be the limit of their range. So, at our present distance apart—say, two thousand yards—the enemy cannot hit us yet. We could, indeed, hit her—but, *qui bono?* Hitting without penetrating would be of no avail; so we are fain content to draw nearer.

Matters become critical. At length the belligerent vessels, closing still, come within the limits of the iron ship's range. Shell after shell bursts through our sides. Some obligingly go quite through, and reserve the favour of their bursting charge for the air or the waves. Others blow up between decks, doing more devastation than is pleasant to think about.

It is *no vivamus quant' ducere* for us of the wooden ships. To fight we have elected, and fight we will; so, putting a good face on the business, we do the only thing possible under the circumstances to be done—rush in at something like pistol-shot distance, fire a concentrated broadside at the iron casing of our enemy, and finish by boarding, if possible or necessary. Be it remembered that whilst we are firing solid shot at the iron-sided enemy, the iron-sided enemy is firing solid at us. These are alarming conditions—they are unequal; but as guns are, and as shells are, the conditions are inevitable. Very slight consideration of the nature and functions of a shell will make it evident. Wherefore it happens that—whilst any shell, however small, and the bursting-charge of which, however trivial, is a formidable projectile as against wood—only shells of great size and high bursting-charge can be of any avail against thick plates of iron. Artillery, up to the present time, has not been competent to launch shells big enough, and having bursting-charges high enough, to prove formidable either against granite walls or iron casing.

The inherent defect of solid shot is that its latenter or disruptive power is only available at short ranges. The inherent advantage of shells consists in this—their disruptive and incendiary powers are, within practicable limits, almost independent of length of range, and proportionate to the bursting-charge of each. If it be a necessity that artillery must remain just as they are—no bigger, no more effective,—then there is much to be said in favour of iron-mail ships. On the other hand, grant the possibility of constructing ordnance big enough to discharge, at low angles, shells holding bursting charges of 25 or 30 lbs. of powder, then iron-mail plates would be of no more avail against the force of artillery than the cyanoise and broadside of civility against the bullets of Minie and Enfield small-arms. The solution of this problem we believe to be on the cards, and not far distant. Rifled ordnance, capable of launching shells of this size and competence, we believe will be manufactured. Farewell, then, to the pretensions, however real now,

of iron-sided ships. Their present advantage is immunity from shells. Let but shells be made powerful enough to crack the mail plates, down goes the iron ship: a warning to people over bold in adopting passing phases of applied science, and looking upon such adoptions as finalities—unalterable, unimprovable.

MR. RUSKIN'S POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IN a dispute, the ready resource of a woman is a flood of tears; and the asynte to which a womanish man, who has run foul of a scientific truth, and been defeated in argument, readily betakes himself, is a text of Scripture. To show that government (coercion) is antagonistic to co-operation, and that competition is antagonistic to anarchy, and ends in complete co-operation—for while all buyers and sellers contend each to give in exchange for what he wants from the other the least possible quantity of his own labour (the lowest price), all co-operate to feed and clothe the community,—is easy work. Mr. Ruskin's eloquent and repeated assertion, therefore, that "Government and Co-operation are in all things the Laws of Life—Anarchy and Competition the Laws of Death," when analysed, turns out to be the nonsense of ignorance. He flees, however, from refutation by the things of this world, by adding, "I know no previous instance in history of a nation's establishing a systematic disobedience to the first principles of its professed religion. The writings which we (verbally) esteem as divine, not only denounce the love of money as the source of all evil, and as an idolatry abhorred of the Deity, but declare manna service to be the accurate and irreconcilable opposite of God's service; and wherever they speak of riches absolute and poverty absolute, declare woe to the rich and blessing to the poor. Whereupon we forthwith investigate a science of becoming rich as the shortest road to national prosperity."

In answer to this it would not be enough to prove that the rich are not here actually, and on account of riches, full of woe; and that the poor are not actually, and on account of poverty, full of blessing; for, according to Mr. Ruskin, religion affirms that they are now, and are to be eternally. We could argue with him as to deductions from facts, but we cannot follow him into the mysteries of religion. Knowledge and faith are diverse, and we can only reason from what we know. We decline, therefore, further to notice his continued incursions, though they still attract the attention of our contemporaries, who find it easy to show that more silly and contradictory doctrines than his were never enunciated. We can make no reply to his implied "eternal punishment of the rich." Political economists do not strive against "divine writings" which denounce wealth—the substance and strength of nations: they confine themselves to ascertaining and explaining the natural laws by which it is created and distributed. The ancient and the existing laws of property, against which Mr. Ruskin's remarks are, in a true socialist spirit, really directed, though he be too ignorant of the subject to be aware of it, lie expressly and avowedly beyond the domain of political economy. They are incidentally alluded to by Mr. J. S. Mill, rather than adopted as an essential part of the science; but by Adam Smith and his immediate successors they are accepted as existing facts, in subversion to which all their doctrines are expounded. Mr. Ruskin is an example of the danger incurred by public writers who depart from the discreet silence of the economists, and denounce the existing right of property.

SHARP PRACTICE.

ALL persons who have ever insured either their lives or against fire, are aware that in all cases the insurance office gives them notice of the time when the premium falls due. In this notice it is always stated that if the premium be not paid within fifteen days, in the case of a fire insurance, and from twenty-one to thirty days in the case of a life insurance, the policy will be void. It is perfectly clear, therefore, that till the end of those specified days the policy is good. It is scarcely possible for words to make a more binding contract than is implied in such a notice. In fact, however, of this pledge, some shabby insurance companies, the names of which will hereafter be known, have objected to receive the premiums for renewing the insurance on Messrs. Goodhart's premises, recently burnt. They appeared to desire to shirk their responsibility because the premiums were some days over-due, though the end of the fifteen days had not arrived. The circumstance has excited considerable attention in the public, and some alarm amongst insurers, and we cannot avoid lending our aid to restore confidence, and convince both the public and the companies that the alarm is groundless.

Some time ago a Company tried to evade this obligation. A life having fallen in after the premium became due, but before the end of period to which the notice extended, a quibbling objection was raised to paying the sum insured; but it was so promptly met and exposed that the question was not, we believe, brought before the courts. It was denounced as a wrong morally and legally, and an attempt now to repeat such conduct is sheer immoral infatuation. The London and Liverpool Companies at once accepted the responsibility. The instant, too,

the question was mooted, several companies—the Northern Assurance, the Norwich, the Manchester Fire, the Scottish Provincial, and others, hastened to disavow and condemn the intention of ever questioning the responsibility before the termination of the time specified in their notices. After several disavows of this kind, on Saturday, the fire having taken place on Wednesday, the companies implicated wrote to say that they never contemplated repudiating their liability under the notices. The denial came late, and was accompanied by a condition which implied the contrary. They required that Messrs. Goodhart "should give an assurance that they intended to have renewed the insurance without reference to the fire." This was little better than shuffling away from the consequences of their own erroneous proceeding. Suppose a man had, for some reason or other, not intended to renew his insurance, that did not abate the responsibility of the company one day before the expiration of the time mentioned in the notice. Requiring this condition seems to us a subterfuge invented after the companies saw ample reason to be ashamed of their own act, and afraid of its consequences. Had they not become sensible of their error in time, the public would have been seriously alarmed, and insurance companies would soon have experienced a great decline in their gainful trade.

To give an idea of the property at stake on this question, and the business it involves we will mention that the number of fire insurance companies, in 1856—the latest return we have seen—was seventy-seven. Last year the amount of the duty levied on fire insurance was £1,472,445, which at the rate of 3s. in the £100, gives for the amount of property insured almost a billion sterling (£981,628,666), exclusive of farm buildings, which pay no duty. The tax, too, is annually and continually increasing. If we assume that the offices get about one half as much as they levy for the state, and the proportion, we believe, is about 1s. 6d. per £100 to cover the risk of fire insurance, while 3s. is the rate of the Government duty, the gross income of the seventy-seven offices will be about £726,000, and the total amount of the money paid by the public on account of fire insurance will be upwards of £2,200,000 annually. That a more economical means of insuring than paying companies could be devised is not doubted; and the companies, therefore, must be on their guard, or they may ruin their own business. Enough has now transpired to be warning to the public, and market every insurer look very carefully to the character and means of the company with which he insures.

THE EXECUTION OF WALKER.

The condensed wisdom of an old proverb has been again verified. A somewhat notorious picher, by going too often to the well, has been broken at last. Walker, the American filibuster, whose successive descents on Nicaragua, Costa Rica, and Honduras, have, for nearly five years, excited the mingled curiosity, contempt, and disgust of the public, has furnished his last paragraph to the chronicles of the day. All his former failures were made with impunity; his singular incapacity, that always ensured him defeat and disaster, had hitherto, at least, this amount of luck, that, in his own person, he escaped the deserved penalty. It fell heavily enough on others, in the shape of death, disease, and starvation. But from the wreck and ruin of what were called his "expeditions," Walker himself had, till now, escaped scathless; twice he was brought back a prisoner to the United States—once by an American, once by a British naval officer; he had full and repeated warnings that Central America did not want him. But he could not read the lessons of experience. The Fates were kinder to him than he deserved, and he misinterpreted their forbearance. He tempted them again, and the Nemesis overtook him.

Forgetting that each of his former descents had given courage to the Governments of these central states, irritated their inhabitants more and more against him, destroyed his own influence at home, and worn out the patience of the United States authorities, to whom he was a perpetual embarrassment, he made another descent on Honduras, and, in a few days, failed signally, as before. But this time came the punishment for all: he was made prisoner by a small body of native troops at El Negro; taken to Truxillo, and there shot, as a pirate and outlaw. His few wretched followers, not above seventy-five in all, had been dispersed before his capture; only twenty-five were with him at the last; and these, starved, ragged, and wasted by fever, have been liberated and sent to New Orleans. It is quite in keeping with all Walker's acts of inconceivable folly, that his last attempt, when he was weaker in means than ever, should have been made on Honduras, the strongest of all the states of Central America, and just after its Government had made a special alliance with England. In the treaty by which we got rid of our entanglements with the Mosquito Indians, and ceded Belize and the islands of the coast to Honduras, we guaranteed to that state protection and assistance against such piratical attacks, there being British interests involved in the trade of that region, that could not be wholly abandoned. That treaty, with its cession of doubtful jurisdictions, was made in the fairest spirit of deference to American opinion.

The Cabinet of Washington was, we believe, invited to join in the protection extended to Honduras; though the offer was declined the Govern-

ment of the United States was perfectly aware of the change in our relation, with this particular state of the Central American group; and that we have, on the application of the other party to the Treaty, furnished aid and assistance to Honduras against an unauthorized invasion, cannot offend that American public opinion the Federal Government so much dreads. In fact, it is a hopeful sign for the future, to see that the summary execution of Walker is generally approved in the United States; though his force was dispersed, in the first instance, by the intervention of the commander of a British ship of war—the *Zeus*; and his final arrest was effected by the assistance of the boats of that vessel, which conveyed the native troops, though under a native officer, on the river. Party spirit is running high at this moment, in America; and if it would "pay," politically, to raise the old cry against the Britisher, it would be done; but no expression of the kind is heard on either side. The universal feeling appears to be one of assent to the measure, and satisfaction, as at the suppression of a nuisance. There is some regret that the Federal Government should have left the good work for British authority to do, but none that the British have done it. This, and the total failure of General Harney to get up an anti-English excitement, by his seizure of St. Juan, are symptoms favourable—we will not say to peace, for that was never really in peril—but to the growing opinion that vainglorious declaration against England is no longer effective in the tactics of electioneering.

The world is accused of judging too much according to the event; and, no doubt, excess does cover more sins than charity. But of Walker, men's opinions were settled long ago. His first expedition decided it; not by its mere failure, but by the fatuity of his aims, that made the failure certain from the beginning. In the first place, landing among a people of another race, language, and religion, and finding them poor, idle, and personally free, his means of winning support were—selling property, and announcing his intimate intention to make them slaves, and compel them to work! Enforced toil, the one thing the hybrid Spanish race of Central America dreads more than death, was to be their lot under his government. This lost him the only support he could have reckoned on. The hatred of the proprietors he ensured by the cold-blooded murder, or execution, of one of the most wealthy of the class. From his first step to the last, everything an invader in his position should have avoided he did. Only to the weakness of the wretched Government of Nicaragua he owed a rather long immunity. Gradually the several states sank their mutual jealousies, to meet a common danger. Costa Rica sent assistance to its neighbour, and the adventurers, who lived by plunder for the moment, with the threat of enslaving in the future, were destroyed in detail.

The frantic impetuosity of the expedition was wholly Walker's. In the military part of it he sank to the second place, immediately he was joined by Hueneguen, who, to some extent, retrieved his blunders, and brought off the relic of the force from Leon to the nearest. That city was burned down in the conflict, and its ruins are the only traces the expedition left in Nicaragua. The attempts that followed this failed in the very outset, and failed ludicrously. The Federal Government is very weak, and on scarcely depend on its own officers, especially in the South, if slavery is in any way involved in the proceedings. So Walker did get to sea again in the beginning of 1858, and landed on a sailboat on the coast of Nicaragua. Here he was seized by Commodore Paulding, and brought back. He tried some political blustering at Washington, but it did not succeed. Mr. Buchanan justified his office; and Walker sank deeper into discredit. In the following year, another land of "liberators" was taken, and returned to the United States in an English war steamer, Walker again escaping. In these two attempts he was supported by a great steamboat proprietor in New York, who had his own views on the Panama route. But a rival company, we believe, out-manoeuvred him, and seized the lake and river steamer, before Walker arrived. At the worst, there was a purpose of some kind. But this final and fatal expedition appears to have been wholly without an object.

Honduras lies at the southern extremity of the peninsula of Yucatan, where the mainland widens into the Gulf of Honduras, the southern border of Mexico. Except fever and malaria there is little to be got out of the country. What seventy-five men expected to do, in a region that would swallow up an army, it is impossible to imagine. What their leader has found there is death. The measure he meted to his victims in Nicaragua has been measured to him again, and he has gone down to a bloody grave. Men can understand those who die in carrying out a principle, like John Brown, the other day, in Virginia; or the old buccanniers, whose only impulse was greed. But Walker belongs to neither of these; if he represented anything, it was that dangerous class, the impoverished whites of the southern states, puppets in means and aristocrats by caste, who are the most rabid advocates of slavery. It is the worst result of that system, that, by degrading labour, it makes industry impossible, except to those who possess capital; among the thousands of restless, craving, discontented men of the "superior race" that crowd the southern cities, any cause will find recruits if it puts slavery on its flag, and fitting leaders will always be found in such vulgar, tawdry travesties of Pizarro, as Walker proved to be.

LEWIS DENTON—A REASON FOR NOT FIGHTING.—Lord Coleridge (the Colonel Latimer of Middlesex aristocracy) refused to fight a duel with his father, not because he was his father, but "because he was not a gentleman!"

By the Australian Mail we have news from New Zealand to the 6th of August last. It is far from reassuring. In consequence of the insufficiency of the English forces, no attack, of a serious character, had been made upon the natives since the disastrous affair of the 27th of June, although they had been purposely harassed and excited by an occasional shell thrown into the pah, where they are intrenched. General Pratt, who is to conduct the military operations now contemplated, arrived at Taranaki on the 2nd of August. Next day the natives advanced close upon the town, and plundered the outskirts. The utmost consternation prevailed among the inhabitants; and men, women, and children, with despair depicted on their countenances, were hurrying from every quarter to the barracks for protection. The streets were barricaded, and intrenchments thrown up round the town. Orders were issued for the immediate removal of the families of the settlers from the town and the surrounding province; and up to the date of the last intelligence women and children were leaving as fast as conveyances could be procured, Nelson being already crowded with the refugees. It is feared that the insurrection will not be confined to the malecontents of one district, but will spread through the whole of the native population. Referring to the first engagement with the natives, Katipa, a chief, is reported to have said,—"The tide is rising, rising, rising; the governor has set fire to the fern at Taranaki, and the smoke will soon cover the whole island."

The annual meeting of the United Kingdom Alliance for the suppression of the liquor traffic, was held on Tuesday last at Manchester. In the secretary's report, reference was made to the favourable opinion Lord Brougham had expressed of the objects of the Association at the last Social Science Congress at Glasgow. The Dean of Carlisle, Mr. Washington Wilks, and Mr. Ayrton, M.P., took leading parts in the proceedings, proposing and seconding resolutions, which were unanimously carried, to the effect that the principles of the Alliance agitation are in perfect accordance with social science, political economy, and Christian philanthropy, and that Parliament should confer upon the people a power enabling them, by the vote of a sufficient majority of the ratepayers in any district, to exclude from such district the sale of intoxicating beverages.

The executive committee of another association of older standing, the Ballot Society, have issued a circular stating their plan of operations for the coming session. The hopeful view they give of the progress of the agitation is confirmed by Sir John Bowring, in a speech which he delivered as honorary president of the Exeter Disfranchisement Society, at the opening of their winter session, on the question "Is the Ballot a security for honest Representation?" Sir John admitted that his old political creed had undergone some modification, he being now inclined to admit that serious objections may be urged to universal suffrage and annual parliaments.

The sympathy of this country is not altogether on the side of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. How could it be otherwise when the friends of the Pope are so numerous? A requiem, the most magnificent of its kind since the obsequies of the great Liberator in 1847, was celebrated in the Roman Catholic cathedral of Dublin on Friday week, in honour of the Irishman who fell in the recent campaign, under Lamoriciere. After the office for the deed and high mass had been said, Archbishop Cullen preached a violent sermon, in which he denounced Garibaldi as a pirate and freebooter, and ascribed the praise he has met with from the press to the fact that he has pandered to English bigotry and hatred of Catholicity, and shown his tendencies to Protestantism by scolding his son to be educated under the care of an apostate in England. This demonstration in Ireland has been followed on the British side of the Channel by a meeting of Roman Catholic clergymen and gentlemen, held on Tuesday last in the Hanover-square Rooms, to open a subscription for the purchase of a sword of honour to be presented to General Lamoriciere.

A committee having been appointed to promote the scheme, including several of the most distinguished and influential of Romanism in this country, a letter was read from Lord Feilding, in which he expressed a hope that special notice would be taken of the brave Irishman who had behaved so heroically, and who had come in for so much infamous calumny and opprobrium.

Mr. Train, the enterprising American, who some time ago opened the street-railway at Birkhead, has made application to several of the metropolitan parish authorities for permission to lay down rails in the thoroughfares of London. He offers to construct the lines at his own cost, to the satisfaction of the district surveyor, to complete the work within a specified period under penalties, and at any time to remove the rails should they prove an obstruction or inconvenience.

On the 22nd ultimo, the Prince of Wales left Chicago for a shooting-box in the prairies of Illinois, where he spent a few days, and exhibited such skill in the use of his rifle, as to gain the reputation of being the best sportsman of his party. On the 4th of this month he reached Washington. Next day he descended the Potomac, to Mount Vernon, the residence of Washington. Having visited the gardens and house, the Prince stood reverently uncovered in the room where the great patriot and statesman breathed his last. He afterwards, at the request of the Mount Vernon Association, planted a young hore-hoestant tree on a mound near the tomb of the first President, to commemorate a visit which indicates so strikingly the change which has taken place in the opinion entertained in our day by the English Court of the great founder of American independence.

Her Majesty returned from Germany on Wednesday, having arrived at Gravesend in the afternoon, a few hours later than was anticipated.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THERE was a general expectation in the early part of the week that the Bank of England would raise the minimum rate of discount to 4½ per cent. The usual day for making such an alteration (Thursday) has, however, passed and no change has been made. The condition of the Bank, as set forth by the returns of the previous week—to which we directed attention last week—does not seem to have been much improved, according to the returns of last week. It is true the Reserve was increased by £156,165, but the bullion was decreased by £141,175, and the increase in the Reserve was entirely caused by the increase in the private deposits, of £867,222. In fact, the customers of the Bank had been alarmed at the probable want of money, and had collected it from different quarters and placed it in the Bank, to be ready at their command. An increase of private deposits, therefore,—which may be called for at any moment,—while adding to the strength of the Bank. The returns of the present week, including the payments of the dividends, cannot be otherwise than extremely unfavourable. In addition, also, to this cause for dear money, the Bank of France, according to the returns for October, has parted, in the preceding month, with nearly £3,000,000 of gold—an indication that the present demand for the precious metals to be sent to maintain comparably backward in civilization, for the purchase of grain, is not confined to England.

The condition of our own money market, and the causes of the change, are well described in the following extract from the letter of a City correspondent:—

"Our cash has first absorbed the gold in Paris, and now we have to send it there. The Chinese expedition of France and England requires a large export of Mexican dollars. Both these circumstances have necessarily produced a large quantity of bills on London, which the French establishments hold, in their portfolios, to be thrown on the discount market here to pay for this coin. If I were to advise the Bank, I should recommend it to go to 5 per cent. at once, it would prevent a higher rate by-and-by. We must import an enormous supply of corn till next harvest, and prices will, I believe, improve materially. We have a deficiency of 30 per cent. at least in our crops, and an advance of 30 per cent. in prices. That must tell on our cash. Many people have provided themselves at the Bank, for fear of a rise in the rate. The joint-stock banks will only take short bills at 4 per cent., and everybody is very cautious. The French Exchange keeps very high under these circumstances. A great deal of the gold sent to Paris goes to Spain for coin and railway purposes."

Under such circumstances it is perfectly plain that the rate of discount will advance, and we conclude that the Bank only waits to see what will be the effect of the payment of the dividends in supplying the immediate wants of commerce before it makes any alteration in the rate of discount.

The funds have had a downward tendency this week, solely from the condition of the money-market. There is nothing in the political world to account for the decline: Consols have been down to 92½, but closed on Thursday at 92½. The decline caused by the increased value of money is likely to continue, and must be distinguished from a speculative fall. The public should, indeed, always remember that the chief public funds have two prices—the price at which the public will invest money in them according to its present value, and the more fluctuating price determined from day to day by the speculative demand.

The present decline is due to money having increased in value, and more can be made by it in other channels than by investing it in the funds. We see the effects of these different prices in the relative change which has taken place since this time last year in the price of the English and French funds. Throughout this period the latter have been much more affected by speculation and political causes than the former, nevertheless the English funds are now 3 per cent. lower than last year, while the French funds are within 1 per cent. of their price then. The price of both has been more influenced by the value of money than political causes, and they approximate to one another. Railways have maintained a firmer position than the funds, and some of them, especially the Midland, have advanced. They are of course not so immediately affected as the funds by a rise in the value of money, as it is the funds generally in which the money destined to serve the purposes of trade when it is invested.

The bonds of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway lately offered here have, we understand, found a ready market.

Trade continues dull. The markets, particularly the country markets, have been well supplied with corn; but the price has, nevertheless, had an upward tendency. At Newark, in the week, five white wheat sold for 7s 4d, and 7s 4d. Considerable quantities of foreign corn continue to be imported, and its payment is going out, and will continue to go. The corn markets have not been active. Other markets have been in similar condition. The news from India and Australia is not favourable, and trade in the manufacturing districts is rather slowly than active. For cotton the demand continues in full vigour, and the sales at Liverpool are daily very large. The accounts from the United States do not justify any apprehension of the present crop being in the least deficient. The sales of tea have been large in the week, and the prices have turned rather in favour of the seller.

All the markets continue to be reasonably well supplied, and there is a great consumptive demand, but no speculation. If trade be dull, it is sound. In the cattle market, benefits are abundant, but they are generally in an inferior condition.

The shipping interest of Europe especially of England, which has long directed its attention to the subject, has learned with satisfaction that the State tolls on the Elbe, are at length to be abolished. Hanover has long resisted this change. Negotiations to bring it about have at length succeeded. Hanover consents to give them up for a sum of money equivalent to fifteen years purchase, £260,000. Of this sum Great Britain is to pay one-third and Hamburg one-third. These two countries have the greatest interest in the matter, through the shipping of Hamburg has long been exempted from tolls. The remainder of the sum is to be paid by Holland, and some minor German States. As soon as the money is paid these tolls will cease, and another step will be made towards complete free trade.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XV.

MR. WAGSTAFF CONTINUES HIS DISCOURSE UPON VALUES AND UPON SOME VALUABLE, NOT HITHERTO CONSIDERED OF MERCANTILE OR OF ANY OTHER ACCOUNT.

The personal Values, which I mentioned in my last, are, after all, but small and mean values. They are of the individual, and appertain to his case exclusively. There are nigher values, of which few or none take account, because men are like worms in a garden, that know their own earth-holes and no more, and cannot see to the uttermost limit of the garden wall, much less to the whole universe that stretches beyond it. Intellectual, moral, literary, and religious values, exist everywhere. The whole harvests of the world for any one year may be valued, if not to a penny, to a million. Of corn, wine, oil, grass, and all the rest, we may have the account within a few hundred thousand pounds—but who shall value Euclid, and the great, invincible, unvarying Nature on which Euclid is built? Euclid is not the harvest of our year, but of all the years. Euclid is based on everlasting truth, and shall be true though the harvests fail, and though Nature, faithful no more to the sowing, should disappoint the reaping. Value all the civilisation of the world. Calculate the worth of London, Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Venice, Milan, St. Petersburg, Hambourg, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Dresden, Munich, Madrid, Naples, Constantinople, New York, Washington, Calcutta, and Canton; put them in the scale against gold and diamonds, and tell us in pounds sterling what they are worth, with all the broad lands, and navigable rivers, and teeming coasts around them or near them, and when you have made up the account—houses, lands, gold and silver, chariots and horses, silks and velvets, corn-fields and vineyards, men and women,—tell us the value of the Sermon on the Mount, of which the whole of them, with the civilisation that is their mother, are the direct progeny and result.

Philosophers have weighed the whole earth; and though the task seems far more presumptuous than it would be in a fable to attempt to weigh Gog and Magog, or a snail to poise the Pyramids, the thing has been done. But who shall weigh, measure, or estimate the value of Love? Love, the tangible and intangible—the invisible, yet palpable—the ever-present spirit that vivifies and maintains sun, earth, and stars, and without whom Chaos would come again! The value of Love is the value of the universe—more, not less. So thought David and Bathsheba—so thought Paris and Helen—so thought Antony and Cleopatra—so thought Abelard and Heloise—and so, for a brief season, I have thought every pair of true lovers from the days of Adam to our own. When they cease to think so, the world has lost the adorning garment of its beauty, the glow has departed from the face of Nature, and a divine music vibrates no more in immortal melodies through the universe into the heart and soul of man and woman. It is easier to weigh the earth than to value true love, even to the experience of one individual. The worth of Love! The phrase has as little meaning as if we said—"The length or breadth of Infinity."

But of all the spiritual values, those pertaining to Literature are the most scurvily treated in a world which piques itself upon never giving more for a thing than it is worth; and which is not to be inveigled into paying fancy prices, unless, perhaps, it be for singing-men and women, or dancing-girls and mountebanks, and occasionally for the luxury of possessing and looking in the face of some battle-winning emperor. It cost Gibbon far more for the purchase of books to weigh and investigate the facts of his immortal history than any enterprising publisher was able to give him for the copyright. When Milton received the first instalment of £3 for "Paradise Lost"—all the money he ever touched for the labour of years,—the publisher thought he had made a very bad bargain. If Milton were now alive, with another epic poem, even better than that, it is doubtful whether he would receive five farthings for his handiwork, or whether any publisher would look beyond the title of his poem. If he did, perhaps it would only be to tell the bard to publish at his own risk—to pay for the paper, the printing, and the advertising, and let the publisher have his fat percentage upon all of these, with twenty-five if not thirty-three per cent. for the retail dealer,—ten per cent. more for the publisher's commission, over and above all other charges and losses—and when all was done, the great bard might perhaps find an intelligent public, numbering seven individuals—or possibly only three,—to purchase his book and read it. In the open market the copyright might not be worth a quatern loaf, but the poem might be an honour to literature and to the nation. "Paradise Lost" was in one sense dear at five pounds down, and two other sums of five pounds at specified periods thereafter. But in another sense it would be cheap at a million sterling. The war in the Crimea cost England at one time as much as a million pounds a month in powder and shot, food and provender, pay and appointments; but was one month of that business worth half as much as John Milton's poetical genius, and his legacy to the English language—either in national glory or true honour?

There is no power, state, corporation, or individual in the world to pay for noble thoughts. The highest efforts of the poetical or philosophic mind may have no commercial value. They may be utterly beyond the comprehension of the age in which they are produced. They may run counter to its prejudices or a superstition; and, as in the case of Socrates, may be paid for with a poison-cup; or, as in that of Galileo, with the dungeons of the Inquisition. When a man makes a coat, a shoe, or a speck, and offers them for sale, every one knows the value of his articles, and a purchaser will sooner or later be found. But when a man makes a song, who knows what it is worth? If it

be very bad, very vulgar, and very comical, he may possibly make a day's, or even a week's, subsistence out of it; but if it be too noble and elevating to be to the taste of the tavern and the boozing-shop, and beyond the capacity of the music-shops, what avail is it? Nothing. It is not a necessary of life. It is not even a luxury. Nobody wants it. And if Robert Burns wrote it, he must tramp over mire and mud, with pistols at his belt, in pursuit of smugglers, gauge whisky-barrels, and be smothered by his superior in office for daring to have an independent idea in his head, and to write such treason as "A man's a man for a' that."

In the higher state of civilisation to which the destinies of our race seem tending, and which the wars of despotism on the continent of Europe may retard for a while, but which they may not utterly prevent, and which, even if they should prevent in Europe by relegating the whole hemisphere to barbarism, would find a birthplace in America, men will perhaps become wise enough to look after and foster the genius that is uncommercial, and provide intellectual work for the intellectual worker, so that he may live by his labour and pay his butcher, his baker, and his candlestick-maker. In that day the Miltons who arise may be crowned by the people at the Capitol, and cared for at the public expense, so that their days may be days of pleasantness—and the sweet singers of the nation—the bards, the philosophers, and the prophets—elevated above the hard struggle for daily bread, may shine undimmed in the serene centres of their own genius. It is said by human parrots that we have already reached this height of civilisation, and that the public—the great, intelligent, thinking, reading public—for whom books are written and printed, allows no genius to starve in our days; that it is the patron of merit, buys the best books, and therefore pays and maintains the best authors. But the parrots are wrong. The fact is not so. The public likes to be amused. It pays handsomely the mountebanks and the buffoons of literature. It loves the man who makes it laugh; it even loves the man who makes it weep, and has almost as much affection for tragedy as for farce. But it has small affection for the man who instructs it; none for the man whose wisdom and genius are too far beyond the commonplace of fashionable talk or prejudice to be readily appreciated by the mocking-birds. The most industrious of our readers are the idlest of our people, because they read for amusement alone. They must not be made to think too deeply, for they are incapable of the effort; they can scarcely think at all. What cares the general reader for John Milton, who, taken for all in all, was the highest example of the literary man that England ever saw? He would have to keep school again, if he were alive now; or write leading articles for a daily or weekly newspaper. He would stand no chance against the popular novelists. "Paradise Lost" would not please the ladies, who lip their admiration of the spasmodic, the misty, and the insane poets; and "Comus" would be sneered at by critics who love unwholesomeness better than health; and find the Traviata a much more interesting person than Ophelia.

It used to be said in ancient days, and the belief still lingers among our people, that in fair stand-up fight one Englishman can any day beat three Frenchmen. The saying may not have been strictly true, but its general acceptance and the impression of the people that it was a truth, irrefragable and firmly established as the rocks, did certainly, in bygone wars, tend to make an army of five thousand Englishmen as strong as if they had been fifteen or twenty thousand. It was a faith and a fanaticism—and battles were won by it. Another saying used to be, that "an Englishman's word was as good as his bond." He who first uttered the noble boast was a public benefactor, and every man who repeated the aphorism, and believed it, furthered a good work, and helped to build up the structure of his country's greatness. Were the commercial value of the belief to be estimated at no more than that of all the exports and imports of Great Britain for a twelve-month, it would be a palpable depreciation. British enterprise has been nurtured upon it. British commerce has grown rich upon it. British trade rests upon it as upon its stony foundation. Thus may we see, and thus may we illustrate, by thousands of other examples, that there are moral, intellectual, and religious values, which far transcend the physical, and disprove the common acceptance of the aphorism that—

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring."

Yet this aphorism, vulgar as it appears, has its spiritual side. The value of a thing is really and truly what it will bring. The Sermon on the Mount brings Christianity and all its civilisation. Sunshine and rain bring the harvests of the world; pure air brings exercise; and temperance health. Noble thoughts bring noble deeds. All we have to do is to refrain from valuing everything by money; for money, as we have seen, may be of no value. It is not a fair measure for anything but itself; or for anything but that which a man eats, drinks, wears, and is sheltered with. You may put corn in a bushel, or wine in a hogshew, and the bushel and the hogshew shall be representable in hard cash, or a promise to pay. There is weight for weight, and measure for measure. But you cannot hold a balance in which gold, silver, or copper shall be on the one side, and Truth, Virtue, Honour, Health, Contentment, Love,—Poetry, Philosophy, or Religion on the other. There is too great a tendency in our time to make the money value the gauge of the moral value; to consider a man respectable merely because he has a fine house; and in carriage, and gives good dinners, to make him worthy; because he has a worth in cash, and not because he has any worth in the old sense; not because he has virtue and intellect; and not because he has the manly right of being called your worthily.

MEN OF MARK.—No. VI.

THE RIGHT HON. B. DIAMIEL, M.P.

"It is this etheric bloom of healthy blood, or a false pigment artificially laid on?"—*Peller*.

It was said of Charles James Fox that he made himself a great debater at the expense of his audience. The senator of Queen Victoria's reign knows what is implied by this pregnant assertion. He can imagine the talk at Brooks's or the Cocoa Nut while the process was going on. "Who is up at the House?" "Fox." "A good speech?" "No; dull." On other nights the querist would be told that the great Whig debater was "laboured," or "rather good." On great occasions his net speeches would be impetuous, original, and brilliant; but as an opposition leader is expected to address the House on every subject out of which political capital can be made and the Government damaged, Fox's speeches oscillated between "heavy" and "brilliant" for a series of years, until the English Demosthenes stood contented. He "had made himself a great debater at the expense of his audience."

If the late Mr. Liston had insisted on satisfying the English public that his *fort* was tragedy and not comedy he might have gained his point, but he would have passed through a weary transition period. Tragedy would have laughed at him, and Comedy looked grave. Reminiscences of his *Past* *Pr* would have outraged into *Coriolanus*. We should have detected a comic twinkle of the eye in *Othello*, suspected an unctuous survivor in *Hamlet's* soliloquy over Yorick's skull, and sworn that *Rolla's* tongue was in his cheek in the child scene. Only by degrees could he have tested down the culmen of his forced lunacy. He must have kept strict watch over his facial muscles. A certain settled and hopeless passivity would have stood him in best stead, signifying that there was a time when he took an interest in subsidiary affairs—the time now happily past and gone. In the process of years every spark of the *com* time might have been stamped out, and a certain dreary exterior elaborated for the gaiety and intelligence natural to the man. Seeing that Liston, the tragedian, believed in himself, the public might have come in time to believe in Liston, the tragedian.

Of course no parallel to such a supposititious case can be found among the politicians of our day. Yet, gentle reader, if you had ever been known as an impetuous, poetical youth—if it had been your ill-luck to win a reputation as a novelist—if it had been your *opportunity* to describe the passion of love, and to make Vivian Greys and Henrietta Temples talk more delicious nonsense in their *the-Attes* than any other writer of prose fiction—if you had seen your heroes delight in bamboozling stupid and solemn, but noble and influential Cabinet Ministers, and showing them how rash fancy and originality could be carried into politics—if, with all these dangers, if not fatal antecedents, you had devoted yourself to political life and been called upon to lead a party, what sort of line would you take? What kind of bearing and demeanour would you prescribe, for example, if you found yourself at the head of a rustic and boisterous brotherhood? Your wit and genius might be all very well, as long as you were an irregular, and waged an independent guerilla warfare. But suppose the country gentlemen made you their mouthpiece, asked you to clothe their mounds in articulate speech,—to become, in fact, a Protectionist leader and a Conservative statesman? Why, you would naturally cultivate a decent severity of mind. You would discard figures of speech in favour of figures of arithmetic. You would show a marked preference for fact over fiction. No human being would believe that you could be both brilliant and safe; and having to choose between the two, you would throw in your lot with decent brevity and the respectability.

With the change in your thoughts and aspirations would come a corresponding alteration in your outward man. Your gait would be slow and staid, your features impassive. You would no longer "hang your head upon your sleeve for daws to peck at." In no long time, your face, once ardent, intelligent, varying with each passing emotion, would become as heavy and inexpressive as the face of a snail. Hardest of all, the eye that once burned with passion, and leamed with animation, must be turned inward and so schooled that the political opponent should be unable to detect from any sudden gleam that he has laid himself open to your rapier's point. After twenty years of such "organized hypocrisy," or hypocrisy of the organs, none friend might one day bring you before a portrait of yourself painted by your more brilliant novelist, the hero of your own love stories, the ideal of "gilded saloons," the poetical dreamer, and the gifted enthusiast. When you regard this image of your former self, and consider that you are now the outward impression of a safe and stately plodder,—that your features breathe an emanation of blue books,—that you are an incarnation of statistics and political economy, the difference will not be greater than is observable between

The wondrous boy
That wrote "Alroy."

and the Man of Mark whose name lends this article.

Diarmid, the politician, is the antithesis of Diarmid the novelist. His life is an unfinished fairy tale, which has been sent home from the binders with a hundred pages of *Harvard* for *démolition*. Which, then, is the real Diarmid—the mercenary, gay, gallant, careless, witty, Mercurio of William the Fourth's time, or the grave, thoughtful, matronish politician of impenetrable features, who ever and anon goes to the Court of Queen Victoria in the gold robe of her Chancellor of the Exchequer? No two personages can be more unlike, and one, it may be feared, is a sham—an unreal personage—an actor on the world's stage. Or is our novelist a person of such rare Balzacian verisimilitude, that without any lapse of personal identity, he can write like Fielding all the morning, and speak like Burke half the night? An Asian mystery!

We have all heard more than enough of the young Diarmid's oratorical failures, and his prophecy "the time will come when you shall bear me." Perhaps his exaggerated gestures and wild and impulsive manner, more characteristic of the man than the "heavy father" tone of oratory into which the young politician afterwards throws himself, and now effaces. The recollection of our M.P.'s is much at fault if they have not passed through many dreary Sessions of

hesitating Parliamentary commonplace and law-harism of the school of Lord John, as the penalty of the laughter and derisive cheers which extorted the prophecy of the member for Madras. Like connoisseurs with a later Wilkie, they would like to batten the Eastern development of the man for a specimen of his earlier and more natural manner. Yet the war-paint and the swartness of his "red Indian of debate," have been seen across the table of the House of Commons at certain excited moments, when the heavy and somewhat solemn dullness of conventional debate has been broken through. It may be doubted whether Sir Stephen's ever witnessed more impassioned gestures, or a more vehement burst of scorn and defiance than were extorted from the author of "Vivian Grey," when he stood at bay against a hostile House of Commons in the autumn of 1862. Being lastingly recommended to amend his Budget, after the manner of the Whig financiers, and reminded that Mr. Pitt had not dissuaded to alter his financial schemes, he replied, "I do not aspire to Mr. Pitt's fame, but I will never descend to the degradation of others." The fingers of the right hand shaken with a loose stir at Sir Charles Wood, the notable financier who had preceded him, the muscles of the body in a violent state of tension, as if the excited orator was about to spring across the table at his enemy's throat, amid the wild cries and frenzied excitement of his adherents, and the clamour raised by his opponents, made up a midnight scene that will not soon fade from the memory of the spectators. It seemed to some worth a century of stagnation and decorous dullness. Others declared that it gave as a glimpse of the real Diarmid, that the tonalities were the same that glittered above that "head of an organized hypocrisy," who "found the Whigs looking and made their clothes,"—of that "great millstone man who lambasted one party and plundered another." It was said that the temper was as true and the edge as keen as in the session of 1841-5, when Peel's future successor began to develop powers of sarcasm till then unsuspected. The charm was working.

The young orator's prophecy has been signally fulfilled on two or three remarkable occasions. On the 30th April, 1852, Mr. Diarmid, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, passed a "little gem" of finance with *déjà*. A few months afterwards certain mysterious financial projects that had been "looming in the shadows" were put out by the same Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech of five hours' duration. The time had come when they were as eager to hide as to be spoken. On the last day of February, 1850, the anxiety to be present in the House of Commons was unprecedented. As early as eight o'clock in the morning, "strangers" arrived with orders for the gallery. By ten o'clock there were sufficient to fill the Strangers' Gallery; yet, from this hour until four, when the doors were opened, crowds of candidates for admission, armed with members' orders, continued to arrive. For the Speaker's and Ladies' Gallery the Sergeant-at-Arms' book had been opened on the Monday previous, and by eleven o'clock on that same morning every place was taken. The excitement pervaded the working classes, who assembled in New Palace-yard. The interior of the House was most inconspicuously crowded. Some peers who sought admission were turned back. A Prince of the Blood Royal, half a dozen Foreign Ministers, and many leading members of the Upper House were among the audience.

The prophecy had now reached its perfect and complete fulfillment. The young novelist had passed into the statesman. He had again donned the robe of Her Majesty's Exchequer, and at half-past four the Minister, for whom the most distinguished assembly in the world waited in expectancy, walked up the floor, carrying a red despatch-box. In a few minutes he was upon his knees, expounding the Reform Bill of the Derby Government.

"The time will come when you will hear me." It was a true saying, and the thoughts of his audience were irresistibly carried back to the day when the sensitive youth uttered under the laughter excited by his eccentric manner and impulsive action. It was said by one of the older members, that he was attired, at this moment of his triumph, exactly as when he sat down, a quarter of a century before, overwhelmed with confusion and vexation, after hurling his famous prediction at the heads of his hilarious and incredulous audience. He certainly resembled, more than usual, his portrait taken about that time, before he had schooled his romantic features into the passionless air of the party leader. It is hardly possible to be so deeply brown or grey as Diarmid was when he sat down at his triumph in 1850. A black surcoat, artistically made, concealed a white waistcoat, a quiet dark-brown trowsers enveloping the rather man. The deep white collar (no all-round, or shallop dog collar, but canonic with a flow of line), and the black neckerchief, fastened with easy careless negligence, carried the spectator back to those days of halcyon innocence when the fashionable novelist was writing "Young Duke," and was only *imagining* how easy it was for a young fellow, with parts and invention, to open the political world like his oyster. The time had come when not only the House of Commons, but every European statesman was to hear him. Every telegraphic cable, from Moscow to St. Petersburg, was waiting, it was said, on that eventful night, for the "click" of the wire that was to give him work to do.

The orator was pale, but perfectly self-possessed. His voice at first was low, calm, and unimpassioned. With a voice inferior to Gladstone's in richness and fulness (as, indeed, whose is not?), Diarmid has, more than any other speaker, studied those modulations of pitch which give constant pleasure and relief to the auditory nerve. His tones ranged through all the notes of the speaking, and some of the singing voices, with a pleasing and skillful rise and fall, that evoked a fine musical ear. Thus it was that his audience listened to him for three hours and a quarter, without any other sensation of monotony than was inevitable from disclosures that morning forestalled, and a want of condensation in the language employed. When he sat down he won a hearty and general cheer from every side of the House, which had nothing to do with the merits of his Reform Bill, but was a general acknowledgment of his ability, and his modest bearing. Men differed from the politician, but they honoured the prophet, and glorified in the minister the institutions of a country that does not withhold her highest prizes of political influence and power from men of genius, whatever their rank or descent.

It was a saying of Cardinal Retz, "Je suis personnel, qu'il faut de plus grande qualité pour être un bon chef de parti que pour être empereur de l'Europe." That Mr. Disraeli's qualifications for the leadership of his party in the House of Commons should be unanimously conceded by men who differ so widely among each other, is not to be expected. Yet when, during last Session, he became the subject of Lord R. Cecil's caustic invective in the *Quarterly Review*, and was charged with an unlucky facility for upsetting his party in a ditch, the blow recoiled upon its author, and Tories and Liberals vied with each other in vindicating his claims to the distinction of the Conservative leadership. But for Mr. Disraeli the Conservative party might have committed itself hopelessly to a crusade against public opinion. Ridding, as its opponents professed, unpopular opinions, Mr. Disraeli contrived to keep it upon the threshold of office. A turn of the wheel—the defection of a few radicals from the Whig Government—a scratch vote—and Lord Derby is again. Meanwhile the Government can carry no great measure to which the Conservatives are strongly opposed. Lord John's Reform Bill went to the wall. The Paper Duty Abolition was nullified out in the Upper House. The great constitutional right claimed by the Lords to throw out a taxing bill and assist in regulating the finances, elicited nothing more than a protest from the Premier, and a little harmless bluster. The Church Rates Abolition Bill is still in the limbo of measures yearly discussed. Mr. Disraeli was blamed for bringing in a Parliamentary Reform Bill, but he has, at least, prevented the Whigs from claiming a monopoly in the amendment of the representation, while in the principle of enfranchising intelligence and frugality, where Lord John Russell only thought of tricks and mortar, Mr. Disraeli's plan will bear an advantageous comparison with any previous proposal of Reform.

Lastly, Mr. Disraeli has been of invaluable service to his party, in securing them a free hearing from the Press. When the news ran along the Strand and Fleet-street that the Tories were in power, the time was when almost every metropolitan editor of influence sharpened his pen, and prepared to do battle against their *poor creature* of the human race. Now, when the Whigs go to the most influential journals here the news without much concern, and wait to see what Mr. Disraeli and his chief in the Upper House mean to do. While Lord Derby, with patristic insolence, flouts the Press, disavows his own organs, conceals no support, and acknowledges no enthusiasm, his more judicious and discriminating colleagues carefully watch the newspaper barometer, shape his course accordingly, reef his sails when danger threatens, and puts his helm about, like an experienced pilot, who knows all the rocks and shoals, the tides and currents, of that difficult navigation for the old boat-stump Tory. It is true that the Earl of Derby is the nominal head of the party; but remembering the lion's share of influence enjoyed by the House of Commons in the government of the country, we shall not greatly err in assuming that the advice and suggestions of the leader of the Conservative party in the Lower House exercise great influence in shaping the decision of its acknowledged chief. It must ever be remembered, to Mr. Disraeli's honour, that his support of Jewish Emancipation was earnest and consistent, when, if he had consulted mere party interests, he might have trod with his convictions; and it is no small proof, at once of his courage and influence, that Lord Derby yielded to his spiritual remonstrances, and permitted Baron Rothschild to pick his seat.

Mr. Disraeli, apart from politics, is a general favourite with the House of Commons. His defence to the Articles of the House is marked, while his courtesy to individual members is exquisite. Although a master of invective, he never makes an enemy in debate, since he indulges in no personalities, always hits above the belt, and plucks his man according to the strict rules of the Parliamentary duels.

Pittacus says: "I would divide the life of a statesman into three ages. In the first, he learns the principles of government; in the second, reduces them to practice; in the third, *displays* them." Sir Robert Peel had scarcely attained to this last and ripest age when he was called to his rest. Mr. Disraeli has perhaps not yet emerged from the chrysalis life of the second, but he has intelligence, patriotism, and the addition to "have a name which after ages shall not willingly let die." It has been often remarked, that when the confidence of circumstances calls for energies, the energies are ready to the call. That Mr. Disraeli will be equal to his destiny, his genius forbids us to doubt. As Schiller nobly and faithfully says, he will "grow with the circle in which he moves."

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The political weather at home is fairly settled. The Queen has returned. The ministers are all coming to town, with the exception of those who are in the far West end in the Chiswick Palace. Summons were issued on Monday for a Cabinet Council to be held on Thursday next, the 25th instant; but on Tuesday fresh summonses were sent out, calling the ministers together for Saturday next, the 29th, which is sooner than usual, as the cabinets have been seldom resumed before November.

Qualities at home and abroad will discern something alarming in this anticipation, whereas it probably means nothing at all. The scenes enacted in Europe, especially in Italy, are enough to excite attention and concern amongst the politicians who are intrusted with the reins of Government; and it need not cause any surprise to find the Cabinet called together before the time for discussing and maturing the business of the next Session of Parliament.

The arrival of the Foreign Secretary is naturally looked to by his colleagues as a favourable opportunity to learn the state of the public mind abroad, at least in so many of the public men who have a voice in the conduct of continental affairs. The *Prussian* papers come out rather too formally as to what they are pleased to call "the conferences that have taken place." I believe there were no "conferences" whatever, beyond some short conversations at Cologne

between Lord John Russell and the Foreign Minister of Prussia, who happened to be brought together in consequence of the merely social and friendly visit of the Queen to several members of her family abroad.

We look with some suspicion upon these foreign conferences, for they too often have been the forerunners of some embarrassing or entangling alliance, or the precursors of a large expenditure of the blood and treasure of Englishmen, in some cause for which our allies ought to provide for themselves.

I gave you my version of the Warsaw Conferences last week—that they were merely meant to be cautious and defensive. However, it would be well if Italy were settled into union and strength before these suspicious assemblies take place. The talk of a division of a domain on the part of the French Emperor to join his imperial and royal brother in the ancient capital of Poland. I can scarcely believe it; and, at any rate, I am glad that England will not be found in that gallery. But the presence of a Napoleon there may, perhaps, augur well for the continuance of peace, which it may bode no good to the cause of Italian freedom.

Napoleon III. is inevitable; but he sometimes reminds us of a marriage of an old uncle, who makes a point of dropping in whenever we have a cosy bachelor party,—an acquaintance whom we rather dislike, but who, finding our chambers a convenient resting-place, insists upon being a constant visitor, notwithstanding all our hints to the contrary. He took Baden by surprise; he is now going to storm Warsaw. When two or three are gathered together, down he is sure to drop in the midst of them. It will be a curious sight to see the reception he meets with from the dear friend whom he esteems so highly, and whom he thrushes and coaxes to walk to Solferino; from the laughing Muscovite, who thought himself safe in Poland from such intrusion between the viand and his nobility; from the Regent of Prussia, not less hospitably than either, who as a German hates, as an honest man despises, Imperial France.

There is one sanctuary he cannot violate. Finding their drawing-rooms invaded, their digestion disturbed, the privacy of their cabinets no protection, they may follow the example of Mr. Carlyle's philosopher, or Sam Slick, of Shilville, Esq., and go to bed. They may "bungle," they say in Wales. Napoleon III., though he may insist upon dining with them, and dancing with them, and even deluding with them, is a tiny *monstrous creature* to pretend to sleep, even with the sleep-headed Majesty of Austria. The forcing himself thus upon unwilling hosts, shows that he has not read his uncle's history aright. There he might have seen that with powers of fascination at least equal to his own, the dear friend whom Napoleon I. made at Erfurt and elsewhere were those who in the end became his bitterest enemies. Warsaw is a long stage on the road to Moscow, and the Spanish proverb may again be verified, that "Many go for wine, and return asleep."

My first guess was that Mr. Wilson's successor in India was some pensioner upon Mr. Leing gone to Calcutta. Lord Derby, formerly M.P. for Norwich, will probably succeed Mr. Leing in the representation of Wick. A new Secretary of the Treasury is not so easily named. Mr. Frederick Peel is the most spoken of. It is just the place for his industrious and hard-working habits. It is rumored that the Government would be glad to find a successor to Mr. Leing in the ranks of the northern Radicals. In this view Mr. Danlop (Grosvenor) and Mr. J. B. Smith (Stockport) have been named. If the place goes by promotion, the choice will probably fall upon Mr. Thomas George Baring (Palmouth), now Under-Secretary of State for India, one of the most effective of the young Whigs in office.

I am not over-confident of the Liberal success in the coming borough elections. Mr. Ridley would have stood the best chance for his native town of Boston; but he has generously given way to Mr. Tansford, who is now the only Liberal candidate. The Conservative, Mr. Melbourn, is however very strong in money and influence, and will be hard to beat.

There are still two Liberals and one Conservative in the field at Reading; but it is to be hoped that the weakness of the former will not prove in dividing the party, and risking a seat that properly belongs to that side. Let him take Mr. Ridley's example, and profit all the better at a future opportunity.

At Berthoult the contest will be close, in proportion to the malice of the constituency. The Conservative Mr. Hardy is very rich, and has secured the support of Sir Henry Sculthorpe, although the incumbent baronet is uncle to the Liberal candidate, Mr. C. Sculthorpe.

At Houlton, Mr. Moffatt will, as I expected, have a walk over.

The several theatres have pretty well settled down for the winter, and there are very little theatrical anticipations to indulge in. The most extraordinary is that Grisi will return to her *primitive* manner, and take her leave at Her Majesty's Theatre of the scene of her early triumphs. At this house English opera has fairly beaten the Italians, although the favourite operas of "Il Trovatore" and "Don Giovanni" have been produced, with Tiziana, Giugliani, &c. Mr. Macfarlane's *Robin Hood* has been a complete success, the fine music being well seconded by Mr. Gordon's lyrics. Mr. Hart may look to his laurels in his forthcoming opera at Covent Garden house. "Pacheco" has been an improvement upon "Lerlin"; but where some novelty is still anxiously looked for.

A new opera will, we understand, be soon brought out at the Eastern Opera-house, in which the principal soprano is to be supported by Madame Lucina. This opera, designated "The Young Hebrides," is composed by Mr. John Fitcher, of Glasgow, and the libretto written by Mrs. Valentin Roberts.

The London Choral Society's fourth inspection took place on Monday evening last, at a large assembly room in Grosvenor-street, North. The selection of Sacred and Secular Music of the programme was made with taste and a nice discrimination as to variety. The room was well filled, and the performance evidently gave great satisfaction. One feature in the management of this society does credit to the committee who conduct it—that is, a firm determination to make clear and effective collections for their good work. In this regard the Royal Academy of Music has placed the Professor of Music at the disposal of the Royal Academy of Music in the position of tutor to their choir in that department.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

HOW WE ELEVATE OUR LABOURERS.

The condition of labourers in Lancashire, in most of our purely agricultural districts, was, for the first forty years of the present century, a scandal to the nation. Especially was it a scandal to the classes on whom the existence of the evils affecting that condition mainly depended, the owners and occupiers of land. The history of that condition is brief but suggestive. When, in the last ten years of the last century, the prices of all kinds of agricultural produce had risen to most exorbitant rates, the then ordinary wages of rural labour became wholly inadequate to the necessities of the labourer. He could not maintain himself and his family even on the lowest scale upon which agricultural workmen had been maintained. The natural remedy would have been an advance of wages. The committees of agricultural labourers helped to produce—being the commodities also requisite for his own subsistence—had become so enhanced in value, that the rents of the landlords and the profits of the farmers rose to an extent neither landlords nor farmers ever contemplated. Their labourers should have shared in those advantages; and had they been allowed to take their natural course, they would have participated in the benefits gained by their employers—the farmers, and their superiors the landlords. The necessities of the workmen would have led to a general and combined demand for higher wages, and the state of the markets for their employers' produce would have justified that demand, and would have enabled the farmers to comply with it. Then, of course, would have increased the cost at which farmers raised their produce, and would have lessened the surplus to be divided between themselves and their landlords, as profit and rent. From this the landlords instinctively recoiled. What then was done? The immediate form of the question was great distress among the agricultural labourers from the fall of their wages to meet the increased price of provisions, and instead of adopting the natural remedy, a general advance of wages, resort was had to the machinery of the Poor Law. The Berkshire magistrates took the initiative, by ordering relief out of the poor-rates to those agricultural labourers who had large families. This was rapidly followed in other counties; and in a few years throughout England, as in Trent, the consequence was that a considerable part of the wages of the agricultural labourers was paid out of the poor-rates. Unforeseen results followed. Those labourers were best off who had most children, for they had an allowance for each child out of the rates, even when in full employment, and to save the rates the men with large families were employed in preference to the single men or men without families. Of course few men remained unmarried till the age of twenty-one. The spectacle of a boy and girl—man and wife—both under the age of twenty-one, with two or more children, applying for relief from the rates in respect of children was not uncommon. The labourers finding their employment to depend, not on their skill, but on the number of their children, would endeavour to increase the rates, because comparatively careless, indolent, and demoralized. In a word, the whole class of agricultural labourers became paupers. This arose reacted on landed property, and in 1830 the burden of the rates, and the state of the rural classes became almost intolerable. Then we had "Swing" riots and incendiary fires, and a general distaste to the agricultural life, and a general disunion. One consequence of the system was, a universal demolition of cottages, to prevent workmen becoming entitled to relief in the parish. What to do with the "surplus labour" of the agricultural districts remained a question after the New Poor Law, and, in some degree, stayed the plague of pauperism, and down to the repeal of the Corn Laws.

It was just after the investigations into the state of pauperism which preceded the passing of the New Poor Law that landlords and farmers began to be alive to the importance of fostering independence amongst the rural labourer; and by way of doing so, the device of offering prizes for horse services, and for rearing large families without the aid of parish relief became rather a favourite one. At first the absurdity of such a scheme was not perceived; terror at the effects of pauperism occupying exclusively the agricultural mind. Afterwards, when the press began to notice the subject and comment on it, prizes for skill in agricultural works, ploughing, draining, thatching, and the like, were offered; and now so Mr. Dismal tells his Buckinghamshire audience, these prizes are given to agricultural labourers as a public recognition of their private virtues.

The whole thing, however, was a miserable sham; and the labourers having now become in a great degree independent, from the increased demand for their services, the promoters of these "Labourers' Friend Society" are hitting their exploded schemes on to a fair or a child-sale, to avoid the confession of failure.

Thus, in Wiltshire, the "Marlborough District Association, having been already amalgamated with Marlborough Park," with a view of rendering it more of an agricultural society, it was said to be of the greatest advantage that they should receive such recognition as would enable them to carry out their object—"that object being the establishment of a general agricultural society. As a specimen of the mode in which the Marlborough Association proposed to elevate the labourers, it may be mentioned that William Brooks, recommended by Mr. May, received a prize of £2 for forty-nine years' service; and William Ladd, recommended by Mr. Pigott, for forty years' service, was awarded the second prize of 25s. Why, this is simply a mockery.

The chairman of the meeting told the prize labourers that "it must be a pleasure to them to listen to a few words of praise and acknowledgment, and to carry home the society's tablets to show their neighbours, relatives, and friends that their efforts had been appreciated," and named some to the same effect; after which, the report tells us, "the labourers then retired, with many expressions of thanks upon their lips." But what was in their hearts! It is probable—it is possible—that they, or any of their class, felt elevated by the exhibition made of them!

Let us hear what was said of the matter by an observer of such a scene. At another of these societies, in Shropshire, a clergyman, the Rev. Dr. Dowles, suggested "a great improvement in the mode of distributing the rewards to farm labourers and domestic servants." He said to the members—"Under the present arrangement, those whom you deem worthy of so great a distinction are called in and habilitated in the room of the man with little more—nay, with not so much observance, as the prize eaten in your show-yard, and have scarcely time allowed them to pocket their

rewards, and gulp a glass of wine, and which their exit. . . . I think you will agree with me, that this is an occasion when the rich and the poor, the employer and the employed, meet together on something like equality. I would therefore take the liberty of suggesting that when they come in to receive their rewards, the patron of the society should himself be requested to distribute them. . . . I think that the patron might almost venture to tell them that goodness levels all the distinctions of this world, and that the sense of duty and the power of doing right are the greatest gifts God can bestow upon man. He might also express upon them the greatest man in this world is not the person of the society, or the honourable baronet on my right, or the members of Parliament, or any among those he may see about him; but that he is the greatest man who, be his station in life what it may, is most impressed with a sense of duty."

This was too much for squires and squirearchy; so Sir Charles Doughton spoke up and told Dr. Dowles that the way to show proper respect to the working classes "was not by coming to that meeting and making a clap-trap speech, for the purpose of setting the lower orders against the higher." Such is the way in which the very natural and sensible suggestions of a clergyman, who was impressed with the indecency of the treatment the prize-receiving and patronized labourers received at the hands of their patrons are treated. But, does not this scene forcibly suggest that moral qualities and the acts which men do under the promptings of self-regard are not fit objects for petty prizes?

MACFARREN'S "ROBIN HOOD."

THE production of this new opera at Her Majesty's Theatre is an occurrence worthy of more than ordinary notice, for this simple and sufficient reason, that "Robin Hood" is, we have no hesitation in saying, the most important production for the English musical stage since the days of Purcell. Indeed, we doubt whether it is right to make even this qualification; for though our immortal countryman ought ever to hold the highest place among English musicals, yet in his time dramatic music was almost unknown in England; and though his mighty genius served him far in this respect, it is not the least of his glory that he has left the theatre so scarcely entitled, in our day, to the name of opera.

"The Tempest," "King Arthur," "Bianca," and Purcell's other so-called operas, were merely plays with music introduced. None of the *dramatis personæ* sang a note; the music consisting of incidental airs, choruses, and interludes, sung and played by performers who took no part in the action of the piece.

Of the opera, properly so-called, music is an essential element; it is the language in which persons of the drama express their sentiments and feelings. It is as necessary to an opera as blank verse is to a tragedy; but as tragedy has no room for the dignity of verse in scenes where the dialogue is light and cheerful, a similar relaxation has been allowed in opera, the performer, in such scenes, using only ordinary speech, without music. This relaxation is not at all permitted on the Italian stage, where every word of the dialogue is uttered in music. So it is in the French and German serious opera, talking being admitted only in the first and last and aptly enough in this country, in the progress of the stage, musical pieces called *opéra bouffe* came into vogue, in which the actors themselves sang; but still the chief part of the dialogue was simply spoken, the performer every now and then breaking into a song, as is now done in the French *vaudeville*. Such was all our English opera of the eighteenth century, and the beginning of the nineteenth, the work of Arne and his successors, down to Bishop. Since then the foreign models have been more and more adopted, and the language of the stage has been more and more associated with music.

Macfarren's "Robin Hood" is the most complete specimen of English Opera, in its modern shape, that we yet possess. The work of his greatest predecessors were produced in immature states of the art; and he has unquestionably carried away the palm from the most eminent of his contemporaries. Whether his two rivals who are most competent to contend for it, will yet do so successfully, remains to be seen. Meanwhile he holds it by the general voice of the public.

Macfarren has been fortunate, or, judicious, in having for his collaborator, Mr. John Oxenford, whose poem is a *rustic aria* among opera librettos. It is a pretty drama; elegant, interesting, and admirably suited to the requirements of the musician. For materials, Mr. Oxenford has had recourse to the fine old traditional ballads of which Robin Hood is the hero. In the "Walter Scott" of "Franklin," which the *quintessence* is so delightfully introduced. The plot and construction of his piece, however, seem to be original. Mr. Oxenford, like Scott, makes Robin Hood flourish in the reign of the lion-hearted king, Richard the First, who, however, is not introduced as one of the characters. We need not say that the story is a new one, and that the poem is a new one, and that the characters have played a striking part in Mr. Oxenford's drama. As in "Franklin," so, the *quintessence* of Robin Hood appears under the name of Locksley, a "well-to-do" young yeoman, who not only wins the heart of the shrift of Nottingham's daughter, but is acceptable even to her haughty father, who grants his daughter's prize on the condition that the sister shall earn the prize of archery from all competitors. But his hopes are baffled by an unlucky occurrence. The squire (or treasurer) of a neighbouring abbey has fallen into the hands of his lord, who treats him in a characteristic fashion—having him of his money, making him share their feast, and dance for their amusement before they let them go. A natural consequence is that the monks, recognizing Robin Hood at Nottingham fair, disavow him to the sheriff and his daughter as the outlaw chief of the land who robbed him. Robin, who has just gained the archery prize in his mistress's presence, and is in the heyday of triumph and happiness, finds himself all at once "fallen from his high estate," apprehended, by the sheriff's men, and, as a robber, and consigned to prison, where he is condemned to death and left to execution. But by the exertions of his faithful Marian, who, disguised as a boy, brings his hand to his aid, he is rescued for the moment from the fangs of the law. A party of soldiers, brought by his vindictive enemy the squire, overpowers the outlaw band, and his condition is more desperate than ever, when the squire's daughter, who has been by the announcement of her father's death, is granted Robin Hood and his merry men a free pardon, on condition of their entering his service; a somewhat curious *dramatis personæ*, though the piece, on the whole, is cleverly and neatly executed.

Mr. Oxenford's lyrics are sometimes graceful and often spirited. We quote the following drinking song, which Sinae Reeves sings with immense effect on the audience:—

"The grunting, grunting Norman race
I cannot count as life;
I would my staff could have a trace
On or of Norman hide
But there are sadder moments, when
To lose them I am loth;
We cannot always have the moon
We have fought in sparkling sun."

"To reconcile my love and hate,
I've found no way save
Whenever wine is flowing by fate,
I drink, and feeling courage glow
As with a fiercer
When I readier still to thrust the wine,
We have had quaff'd his life."

Mr. Macfarren is already well known, by numerous productions in various branches of the art, not excepting the stage. His opera "Don Quixote" and "King Charles the Second," are works of a high order, and had deserved success, but "The Red Rover" is a step much in advance of both. It evinces genius, matured by experience and study, and especially by the study of the national music of his own country. Macfarren emulates the modern foreign composers, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer, but does not imitate them. He has profited by the study of their works in acquiring their constructive skill, their power of combination, and knowledge of dramatic and orchestral effect; but he never forgets, or allows the audience to forget, that he is an Englishman, and that they are listening to English music. This gives a peculiar charm to the music of his opera, which distinguishes it from that of his contemporaries, who, while their clever, and often brilliant, productions show that their minds and imaginations are in touch with the foreign school of music, betray an entire neglect of the rich stores of our own national melodies.

The management of Her Majesty's Theatre has done justice to this work in the manner of its production. Mr. Sinae Reeves's personation of the gallant outlaw is spirited and manly, and he sings with even more than the power and beauty for which he is renowned. The part of *Morion* is charmingly acted and sung by Madame Lesauvage Sherrington. *Santa's Sheriff* is a magnificent performance, as regards the music, though somewhat deficient in dramatic power; while, on the other hand, Honey acts the comic part of the *Snowplover* capably, while the music is beyond him. The subordinate parts of *Alfred—Jem* and *Alice* are respectably sustained by Mr. Parkinson (a promising young singer) and Madame Lesauvage.

THE SHAKESPEARE IRELAND FORGERIES.

III.—THE FRAUD DELINEATED.

THE volume from which we derive our illustrations contains on the fly-leaf an inscription in Ireland's handwriting, presenting the book to his "friend Mr. Mosieriff, with best regards," and a note at foot, referring to the "Unfortunate" for a full account of the specimens. In a letter which follows, as usual without a date, Ireland says:—"I remit you according to promise some specimens of the Shakespearian fabrications which I hope may meet your wishes and tend to enrich your Theatrical collection." The letter concludes with an invitation to Mosieriff to dine with him on the following Sunday, at four o'clock. Ireland, at that time, lived at Kirk Home, Pitt-street, Prospect-place; and, but Mosieriff should make any mistake about the house, he adds some directions in a postscript how to find it:—"My house is the last on the left-hand side and is apparent from being the largest in the street and has three windows with iron balconies. Like all poets I totally omitted on the other side to say that my daughter is *now on-aria* that you should hear her voice and for that purpose select you will not fail on Sunday." This postscript is a characteristic example of Ireland's cloudy and involved way of writing. He did not mean to imply that it was a falling universal to all poets to omit saying on the other side that their daughters were anxious Mr. Mosieriff should hear them sing; but that is exactly what the passage does imply. Ireland, although he wrote and published many works, never acquired the art of expressing himself clearly or in good taste. He always wrote like a man whose education had been suddenly stopped, and who had afterwards picked up whatever he knew by bits and scraps. His violations of grammar, and sometimes even of orthography, are surprising enough for one whose attention was given so early to the highest literary models. Nor is it the least remarkable of his peculiarities that the only point he appears to have used in punctuation was the full-stop.

Amongst the curiosities in the volume there are tracings of the well-known authentic signatures of Shakespeare, larger than the originals, and of which every accurate reader is able to detect the forgery of Queen Elizabeth and Henning the player. These are followed by facsimiles of the fabrications, of which the following are specimens:—

William Shakespeare

Elizabeth Shakespeare

The next facsimile is another fabricated signature of Shakespeare. It is affixed to an acrostic on the name of Elizabeth, written in an imitation of the handwriting of the period, but palpably betraying in many places its modern origin, especially in the initial letters running down the side:—

Elizabeth Shakespeare

There is also an acrostic on the name of Mary Queen of Scots, to which the annexed signature is attached:

William Shakespeare

In our last we inserted a facsimile of a pen-and-ink drawing inclosed in a letter to Richard Cowley. Here follows a facsimile of the spurious signature attached to the letter:—

William Shakespeare

The writer in *Fraser* refers to an anecdote recorded in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, to the effect that Ireland copied various autographs of Queen Elizabeth and Shakespeare from

Elizabeth and Shakespeare from Chatterton's forgery of the De Burgh Pedigree. It could scarcely have been from that source he adopted his imitation of the Queen's signature, unless Chatterton's (which we have never seen) was a close copy of the original; for the spurious autograph affixed by Ireland to Shakespeare bears a close resemblance to the original.

In some cases the forgeries are wholly unlike the genuine signatures, especially in the instances of Henning the player, and Lord Southampton. The contrasts with which Ireland varied his Shakespeare autographs is remarkable, and was, no doubt, intentional; his object being to exhibit such accidental differences as constantly occur in the same signature, written under different circumstances, by the same hand, and which he preserved throughout certain essential characteristics common to them all.

In Henning's signature there is no pretence of resemblance, the original being singularly clear, small, and plain, while the forgery is extremely intricate, and sprawls over the paper with a tremulous superfluity of decorations. The trivial differences to which we have alluded, pervading a number of signatures marked by a common character, appear to have been completely answered the purpose for which they were apparently intended. The more minute the inspection, the greater was the conviction brought to the mind of credulous investigators, by the discovery of these very natural variations of the same autograph. One illustration will suffice of the arguments that were drawn in favour of the authenticity of the manuscript from these minute diversities. A pamphlet—one of the multitude to which the controversy gave birth,—called "Shakespeare's Manuscripts in the possession of Mr. Ireland examined, &c. by Philalethes: 1796," contains the following passage, upon this feature of what may be called the internal evidence. The reasoning is extremely curious in its application to the truth and perfect that may be carefully laid for speculative critics by skillful fabricators:—

"The Identity of Shakespeare's autograph, in the numerous signatures of his name on these papers, as well as in the papers themselves, manifestly appears. There are no more variations than what might have been supposed to take place from their being written on different papers, in different ink, at different times, in various humours and dispositions of mind, and on various occasions. The errors and omissions that appear are such as might have been expected from a man of a warm temper, impetuous, and prompt genius, which would naturally prevent his comparing with minute attention, and reviewing, and correcting what was thus rapidly produced, with labour and accuracy, let them be such as imposture would have scarcely deemed necessary—may, rather, such as it would most probably have carefully avoided. Therefore, it is not straining the argument, to say, that these very errors and omissions (the identity of the other characteristics maintained) are no inconsiderable proofs of authenticity."

"Philalethes," the author of these sagacious remarks, was Colonel Webb. The spurious signature of Lord Southampton is wholly unlike the authentic autograph, which Ireland had never seen. He tells us that he was led to forge a correspondence between Shakespeare and Lord Southampton, by having heard of the bounty of the latter to the poet; but, on inquiry, could not learn that any signature of his lordship's was in existence. "I accordingly," he adds, "formed his mode of writing, merely from myself, and, the

William Shakespeare

Elizabeth Shakespeare

William Shakespeare

Elizabeth Shakespeare

ingly," he adds, "formed his mode of writing, merely from myself, and, the

letter to disguise it from Shakespeare's I wrote the whole with my left hand; this was done to give more authenticity to the story." Of three signatures of the Earls of Southampton which are preserved in the British Museum, without entering into the question as to which of them is that of Shakespeare's friend, there is not one that bears the slightest resemblance to the signature fabricated by young Ireland.

One of the great difficulties he had to encounter in the first instance was to obtain paper fit for his purpose. Being ignorant of the water-marks of the age of Elizabeth, and well aware of the risk of detection he would have incurred from the use of a modern water-mark, he was extremely careful in the beginning to use only such sheets of paper as had no mark whatever. Having afterwards learned, however, that the "Jug," as he spells it in his "Authentic Account," was the most prominent water-mark of Shakespeare's day, he got sheets wherever he could, bearing that impression upon them. The jug is here reduced in size, but the outline is carefully preserved in the fac-simile, which presents as accurate an image of the original as can be conveyed by a woodcut of a transparent figure. The form is antique, and has something of the character of an ancient tankard. But the fabricator did not limit himself to this single water-mark. He collected other odd ones (probably without much exactitude as to their precise dates), with a view, in all likelihood to confound his critics. Thus Ireland, the father, lets us know that in the paper on which his MS. copy of "King Lear" was written, there were no less than twenty different water-marks.

Special interest attaches to the following signatures. They were the first of the Shakespeare series, begun after Ireland's return from the tour in Warwickshire, and were attached to the spurious deed or lease between Shakespeare and John Hemming, Michael Frasier and his wife. The Frasier signature, like that of Southampton, was written with the left hand.

William Shakespeare
Michael Frasier

The handwriting of the body of the lease was carefully imitated from a law paper of the time of James I., and the forms were adopted from a mortgage-deed which had been actually executed by Shakespeare, and which young Ireland chanced to discover in Steevens's Shakespeare. The fabricated lease was full of errors and redundancies, which nobody seems to have detected until Malone pointed out some of them.

It was curious, however, that the close wording of the lease after the covenants of the mortgage escaped all the investigators, including Malone himself, who had published the original not long before, with a fac-simile of the signature. There were other points that ought to have awakened suspicion; but they passed without discovery. One of them was the ink, which, although it looked old on ordinary paper, presented the appearance upon parchment of common ink diluted with water. Affixed to this lease was what Ireland designates the Quintin Seal, meaning thereby the Quintin Seal, of which the annexed is a fac-simile, on a reduced scale. The Quintin was a post, having a cross-piece turning on a pivot, with a sand-bag at one end and a board at the other. The ancient pastime of the Quintin consisted in riding full tilt at the board with a lance, and getting off in time to escape the whick of the sand-bag.

For the purpose, he tells us, of giving a genuine air to the other fabrications, although we cannot see how it strengthened the case, Ireland forged certain agreements between Condell and Lowine, the players, to which he attached the following fabricated signatures:—

Edmund Condell
& John Lowine

Here we must pause for the present. In our next, and concluding, article, we shall lay before our readers some hitherto unpublished particulars respecting the way in which the Forger was detected at his work, and the personal characters of Montagu Talbot and William Henry Ireland.

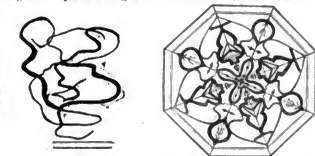
INVENTIONS AND DISCOVERIES.

THE DEBUSSCOPE.

THAT electricity is universally diffused is not yet ascertained, but that light it seems quite certain, and the charming inventions connected with it in modern times, have been as extraordinary as those connected with electricity. Photography, in its multiplied ramifications, is as completely one of the wonders of the age as the telegraph. About forty years ago the world was for a time much amused and interested by the kaleidoscope, another invention connected with light, and from its curious combinations many new patterns were actually copied. They were infinitely varied, and beautiful beyond anything that a Raphael could design and draw. But they could not be easily fixed; they could not, therefore, be readily copied, and the instrument that at first excited so much pleasure and so many hopes, soon became merely a toy, but the most elegant toy that art had ever devised. Now the great deficiency of the kaleidoscope has been supplied. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Debus, has constructed a machine, very simple, yet compounded of the angular form of the kaleidoscope reflectors and the slide of the stereoscope. The object, therefore, can be put into what was the bottom of the kaleidoscope, where it is many times reflected; can be held in one position as long as the artist pleases, and moved or withdrawn at his pleasure. But every movement, however small, changes the figure, and, therefore, the variety is quite equal to that of the kaleidoscope, while every change may be readily copied. The Debuscope has, moreover, the advantage that any and every kind of substance or form may be introduced on one of its slides, and be reflected, while the kaleidoscope was almost confined to little pieces of cut glass. The Debuscope then is a much improved kaleidoscope.

Our first illustration shows the form of the instrument, which is not more than 2½ inches high, and altogether is not much bigger than a man's fist. The open space into which the artist looks is lined with reflectors; the slide is put in at the bottom, and the changes which every object undergoes as it is moved in the slightest degree, are quite marvellous.

Our second illustration is a scribble made by the pen, to test the power of the instrument, and it is absolutely devoid of any recognised shape or beauty; our third illustration represents this scribble as seen at one moment in the Debuscope, and the reader cannot fail to admire the elegant and symmetrical figure which results. Every other thing, however



strange or ugly, is, in like manner, by the mere multiplied reflection of its several parts transformed into an object of great beauty. It evokes order out of chaos. This is, for us, the most extraordinary part of the whole. Light, it seems, is full of hidden beauty, which manifests itself when we acquire the art to make it visible. If the Debuscope has no other merit than to make this fact manifest, it would deserve to be described and remembered as a most remarkable and useful invention.

In the drawing-room it will afford endless entertainment. For the arts it will be almost equally serviceable. It will banish for ever the grotesque and ugly patterns that have so long covered our clothing, our furniture, and the walls of our houses. Possessing these many advantages, it can now, even almost before it has become known, be purchased for a few shillings. The agents in London for the enlightened inventor are the Messrs. Elliott, Brothers, opticians, No. 30, Strand; and we do the public, rather than them, a great service by making the merits known of this simple and beautiful instrument. Probably the applications of which it is susceptible are numerous. There is nothing mean that may not be ennobled by being repeatedly reflected; nothing ugly but beauty may be evoked from it; just as there is no noise which by repetition in time does not become harmonious. Harmony is not confined to the spheres; it pervades Nature, and the Debuscope seems to make apparent the music of light.

THE STRATFORD-UPON-AVON RAILWAY.

ALTHOUGH the first railway in the kingdom on which passengers were carried lies within a bowshot of the church where Shakespeare's bones are buried, Stratford-upon-Avon has been one of the latest of our towns to be connected with the great railway lines. For some forty or fifty years the Stratford people have been carried on the tramway to Marston-in-the-Marsh, and still later this tramroad has been used in connection with the Great Western line. Early in the present year the Honeybourne branch was opened, by which Worcester and Malvern people had easy access to "England's Mecca;" but visitors from Warwick, Leamington, Coventry, or Birmingham had eight miles of ordinary road to pass over to reach the pleasant

little town. The road from Warwick commands some glorious views of southern Warwickshire, bounded by the lofty Edy Hill range, and including within the grand bird's-eye view well-known Shakespeare scenes. As no very convenient coach runs, and as few pedestrian pilgrims were enthusiastic enough to walk eight miles over to Shakespeare's shrine, the visitors, although numerous, have been comparatively few.

The line of railway formally opened on Tuesday (9th October), leaves the Llanston station of the Great Western Railway, the first station between Warwick and Birmingham. Hatties is a small little village about a mile and a half from the line, and is chiefly remarkable as having had the pedantic Dr. Parr, the great Greek scholar, as its resident minister for many years. The picturesque little church in which he ministered contains the tablet over his tomb in which his virtues and attainments are recorded. The Stratford line leaves Hatties station and runs in a large curve and at present with a single line of rails, past Claverdon, Bearley, and Wilnecote stations to a point near Flower's famous brewery, on the Birmingham road. The newly-erected station is plain and unadorned, and has the advantage of being within a few minutes' walk of the "hons" of the town. The opposition of local landowners, and the want of interest of many of the inhabitants, who fear, as small townspeople always do at first, that a railway will be the ruin of their place, caused many and serious delays. The very unfavourable weather and the stiff Warwickshire clay to be removed, offered many engineering obstacles which the energy and skill of the contractors (Messrs. Bannan & Gwyther, of Birmingham), have successfully overcome. On Tuesday, then, they invited a large party of the shareholders and friends to join them in the preliminary trip, and great satisfaction was expressed at the admirable manner in which the work had been accomplished, and of the extreme smoothness of the progress of the train. On arriving at Stratford, the visitors were welcomed by the spirited music of the band of the local Volunteers, and soon dispersed themselves among the various objects of interest in the quiet and clean old town.

The birthplace of Shakespeare has unhappily lost the very liberal bequest of Mr. John Shakespeare, in the intricacies of old legal forms; but the active and intelligent committee have succeeded in restoring the old house to the condition in which it stood when John Shakespeare lived here, and his great son William was born within its walls. The well-known aspect of the place is gone, and the old house has been carefully restored; the former windows inserted in the roof, the penthouse porch replaced at the door, the windows placed with diamond lattice, and the venerable building isolated, so as to be beyond all chances of fire. Some rustic fence-work encloses the space to be converted into a garden, in which several of the gentry of the town will place the memorials they possess; and Mr. W. O. Hunt will contribute some of the very few fragments of New Place, where Shakespeare lived in his dignified retirement, and within whose walls he died. Instead of the usual donations, the committee have now proposed a uniform charge for admission, the money being required for the payment of the custodian, and the increase of the restoration fund.

The New Place, where Shakespeare lived in his later years, and died in 1616, was pulled down by Farnes Stretton, who had to leave Stratford by night, and just existing in the dilapidated and the dilapidated, now occupied by a surgeon's house. On part of its garden the Stratford Theatre very appropriately stands. Near it is the old church of the Guild of the Holy Cross, whose curious wall-pictures have happily been preserved in Mr. Fisher's illustrations; and opposite is the Falcon Tavern, with a room wainscoted with some of the old wood of New Place. In the hall of the Shakespeare Inn is an old clock, which seems to have been in the house when Shakespeare died; and in the lower room of the Grammar School is a much-worn old desk, at which tradition tells the schoolboy Shakespeare sat. In a private garret not far distant, is the font which was in the church when the poet was baptised, although thrown into the church-house, and sadly misused since.

The great attraction of Stratford, however, is the fine old collegiate church, with its lofty tower and handsome spire rising over the avenue of limes which lead to the chancel door. Nothing need be said in description of this grand old church, and nothing need be added concerning that half-gire of the bard on the north chancel wall. Chantry and other sculptors say that it has been evidently been worked from a post-mortem cast, and if so, it gives us the only genuine portrait of the poet now remaining. The quaint doggerel verse on the poet's grave, the inscription over his wife's and daughter's, and her husband, need no description; nor need we pause to tell much about the registers, in which the poet's baptism and death are recorded. It is enough for us to-day to remember that we have stood to-day in the last resting-place of one of England's noblest sons, and visited the pleasant scenes in which the "gentle Shakespeare" lived, and loved, and died.

OLD DRURY.

Of the two great theatres, or Temples of the Drama, as they used to be proudly called, that still exist in London, a few years ago, only one remains. Covent Garden is a creation of to-day—a false without traditions. The building is not associated by a solitary link with the history of the stage. The site is sacred; but, like a thousand other sites, a piece of architecture has been dropped upon it that has blotted it out for ever. The architecture itself is very grand; but it is not a playhouse in the old and loving sense of the term. It is a pleasure-house, open to all sorts of entertainments, and influenced by none. The last play-house that stood on the spot was burned down under the auspices of a Wilmot. Even conjuring could not save it. And only one of the great houses remains. This circumstance invests the opening of Old Drury with a peculiarly interesting special interest.

Old Drury! One thinks at once of the boards where Garrick tried, and nobody lives to tread. If we wanted a forcible illustration of the fallen condition which the stage has been reduced by the inevitable operation of an open trade in plays and play-houses, we should point to the spectacle presented by this house at the present moment. It has everything in its favour that prestige, ample means, resources, and a clear head. It is evident that it can command whatever talent is to be had in town or country; and it has a complete sweep of the unoccupied domain of legitimacy. But out of all these advantages, the utmost that can be accomplished is the presentation of

four small lively pieces, with which the public are already satiated, and which are calculated to flourish, not in this vast area, but in such snug domestic houses as the Strand or the Olympic, where the slenderest materials are productive of the most effective results. We have nothing to say against Mrs. Stirling's capital acting in "The Tragical Queens"; and we welcome Mr. Lambert back to London, as a performer who understands his business. The eccentric vivacity of Mr. Charles Matthews in "Married for Money," if not quite so successful as it used to be, yet retains, we are happy to testify, much of its youthful raciness; and even the extravagance of "His Excellency" has merits in the way of absurdity which we are ready to acknowledge. Our objection is not to these pieces, *per se*, but to their transplantation from the social latitudes where they were reared, into a soil where they perish as they struggle out into the raw atmosphere.

When the London theatres had their specialities marked out for them, audiences knew what to look for, and managers carefully cultivated the particular modes or forms of drama that suited their meridian. Now, it is the chapter of accidents that decides what is to come next at any house. Instead of being kept together with a view to the attainment of completeness in a settled line of performances, companies are now subjected to perpetual changes and revolutions. No company is perfect in itself for any single kind of drama. Theatres are always undergoing metamorphoses. New faces are always appearing and disappearing, and old faces are fitting to and for; so that, with a few exceptions, we seldom know where to fix them. The plays follow the fortunes of the players. Opera is succeeded by a course of tragedy, which, in turn, is displaced by a troupe of acrobats, or African serenaders. The house knows itself no more. The giddy pantomime does not exhibit more unexpected transformations. The Princess's vintages between Miss Louisa Keckley and the Zouaves; Mr. Anderson is seriously talked of at the Lyceum; and Haymarket is revolving presents after Misses James and Misses Selwidge and Mr. Charles Matthews; Mr. Webster, embarrassed by his success at the Adelphi, transports his new play and his buff-comedian to Drury Lane; and Drury Lane is ready to absorb, as occasion serves, all the wandering rays it can attract into its orbit.

When the system is so injurious to the interests of the stage, professionally considered, as of the drama in a literary point of view. There is no school where acting can be acquired as an art. The actor is denied the means of rising into eminence by regularly-sustained efforts. He has no opportunity of making a reputation by the continuous development of his powers. The versatility of his career is fatal to the progress of his art. He is not in his position; for, thus shifted from one stage to another, or whizzed through a multitude of motley and dissimilar parts, he is constantly realizing the fable of Penelope and her web.

The management of Drury Lane claims the merit of doing something towards the restoration of the ancient glory of the house, by the list of engagements it has made for the coming season. We will not dispute the claim, for what it is worth. When Mr. Webster shall have exhausted the anticipated run of Mr. Watts Phillips's new drama, he will be succeeded by Mr. Charles Keen, who will, in turn, be followed by Miss Louisa Keckley. Such are the pledges of a rivalry, to which we should look forward with more confidence if it rested upon a somewhat wider basis. Mr. Charles Keen is not Shakespeare. Mr. Gustavus Brooke cannot embody a whole play. Where is the able company by whom these prominent actors are to be supported? At present it is evident that they are invited, not to witness the performance of "Hamlet," but to see Mr. Keen. Let us suggest, also, that it is simply hopeless to expect that companies hurriedly collected from all points of the compass, and never having had any training together, can present the highest class of plays as they ought to be presented on the boards of a national theatre.

We are far from entering the measure of this state of things upon Mr. Smith. He is, doubtless, doing the best he can, according to his view of what is best to be done. He was not born to reform the stage, and he has not taken to it with any such intention. If he be an autocrat over the various realms and races he rules, he has the excuse, like other autocrats, of being to some extent controlled by the system he administers.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR HENRY GEORGE WAKELYN SMITH, BART., G.C.B.

On the 12th inst., at his residence in Eaton-place West, from disease of the heart, Lieut.-General Sir Henry George Wakelyn Smith, Bart., G.C.B., in the 74th year of his age. This veteran officer, more popularly known as Sir Henry Smith, one of the most gallant soldiers of his age, or of any period, was the son of Mr. John Smith, a surgeon at Whitehaven, in Cambridgeshire, and was born on that town June 29th, 1787. He entered the army as second lieutenant in the 7th Light Infantry, and subsequently in the Rifle Brigade, May 28th, 1805, and in less than two years was actively engaged at the siege, storming, and capture of Monte Video. He was present at the Battle of Albuera, and subsequently in the assault on Buenos Ayres, under Brigadier-General Crauford. After serving at the bombardment and capture of Copenhagen, he embarked for the Peninsula, and remained with the first division of the army, under Sir John Moore, until the battle of Corunna, when he embarked with the British troops in January, 1809. Returning to the Peninsula the same year, he distinguished himself in nearly all the great battles and sieges of those eventful campaigns, from the attack on the Coa, when he was seriously wounded—a casualty which prevented his sharing the glories and dangers of Talavera—to the battle of Toulouse. "It would be superfluous," justly remarks a contemporary, "to do more than recite the other engagements in which this eminent English soldier distinguished himself." At the battle of Albuera, he was severely wounded, and subsequently in the assault on the Coa, when he was seriously wounded—a casualty which prevented his sharing the glories and dangers of Talavera—to the battle of Toulouse. 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noctity in town and country is, at this moment, "deeply suffering from the want of organized female agency in works of charity and religion." The difficulty to be encountered is how to establish "an organized agency," without binding by religious vows, as in the Roman Catholic Church, those who are "so organized." This difficulty the reviewer admits, and endeavours to show how it may be avoided or evaded, if it cannot be practically overcome. "Public School Education" is, for the most part, a review on three school novels,—"Eric," "Hail the Echoed," and "Geoffrey Hamlyn,"—and the reviewer maintains, and, we think, proves his case, that "the picture of school life which they present, is neither faithful nor edifying." The title of "Wills and Will-Making—Ancient and Modern," considering the well-established character of the Quarterly for its classical knowledge, will lead to disappointment; for there is not one word in it upon a topic which occupies so large a space in the writings of the ancient scribes—the will-making of old, rich, and childless individuals. The working of Christianity is developed in the testamentary depositions of the dying, even though it has not, at all times, been found of sufficient strength to alter many of the customs that prevailed in times of paganism. Even the charitable dole which relieved the wants of the poor can be traced back in the custom to which Persian alludes when he talks of the angry host, disappointed in the expectation of a rich legacy, refusing to taste of the funeral supper—

"Soil exanim fœvitis heres
Nagligot (ratia, quod rem curaveris."

The article on "Competitive Examinations" is strongly opposed to the new system of testing the fitness of persons for employment in the public service. The heads of great commercial establishments, it is observed, do not resort to it; and the directors of companies have "found the system of simple nomination perfectly efficient." There are, in addition to these, an article upon the "Use of Iron in Ships of War," two interesting notices on the "Adam Bede" novel school of writers; and Mr. Foster's book respecting "The Arrest of the Five Members."

THE GREAT OVERTHROW.

I.

"There's not a Builder in the World
"Can build so well as I,—
"So high and strong; so broad and long;
"So shapely and so high;
"With domes, and minarets, and towers,
"Defiant of the sky!"

II.

The giant spoke; and Earth and men
Looked on with laud breath;—
A giant, manifold as Life,
And terrible as Death.
He grasped the mountains in his arms,
And strewn them on the plain;
He scooped new channels for the flood;
He dyked the raging main;
He dug into the pits of hell,
And cried, "I reign! I reign!"

III.

Deep 'mid the ribs of Earth he laid
His firm foundations all;
And fire, and storm, and lightning-proof,
He raised each lofty wall.
Granite were tower and battlement,
And marble, shaft and spire;
With crystal domes above them all,
Red in the morning's fire;
Shining and shimmering, up to heaven,
Higher, and ever higher!

IV.

"Come hither! hither!" the giant said,
"Ye priests and kings abide;
"Fisher, ye peoples of the Earth,
"From every realm and clime!
"And see how deftly I can weave
"Iron and stone and lime.
"Come hither! and as ye pass, confess,
"Low bending, every one,
"There never was Builder such as I,
"Since Time his course began.—
"Never a Building like to this,
"Under the pleasant van."

V.

Thus spake the Giant, superb and strong.
The people surged and roared,—
"He is the Master; he is the King,
"Acknowledged and adored;
"His buildings reach from Earth to Heaven,—
"He is the God and Lord!"

VI.

Forth from the crowd a champion stepped—
A little child seemed he;
His outstretched hand could barely reach
The bend of the giant's knee;
But his look was like the light of Heaven,
When it streams on the stormy sea.

VII.

And he said, "O, hoaster, and profane!
"Thy true thine hands are skilled,
"And great the towers and palaces,
"And temples thou canst build!
"But I can cast them to the earth;
"I can topple them down,
"By wave of my hand, by word of my mouth,
"By darkness of my frown,
"Turret and tower, and battlement,
"Down to the deep Earth,—down!"

VIII.

He raised a bugle to his lips,
And blew, nor loud nor shrill,
But softly as the breeze of noon,
That waves on the grassy hill—
Softly and low as Pity's voice,
That sighs to grief "Be still!"
Or a bribe when she kneels at the altar foot,
And says to the priest, "I will."

IX.

Gently and slowly—soft and low;—
But all the people heard;—
"Twas a light in their souls,—a thought in their hearts,—
A light,—a thought,—a word—
And they listened and listened, and listened on,—
But never spake or stirred.

X.

They listened and listened, and listened on,
Till the notes so soft and low,
Rose ever higher, and higher yet,
As a wave when the wild winds blow;
And rolled,—and rolling,—gathered strength,
Like an avalanche of snow.

XI.

They echoed in the people's heart;
They smote on the giant's ear;
The Earth was troubled where he stood;
And his lips grew pale with fear;
For he heard a rumbling underground,
And saw his topmost towers
Shake like the leaves of the clustering trees,
When the cold wind blows showers,
And the conies' fœvets feel the storm
That gathers in the towers.

XII.

Was it of marble and porphyry,
With all its rare device;
Was it of iron and stone and gold?
Or was it glittering ice?
The turrets seemed to melt in the sun;
The pinnacles fell in huff;
And the solid walls rocked to and fro,
Like ships in a stormy gale.

XIII.

And down! down! down on the Earth,
The stately structure lay;
And the Child upon the ruins stood,
An Angel, bright as day;
And cried with voice that shook the spheres,—
"Thus fall, and pass away,
"Builder and building—far and lie!—
"Time shall restore them never!
"They were but shadows in the stream;
"They were but fancies in a dream!—
"But I endure for ever!"

C. M.

ERRATA OF THE PRESS.—We have received an angry letter from our friend the "GODLY PHILOSOPHER," complaining of some errors of the printer which have crept into his letters. Among other grievances, he mentions that he wrote of the British peasant, as being "a poor, tumble, unostentatious, hardworking, good fellow;" but that the printers made him say that the peasant "was a poor, tumble, ostentatious good fellow;" a manifest contradiction. He also complains that in his last article upon "Values," such a phrase should occur as "canst you," when he wrote "canst thou." But Mr. Wagstaffe, if he writes much more for the press, as we sincerely trust he will, must not take such little matters as these to heart; but trust to the good sense of his readers to be able to lay errors of this kind at the door of the printer, and not of the author. Thomas Moore complained that when he wrote a song about "full-blown roses," the printer perversely made it "full-blown posies." A novelist of our acquaintance wrote of his hero and heroine—that they were at a good old age "bleeded with the dust"—a phrase which the wise compositor turned into "blinded with the dust." The "honour of your visit," as written, has become the "horror of your visit" when printed; and the "rapid actor" of the critic has been known to figure as "a vagrant actor" in the columns of the morning journal for which he wrote. Mr. Wagstaffe is not a simple sufferer; and, as a philosopher, we hope that he will learn to bear such inflections hereafter with proper equanimity.

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THE MEETING AT WARSAW.

THE representatives and descendants of the sovereigns who despoiled and divided Poland, have met in the ancient capital of that unfortunate nation, to take counsel with each other on the present aspect of political affairs. The world is not likely to know, in words, the result of their deliberations. Deeds will show it in due time. What their objects are there needs little penetration to discover. To stem, if possible, the advancing tide of revolution; to prevent the disintegration of Austria and the independence of Italy; and last, and most important of all, to perform for Turkey the same funeral office that their forefathers performed for Poland;—these are the ideas that, in all probability, filled the minds of the potentates who met at Warsaw on Sunday last. Time and circumstance will twist these purposes into shapes that may not perhaps be exactly to the mind of these great personages who entertain them. Their hopes, fears, and designs—avowed or concealed—are alike straws on the stormy sea of European politics. They mark the perturbation which they are unable to control. The friends of freedom have this consolation; they know that a mightier power than is wielded by these men—mighty as they may think themselves—creates the rushing, and will prescribe the course, of the waters.

The gradual agglomeration of the long-separated elements of the Italian nation into one consistent and coherent whole, rendered a revolution imminent in Hungary. The Emperor of Austria seems at length to have opened his eyes and his understanding to the fact. Having relied upon force to check the progress of ideas, he has at the last moment discovered force to be unavailing; and with the wisdom of desperation has, for the third time, promulgated a constitution for the whole empire. In this document the Hungarians have received more favour than the Czechs, Germans, or any other of his subjects. Whether the concession will not be considered both too small and too late, will depend less upon the temper of the Hungarians, than upon the terms of the compact into which the three sovereigns may have entered at Warsaw. If Russia has bound herself to aid Austria a second time in preserving the unwilling allegiance of Hungary against the assaults of Kosuth or any other patriot that may arise, the Hungarians will do well to profit, as much as they can, by the large freedom so unexpectedly placed within their grasp.

That Francis Joseph should go to Buda to be crowned King of Hungary, like Maria Theresa before him—that he should renounce the imposition of the German language upon the Hungarian people—that he should forego the power of the purse, and hand over the management of affairs to a freely-elected Parliament—these are indeed triumphs for the long-suffering Hungarians. A successful civil war could achieve little more for them, unless it were the deposition of their monarch. And although it is proverbially easy for foreigners to preach patience to a suffering people, and forgiveness of injuries to men who have suffered both indignity and wrong, the free nations of Europe, as well as those which aspire to freedom, are already of opinion that Hungary might calmly accept what is offered, and take such securities as she can get for its due fulfilment. Though the Emperor in the course of his short reign has granted, by a stroke of his pen, and annulled by the same facile agency, no less than two liberal constitutions, it should be remembered that he and his empire have never been in such imminent peril as they are now. The Hun-

garians, by showing themselves as prudent as they were brave, may wrest from the fears of their king what they might never win from his justice, and found their nascent liberties on a broad and permanent basis. In a stand-up fight, all the world looking on and no one interfering, they might defeat the Austrians, and establish themselves as an independent nation; but if Russia, as on a former unhappy occasion, should throw the sword into the struggle against them, there might be an end of their hopes for half a century. And that such an alliance has been formed at Warsaw is so probable that Hungary will do well to think of the consequences ere she raise the old cry of "Too late," and reject the proffered instalment.

But whatever may happen with regard to the Austrian Empire in its relation to Hungary, the people of England have reason to rejoice that neither Great Britain nor France was represented at the Warsaw meeting. We wish, however, the public had equal reason to be satisfied that the British Government has had no complicity with any of the projects discussed by the three sovereigns. There is an ugly suspicion afloat, to which a recent letter of Lord John Russell, the well-known German sympathies of a royal personage supposed to be non-political, and the matrimonial connection lately formed between the Courts of London and Berlin, have given but too much consistency, that in some way or other Great Britain is to be dragged into the new "Holy" or "Unholy" Alliance. If the public opinion of this country be unanimous on any one subject, it is against such an entanglement as this, in any shape or degree. Nearly one half of our taxation at the present day is due to the error in this respect, committed by George III. and his ministers. The men of 1860 have learned wisdom from the sufferings of their fathers, as well as from the burthens imposed upon themselves, and are so strong in their determination not to repeat the ancient blunder, as to defy every possible ministry—Liberal or Conservative—Whig or Tory—to link the fortunes of this nation to any such projects. Public opinion has declared that the thing shall not be. Great Britain will not be lugged into any war in support of continental despotism. It will not stir a finger to aid Austria in retaining Venetia, as Lord John Russell's unlucky letter would lead the world to suppose. It will have nothing to do with the Northern Powers in their schemes of aggrandisement, unless to defend British rights should they be attacked. And neither friendship for Prussia, nor the intermarriages of the royal family of England with the scions of German royalty, will force or enjoin this country into so unnatural a course of policy.

If Prussia desire the alliance of England amid the European convulsions that are approaching, let her place herself at the head of the German liberals, and she will be supported by British sympathy and good-will, if by nothing else. And how powerful these are the history of Italy for the last six months is more than sufficient to prove. But in no case will Great Britain enter into the Northern confederacy. Any statesman who should attempt to implicate the nation in it, would but seal his own doom, and that of his party, if it did not immediately repudiate him.

We in this journal have never been the flatterers of the Emperor of the French. In his domestic policy we have deplored that he could not extend the liberties of the confiding people by whose suffrages he reigns; and we have condemned, on more than one occasion, the tendency of his foreign policy to unsettle the established landmarks of Europe. But we have never concealed our belief that the Anglo-French alliance—if the Emperor

would allow it to continue upon an honourable basis—was the best guarantee for the peace and prosperity of Europe. Strengthened as it would be by that of the new kingdom of Italy, it would be so powerful for every good, and so impotent for every evil purpose, as virtually to impose the law of non-intervention as the guiding principle of European politics. If there is to be a "Holy Alliance for the subjugation,"—there may be a *Holier Alliance* for the liberation of Europe.

The true place of Great Britain, if she be fettered by an alliance at all, is with the liberators. And the Northern Powers who wish to revive the alliance of 1815 will find themselves overmatched should Great Britain, France, and Italy unite to oppose them, aided, as they will be, by the enlightened public sentiment and aspirations for freedom of all the subjects of their empires.

Let our ministry look well to its acts during the next three months. Lord John Russell has awakened a suspicion that ought immediately to be allayed. It is not Court influence but public opinion and the House of Commons that must settle the foreign policy of Great Britain at a time like this. There is danger ahead; and if Great Britain be not found on the right side, that danger may be found not only abroad, but at home. If Lord John Russell be not in a position to explain, the country will expect Lord Palmerston to speak out in such a manner that there may be no further mistake.

THE NEW NAVAL POWER.

WE have long been, as a nation, in the position of the *fenice incomprise*, whose sorrows our lively neighbours delight in laughing at. We are a puzzle to the rest of Europe; but they, who allow themselves to be lulled by no enigmas, resolve all our actions into concentrated selfishness. The reason of this is, for us at least, self-evident. The policy of all other countries is governed by fixed principles, of which self-interest is, as it ought to be, not the least ingredient. They are, in the Greek sense at least, tyrannies; and their masters, though they may speak of ideas, do not allow them to influence their actions. Our Government is, in the same sense, a republic, swayed by popular feeling, to which the ministers who form the executive must always yield, whatever may be their private prejudices or belief. In our prosaic mood we are a quiet, practical people, with a keen eye to the main chance; but we sometimes indulge in flights of romantic sentiment; and when we do so, no ministry can resist the impulse. The liberation of Greece from the Turkish yoke, the emancipation of the Roman Catholics, the abolition of slavery, are instances of the constraint laid upon unwilling ministers by popular opinion. In rendering justice to the Roman Catholics, we took no account of the inconveniences which the change in the Irish element of the Parliament was sure to occasion. In freeing the slaves in our colonies, we neither grudged our money nor the sufferings inevitably inflicted upon the owners of property. Such acts were incomprehensible to our neighbours, or intelligible only on the supposition that there was an ulterior end in view, and that a selfish one. Albeit fear was the only solution they could find for the emancipation; the abolition of slavery was prompted by the wish to ruin their own petty colonial interests. We are now offering them, in our ardent sympathy for Garibaldi and Sardinia, a fresh problem. Our political romanticism renders the name of Garibaldi at this moment the most popular in England. The divine voice of the people pronounces, regardless of all written laws; and even among our gravest statesmen, there are few Englishmen who do not wish well to the filibuster of Nice. Our humanity refuses to be shackled by any antiquated dictum of Puffendorf or Vattel; and we look on, not only with calm unconcern, but with absolute applause, while Victor Emmanuel violates every article of the law of nations. England and Fortune favour the brave. In the fervour of our hero-worship, the veneration for established rights, which is the characteristic of our calmer moods, is cast to the winds. If Washington could return to life, he would receive the freedom of every corporation in Great Britain, and honorary degrees from both Universities. But it is not mere valour that we honour, for no pitying tear has fallen on the grave of Walker; nor do we worship success, for the late king of Naples was, at least, as heartily execrated here as in his own dominions; yet he was the only Italian sovereign who in '48 was successful in keeping his throne. We must see, or at least fancy that we see, patriotism and substantial right on the side of our hero. Then we cry, "let right be done, though heaven itself should fall," and we heartily wish him well, without care for the possible results as affecting ourselves. We are too strong to indulge in selfish fears. The present crisis in Italy, and the warm sympathies which it excites in England, are the best illustration of what we say.

It is self-evident that when once Italy is united under one government, its sea-board, as extensive as that of England, fits it peculiarly to become once more the seat of a naval power. It would be wrong to argue that the Italians are not sailors; they have been, and may become again, a great naval power. Genoa still cherishes the memory of Columbus and of Doria; the Queen of the Adriatic mourns over her empty arsenals, with the firm resolve to fill them

again so soon as she shall have shaken off her Austrian fetters. Naples is not behind the other cities of the Peninsula in her capabilities as the station of a fleet; and Sicily presents many admirable harbours. We may be sure that United Italy will not be wanting to its mediæval traditions, and that the Mediterranean will soon be dotted with vessels bearing the new tricolour. We sit by and applaud the creation of a nationality which will soon dispute with us the numerical superiority on the high road to our greatest possessions. We are not blind to the possibility that this fleet, unless Italy be grandly ungrateful, will be under the orders of France, so that the liberation of Italy may become synonymous with the conversion of the Mediterranean into the long-dreamt-of French lake. We do not shut our eyes to the danger which may seem to menace us; but our love of liberty for others, as well as for ourselves, causes us to disregard it. In the face of such probabilities old-fashioned politicians might be tempted to despair of our future. Already they think us, who applaud the scattering to the winds of the dry maxims of the jurists, demented, and they prophesy our fall. Let them comfort themselves with the assurance that right is right; and that neither nations nor individuals can suffer wrong from doing it!

A PROJECT ON BEHALF OF THE LITERARY CLASS.

THE Houses of Lords and Commons order to be published every year, at the expense of the nation, a vast quantity of ponderous volumes, known, from their blue covers, as *BLUE BOOKS*. It would be too much to say that all these books are useless or unnecessary; but it would be a gross exaggeration, if not a perversion of the truth, to say that so many as one-quarter of them are of any political, social, or literary value whatsoever. When a new member of Parliament is elected, he is certain to receive, within a few days, a printed circular, from one or other of the dealers in waste paper, offering him the highest current price for his blue-books, and other parliamentary lumber. It is no secret that cart-loads of these volumes, unread, uncut, uncared for, are no sooner received by our legislators than they find their way to the stores of these speculative dealers; whence they emerge in due season, and at an enhanced price, to the shops of butchers, cheesemongers, tripe-sellers, tallow-chandlers, and trunk-makers. They are so cumbersome, as well as uninteresting, that the members of Parliament who are not guilty of the meanness of selling them are only too glad to give them away to the public institutions and libraries of their respective boroughs, though, if these, as is notorious, are not always so ready to receive the gifts as their members are to bestow them. And these books, upon the average, cost the nation about £250,000 per annum. Last year they cost £333,000. And had as this view of the case may be, it is, unfortunately, not the worst of it. If the books were simply useless, and the nation were rich enough to afford the luxury of an annual quarter or third of a million to keep a few paper mills going, and the parliamentary printers at full work, it would become a question for the custodians of the national purse, to consider whether the money might not be better bestowed in some other direction, and for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to decide whether a reduction of taxation, to the amount involved, might not be more just toward the people. But unluckily these books, and more especially those portions of them which relate to foreign affairs, have not the negative merit of being useless, but the positive demerit and vice of being misleading and untrustworthy, if not absolutely false.

But if, for diplomatic reasons, the falsehood cannot be totally obliterated from the despatches of ministers to ambassadors, or of ambassadors to ministers—for who out of that charmed circle can deal with the *suppression* *veri*?—something might be done to prevent the publication of the vast mass of intillity which yearly engulfs the Parliamentary printers. If a plan could be devised by which none but useful and readable blue-books should be given to the public,—in carrying out the plan at least half of the annual quarter of a million now wasted upon rubbish should be saved to the nation,—and if, at the same time, a benefit should be conferred upon men who, according to the high literary and political authority of Lord Bacon, are the chief glory of a nation (though, under present arrangement, only glorious when dead),—we think the Government and the public ought to give it a respectful hearing. And such a plan we beg to sketch for the future consideration of Parliament and the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

An English author in our days, unless he happen to hit the public fancy in novels and romances, or in some other mode that may pander to a fashionable taste, which may be good, but which is just as likely to be depraved or silly, is seldom a prosperous person. He manages to live from hand to mouth, and, if he do not die in harness, and reach that period of life when his overwrought brain is unable to work any more, the Government is shamed into giving him a niggardly pension, to avoid the national disgrace of allowing him to die of starvation, or betake himself to the workhouse, or to a street-crozier, to sweep the road for his intellectual inferiors, for the sake of the chance halfpence that may be dropped into his hat. If the literary man happen to be a barrister of six years' standing, and a steady political

partisan at the same time, there are thousands of good things which the Government can offer for his acceptance. All sorts of commissions, county judgeships, and recorderships are his to ask for and obtain. And if the worst came to the worst, he can accept £800 or a £1,000 a year as a stipendiary police-magistrate in the metropolis. But for the author proper there are no such chances. He must write for the newspapers or for the booksellers; and if he be either too bad or too good for those, he may starve, or go to the diggings, or take himself out of this world altogether, unless, as said before, he is very old, very eminent, and very poor, when a mean pension, less than that often given to a suppliant and better, is graciously bestowed upon him by the Prime Minister of the day.

Our plan is that a dozen or twenty of such men, in the full maturity of their intellect, instead of being pensioned when they are worn out, should be employed, on behalf of the State, in editing the parliamentary documents—in reporting to the House of Commons what returns made by its order are too trifling as well as too voluminous to be worth printing; what, in their opinion, should be condensed and epitomized; what should be kept in manuscript, and what should be printed in *extenso*, and issued to the House and the country for the public guidance and instruction. At salaries ranging from £500 to £1,000 per annum, the State might thus build twenty barons of refuge for competent literary men of good character, whose labours, carried on under the direction and ultimate veto of the House of Commons, might be the means of saving £100,000 or £150,000 per annum. At present the connection of British literature with the State is simply degrading to both parties. The Licensor of Plays and the Poet Laureate are but servants in the Royal household, paid as the goldstick and other servants are, because they are supposed to minister in some way or other to the Royal dignity. All other connection is eulogemary. Twelve hundred pounds each year is granted in pensions to the unfortunate devotees of art, science, and literature; and at least one half of that votive divested from its purpose in pensions to wives, daughters, and sisters of judges, admirals, generals, and other persons dear to the courtly circles, who have died without making proper provision for their families;—such is the connection of Literature with the government of the greatest, wealthiest, and most civilized nation of the globe.

Why should not Literature as well as Law have a chance of State employment in our country? There are prizes in all professions but in that of letters. It is true that if the man of letters amuses the young ladies, and makes the people laugh or shudder over his novels and romances, he may gain prizes enough. In this case the author is but a tradesman, and accommodates his wares to the fashion of the market. Were there no other authority than this,—were there no genius too lofty and too refined for the immediate comprehension of the general reader and the devourer of novels,—were there no literary intellect in advance of the age, and of its ignorance or prejudice,—our literary condition would be poor indeed; our intellectual star would have culminated, and we should have to yield the first rank to nations more civilized than ourselves.

We have yet one more plea to urge in behalf of the project thus broadly sketched. The Government of this country is a newspaper proprietor. It possesses the *London Gazette*, an official journal, in which it is imperative upon the public, in many legal and commercial cases, to advertise. Out of this monopoly the Government derives a revenue of £15,000 per annum, after deduction of all expenses,—a sum sufficient to provide for the salaries of the Prime Minister, the Foreign Minister, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Literature might well put in a claim for work and pay out of a revenue like this, even did a large economy created by the judicious editing and publication of the parliamentary documents, in the manner proposed, not allow sufficient margin for the purpose. Mr. Disraeli, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Lewis, Sir Balcer Lytton, Lord John Russell,—all literary men and ministers, past or present,—might well consider whether the scheme might not be one of public advantage and economy, as well as of literary recognition and reward. To the appreciative judgment of such men as these, and to that of all the friends of literature in and out of Parliament, we recommend it. If it be well that genius like a good soldier, should die for its country, it may be equally well that genius should live for it. And after all a living soldier is better than a dead one, whether he be an author or a grenadier. The grenadier's work may die with him,—that of the author may last as long as the language. It is one of the glories of Oliver Cromwell that he knew how to employ Milton. It is one of the disgraces of Charles II. that he had neither sense nor magnanimity enough to reward Milton from starvation.

AN OLD FOLLY IN A NEW SHAPE.

NOTHING new and good, from the time of the Ephians, was ever offered to society but it was met by envious opposition. Not many years before gas was introduced, turnpike-roads were vehemently objected to by the market-gardeners in the vicinity of the metropolis. They would give distant places access to London and spoil their market. When gas was first suggested, almost everybody

spoke ill of it. The streets would be broken up in a vain endeavour to carry it miles, and it would never be safe yards. It would be flickering, uncertain, and would never be half as safe and useful as the old street-lamps. Omnibuses also, when they first came into vogue, were continually described as nuisances. Daily did a certain journal, nicknamed *My Grandmother*, scream against the *laines*. Cabs, too, Hanson and others, were continually vilified; and numerous persons would rather walk, or employ the old hackney-coaches, than get into them. Railways even, as Mr. Alderman Salomons reminded the Marylebone Vestry Board, were decreed as likely to ruin the country. Town councils, vestry boards, and country gentlemen, fiercely resisted those who would make them. It is therefore neither new nor strange that the holders and occupiers of property intermediate between St. John's Wood and Oxford-street, should object to tramways connecting these two, in time, distant localities. Men of business complain that, to go from one end of London to another by the ordinary conveyances, multiplied and convenient as they are, requires as much time as to go from London to Slough or Brighton. To increase and hasten the means of conveyance within the metropolis is therefore most desirable; and it might be expected that every public body, keeping in view the public interest, would do all in its power for this purpose.

In the first instance the Marylebone Vestry showed itself sensible of this duty, seemed disposed readily to accept Mr. Train's handsome offer to lay a tramway, and provide carriages for it, from Oxford-street to St. John's Wood, at his own expense, and to repair all the damage he might do if he did not succeed. He asked only for leave to try the experiment; and he offered to deposit a sum of money which would be an ample guarantee to the parish against loss. But the old and undying spirit of resistance to improvement soon rose up in its usual place. The owners of intermediate property, like the gardeners, are afraid of having their monopoly of a fine situation infringed upon, and they threaten legal resistance. No act of Parliament, it is said, has been obtained, and the Board is not empowered to make the change. Owners and lessees of gentile houses in Gloucester-place, Baker-street, and other places, totally unimpartial of the convenience of the inhabitants of the extreme positions, petition and threaten the Board, which finds itself obliged to postpone the consideration of the subject, and will probably reject Mr. Train's offer. Again, then, we have the same story repeated, and a general improvement thwarted by the selfishness of a few individuals, Lord Portman and the Duke of Portland, by their agents, have interfered to stop the scheme, forgetting, apparently, that land is held as property subject to the public convenience, and that it would be decent and becoming in them to allow the chosen representatives of the parishioners to decide what is for the public convenience, without their special interference.

That the inhabitants of Gloucester-place and Baker-street should express their opinions on this subject—whatever they may be, and by whatever motives dictated—is quite reasonable; but since the Metropolitan Act was passed for the very purpose of enabling bodies chosen by the people to effect improvements, the objection that no special Act of Parliament has been obtained for making a tramway, *seus futile*. In the Metropolitan Act there is a very strict limitation as to the amount of money the Board of Works may expend on public improvements without going to Parliament, but otherwise such Boards are expressly enjoined to promote it; and as Mr. Train's proposal involves no expense to the parish, this ground of opposition has no just foundation. The plan has been successfully carried into execution in New York and Birkenhead, and seems very likely to succeed if carried through some of the not very thronged thoroughfares from the great suburb that stretches away to Kilburn and the busy part of Oxford-street. Omnibuses already travel in this direction; the tramway would neither make more noise nor be more injurious to property than they are, and they augment its value; but it would infringe on a monopoly of the omnibus company, and be like gas, cabs, and omnibuses, a great public convenience.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND.

THE state of Ireland is a perennial puzzle to English politicians. Its social condition has ever been an anomaly,—not less so at this moment than at any former period; for we now behold two things contemporaneously existing, which seem to be inconsistent with each other, viz, increasing produce, wealth, and abundance in the country, and with these a decreasing population, having the same ardent impulse towards emigration as if the land the people were leaving were still blighted by famine or decimated by a pestilence.

How are we to account for this strange condition of things in one of the most important portions of the British Empire? How comes it to pass that increase of wealth and greater abundance of physical advantages, should be associated with a diminishing population and constant emigration? Why is it that when wages, on the average, were nearly half what they are at present, the labouring population clung to the soil, whilst now, with increased wages and the prospect

of certain employment, the same population turn their backs upon the birthplace of their fathers, and seek for new homes in distant climes!

These are large and difficult questions to discuss, far too large and complicated to be disposed of in a single paper. We must, therefore, divide them into—

First—The past and present condition of Ireland. The past of Ireland—that is, its state previous to the great famine of 1846, 1847, 1848; and its present position, tracing the commencement of the new era from the working of the Encumbered Estates Court.

Second—The causes of that emigration which pours with a steady, unintermitting, never ebbling flow out of Ireland, carrying with it the strongest, stoutest, and most useful portions of the Irish population.

One of the misfortunes of Ireland has been that its "condition," its "misery," its "turbulence," its "discontent," its "crimes," its "agitation," have been treated as so many party questions by British statesmen and their adherents, whether they were seeking for office or struggling to retain it. We shall avoid that mode of dealing with such a subject.

We likewise refrain from touching any one of the Panaceas—some only recommended, and others acted upon—for the pacification and prosperity of Ireland, previous to the epoch of the last great famine. We must, however, bear in mind, that up to that period Ireland enjoyed all the advantages which a fertile country and a large population could possess, by being closely incorporated with England—in having for the sale of its produce all the benefits enjoyed by an English county,—that is, free access to the richest, best-paying market in the world, whilst all that a teeming soil gave forth—corn, butter, fat cattle—were protected by high duties from a competition with foreigners.

The test of the state of Ireland, and of the manner in which it had been governed, was "the Great Famine," the first prognostications of which overclouded the horizon in the autumn of 1845. Up to that time Ireland was a great agricultural country, in possession of the English market, and protected by a Corn Law. It ought, according to all the provisions of human foresight, to have been a prosperous country, with a happy and contented population. But it was not so. The Devon Commission, specially appointed by the Crown to inquire into the agricultural statistics of Ireland, testified to the fact that Ireland—protected by a Corn Law—was in a state of frightful misery—that its population was "badly fed, badly clothed, and badly housed"—that the people were in a permanent state of discontent—that a species of pre-dial civil war was raging in many parts of the country; and that great and sweeping measures of legislation were required to put an end to the unhappy state of things that then existed.

Let it be observed, we are not now referring to any political points whatsoever—that we are confining ourselves to the social condition of Ireland—that we are directing attention to the state of the country when the Corn Laws were in force, and when a failure of the potato crop was a calamity which entered into no man's contemplation.

With the Corn Laws, and with abundant potato crops, there were widespread poverty and great discontent;—such is the evidence placed upon record by the Devon Commission.

At the same time there was in existence a new element that had been engrafted upon the social condition of Ireland—one calculated to diminish the evils of poverty, and to afford greater security to property—namely, the establishment of a Poor Law. A regular system of Poor Laws had been founded in England in the reign of Elizabeth; but nothing resembling what such a system attempted was established in Ireland until the reign of Queen Victoria! The manner in which the Irish Poor Law has been administered, and how much it has had to do with giving an impulse to emigration may be referred to hereafter. For the present we call attention to the fact—the establishment of a Poor Law in Ireland, shortly previous to the failure of the potato crop—as one of some importance in the past history of the country.

The Irish Poor Law came into operation in 1839; but none of the workhouses were opened for the admission of paupers until 1840. Thus the country had, apparently at its command, all the elements which should have made it prosperous, with the means of counter-acting, or at least mitigating any calamity that might suddenly befall it. But instead of prosperity and peace, there was poverty and dissatisfaction previous to the failure of the potato crop—and after that failure, famine and wide-spread distress, such as no other age has paralleled, and no other nation endured.

And yet, all this has passed away! and despite the famine and the misery of former times, Ireland is now, notoriously, in a state of great prosperity; its people, if not contented, are certainly quiescent; and, whatever test we choose to take, we shall find that the progress made by Ireland, within the course of a few years, is all but marvellous.

The proofs of the prosperity of Ireland, and an advance in every respect in her social and moral condition, are to be found in that truly valuable compilation of Irish statistics, "Thom's Almanac and Official Directory for 1860."

Sufficient is it to say, that whether we look to the extension of works under the Land Improvement, or the Arterial Drainage Acts, we perceive there is everywhere great, important, and beneficial change. Even the manufacturers of Ireland, so long struggling, first with bounties, and then against the most adverse circumstances, are not merely reviving, but in active operation. The substitution of machinery in place of hand-spinning has been the salvation of the Irish Linnen Trade. A new trade in "sewul muds," giving employment to 300,000 persons, has sprung up of late years. There are Cotton Factories in three Irish counties; Woolen Factories in six counties; Worsted Factories in three counties; Flax Factories in eleven counties.

Progress and wealth go hand in hand. Ireland is prospering; but contemporaneously with its prosperity we find the labouring, and especially the agricultural, population, abandoning their native land; and, to use the words of an Irish newspaper, "the tide of emigration from Ireland is becoming a torrent."

Why are the labouring agricultural population fleeing from a country which is daily increasing in wealth? Such is the question which we propose to discuss in another paper.

BRAIN-WORK, FREE AND FORCED.

MR. BURROWES, an eminent and successful private tutor at Oxford, speaking of candidates for honours, says:—"All will allow that the last few days at least should be kept religiously free from any exercise of the brain. Nothing is so completely suicidal as the opposite course." The exercise of the brain here referred to is something the candidate is excited to do by the injunctions of his tutors and the hopes of gaining honours. It is not spontaneous, except as those hopes, the result of academical arrangements, or the general influence of society can be said to be spontaneous. It is rather something he is constrained to do by others. The whole of college education, all drilling by tutors and masters into making particular exertions, is of the same description. It is strain work, rather than spontaneous brain-work; and this obvious distinction, now that men are frequently said to die of brain work, is worthy of some consideration.

When Newton prosecuted his investigations into gravity, and when Bentley tortured passages in Greek authors till they rendered up their meaning, both were delightfully engaged in spontaneous brain work. The young men who go up for honours are obliged to learn what Newton and Bentley thought out; and what they are thus compelled to learn is constrained work. Newton and Bentley did not suffer from brain disease, and from that brain work which Mr. Burrowes says is suicidal. So, when Davy, Faraday, George Stephenson, Leverrier, engaged in those labours which ended in the improvement of chemistry, the structure of railways, and the discovery of a new planet, they were spontaneous brain-workers. The men who try to learn what they discovered, and are drilled at school and college to profit by what they taught, are constrained by amition or parents to work; and what they do is the effect of the influence of other persons on them, not the spontaneous offspring of their own brains. This kind of brain work is more like the dull pacing of the ginhouse with blinkers—a cruelty which machinery, the result of brain work, has almost extirpated—than the natural and delightful gambols of the free courser. As soon as this distinction is pointed out, we begin to suspect that most of the disorders attributed to brain work result from constrained work. In common with many other disorders they are the consequences of the action of teachers on pupils, of parents on children, and generally of society on individuals, the effects of which, for good and for evil, have never been fully investigated, and are consequently not known, notwithstanding many assumptions to the contrary.

To affirm that men never come from too much spontaneous brain work would be erroneous, but it would be equally erroneous to deny that many disorders attributed to it are the result of ill-regulated and disappointed ambition. In the exhalation of young life a youth may cripple a limb for ever by over-exertion. Excess of any particular muscular labour deforms and wears out the body long before the period of natural decay. An over-anxious and too long-continued mental pursuit may, in like manner, generate nervous and brain diseases; but the great majority of such cases are rather the results of habits formed under tuition than of spontaneous brain labour. We stimulate one another into too much activity of a fruitless character. Habits begin at school or college, and are continued and strengthened by the action of society, which, naturally ignorant, is continually learning what is right. When young men use in the world the faculties which have been forced into activity while under tuition, whether they write a book, plead in a law court, or construct railways, they certainly become brain-workers, but they still work in trammels with social blinkers, and run in the round that leads to preferment without end and distinction.

We can recall, without much effort of memory, the names of a number of men of eminence who died comparatively young, as was said, from too much brain work, while they really fell victims to

disappointed ambition. Sir Walter Scott suffered from the failure of his bookkeeping speculation and its consequences, not from the delightful labour of writing Waverley and other kindred novels. Haydon did not so prematurely from his exertions to realize his ideas of beauty, but from vexation that the world did not appreciate and honour his labour. Brunei and the younger Stephenson were taken from us, long before the ordinary span of life had been reached, by mental and mental labour; but it was rather the labour of ambition, vying with one another, striving after greatness, than mere contemplative investigation, such as the modest Faraday continues to practise, and lives yet to enjoy. Both had distinguished parents to surpass, and were goaded by the somewhat ill-regulated influence of society into great and continuous labours, attended by much rivalry and some disappointment. Like the first motions of animal life, spontaneous brain work leads only to health and vigour; it is no more wearing than any equal muscular exertion; it is not suicidal, and must be performed in due proportion to secure the welfare of every individual.

We might easily enumerate too, from Hobbes or Fontenelle to Lyndhurst, a great number of renowned brain-workers who have lived long and healthy lives. To repeat the catalogue is, however, unnecessary, as we have not one only, but many living examples of men attaining great age who have been active brain-workers for many years.

To the Brunels and the Stephensons, whom we have so lately lost, we must now unfortunately add Mr. Ross, the engineer of the Victoria Bridge, the most stupendous piece of engineering work in the world. He is not, indeed, removed from the world, but for a time is invisible to its charms. "Always subject," says a communication in the *Liverpool Courier*, "to violent attacks in the head—the individual labour and anxiety consequent upon a close personal supervision, in all its details, of that stupendous structure, was too much for any one man—was, alas, too much for Mr. Ross already over-taxed brain. He is at present prostrated by paralysis of the brain, brought on by over-exertion, but is the inmate of no asylum, and there are strong hopes of his eventual recovery."

He has succeeded in surpassing his master, who is said to have doubted the practicability of the great work he ultimately sanctioned, and which is ascribed not undeservedly to Stephenson, as he was the great author of tubular bridges; but Mr. Ross's great strivings, by which the work was actually done, have ended in brain disease. Those exertions, then, which are superhumanly successful in their object, but end in the misery of the individual, should rather be depressed than encouraged. Though social development comes through individual exertion, yet it is regulated by such positive, and now, we may say, ascertained laws, that the things dimly seen, hoped for, striven for, and yet unattained in one age, are sure, if useful to society, to be achieved in another. The desire, then, to do great things for the world, involving the misery or the destruction of the individual, is to be considered a suicidal ambition. But, after all, Science and Literature must have their martyrs, as well as War and Physic. Though the Individual perishes, Society never dies—and if it can do no more for its benefactors, it can erect monuments to their memories. This is all that it has ever done, or will ever do. The more's the pity.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

A GLOOMY RETROSPECT.

It is now some nineteen hundred years that the Roman poet said, "How fortunate are the farmers if they did but know it," and from that time till the present, all other classes have been inclined to over-rate the advantages and under-estimate the difficulties of those who carry on the business of husbandry. That farmers are "grumbler's" has passed into a proverb among those who are not well acquainted with their long-suffering, their patience, and the obstacles they are subject to. The truth is, that others see the results of rural industry, and overlook the laborious processes by which such results are obtained. They see the fall and mature crops of grain or root, the fattened bullocks, and the well-fed sheep just ready for market, and they say, "Surely the producers of these good things can have no cause to complain." They do not note the toil and labour—often under great difficulties—by which the farmers have obtained their marketable productions. They feel not the wages paid week by week, the rates and taxes, and still more, the rents which must be paid to the uttermost farthing, before the farmers can call a shilling their own out of the produce of the soil of all that magnificent harvest we have been admiring. In order to grow and sell a good crop, the land must have been well drained, tilled, and manured; it must be ploughed, sown, and weeded in good season; and the crop must be reaped, stacked, and garnered in dry weather. Any failure in any one of these conditions may render the year's labour of the farmer a vain thing; may turn his expected profit into a loss, and may compel him to live upon his capital while he ventures again to till and manure, to seed and weed his land in the hope of better success another year. And after he has done his best the season may prove so unpropitious, the weather so untoward, that no care or skill, no promptitude or activity, will be of much avail. Such a year has been that we have just gone through. Yet we hear those whose businesses are carried on without any material interruption, be the weather what it may, reproach the farmers with want of activity because after a few fine days their wheat, their barley, or their beans may still remain in the field uncut. When their wheat has been of necessity stacked in so damp a state

as to be wholly unfitted for present conversion into flour, farmers are coolly told by some self-sufficient editor that no material injury has been done, and, "after all, the year has not been a bad one."

Some years ago, an instance of the value of appreciation of the toils of the farmer came under our notice. A clergyman, a resident in the country, and himself an owner of land, by the death of a relative succeeded to a farm situated in a district of poor light land, on which good crops could be grown only by a long-continued course of good management and large expenditure. The tenant of the farm, which was of considerable extent, had secured the protection of a lease, brought the land into high condition. This had been done by great outlays of capital, for which we doubt whether he ever obtained any adequate return. He was a single man and lived frugally, and the yearly increase of his stock and improvement of his farm constituted the chief gain he obtained from the protection of his business; all he was known, in a general way, to this new landlord. We rode with him and his agent over to the farm, on the occasion of his first visit to it, a few weeks before the harvest. The season had been favourable, and the grain-crops certainly were excellent. After going through several fields of wheat and barley, and admiring the crops, the new owner turned to the agent and said, "Surely, if farmer X—can grow such crops as these, he ought to pay no more rent than he pays." The agent, who was fully aware that the rent paid was a high one, and that few farmers would produce so good crops on that not very kindly land, explained to the landlord, that the results he saw could only be obtained by great outlay and long-continued care in cultivation, and that the rent paid by the tenant was fully equal to the annual value of his farm. And he added, that as there were then many years of the tenant's lease unexpired, the question was practically unimportant. The landlord was silenced but not satisfied, and remained to the day of his death under the impression that more rent ought to be paid for land where such fine crops as he had seen could be grown. Nor was this mere conjecture. He had seen the good crops, and, like the great majority of non-agriculturalists, overlooking the cost and labour of producing them, he estimated the farmer's profits far beyond the true amount.

But to our point—the aspect of British husbandry during the past twelve months. The year has been very wet—continuously, vexatiously, perpetually wet. The land has never been able to get dry. Now, despite of our modern improvements in drainage and the like, our climate remains pretty much what it was hundreds of years ago. A dry season is, as the rule, a productive one, while a wet season is the reverse. The rough rural distich,

"When the dry dews beat the wind,
All is well in old England;
But when the mud-drops fall the day,
Then, alas, sick the land lies."

is nearly as true now as ever when the year proves unusually wet.

It was about the 20th of October in 1859 that the rural world was taken by surprise by the advent of a most severe frost. After a very dry summer, September and the early part of October had been somewhat wet, and vegetation was most vigorous. By the sudden frost, mangled and trampled were stook injured, and the preparation of the land for the winter materially impeded. The frost by very late means, and while continuing throughout the winter with a few and very short intervals of frost. The autumn wheat was sown badly; much of it was sown unusually late, and many fields intended for wheat could not be sown at all. Throughout the winter the appearance of the wheat-crops was most deplorable. Scarcely a single field where the plant had shown itself above ground, no small portion of the land sown with wheat scarcely exhibited a trace of vegetation at the season when the wheat-plants were usually vigorous and fit for hoeing. Then followed a month of dry cold weather in April, during which vegetation made no more progress than is commonly made in January. In May rain recommenced, and the first effect was beneficial; the pastures became green, and the tardy wheat-plant grew with amazing, nay too great, rapidity. Through May it was rain, rain,—nothing but rain of the heaviest kind. It rained all through June, and farmers looked hopefully at their hay-crops, then large and fully matured. In July there was a fortnight of sunshine, during which a portion of the hay-crop was stacked; then rain recommenced, and by far the greater part of the hay was got together in the worst condition. No farmer remembers a season when so much bad, and so little good hay has been made as in that of 1860. August, again, was wet until the 30th; then the weather cleared for just fifteen days. But so backward were the crops at that period, that the farmers were unable to reap many of the winter fields. These fifteen days of weather were not so favourable as they might have been. The frost was too dry weather—and though dry the temperature was very low, and there was but little sunshine—did no more than ripen the grain-crops in the greater part of England, so that cutting was just becoming general when the rain returned, and was a uniformly and disastrous spectacle. The weather, however, presented throughout the remainder of September a more favourable aspect than this country. Early in October we had eight days more without rain, and during that period most of the grain-crops were carried to the stackyards as they best could be. Still some wheat was abroad, and on the 22nd of October we have seen wheat, after only three dry days, stacked in a very damp and unsatisfactory condition.

As for beans, they are still in the fields, greatly retarding the preparation of the land for next year's wheat, and affording the farmer of this generation a taste of the quality of our seasons such as they had only known previously from their fathers' report. At the end of twelve months of unexampled wet weather, what is the position of the farmer? His wheat has been harvested in such ill condition that it will not be available for use until next February or March. The straw he requires for cattle is not forthcoming, and the money the wheat usually contributes towards his rent, taxes, labour, and treatment of his stock, is locked up in his damp and damaged unsampled wheat. His pasture land is so saturated with water that he will not afford so much food for his stock as usual; while roots are everywhere—on all soils and under every system of management—absolute failures. The wheat which, under pressure of necessity, has been threshed, is so damp that millers will scarcely look at it, unless they have kilns for drying it; and then the price is necessarily reduced. As there is no doubt that there is a real and serious deficiency in quantity, weight, and quality. Imported corn will prevent the public from suffering more than enhanced prices from our late disastrous year, but to not a few of the farmers the evils of the bad season of 1860 will be crushing and irreconcilable.

war. The article, after considering the position of each of the Great Powers, draws the conclusion, that a conference is possible, and defines the part that France would take therein. In conclusion the article asserts that an organized and powerful Italy is henceforth to the interest of Europe; and that in concerning it by an act of high jurisdiction, the Powers would show as much prudence as justice.

This article has been followed by another manifesto of the same kind, which is believed not to have been sent to the press until it had also been perused by the Emperor. It endeavours to prove that Austria is on the eve of invading Italy. For what other reason, it asks, has General Benedek been sent into Venetia? Why have the Hungarians been pacified? The conclusion comes to, that France should tell Austria that any attack against Italy, any offensive operation beyond the Po, will be considered a declaration of war, and followed by an immediate intervention. This article has made a great sensation in Paris.

The *Opinion Nationale* of Wednesday asserts that Austria has already notified her intention to cross the Po, to France and England.

The Syrian Relief Committee at Beyrout have transmitted to London a statement of their proceedings during the last month. They had taken steps to relieve 2,500 starving refugees at Tyre, but feared that several thousands at Damascus at Beyrout would become dependent on their charity, as the Turkish authorities had intimated that they would receive no further aid from Government. There was every appearance of permanent tranquillity, 10,000 refugees had returned to their houses in the Lebanon. A new outbreak, however, is since apprehended at Damascus, in consequence of the war-tax.

A supplement to the *London Gazette*, dated Thursday evening, contains the first series of the long-expected details of the Convention between Her Majesty and the Emperor of the French, supplementary to the Treaty of Commerce of the 23rd of January last—negotiated by Mr. Cobden. We have not space this week to specify the various articles of English produce and manufacture which are to be admitted into France at reduced duties; or from which the prohibition formerly existing has been removed, and replaced by an *ad valorem* duty. It is only to metals, cutlery, machines, and machinery that the present installment of the treaty refers. In every case there has been a reduction of duty, or a removal of prohibition. Though not exactly *Free Trade*, as Englishmen understand the phrase, the Treaty is an approximation towards it, which is not so likely to excite approbation in France as in England. But we must reserve till next week, and for another portion of our paper, what more we have to say upon a subject which will doubtless cause much discussion between this time and the meeting of Parliament.

The twentieth anniversary of the Huddersfield Mechanics' Institution was celebrated, on Saturday last, by a *soirée*, held in the Philosophical Hall of that place; Lord Brougham presided. In his speech he alluded to a recent article in *The Times*, in which it was asserted that mechanics' institutions, after being filled with electrical machines and plaster casts for a year or two, lapse into half-rooms or dancing-salons. He denied that this was even an exaggeration of the truth. It would have been as accurate to have said that they had been turned to the purposes of gin-shops or ale-houses. He said, during the last thirty years, maintained close intercourse with several hundreds of these institutions, and he never knew one instance of such perversion. Instead of going down, they have, within the last few years, in all parts of the country exhibited unmistakable symptoms of vitality.

On the same day, a ceremony of an interesting character took place at Highgate. In presence of some 6,000 people, Miss Burdett Coutts presented a silver eagle to the Highgate Rifle Volunteers, as a gift from the ladies of the district. In doing so, she delivered a short address, in which she alluded most appropriately to the purposes of the Rifle Movement, and to the feelings of gratitude which the sensitive patriotism it indicated had called forth among the ladies of England.

The liberal offer made by Mr. Train to construct street railways, on trial, in the metropolis, and to take them up if they should be found to impede traffic or otherwise prove inconvenient, has not been favourably received by the inhabitants of the districts through which the proposed lines pass. In Marylebone a violent agitation has been got up against the scheme, which was discussed at a meeting of the representative council on Saturday last, for the third time, without any conclusion being come to. In the mean while, however, Mr. Train has applied to the Commissioners of Sewers for permission to construct railways in some of the principal thoroughfares of the City, and there seems every probability that from them he will meet with a more patient hearing.

The annual demonstration of the Unionist Conservative and Agricultural Club took place at Castle Hedingham, near Halstead, in Essex, on Friday last. Major Bunsford, the leading speaker, who is accepted during the recess as a faithful exponent of the opinions of the Conservative party on current topics, referred to the Italian question. He looked upon Garibaldi as a hero; he hoped that the cause of freedom might be successful in Italy; and he thought that the King of Naples, by his misgovernment, had rendered the invasion of the Two Sicilies "quite proper and right." Mr. Da Cune referred to the same topic. While maintaining the doctrine of non-intervention he hoped that the herculean efforts of Garibaldi might be directed into a right channel, and that a brighter era was henceforth in store for Italy. Such are now the opinions of English Conservatives.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

If the Bank of England only waits, as we mentioned last week, to see the effects on the money market of the payment of £3,229,835 as dividends, &c., on account of the Government, before it alters the rate of discount, it is at present fully justified in not minding the rate. Money, though it has been in good demand in the week at the full rate of 1 per cent. for the best bills, is abundant; and the stock exchange, which last week and the week before could not get supplied under 31 and 1 per cent. for temporary loans, has, within these two days, obtained them at 2 or even 11 per cent. In fact, this large sum of money transferred from the use of the public, when commerce is not particularly active, cannot be so readily put out to use. Simultaneously with this change, the immediate wants of the continent for gold appear to have been supplied, and, for the moment, the expectation of a rise in the rate of discount is suspended. The postponement of the rise can, however, be only temporary.

We require every year large supplies of corn, and, to make up the deficiency of our harvest this year, our demands are much larger than usual. France, too, which last year sent us a great quantity of wheat and flour, this year requires to import a great deal for the use of her own people; and this extra supply for both nations must, in the first instance, be paid for in gold. There will, therefore, be a drain on the gold circulation of western Europe, and our share of the precious metals will inevitably be diminished. Nationally, this is no great misfortune; but it affects us more acutely than other countries, in consequence of our own legislation.

Credit notes, founded on the precious metals, are quite as necessary for the business of society in its present development as the precious metals themselves. Being necessary, there must be a proportionate quantity required, which increases with the amount of business to be done. But by legislation this quantity is limited to what was supposed to be sufficient, though in reality it was not, in 1844. It has even become, by an unexpected effect of the law, limiting the amount of notes issued by country banks within the prescribed limits, actually less than it was then. Without a sufficiency of this species of currency, business cannot be carried on; and so the Legislature has thought, for it has declared a particular portion of paper currency to be a legal tender, but it has arbitrarily limited the amount to a sum barely sufficient for the exigencies of society forty years ago. In consequence of this narrow limitation, and being regulated by the gold in the Bank of England, the egress and ingress of this metal acquire a prodigious importance. To lose £5,000,000 gold is also to curtail the legal tender £5,000,000, and the two sums bear a large proportion to a currency so strictly limited in amount as is our paper currency by law.

Unless this abnormal condition is always remembered, the egress and ingress of gold cannot be rightly appreciated. Over this limited sum, three millions in the hands of the Government or in the hands of the public, has much influence, and hence the late transfer from the former to the latter has given momentary ease to the money market.

The Bank returns last week tell us that the public deposits then amounted only to £3,251,100, or nearly £1,600,000 less than at the same period in 1857, when the money-pressure was intense, while the private deposits are now £3,300,000 more than at that time. Taking the two sums together, the Bank has now £1,600,000 more money intrusted to it by its clients than in October, 1857. On the public deposits, however, the Bank can rely. It knows before-hand when they will be required, and that legislative measures would be instantly adopted were those deposits to be exhausted; but the Bank never knows when the deposits of its private clients may be demanded. For it, as for other banks, the deposits of its customers are the sources of its profits, and the diminution in the amount of the public deposits lessens both its means of securing trade and of making money.

It has long been said that the Bank must in the end adopt the practice of other joint-stock banks, and obtain large deposits by allowing interest on them; and this event seems likely to be hastened by Mr. Glyn's reduction of the public deposits. All these things are parts of one system, and the effects of his recent plan of eluding out his resources, by diminishing the public balances in the Bank, over the restricted legal currency, have yet to be ascertained.

The funds and share market have undergone few changes in the week, and *Cornola* continue to fluctuate only between 92 and 93. The share market continues firm.

The corn-trade is not particularly active. In Mark-lane the price has not advanced this week; but in almost all the provincial markets the wheat has been found so inferior, or in so bad a condition that apprehension has rather increased, and prices in them have generally had an upward tendency. This condition of our corn-markets continues to influence all other markets. They are generally steady but without animation.

The Tea-market is an exception. The improvement we noticed last week has continued this week. Tea has been in active demand at improved prices.

Tallow also has lately risen considerably in price. This article being of a limited quantity is very frequently the subject of speculation; at present, probably, the supply, owing to the season which has kept cattle in a low condition, may be short.

At the meeting of the Royal Mail Steam Company, on Wednesday, a dividend was declared of £2 per share, free of income-tax. The shares are of £100 each, with 250 paid up. Now, when it is remembered that this company reeves upwards of £18,000,000 of the public money annually, it is plain that this subvention does not tend to the advantage of the shareholders. Mr. Baines of Liverpool, or any other private shareholder, would not be satisfied with such a proportionate profit as 7 per cent. on his capital. In spite of the large sum obtained from the Government, the Company is not, and never has been very successful. It takes money from the public, and neither employs itself or the nation, as a private trader would do.

an historian of the period) less than the strength of giants, they could not have outlived themselves. The British Government saw, and looked with apprehension as it saw, the struggle of this gigantic establishment. From Liverpool to Penzance there was not a single town but would have felt its life. In Sheffield and Birmingham, and the towns surrounding them,—in Manchester, Leeds, and all the great factory communities, a large number of merchants and employers, and, as a matter of course, every man and woman employed were less or more involved in the fate of this establishment.* Mr. Brown in this emergency acted like a man of sense and spirit. He put himself in the mail-train for London. He asked an audience of the Directors of the Bank of England. That was an anxious day in the Bank parlour. Fortunately the Bank had, in Mr. Curtis, a chairman who had unlimited confidence in the candour and integrity of the Liverpool merchant and banker. Mr. Brown satisfied the director that he only required temporary assistance, thus making allowance even for a serious depreciation of prices, he held securities more than sufficient to cover all his liabilities, if time were given him to realise them and obtain remittances. The Bank took the protracted bill, and other securities offered, and then informed Mr. Brown that he might draw upon them for £1,560,000. The decision of the Bank of England gave unbounded joy in Liverpool and the manufacturing districts. A hundred firms breathed more freely for themselves, and acknowledged that they as well as Mr. Brown had been saved from bankruptcy.

The Bank advanced Mr. Brown £500,000 in cash, and not a few bills. Meanwhile energetic measures were taken by the agents of the firm in the United States, who remitted money to Liverpool by every vessel. It is said that the Bank of the United States, by its chairman, Mr. Biddle, having received £1,000,000 of money from the firm, gave them a letter of credit for £300,000, for which they were to be charged 2½ per cent.; but the Bank of England, being informed that this credit was to cost £10,000, declined, in the most liberal manner, to receive it, stating that they were quite satisfied with the credit of the house, and the securities they held. In about six months Brown, Shipley, & Co. were enabled to discharge the loan with interest, and had the gratification to receive a letter from Mr. Freshfield, solicitor to the Bank, stating that he was ordered by the directors to inform them that they never had a more satisfactory transaction with any house. If the commercial crisis of 1815 had been William Brown's Assaye, and 1825 his Vittoria, that of 1835 was his Waterloo. He had only called upon his resources to stand by him until his allies came up, and then the day was his own.

Here we must leave our "Man of Mark" for the present. Next week we shall conclude his honourable story.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XVI.

MR. WAGSTAFF VISITS A COBBLER, AND DISCOVERS ABOUT THE GREAT AND SMALL COBBLERS OF EUROPE.

I HAVE discovered, from long experience, that a man who uses his brains and his stomach too much, and his legs too little, is far more likely to have the gout, than the wiser man, who allows all his functions and faculties to have a fair chance, and who gives his feet as much exercise as his cerebellum and his cerebellum. I can tramp twenty miles before dinner, and still nothing of the effort. In fact, it is no effort, but a pleasure. Neither an ill as I go. I never whistle for want of thought, but use my eyes for the discovery of beauties in the landscape, before unobserved. I look for new wild flowers by the wayside, and study the habits of birds, beasts, and insects. I have experimented upon ant-hills by the hour, much to my satisfaction, if not to that of the ants, and have made intimate acquaintance with multitudes of God's humblest creatures, and learned, I hope, many lessons of becoming humility, as well as of true piety from what I have seen. I do not much care to fall into conversation with tramps or gipsies, or prowling vagabonds and professional beggars;—these people know me, and keep at a respectful distance from my path. They fear the squire of Wilby Grange, and the corrective discipline to which they are likely to be subjected, if they come before him when he sits on the bench of justice. But I like to discourse with honest working men—with shepherds, farm-labourers, gardeners, rat-catchers, pedlars, and, above all, with cobblers. For this latter class of artisans I have a great respect. They are generally good logicians—observant and contemplative men, who think over their work, and form their own opinions. One cobbler, whom I highly esteem, lives about seven miles from Wilby Grange; and not only useful, but makes, all my shoes and boots, putting real honest work into them, and taking particular care of my gouty feet. I often pay him a visit after breakfast; and I am sure that I learn from him quite as much as he learns from me, and that he has far more brains, and makes a better use of them, than our country member.

"There is not," said he to me one day, "a sovereign in Europe, unless it be Queen Victoria, who is not a cobbler and patcher-up of old shoes; and if she be not a cobbler, some of her ministers are of our craft. Sitting upon my bench, with my lapstone in my lap, my hammer in my hand, and much meditating after I have read my penny paper, I have come to the conclusion that I know quite as much of Europe, and what the people of Europe want, and will have, as the squires and great people of England, or Napoleon III. and M. Thiers, Francis Joseph and Count Reichenberg, Victor Emmanuel and M. Cavour (cobblers of an Italian boot), Pius IX. and Cardinal Antonelli. All these great folk grope the little folk, and think much more of the shoe than of the shoe's wearer. The people themselves will have to teach them better by-and-by, for nobody knows so well where and how much the shoe pinches, as he who has to walk in it."

It will be seen from these remarks, that my friend the Cobbler is a bit of a Radical, but though he knows me to be a bit of a Conservative, he

respects my opinions just as I respect his; and, with an occasional difference, we get on very well together.

"Upwards of three hundred years ago," he continued, "the people of England had a pair of shoes and a pair of boots—the shoes their civil and the boots their religious system. Neither shoes nor boots were good fits. They cramped the feet, and produced corns, bunions, and blisters. There was no walking comfortably in either of them; and, after a good deal of cobbling, the people succeeded in getting rid of both. They first kicked off their boots, and tried on a busa new pair, which fitted them precisely,—which boots I call the Reformation. They next kicked off the old, lumpy, shoddy and unwieldy shoes, which James I. and Charles I. had insisted upon their wearing, and expressed a determination to go bare-footed rather than submit to be crippled any longer. Oliver Cromwell—shoemaker as well as soldier—provided them with an easier pair; with which, aided by an occasional soling, healing, and wringing, they have managed to walk on comfortably enough in the path of constitutional liberty."

I was so pleased with Crispin's idea, that I took it up and made it my own. "And from that day to this," I added, "they have been better shod than any nation of Europe. So easily have they tramped along, that the French, who, according to Oliver Goldsmith's old soldier of Marlborough, 'were a nation of slaves and worn wooden shoes,' began early in the eighteenth century to crave both boots and shoes of the English fashion. Kicking off their sabots in 1789, they danced about barefooted for a considerable time, playing very remarkable antics in their unwonted freedom, and knocking their unprotected shins against some very sharp and disagreeable flint-stones and jagged pieces of rock and fragments of broken bottles, till their poor feet were cut and mangled in a shocking manner. They were then glad to put them back again into any kind of leather or even of wooden shoe that would preserve them from cut and bruise. And then appeared the greatest Cobbler who ever lived in the modern world—one Napoleon Bonaparte—who, finding a pair of old military boots by the roadside, blacked and polished them, stuck a sharp spur into each heel, jammed the feet of France into them, and set the nation upon homelock to conquer the world. But the boots were a tight fit, and the more they were cobbled and patched, the more uneasy they became to the feet of the wearer. Blistered and corned, and bunioned, and, in fact, quite lamed, France was delighted after a short time to pull the boots off and throw them into a corner, and go back to the old sabots, or wooden shoes, originally made by some expert old cobblers of the Capet family. But these were not only antiquated in shape, but too small for the feet that were to receive them. The feet had grown, and the sabots were unserviceable and unmanageable; and they, too, were kicked off after a short and uneasy attempt at walking in them; and the French tried on a pair of old Orleans slippers. They found the slippers for a while exceedingly loose and comfortable. But they were much too shabby for a well-dressed nation to wear, and let in so much slush and dirty water as to be dangerous to health, if ever the nation stirred out of doors. Off went the slippers in a fit of passion, and France once more went barefooted, and positively revelled in the delight of the new sensation, kicking up its heels like a drunken nigger in the exuberance of its emancipation. But what happened before happened again. It knocked its defenceless shins against some very sharp spikes and broken glass, and crippled itself completely. Another true and steady cobbler of the old Napoleon stock saw his opportunity. He snatched up the identical old pair of heavy-spurred and tight-fitting military boots that were cast into a corner in 1815, and squeezed the feet of France into them a second time; and though France made some very faces, the boots were so well blacked and shining, and looked so uncommonly well when on, that the nation agreed that this cobbler was the best cobbler after all,—that the military boot was, like moly, 'the only wear';—and that the bourgeois shoes or slippers, or the rural sabots, were not to be compared, for a moment, with the boots—that is to say, for show, and for producing an effect on the world."

"Do you not think, sir," said Crispin, "that the cobblers of Europe stick rather too closely to the old wear? Shoes are very well, either new or old, provided that they fit; but, after all, the wearer of the shoe has some right to choose his own shoemaker, and to get rid of his old cobbler, if he no longer gives satisfaction; and may they not go barefoot if they please?"

"Undoubtedly," I replied; "and I do not believe that the military boot is at all suited to the necessities of our age. Thoughts now run over the world with considerable rapidity. They link all the nations of the earth together, and do not wait for passports, or to be examined at custom-houses. Paris, Manchester, Berlin, Munich, Dresden, St. Petersburg, Milan, Naples, Madrid, Lisbon, even Rome and Constantinople, are all stations upon the telegraphic line of thought. Printed or spoken, the thought goes. A message of freedom sent from one terminus, is punctually delivered at the other. It must reach. You cannot destroy the wires. They link us all into one system, and John Smith, cobbler, of London, can speak to Palliase, cobbler, of Paris; and Palliase of Paris can tell Hans, cobbler, of Germany, things that the German would like to know; and say German with eyes to read and a tongue to speak can pass the watchword, not knowing where it will stop. Let a thought be but true, something that the heart of a man can feel, whatever may be his country, and, like a stone loosened from a hill-top, it must run. This is the glory, and perhaps the danger, of our time. The old landmarks of society are being torn up. Some prejudices, like old trees in an American forest, too strong to be rooted up, are cut down.

And the great yet simple truth which it has taken two thousand years to teach, begins to be understood elsewhere than in England and in America—that a man is a man, and that the biggest, wealthiest, most privileged of men is no more. There is an idea abroad that he alone is less than a man who is ignorant and immoral, who is brutal or drunken, or who cannot read, write, or think; and that he alone is greater than his fellows who is better informed and more moral, more wise, more truly religious than they are. This truth has been long seeking to establish itself, and when it is established, Europe will have well-litning new shoes, and will not stand so much in need of cobblers as it does at present."

"Yes, sir," replied Crispin; "and if the great cobblers of Europe do not see things in this light, and take them to heart, and act upon them, I can only say that I think I can see a little further through a millstone than they can. There is a hole in the middle of my millstone that lets in the daylight, and there is none in theirs. I can see, if they cannot, that the revolutions of Europe, so far from being ended, have only just begun; and that cobbling, and the best of cobbling too, will not preserve the rotten old shoe for ever."

Walking leisurely home, I mused upon what my friend the cobbler had said, and thought that in the main he was right. And though he was a cobbler, if he were a man of sense, had he not as much right to speak his mind upon public affairs as the three tailors of Tordsey-street, the Maypole-vestry, the editor of *The Times*, the member for Great Mutfington, or the great-grandson of any ennobled varrier or Lord Chancellor of a past age? I asked myself, if, after all, a statesman, even of the highest mark and experience, were anything but a cobbler. Was not the great Cardinal Richelieu a cobbler? And the famous financier, Necker? And the eloquent Mirabeau? And the ruthless and incorruptible Robespierre? And the all-grasping Bonaparte! And the polite Metternich! And the sardonic Talleyrand! And poor, wretched old Louis Philippe! Nay, for that matter, what is Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli or Mr. Gladstone? Are they not cobblers every one of them?

TO WN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE "Warsaw conferences" form the most exciting and uncertain topic of talk in all political circles. There will be no present action in any part of Europe; but an understanding will, no doubt, be come to by the Northern Powers as to a consolidated action in the case of certain future emergencies. The Emperors of Russia and Austria and the Regent of Prussia will protest against the irregularity of the proceedings in Italy; but, if I am rightly informed, they will protest separately, and will avoid the appearance of present concert, even in words. The consolidation of the sovereigns will be limited to a carefully defensive course. They will be content with restoring amongst themselves the concord that had been broken by so many jealousies and want of co-operation during the last ten years; but they will certainly not agitate matters by throwing the first stone, and being the first to commence a European war. Even Austria will not—dare not—assume the aggressive again, although she is threatening the Italian frontier over much. There is every reason to be sure that Italy will be allowed—thanks to France and England—to settle its own affairs.

There is a very significant passage in the answer of Victor Emmanuel to the Neapolitan deputation which came to request him to put himself at the head of United Italy. He reminded them that they had not yet obtained the key of their house—meaning Venice. He added a hope that Italy would supply 300,000 soldiers before the spring. Since he spoke these words, he has crossed the mountains of the Abruzzi, and having made a short halt at Venafra, west of these hills, he was left marching on Capua, before which town, or more likely within which town, he has joined the legions of Garibaldi ere this. He will make his public entry into Naples on Sunday, by which time the vote of annexation will be taken throughout the whole of Southern Italy. The news of the Italian vote has just arrived by telegram. The vote of the continental portion will probably be reversed to-morrow. Events march too fast for the dull deliberations at Warsaw.

The Prussian manifesto to Turin—following up the loss of British confidence put forth in the official journal of Berlin—has warmed up the hostile feeling against Lord John Russell's despatch, which, to say the least of it, was ungenerously worded, and unnecessarily harsh to the struggling cabinet of Sardinia. The despatch was written before Lord John Russell went to Germany, but people put that, and that together, and are so very satisfied with the coincidence between the ministry tone of the British minister, and the exposition of absolutist doctrine by the Prussian minister of Berlin. It is remarkable that Baron Schinkel is not at Warsaw—which is all the better. He is said to be ill-disposed. If Prussia looks for English sympathy or aid, she must be earnestly liberal and national, and keep out of the meshes of the Northern Courts.

The address of the National Defence Committee of Belgium to the Minister of the Interior is a document well worthy the serious attention of citizens as well as ministers, in England as well as in Belgium. While it breathes a spirit of moderation which can give an office, the patriotic determination it contains, as true to the antecedents of Flemish history, must excite our sympathies and secure the respect of our colleagues. We see in this another proof of the *revanche* Napoleon III. is, perhaps unconsciously, rendering to liberty in Europe. By placing arms in the hands of freedom who value the liberty they enjoy, he is rapidly circumventing the reign of despotism; and by evoking the warlike spirit which seemed to have died out in the middle classes, he is crystallising—though in a way he little dreamed of—the empire of peace.

The English "Tourists" to Mount Etna have arrived at Naples, and in con-

junction with those of their countrymen who preceded them, have been enrolled into a battalion of armed men, under the command of General Pavia. They have been enthusiastically received in Naples, and are already complimented by Garibaldi, by being placed near his person in the front of the line. The young "Captain Sarsfield," who starts every morning from Naples to the front of the fight, is no less a person than the heir of the late Sir Stuart, the young Lord Seymour, the future Duke of Somerset, who is found, amongst many of the best blood of England, fighting on freedom's side.

Another of our Waterloo officers, friend and companion of "the Duke," has gone to his last rest. The Duke of Richmond has died the Marquis of Anglesey, and the Earl of Strathfield, with whom he was associated in the great campaign, and with whom he was intimately connected by close family ties. The young generation of Pagets, Lennoxes, and Byngs have high examples before them, if their country should demand such sacrifices of them, as their fathers encountered with glory and honour to country. The present race of London lords only distinguished themselves in country jockeying in Sussex, a good part of which will be taken out of their hands by the loss of the Lord-Lieutenancy of the county, which I fear they almost for the worst purpose purport. There is talk of the Earl of Chichester as the next Lord-Lieutenant.

The papers of this morning all into a mistake, when they say that the Garter is not to be given away, but taken up by Lord Derby. The ex-Premier did receive an extra Garter on leaving office; but he became one of the ordinary knights on the death of Earl de Grey in November last, when Lord Palmerston declined to fill up the vacancy. Lord Melbourne said, when asked why he did not take one of the many Blue Ribands awarded during his ministry, that he did not see the force of bribing himself. It is not unlikely that the vacant Riband will be conferred upon the Duke of Newcastle, who is expected to return at the end of next week, with his royal charge.

The visit of the heir-apparent to the tomb of Washington has done more to rub out the memories of former faults than any event known in history. There was an incident in the visit to the house of Washington which I do not see recorded in the English press. It was the presentation to the Prince of a photograph of Roosevelt's picture of the visit of Lafayette to his great chief in August 1784, when the latter, to use his own words, "had left the battle of the camp to return to his domestic walks."

The Metropolitan Board of Works have at length done something to reconcile us to their many bickering and delays. The new railway, now nearly complete, between St. Martin's Lane and Covent Garden, is a re-annexation—and I used an example—one of the best and most needed improvements of the Metropolis. It is well constructed, and seems admirably fitted for its purpose—that is, to contain all the gas, water, and sewage-pipes, having connecting pipes to every house on either side. There are perpendicular shafts to the surface about thirty yards apart. The whole seems so simple and well-contrived, that one cannot see why it is not at once extended to all the leading thoroughfares of London.

Not to speak of the constant interruption of traffic, and the danger to health, of perpetually taking up the street, this new system must bring about a considerable saving to all the public companies, who ought to join cheerfully in the cost of constructing such an admirable work. The new street carriages of Mr. Train will, no doubt, be a great improvement upon the old omnibuses, which the General Company seem bent upon not improving; and the enlargement of both sides of the Thames will be more important still. But for comfort, cleanliness, health, and public convenience, these subways are the most valuable inventions of modern times for this vast and overcrowded city.

The question raised a little while ago by one of the *Quarterlies* respecting the pecuniary subventions to the Tory press, has received a fresh elucidation during the week by the publication of a circular, signed *Esquire*, and Henry Edwards, of the regular bage-litter class, with the concurrence of the heads of the party—the "great Conservative Party"! Lord Ingestre does not deny the authenticity of the letter, but complains of its publication, being private and confidential. This time the bage-litter is leaved upon behalf of a weekly "organ." I remember having a good story on the advent of the Conservatives to office in 1852. The regulator of a very heavy tribe to a Tory daily paper, which had changed hands, was requested by one of the heads of the party to send one of the gentlemen of the establishment occasionally for instructions. The go-between answered immediately, "Oh, my lord, there is not a gentleman left on the paper; so if you want anything, you must send for me!"

THE SHAKESPEARE IRELAND FORGERIES.

IV.—THE DETECTION. MONTAGUE TALBOT AND WILLIAM HENRY IRELAND.

The first disclosure of the Shakespeare fraud was made by the forger himself, when, in 1796, he published his "Authentic Account." But the forgeries had been detected nearly a year before; and throughout the whole time that Ireland was plunged into a fierce controversy upon the question of the authenticity, there was a second person who could have set it at rest at any moment.

Amongst William Henry Ireland's contemporaries of New Inn was a young Irishman, Mr. Montague Talbot, who was also intended for the legal profession, and was then under articles to a conveyancer. According to the "Authentic Account," Talbot had finished his articles before the forgeries were begun; but, being afterwards a frequent visitor at chambers, he had opportunities, from time to time, of hearing all about the alleged discoveries. We have reason to believe that this version of the story is incorrect. The circumstances, as related to us by Talbot himself, justify the inference that his articles had not expired till some time after the forgeries had been in progress, and that, while Ireland was engaged upon his deeds and atrocities in our room, Talbot was occupied with his legal studies in another, upon the same floor, in the same buildings, only a few windows off. So slight a

lent page for print collecting, in 1814; besides numerous smaller poems and translations from the French. His career among the booksellers was arduous and of little profit. He sank into a lazzaretto, and undertook all kinds of jobs upon any terms of remuneration he could get. He once put forward proposals for the publication of his own memoirs in two volumes; but the project fell still-born for lack of subscribers. The truth was that nobody believed in him. The indelicacy or delinquency of his youth dogged him through life. Distrust of his moral character followed the knowledge of his literary misdeeds; he was persecuted from his youth to his death, and wherever he went the name of the forger clung to him.

But there were some bright openings in an existence otherwise dark enough. The notoriety of his Shakespearian misadventure procured for him the appellation of the Modern Chatterton. Most people would think such a sobriquet a mark of opprobrium; others thought it romantic. There is no accounting for this sort of morbid sentiment, especially when it takes possession of the imagination of a woman; and William Henry Ireland was more fortunate than he deserved to be in the influence it exercised over the feelings and the judgment of a lady of considerable personal charms and some fortune. The lady was descended from the Culpepers of Kent Garden, a family famous in the Civil Wars, and was the widow of Captain Paget of the Navy, a nephew of the Marquis of Anglesey. Attracted by a reputation which it had been wiser and happier for herself to have shunned, Mrs. Paget became the wife of William Henry Ireland. The marriage was unfortunate. It was arduous on one side and speculation on the other. Ireland's musings, so brilliant and liberal abroad, seldom brightened his home. He was the gayest of men out-of-doors. His spirits never broke down till he got back again. Wretched stories are told of him, but we willingly drop the veil upon them. It is easy enough to comprehend all that may be predicated of a reckless liver, who found enjoyment everywhere except in his own house.

He had other chances, too, of making a position, which, like this marvellous chance of his marriage, he threw away. At one period, during the long war, he was appointed governor of a fort on the coast in which French sciences were taught. Here, too, he was disappointed. He was never loved; but it is known that he afterwards went to France, where he had interviews with Napoleon, which were suspected, whether truly or untrue, cannot be now determined, to have had reference to objects that compromised his allegiance.

The end of this chequered history was in keeping with the beginning. Society never forgave the fraud. It refused to accept the poetical avowals of one by whom it had been already deceived, and it punished in the man the guilt of the youth. Ireland, who had latterly led a squalid life in his old night haunts in London, died in obscurity in 1835. The penalty he paid for his early offences was, that he was never again able to rise to anything striking. It exemplifies better than a thousand boulders the danger of the first fall from rectitude. One such example is worth a whole library of precepts and proverbs.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SEASHORE.—No. II.

THE BORING MOLLUSCS.

A CHAPTER or TWO on the molluscan creatures inhabiting shells, whose delight it is to bore their way through the hardest substances, and to live and die within their self-made homes, will probably be, to most readers, a revelation of things unknown, and yet well deserving to be known. It will show them that the art of tunnelling does not originate with man; that a little shell-fish has been practising this art long before military works and modern engineering triumphs were dreamt of; that the Titans tunnel was suggested to its engineer by the borings of the Teredo; and that these little animals, unknown to nine-tenths of mankind, have been, and are still able to make their way in the world through the wildest timber and hardest stone; and are able to do all this in a manner so secret, that the most careful science has failed to find out their mode of procedure, and the most accomplished naturalists have discussed it, and differed about it for nearly a hundred years, and have hardly yet concurred in one opinion on the subject. Neither Garibaldi, nor Louis Napoleon, nor Pitt IX., are greater puzzle to politicians than the Teredo, the Pholus, and the Saccaria are to conchologists. A few weeks or months will probably unveil the plans and prospects of the mighty men; but fifty years have scarcely disclosed the entire and mysterious mechanism of the testaceous bore. The greatest wonders of creation are not always to be met with in kings' palaces, and among human beings arrayed in purple and fine linen, but often in the most silent and obscure of the molluscs are living unknown lives, and building up their own shell palaces, and hollowing out vaulted chambers in scattered blocks and boulders, or in some drifting log that bears in its own heart a little colony of busy and being inhabitants.

To begin with the *Teredo*, which is a Greek word (*terdon*—from the root-verb *tero*, I bore): it is a slender worm-like thing, but scientifically an Acephean Mollusc, belonging to the same class as the oyster and mussel, although there seems to be no resemblance between them. It is a kind of worm of a greyish-white colour, sometimes as much as a foot in length, and from six to eight lines in diameter. Its head is extremely remarkable, resembling head (fig. 4), while the other is like a forked tail. This creature inhabits the tube, shown in fig. 1, as embedded in wood. It has been known even from the days of Aristotle and his pupil Theophrastus, the Greek naturalists, more than 200 years before our Christ. But it is chiefly in these latter days that it has been scientifically studied, and its several species discriminated. Indeed, it is only in 1860 that we have a synoptical list of the British species of *Teredo*, and but one or two scientific conchologists are known to us who have made the Teredines their special study. One of these resides in Guernsey, and is a monk or two, exalted to us by his valuable collection. Another, Mr. Jefferys, contemplated an important scientific work on the British Teredines to the last meeting of the British Association at Oxford. We now, therefore, know a good deal that is accurate and reliable on this curious genus. It should, however, be remarked, that in 1733 Sellius published an elaborate monograph on the Dutch ship-worm; and even those eminent medical philosophers, Boerhaave and Boerhaave, Sir James Brouncker, did not think these molluscs beneath their philosophical scrutiny,

and published a valuable paper upon them in 1806. Ordinary people, and especially ship-builders, have long known and dreaded it under the name of the ship-worm, and many must have seen its fearful ravages in ships' bottoms, or in timber exposed to the sea. In fact, this little creature has raised its apparently contemptible self to a pitch of eminence almost romantic, until it has become the dread of mighty nations. The Dutch, in particular, have had good cause to fear it, for at the beginning of the last century one-half of Holland was nearly engulphed in the waves in consequence of all the piles which supported the large dykes having been undermined and rendered rotten by the Teredines.

The French Government has issued two Commissions at different times, and the Dutch Government has lately published the Report of another Commission which was appointed to inquire into the best method of preventing the ravages of this little animal in ships and harbours, and to ascertain the British Government has done nothing of this kind; but everybody knows their ships are copper-bottomed, and chiefly with a view to prevent the destructive effects of the Teredo's entrance. A committee, however, of the British Association has been formed with this view, and we may expect to hear in due time of some practical remedy for the attacks of the Teredo-worm upon our ships and harbours. So fearful has it long been, that Linnaeus called it the "ship's calamity" (*colymbia marina*), and numerous remedies have been proposed during the last two or three centuries.

All the Teredines are believed to be marine, with, perhaps, the exception of *Adamsia's* *Strigosa* species, and one which has been lately found in the River Ganges, the water of which is fresh for about eighteen hours out of the twenty-four. They undergo a series of metamorphoses; the eggs being developed into a sub-larval form (*larva* is the term applied to an insect in its first active state), after their exclusion from the ovary. In this stage the larva is about the size of the fry in fishes, and has a pair of shining oval valves, as well as with cilia (microscopic hair-like bodies), a large foot and distinct eyes, by means of which organization it swims freely, and with great rapidity; or creeps, and afterwards selects its fixed habitation. The larval state continues for upwards of one hundred hours, and the fry is capable of traversing the water during this period, and is generally found swimming in comparatively wide areas. The young shell, when fully developed, retains the larval valves. It appears that there are only five or six males in one hundred individuals.

They do not miscellaneously attack all kinds of wood, but have a taste of their own, and an orderly subdivision of labour. Some species inhabit fixed wood, while others dwell only in floating wood. Each geographical district has its own *littoral* (shore-inhabiting) species; and no littoral species belonging to tropical seas has ever been found living in the northern hemisphere, or vice versa. When certain foreign species have been introduced into our waters, they have been found to be unable to survive their removal. Other species which occur in wood that has been drifted by oceanic currents may be said to be cosmopolitan, and at home in all waters, because they are always at home in the same log of wood. In such case the Teredine have their own peculiarities, but in the case of the *littoral* species, it is said to be the mode of removal in some parts of America. Yet more than one species often inhabit the same piece of wood; and the absence of due precaution in extracting the valves with their proper tubes and "pallets" (fig. 2), may account for the confusion of species found in some systematic works, and public and private collections.

The perforations of the Teredo are nearly cylindrical, perfectly circular, and frequently very tortuous, with their inferior terminations always exactly rounded. The animal, which is sometimes (in *Teredo Norvegica*) nearly two and a half feet in length, occupies the whole channel from end to end, and frequently by its efforts enlarges the hole to a diameter of an inch or more. This attachment is alone sufficient to prevent anything like a complete rotation in a continuous direction, or any rotation at the beginning; and hence the difficulty of deciding upon its precise mode of advance is much increased, especially when we remember that its course is often exceedingly tortuous, so that it would seem to turn from side to side in the most abrupt manner, and to twist itself in every possible direction. Often it suddenly turns at right angles to its original course, and after continuing a short distance, it bends again as suddenly, and returns in a direction parallel to the commencing course; and then it forms three sides of an oblong, the angles on the turn being twice perfect. From this it is manifest that its rotation must be very limited, and therefore that its valves cannot act in the manner of a centre-bit, or auger. But in the opinion of some, the most conclusive evidence that this creature does not use its valves as rasping instruments, arises from the circumstance that their anterior portions are frequently by its efforts enlarged to a diameter of an inch or more. It will, however, be more particularly discussed in connection with a description of the Pholus.

How does the Teredo dispose of the wood it excavates? This has been a puzzling question, since it must needs be disposed of, and the mode of disposal was not manifest. Sellius supposed it ate up the excavated wood, and found no other food, but it has been ascertained that its food consists of minute animalcules which are brought within its range, and drawn by one of its members (the "inhalant siphon") into the stomach. The excavated wood, however, undergoes a sort of digestion during its outward passage along the sides of the tube.

Contrary to common opinion, the Teredo abstains from ground, and perforates only sound wood, or wood sound when first attacked by it. The several species have been extracted from salted wood in the Channel Islands; from the timbers of a steamer wrecked two or three years ago on the Devonshire coast; from floating wood thrown up on various parts of our coasts; from drift-irish at Guernsey, and West-India cedar (*Cedrus odorata*) at the same island; from fishermen's stakes at Heme Bay; and the piles of Yarmouth Pier, and Ramsgate Pier, and frequently also from the Medway and the lower parts of the Thames. Such are some of the British localities, where they might be expected to occur, and which have been visited by the observers on various places. To naturalists like ourselves, neglected or rejected mass of well perforated wood (especially if mahogany or cedar) would be an acceptable present, if the Teredines themselves be at home indoors. A drifted mahogany log would be a prize, and a fisherman's stake, once extracted, might afford us high entertainment. Only a few individuals, however, can extract the mollusc perfect and with all its parts; therefore log

or stake should be sent whole and undisturbed. The rejected rubbish of other people is often the valued treasure of the observant man.

There is a curious (concentrated) chambered structure and hinder aperture in the shell of one species, as shown in fig. 1. This is the *Teredo Norvegica*.



FIG. 1.



FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

In fig. 2, however, which represents the common ship *Teredo* in a piece of wood, the opening at *b* shows only a plain interior; although it has been lately affirmed that no species of *teredo* is without the concentrations or chamberings. In fig. 3 are seen those curious parts of the common *Teredo* called the *pellida*, while fig. 4 represents the valves which have been before alluded to as closing the animal in, and vulgarly called its head.

If we examine the delicate and fragile shell, the semi-transparent tissues, and the soft body, which is almost incapable of motion, we can hardly conceive that the *Teredo* is so mischievous a mollusc and so dreadful a ravager. When these animals have attained their adult state, they live secluded in their galleries, which, being lined with a calcareous matter secreted by the animal itself, are sufficient for them individually. This separation has rendered their mode of reproduction particularly obscure. But it has been found that they are of distinct sexes, and that, at an epoch which varies according to the species, the females emit their eggs, which are arrested within the folds of the respiratory organs. Within this odd nest the young animals are born, and remain for a certain length of time under a very different form from that which they subsequently acquire. When they are about to undergo their last metamorphosis, they leave the branches of their mother; and, fixing themselves upon the first piece of wood that presents itself, they begin to construct their galleries. From this time they are protected from all external attacks. Unless previously destroyed, they are themselves the destroyers. Hence all the remedies proposed are inefficient, or only palliative, unless applied before the animals begin to work. Recently, we find that Mr. A. de Quatrefages proposes to attain this object by dissolving in the waters which the molluscs respire a very small quantity of salt of mercury, lead, or copper. Experiments have convinced him that a twenty-millionth part of a mercurial salt thrown into the water in which myriads of these organic creatures were moving would be sufficient to render all of them motionless in the course of two hours; a two-millionth part of the same salt produces the same effect in forty minutes, and entirely deprives the water of the fertilizing power with which it had previously been highly charged. If this be a true representation, then it is highly important, and should be known to and practised by those who most suffer from the *Teredines*. It would only be necessary from time to time to cast a few handfuls of a mercurial salt, or salts of copper and lead (which are less effective), into the waters of our marine docks and wharves, to prevent their submerged wood from destruction. The fecundation would be arrested, the eggs would perish before they were developed, and the species might become exterminated from our harbours and docks in the course of two or three seasons. At present it has been found in England that a long soaking of wood in a solution of corrosive sublimate prevents it from perforation by the *Teredo*. But this is an expensive remedy upon a large scale.

We have, however, some details of these boring molluscs, known by the name of *Pholidota*, soon to bring before our readers.

MISTRESSES AND MAIDS.

WHAT is worth doing at all is worth doing well. People used to say so when we were young, and domestic morals were usually based on that principle; but the principle seems to have got worn out now, so far as home work and the conduct of what the French call the interior is concerned. There is more show than used to be, and a mighty deal less substance; a large surface of French-polish, and very little honest rubbing; a vast amount of embroidery of no use to any one, and the plain needle-work left to the slop-shops; quantities of made dishes sent in by confectioners, but no still-room niceties by the mistress and her daughters, no golden globes for marble-tops, no sumptuous revel of multi-colored fruit, no harmless deal less substance; sweet wines, nor pyramids of cakes piled up by dainty hands with the plain lawn sleeves turned trimly back; there is nothing of the dear old home life of thirty years ago, excepting, perhaps in one or two country personages

where the vicar's wife is not yet a fine lady, or in the grades set lower in the social scale. All that is done now in a ordinary middle-class house is done by servants; it is comparatively rare if the mistress gives more than the most cursory and superficial superintendence, such as ordering the dinner, of which she knows just as much as the cook pleases to allow, or seeing that the drawing-room is kept properly decorated, and that the chairs are in their most becoming position; but she is fit for any domestic company, and that the outdies everywhere are swept, and garnished, and made to sparkle upon the view. In fact all that she gives to her home arrangements is taste and a lady-like appearance. This is very delightful certainly, and quite requisite for the perfect ordering of an establishment; but there is more than this wanted; as, a dinner would be infinitely more satisfactory if made up only of creams and jellies and artificial flowers and a fine array of glittering plate. The most ethereal would feel the need of something more substantial, and the most refined men must secretly desire from their wives that steady under-current of practical supervision which their mothers were accustomed to give, and which, in their young days, was deemed one of the essentials of a woman's education.

And what is the consequence of this fine-lady drawing-room life? In the first place, most of our middle-class establishments are arranged on too grand a scale; more is appropriated to this nice housekeeping than ought to be allowed, according to the wisest calculations on the apportionment of the income; but all shows are dear; and then the thing is generally too expensively managed, even within this limit, and costs more for its show than need be. And, indeed, how can servants be expected to save the small bit here, and the small bit there, which seems so trifling at the time, but which tells so largely when accumulated at the year's end? If the mistress wishes to see that they do their ordinary duty, can it be reasonably expected that they will perform works of supererogation, and stint themselves of pleasure or perspiration, to fill the pocket of one who cannot hold her own purse-string steady? We must not look for ideal virtues from servants, and surely this would be an unbecomingly romantic notion, were it not for the necessary cost, this kind of housekeeping keeps up too great a division between mistress and maid. It is no longer one family as it used to be, when the servants were treated with affectionate consideration, and made to feel emphatically at home; when they repaid kindness by kindness, and did their work all the better for the dash of a generous attachment that mingled with it. Now they are only hirelings, without feeling for the family, and without love or care for the individual. They do just so much work as they are obliged for their own sakes, and to keep their hold, if they desire to remain; but their wages are the sole consideration that affects them, and they stay so long as they can get the most for their money. If the mistress treats them in the same spirit; as machines that are to be bought by so much money, and thrust out of doors so soon as there is the smallest flaw in the working. All the human element is gone out of the relations of mistress and servant at the present day, and we are not bettered by the omission. The mistress is no longer a mother, and the servant is no longer a child; the servants had more the character of retainers than of hirelings, and the silk gown did not sweep so gaudily past the cotton. We pay a heavy price in general for our finery.

Another consequence of this kind of housekeeping is the creation of two distinct classes of servants, neither of which is to be thought of as desirable. There is, first, the "thorough servant"—the woman who knows her business from the beginning, and does it well, too, if you allow the monetary margin she requires, and do not care for the absence of all friendly sentiment. This is the high-class servant, the very best of her order, in her place only in aristocratic households, where the service is ordered by departments, and she may take her place as chief of her ward. Such a woman as this generally disdains, as unladylike familiarity, any attempt on the part of her mistress to treat her with womanly consideration, to talk to her pleasantly of her home, or earnestly of her thoughts, or sympathizingly of her sorrows. She says she likes ladies to be ladies, and servants to be servants, and takes an insolent pride in the isolation of her position, and the difference between the classes. She is unsuitable, even by kindness, and not to be coerced by any form of severity. She is the cook who has been known to order her mistress out of the kitchen, if interfered with as to the secrets hidden away in holes and corners, or if the deep pots were more narrowly looked into than was agreeable. She discharges her mistress with an angry air, when dissatisfied with her place, and makes a speedy fortune out of kitchen stuff and broken bottles, perhaps with less lawful odds and ends than she is entitled to. This is the consequence of a mismanagement, which includes, neither doing too much, nor too little, but everything to a stranger whom it is not even sought to conciliate. When such a servant as this cannot be obtained, and the narrow income can afford neither her wages nor her perquisites, the lady must be content with a low class of servants,—one of those half-trained, unfeeling creatures, who go out for small wages, and think they can do everything without learning, but who, under careful training, would turn out sterling valuable servants; and who, indeed, are the pride of homely housekeepers, as delighted to teach a new maid as a mother is to teach a child. Ignorant of the first principles of cookery, or the very abasics of housework, they are taught servant of low wages, in a poor fine-lady house, is the most ill-placed person of our generation. Work ill done, services ill paid, less moral guidance than personal interference in the stricter families, less kindness than carelessness in the latter, the relations existing based avowedly only on work and wages, and not taught made at any friendliness of feeling, kindly sympathy of intercourse, or even wholesome and necessary teaching—the house which has inferior servants, and a do-nothing mistress, is about the ultimate of domestic discomfort. Not all the paste or gilding in the world can bridge over the chasm, or hide the ugly scars. They are visible everywhere, and form a sudden appeal to those who look beneath the surface.

Who is to blame for this removal of old landmarks, this disruption of happy bonds, this uprooting of pleasant places? We fear the blame does not rest only with one or two, nor yet with any one single circumstance of society. It is due as much to the foppishness of men as to the vanity of women, as much to the ingratitude of servants as to the heartlessness of female employers. Cause it is his in the insane desire of all people to stand higher than their fathers and mothers were content to stand, and the mad ambition to appear richer and grander than they are. Another cause is due to the unsettled

Valuable as the instincts of the sailor and farmer may be, they can tell us nothing as to these matters, and they can hardly be said to lead to the discovery of important general laws. But the empirical laws they give are suggestive to the man of science, though in themselves they may have little value, and it is certain that to lay the foundation of a science, much more is required than the unaided senses can give. Those who have leisure and opportunity for observation, and can turn to themselves not to neglect or tire of their work, can hardly do better work than to make and tabulate cross-yearly records, and for such persons Mr. Drew's little book will be found to have great value. The present differs but little from the first edition, and the chapter on the present state of practical meteorology would probably have undergone more careful revision, had the author been living, to work it up to the present time.

A GLANCE AT FOREIGN LITERATURE.

When the mind of society in general is suffering under any passing hallucination, no matter on what subject, contemporary writers naturally consider it their duty, or their province, to take a survey, if we may so express it, of the momentary mania, and to discuss its causes and effects. In pursuance of this principle, various treatises have appeared at different periods—on sorcery, for instance, in the fourteenth century, on the dancing mania a little later, and on magnetism in more modern times.

The mania of table-turning and spirit-rapping of the present day has, as a matter of course, called forth many opinions and elicited many facts, and the work of M. Louis Figner* supplies us with a history of the marvellous in the nineteenth century. He commences by the description of a Jew of the name of Léon, who sold, in 1770, magic mirrors at Paris; then he proceeds to narrate the strange history and life of Cagliostro, of Mesmer, and of *Magpie Cécile, la fille électrique*. He afterwards examines the origin and progress of table-turning in France, in America, and in England; but he treats the subject more in a historical than a critical point of view. M. Figner draws no conclusion, and although his relation is satisfactory as to its completeness, still one could have wished to find in his book some little philosophical discussion to elucidate the subject.

Passing from the supernatural to a human intelligence of the highest order, we will mention the works of the learned Leibnitz, of which a complete edition is now publishing by Count Foucher de Careil†. The first volume has just appeared, but, unfortunately, four or five years at least must elapse before the whole (20 vols.) can be published. The single volume before us contains his correspondence with Bonnet, Mélanie, Spinoza, and others, from original manuscripts. An able introduction shows the numerous errors accredited until now concerning this great philosopher, whose name even has been wrongly spelt *Leibnitz*, while countless letters prove that *Leibnitz* is the correct orthography. An ignorant heir sold all his valuable papers after the death of the philosopher of three thousand Dalres (1856). These letters are instructive, not only on philosophical and political subjects, but they delineate also the progress of ideas at the period in which he writes.

Among the many late works on Russia, the Empress Alexander and Nicholas, on the social and public character of that vast empire, will be found more interesting than the "Biography of Madame Schastliova."‡ She was born in Moscow in 1782, and descended from an ancient Muscovite family. As her father and several of her relatives held high official situations, she had an opportunity of observing personally most of the great men of the reigns of Empress Paul, Alexander, and Nicholas. The first volume contains many curious letters written in the years 1813 and 1814, and give very amusing details of the Court of Madame, Saint Andrew, Madame Reznova, Count Montalembert, and others; also of the invasion of Russia by Napoleon, and of the revolution of 1848. The second volume contains short treatises on religion in general, on old age, on resignation, and on Christianity. The authoress possessed evidently a highly-gifted mind, infused with a true spirit of charity. Literature is much indebted to M. Pallaut for his collection of these fragments.

The remarkable events which occupied the close of the last century, supply an inexhaustible source of anecdote to English and French writers; and all details on the extraordinary state of society which produced the great political convulsion called the French Revolution, are sure to be received with fresh interest. Women look so prominent a part in the great movements of 1789—1793, that Messieurs Edmond and Jules de Goncourt have been induced to write a history of the mistresses of Louis XV., as a just and necessary elucidation of the real condition of French society, and of its political bearings.† Madame de Nohe and her four sisters; Madame de Pompadour, and Madame du Barry, are the biographies here presented. The first, edited afterwards Marquis de Vasthail, was the second of the five daughters of Louis de Mailly, all of whom successively were favourites of the King. The youngest became celebrated under the name of Duchesse de Châteauroux. Marie Antoinette, the third, was the youngest of her birth, was endowed with such fascinating charms that she retained her power and influence over her royal lover up to the day of her death. One of her redeeming qualities, from which the public derived benefit, was her steady protection of the fine arts, for which she did much real. At last, losing herself in progress of the most talent. Although the character and career of Madame du Barry are well known, some anecdotes are here given which we do not remember to have met with elsewhere.

Now that Italy concentrates the attention of the whole of Europe on her future destiny, M. Albert Castelnau, of Lyons, has done us a happy service for an historical record on "The Revival or Renaissance in Italy," and embraces, of course, her most important period, the end of the fifteenth century. The author, on all main points, has kept strictly to truth, and only makes use of fiction to connect facts together in the most judicious manner. At last, leaving himself no room for taking hold of the mind—Rationalism, Mysticism, and Ecclesiastical authority. The first is represented and embodied in Machiavel; the second in Savonarola; the third is exemplified by Loyola. The heretics of the time, Zinzani, a most interesting character, he has made into a philosophical, and, in a most accepted and enthusiastic, due in a convert, after having been involved in most of the stirring events of the period. All the great names of Italy from 1491 to 1514 (and they are among the greatest in the world for crime as well as for

virtue), act a part in this drama, which we feel sure will soon be translated into English.

Monsieur Larroque, formerly a rector of the academy of Lyons, struck with the conviction that religious ideas can now only be inviolated through the medium of the reason, and that there are in all countries evident symptoms of a regeneration of Christianity, has just published a work* wherein he examines, in a very learned manner (in the first volume, consisting of more than 400 pages), the dogmas of Original Sin, of the Trinity, of the Incarnation, of the Resurrection, of the Last Judgment, &c., taking Holy Writ and the opinions of the fathers of the Church and the philosophers of old, as the basis of his argument. In the second volume he explores the books of the Old Testament, and inquires into the history of the New. The work is written throughout in a calm spirit of research, and with logical power, but the consequences drawn by the author are such, that the book was prohibited in France and published in Belgium, where, by the laws of the constitution, all religious opinions may be freely expressed.

THE SIGN OF THE PINE-TREES.

I KNOW what the forest smelt,

The forest of dark-green pines,
That are moved by the wild wind's breath,
When the cold clear starlight shines,
And the tales of the deep air-choir
Come rilling through their lines.

II.

I know, but I cannot tell,
For want of the mystic speech,
And the words ineffable,
That Wisdom cannot teach,
Even on her highest mountain
Where she sits beyond our reach.

III.

But I listen all night long
To the low eternal song,
To the melancholy song,
Burthen'd with mysteries high—
Earth-mornings set to music
On the harps of the upper sky.

IV.

I listen all night through,
And ever and ever I hear
One word that seems to me,
And two that mingle clear
Into a third low whisper:
Far off, but drawing near.

V.

I feel what the forest sings
With its veiled mystery breath:—
These thoughts—these words—these things:
Sorrow, and Love, and Death.
The mystery! the mystery!
Behold what the pine-tree saith! C. M.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Bell & Dally have in preparation—Another book of "Amber's Tales," translated by F. Webster, with 150 illustrations by E. H. Webster, Thomas, and others; "The House of Macland," translated from the Dutch, by Thomas Keightley, M.A.; and a new poem, entitled "Circumstances," by Alfred Tennyson, the post-humous.

An interesting memoir of the great John Bunyan is about to be published by Mr. Hotten, of Piccadilly. It is a reprint of an hitherto unknown poem, written by the author, whilst confined in Bedford jail, for the support of his wife and family. Mr. Offer, well known for his researches into the literature of the period, edits it, supplying an introduction, which gives new facts concerning Bunyan's private life.

The "Illustrated Horse Doctor," by Mr. Edward Mayhew, has been a great success. An eminent French firm is in treaty with Messrs. Allen & Co., to produce a translation in their language; while the American house of Lippincott & Co. of Philadelphia, are negotiating for its production in the United States.

Mr. Bentley will shortly publish "The Researches and Discoveries made during a Residence of Seven Years in the Levant and in the Islands of Mytilene and Rhodes," by C. T. Newton, Consul at Rome; "The Autobiography of Mrs. De launay, attached to the Court of Her Majesty Queen Charlotte," edited by Lady Darnley (this work will contain many interesting records of the time, and various letters from "the men" of the day, such as Wesley, Dr. Young, and others); "The Greatest of the Past Masters," an historical memoir, by Edmund Clifford; and the "History of Rome, from its Earliest Time to the Present of its Decline," by Dr. Mommsen, translated by the Rev. W. Pat. Dickson, with an introduction by Dr. Schmitz.

Messrs. Puttick & Simpson, literary auctioneers, commence their season on November the 5th. They announce the valuable library of the late Mr. Joseph Sans, of Darlington, and first Union-street, London, to commence on that day, and to be continued on the six following days. The catalogue comprises numerous specimens of early typography, English and foreign; rare and curious tracts; some valuable works relating to the Society of Friends; manuscripts on the fine letters of Egypt, and Hebrew square and round. Lot 894 is a curious specimen of early printing, from the press of Richard Last, in 1516. It was unknown to Heber, who had not a single specimen of Last's printing in his splendid collection. Lot 1,377 is also worthy of note; it is "Lottari Liber Miserie Cordis

* Les Tables Tourmentées, de Mélanie, et les Épîtres. Histoire des Merveilles dans les temps modernes. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris. Hachette, 1860. London: Belland.

† Œuvres complètes de Leibnitz. Vol. I. Paris: Firmin Didot, 1860.

‡ Madame Schastliova. Mémoires de la princesse de Schastliova par le Comte de Valentin, Paris. Armand Vatin, 2 vols. 8vo. London: Belland.

§ Les Mistresses de Louis XV. Par Edmond et Jules de Goncourt. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Firmin Didot, 1860. London: Belland.

|| Zanotti, ou la Renaissance en Italie. Par Albert Castelnau. 2 vols. 8vo. Brussels: Van Meenen & Co. 1860. London: Belland.

* Édition Critique des Doctrines de la Religion Chrétienne. Par Larroque. 2 vols. large 8vo. Brussels: Van Meenen & Co. 1860. London: Belland.

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—whether she were of imperial, royal, or noble birth, or of British or foreign parentage. European royalty is exposed, in one day, to so many changes, and reverses, and stands in some countries in so invidious a position, that perhaps a slight infusion of aristocratic, or even democratic, blood into the ancient royalty of Great Britain might give it new vigour. At all events let public opinion bespeak for this Prince of Wales the personal liberty which was denied to the last wearer of the title—and good, not evil, will result the sooner and the more gracefully it is accorded.

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IF we are found constantly adverting to those political considerations which affect more immediately the East of Europe, it is because the present internal condition of Turkey, is but little understood in England—a fact which will not prevent the British public from holding the most decided opinions as to the nature of the policy which should be pursued in that empire should the Eastern question once more assume that prominence which it doubtless will, in the course of those political combinations which the leading diplomatists of Europe are at this moment evolving. The fact that we have an embassy at Constantinople and a great number of diplomatic agents scattered throughout Turkey; that we have spent an incredible amount of blood and treasure in maintaining its independence; and that our attention for some years past has been turned in that direction, cannot, unfortunately, convince any well-informed writer or observer, that either the Government or the people of England are in a condition to decide upon the policy which it will be the interest of this country to adopt with reference to the fate of that empire. And if perchance the Government are in possession of information which should suggest the right course to be pursued, the House of Commons and the country, in the absence of that knowledge, may be known to hold a different opinion. And as we can scarcely venture to hope for such an amount of patriotism on the part of any Government as should induce it to follow the right policy in lieu of one which is popular, it is of the utmost importance that the public generally should be as well informed as the Government.

With regard to the present internal condition and political sentiments of one part of Turkey, at all events we may venture to assert confidently that we are as well informed as the Government. It is not a little remarkable that we have never had any political agent of any description in that province in which, when the great Eastern explosion takes place, the ruin will inevitably be lighted.

Our Government is, at this moment, as profoundly ignorant of the state of Montenegro as if that state was situated between Kamaskia and Japan; and yet Montenegro is the centre of those intrigues which are destined, unless we take measures to counteract them, to render all our exertions in behalf of Turkey valueless. Because we have never recognized the independence of that state; because it has some years been an open ulcer upon the side of Turkey; because we have disapproved of the bellicose propensities of its inhabitants, and their continual inroads upon their traditional enemies, we have thought it necessary to show our displeasure by an almost entire abstention from any intercourse with them. The consequence is, that Montenegro is entirely in the hands of French and Russian agents, who disseminate lies with reference to England unconcealedly; who supply the Montenegrins with arms, ammunition, and money unreservedly, and who instigate them to overt acts of aggression upon the neighbouring provinces of Turkey unrestrained by any fear of discovery. The only foreigner who has been resident in the capital of Montenegro, for some months past, is a Frenchman. His influence, in conjunction with the able diplomacy of a colleague at Scutari on the Montenegrin frontier, has completely eclipsed that formerly wielded by the Russian consul, who used to be considered, practically, the administrator of the country. Indeed, it is a remarkable fact that, throughout the East, within the last few years, French influence has gradually supplanted that of the Czar, who seems now to be contented to follow in the wake of the more enterprising diplomacy of the Tuilleries.

The importance of our imperial ally places upon this obscure mountain district may be gathered from the circumstance of his having written an autograph letter to Nicholas, the present youthful prince, concluding with him upon the recent assassination of his uncle Danilo, while, both in St. Petersburg and in Paris, the Montenegrin deputation charged with a mission to report that event, were honoured with personal interviews with the Emperors of France and Russia. It need scarcely be remarked that no such deputation ever visited London, and that our Government took no official cognizance of the death of the late prince. That event, nevertheless, was one of some importance to this country, politically. It placed the supreme power in the hands of Mirko, a brother of Danilo, and the father of the present prince, who is too young and incapable to possess any influence. Mirko is a man devoted to France, and who is said to have received large sums for his co-operation in the designs which are being rapidly elaborated, with the view to the proximate dismemberment of the Turkish empire. Whether this be so or not,

it is certain that constant disturbances take place on the Montenegrin frontier, the result of unprovoked inroads by the Montenegrins—whose delight and occupation is generally warfare—into the neighbouring Turkish province of Herzegovina, where the Christian population is ever ready to respond to the agitations of their turbulent co-religionists. To repress these rising, active measures on the part of the Turkish troops quartered in the district are necessary, and are called by the French and Russian agents, who send reports of them to the continental papers, "new persecutions on the part of the Turkish Government of their Christian subjects." We have recently had a specimen of one of these accounts of an *énée* at a place called Gasko, where the Christian population rose, without any provocation, against the Turks, and were with difficulty restrained from a wholesale massacre. Had such a catastrophe taken place, the incompetency of the Turkish Government to preserve order would have been loudly proclaimed throughout Europe. As the rising was repressed, a representative in the contrary sense was made, and the whole affair, in which very few lives were lost, was converted into another case of persecution, with numerous embellishments, and invocations of horrors which never occurred. The same influences, however, carefully conceal the fact that the noses and ears of Turks are the trophies of Montenegrin warfare, mutilated specimens of which may be seen in the Turkish towns in the neighbourhood. The effect of these atrocious reports upon the European mind is to confirm the impression already prevalent among those who have no personal acquaintance with Turkey, that it will be impossible much longer to maintain that empire, and that we engaged in a gigantic blunder when we undertook the Crimean war, and sacrificed millions of money and the best blood of England in the attempt to accomplish an impossible object. Either those who involved us in that war were guilty of an unpardonable crime of ignorance and stupidity towards the country, when they compromised it in defence of Turkey, or the policy which induced them to fight in its behalf still holds good, and Turkey is still capable of an independent existence. Those who are familiar with Turkey do not differ in opinion upon the latter point.

The only danger to Turkish independence lies in the machinations of those who profess to be its friends, and in the corruption of one or two men who, at present, hold the reins of government. With Riza Pasha omnipotent at Constantinople, it is impossible to expect the inauguration of those measures of reform which would at once satisfy the Christians, and deprive the enemies of Turkey of the pretexts which a weak Government now affords them. But to maintain that *some* of our statesmen are base and incompetent, and the system of government *some* have imperfectly understood, and the empire is incapable of existence, is to make an inference which might have been drawn with tenfold greater force prior to the late war. Since that period the internal condition of Turkey, both financially and politically, has been rapidly improving. The social state of the Christian population has been, in all important respects, largely ameliorated, while the name of England ranks highest among the nations of the world. We may, at least, congratulate ourselves upon the fact, about which there is no dispute, that our influence is all powerful with the Turkish people, if not with the Government, and that an enthusiasm exists with respect to England, which only those who have recently travelled in the country can thoroughly appreciate. We owe our present prestige throughout the empire to those Turkish corps which were formed during the war, and commanded by English officers. Every private who served in the Turkish contingent, every Bashi Bazar who returned to his native village with his pocket full of English gold, has been a missionary proclaiming the bounty and honesty of England; and an army of 300,000 men, of the best material which Europe can afford for warlike purposes, would enlist under an English standard in Turkey to-morrow.

The one question which is propounded incessantly to every Englishman travelling in Turkey is, "Will England raise a Turkish army in the event of another Eastern war?" and the answer of the Englishman who knows his countrymen will probably be—"The British public will never tolerate another Eastern war. They are profoundly ignorant of the merits of Turkish soldiers; they know nothing of their wonderful endurance, of their discipline, of their discipline, or of their bravery in the field. They forget that never once, on the Danube or in Circassia, did they meet the Russians without coming off victorious. They only remember that a few raw recruits evaded some earth-works in the Crimea, which, under the circumstances, their own soldiers could never have held; and they are now ready to sacrifice all the advantages which were gained by the war, because they believe the reports of the emissaries of Russia and France, and consider that a partition of Turkey, which was unjust then, will be just now, and that we are likely to obtain a larger share of the spoil, from the combined good nature of Louis Napoleon and the Czar, than would have fallen to our lot had we accepted the proposals of the Emperor Nicholas." When, in the course of next spring, the Christian populations of Bosnia and Herzegovina, supplied with arms by France and Russia, and co-operated with by Prince Michael of Servia on one side and by Mirko of Montenegro on the other, rise in open rebellion against the Turkish Government, there will be an outcry in

England that Turkey is falling to pieces. And although, if the Serai-kiate is left to its own devices, there is no doubt that any such rebellion would be quashed in a month, the sympathies of Englishmen will be enlisted in behalf of the Christian populations, and we shall play the game of France by weakening still more the supreme authority, and precipitating the fall of an empire whose existence is essential to our Eastern interests, and whose alliance would be more powerful than any other in Europe, because it would be honest and subservient, and because its armies would be under the absolute control of the Government of this country. Let Turkey see thoroughly well that her existence depends upon the will of England, and can only be secured by her compliance with certain conditions imposed by us, and her armies become English armies, and her system of administration conformable with English views, without either the responsibilities or the expense of an additional possession. We should thus wield to our own advantage, and to the benefit of the whole population, the vast material resources of an empire for which we have spent so much, and justify, by an enlightened statesmanlike policy, a war which, if followed by any other result, becomes an act of stupendous incapacity.

WANTED; A NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL FOR CANADA.

SIR EDMUND HEAD, it is announced in the journals, has left Canada for England, and he is not, we are informed, to return to the seat of his government. A correspondent, writing from Quebec, says:—

"There is considerable speculation on the Governor's successor. It is thought the experience of the Duke of Newcastle will greatly influence the appointment. Rumour has it that 'he has said no second-rate man must be sent to Canada.' If he has said this, or entertains the opinion which could give rise to the expression, his visit has not been barren of a wholesome conviction. Canada wants not only an able man for her governor, but one of accredited standing and position. He should not only have talent, but station. The country is in a state of transition. The union, as now existing, cannot long continue. A consolidation of all the provinces under a vice-royalty is the nearest goal of England's retention of these dependencies, and the duke may, perhaps, have been sufficient to convince him of the fact. I by no means express a singular opinion in saying that it is very doubtful if the Prince's visit has added one hour to the continuance of British connection. Not that I wish you to suppose we are on the eve of rebellion, or that we desire a separation; but what I mean is, that men feel unsettled in their political existence,—they feel as men without a chart, and the Anglo-Saxon element feels itself unduly depressed, and is fast ripening to the assertion of supremacy. It is this element that the duke has not thought it worth his while to conciliate, and it will, you may depend, sooner or later work out its own vindication."

"I have just returned from a flying visit to Upper Canada, after a year's absence, and I can assure you that the antagonism of the two Provinces is assuming, in the west, an aspect that renders a provocation of the present union an impossibility. Representation by population might, two years ago, have appeased the hostility; now nothing less than a disruption of the legislative union will suffice. The elections of next year—the life-period of the present parliament—will all turn, in the Upper Province, upon the question of a new state; and, I regret to add, in a very large proportion of the constituencies, upon a pledge of opposition to the present ministry. In this latter, it must be confessed, the country demands a change; and it is but too certain that the present house does not represent the country. The mischief is that we have no better men, but as these may be, to succeed. It is unfortunate, too, that corrupt as the house undoubtedly is, the constituencies are little better. Political demoralization is all-pervading,—political immorality a subject for a jest."

We understand further, that the Orangemen of Lambton County, at a meeting held at Watford, Canada West, passed a series of resolutions, declaring their long-continued attachment to the Sovereign and the Protestant religion; their opinion that the Roman Catholics, being sworn to maintain the supremacy of a foreign potentate, cannot be loyal subjects; their deep regret at the favour shown to Roman Catholics, which has caused men of high position, who were once the avowed adherents of Orange societies now to join them; their disapproval of the conduct of the Duke of Newcastle as the chief adviser of the Prince of Wales in his late visit to Canada; and their opinion that it is no longer reasonable to count on their support for the Imperial Government. As a consequence, they request "the Grand Lodge to revise the Orange obligation at the earliest opportunity, and strike out those portions which refer to British rule in those provinces." These feelings are shared by other Orangemen, who look on themselves as the leaders and masters in the Upper Province.

Canada, then, is in a critical position. The long-cherished disputes between races and creeds, which a rapidly-increasing prosperity might have lessened, have lately been exacerbated by two or three mischances. Last year the harvest was not good. The Grand Trunk Railway is not a success, and has fallen into difficulties. A very bad feeling was excited by the conduct of the home Government in regard to the Galway mail contract, which has been to the Canadians a source both of disappointment and loss. The New Governor-General, then, will commence his functions surrounded by many difficulties, and he ought to be a man of energy, yet prudent and conciliatory. Canada should have a voice in the matter. It desires a first-rate man

for its chief; a man of high rank and a man of ability. Of late it has been accustomed to such men. Lord Durham, Lord Sydenham, Lord Metcalfe, and Lord Elgin, some of the immediate predecessors of Sir Edmund Head, were equally distinguished by ability and by rank.

The Canadians would, no doubt, like a Prince of the Blood for their Viceroy, with a federal union of all the provinces; but at present there are not the means of gratifying their wishes. The next best thing is for the ministry to select amongst the nobility that man who, by his rank, would be most likely to conciliate the Canadians, and, by his abilities, would be best adapted to prepare the way for the union, as the best method to secure both the complete self-government of all the provinces and the continuance of the connection with the mother country. It is not for us to put individuals forward; but there are among our nobility men of high rank, of ample fortune or large expectations, of great talents, and with considerable knowledge of Canada and the adjacent countries, who would be at once acceptable to the Canadians, and likely, by their moderation and good sense, to promote the great objects in view. The place is a great one; and a great man is required to fill it.

THE PEACE LEAGUE.

AMID the rumours of wars which reach us from the Continent we are glad to have to chronicle the addition of a new and not insignificant member to the Peace League. The precept to insure peace by preparing for war has too long served as a cloak for designs of spoliation and oppression. At length it is reverting to its original meaning, and we were last week enabled to add Belgium to Switzerland and England, the two nations which were hitherto distinguished by their resolute attitude of self-defence. The address by which we learn the existence of a Belgian Committee of National Defence is worthy of the sons of the stalwart burghers who handled the sword and crossbow as deftly as the shuttle, and who were among the first in the struggle for freedom, as well as the foremost in the mechanical arts. We owed them of old more than one lesson, and they have profited in turn by those we have given them of late. Belgium is the only country in Europe where the Constitutional system imported from England has really flourished. The address to which we have alluded is more than a document worthy of perusal, it is a state-paper of the highest value. Though issued by a committee of private individuals, the Minister of the Interior, by receiving, has adopted it. It naturally begins by explaining the object of the Association, the organizing a force for national defence in such a manner as, without impairing its efficacy, should cause no embarrassment to the Government. It is under cover of the liberty of association, which the Belgians enjoy as completely as we do ourselves, that they prepare to resist the possible attack of an imperious neighbour, who not long since endeavoured, by menace, to deter their government from fortifying Antwerp. This time he would have to accuse, not their rulers, but the people themselves of distrust; and whatever displeasure he may feel, he is too wise to manifest it in such a case. The address then proceeds to expose the causes which render such preparation indispensable; the decay of public law; the neglect of those diplomatic formalities which from the earliest ages have always been practised by barbarous as well as civilized nations previous to the outbreak of hostilities; the facilities which railroads and steam-vessels afford for the sudden movement of large bodies of troops, so that brief space intervenes between the declaration of war (where this old-fashioned formality is still observed) and the irruption of the enemy's forces.

Under such circumstances it is needless to be always ready to avert the possible blow. As in Syria the Druse and Maronites follow the plough with their muskets slung over their backs; so in Europe the merchant and handicraftsmen who have freedom to lose, must always have arms within reach to defend it. So strangely do barbarism and the most refined civilization present points of resemblance! Separated by no natural frontiers from the most aggressive of nations, and remembering that their country is the secular battle-field of Europe, the Flemings are perhaps more alive to the imminence of the danger than other continental nations. They have also more to lose,—the freedom which their fathers so sturdily asserted, and which they have secured,—the wealth which their modern industry, favoured by this freedom, has accumulated.

The Volunteer movement is only commencing in Belgium. It is as yet confined to a few communes, and there are but 30,000 men enrolled. This is a goodly number, larger in proportion to the population canvassed than most of our Volunteer districts can show, but far below the necessities of the case, or the aspirations of the committee. They demand and hope to obtain half a million of recruits.

The day when the wish of the committee is realized, Belgium will be independent of all treaties of neutralization, though we may hope that events will not force it out of its present happy position of a non-warring power. The address concludes with a practical suggestion, accompanied by some valuable information on the subject of small-arms. It recommends to the Minister the adoption of men-

sures to determine the comparative values of those used in different countries, so that the best possible weapon may be secured for the best possible cause.

We have all remarked the individual gain which accrues from the healthy exercise of the drill. In Fleet-street or Cheapside the Volunteer may be distinguished by his gait. The days which he gives to his country will add years to his life. The bent back is straightened, the narrowed chest expanded, while the lungs recover the free play of nature. The moral health is not less benefited than the physical. There is more than a fancied connection between an upright walk and upright thoughts, between crooked bodies and crooked ways, between the sane body and the sane mind. The leaders of the Volunteer movement in Belgium have published a nobler protest against lawless ambitions than any statesman of the present day has penned. May they go on and prosper!

THE NEW ZEALAND QUESTION.

MOST of us have set ourselves the task, at times, of investigating moral problems; and most of us have been brought to the conviction that such exercise of the mind is beset with extraordinary difficulties. Given, any one moral topic as the theme, it is astonishing how wide apart may be the limits of the difference of opinion in regard to it. Nevertheless, some sort of resultant to moral problems there must be, or no standard of right and wrong could subsist; society would disintegrate into its elements; government would be impossible.

Many of the solved social problems of the age—so-called—are not really solved at all. Morality have reasoned about them, legislators have debated, and warriors fought about them; until, reasoning, debate, and war being found of no avail, people have at last, for sheer peace and quietness' sake, adopted some provisional issue, and recognised some *status quo*—the latter mistaken for a true moral solution.

Now, a *status quo* to which one has become accustomed, a condition which embodies tenets of agreement sufficient for a specific case, may, if it be accepted as a pure moral deduction, conduce to evil, and bring trouble. Contemplate, for example, the much-vexed question of the moral relationship subsisting between a people and the land they dwell upon. Here, in Europe, however wide be the differences of opinion relative to this title to land, contemplating it under the aspect of a question of mere justice, people have long since agreed to accept a prescriptive issue. We have agreed that the mere circumstance of birth in any particular country, or of belonging to any one particular race, shall be held to give no title to the proprietorship of land. We all have agreed to accept the authority of precedent, title-deeds, possession, and other prescriptive conditions, without scrutinizing first principles and debating moral rights. For the present condition of Europe this basis of agreement is well. No one suffers ill from this arrangement; on the contrary, it in many ways conduces to social tranquillity, and subverts national progress. But there is all the difference in the world between the acceptance of a practical resultant for peace and quietness' sake, by common consent, and the recognition of it as a moral deduction.

These considerations are forced upon us by reflecting upon the lamentable troubles now subsisting between this Government and the Maori tribes. If the past history of British relations with this interesting people be scrutinized, it will be found to have embodied a new sentiment, as between a powerful invading, and a weak aboriginal race. The new sentiment consisted in the recognition that an aboriginal race had some sort of interest in the regions they were found occupying. Confused, and uncertain though the ethics of the land question be when regarded in the abstract, few minds, if any, will refuse assent to the limited proposition that the Maoris, whom we, as invading strangers came amongst, really ought to have some sort of interest in the land of their occupation. With this provisional deduction, unfortunately our Government was not content. Actuated by good will—as we are ready to acknowledge—to the aboriginal tribes, the British Colonial Government committed a great error; that of mistaking a provisional issue, a convention, for a moral principle of abstract justice. The British Government chose to assume the New-Zealanders to have acquired notions of landed property exactly similar to our own. This was absurd. The very idea of a landed proprietorship must needs be foreign to any save an agricultural or a hunting people. The Maoris were neither. When therefore our Government decreed in the treaty of Waitangi that the invaders would acquire no land in New Zealand, save by purchase from the actual proprietors of it, the conclusion must have been evident to any comprehension, save the most narrow and technical, that out of such a decree troubles some day must arise.

The Colonial Government never, in the fullest exercise of their imagination, assumed the existence of Maori parchment deeds of succession and inheritance—of Maori hereditary visitations, and smugly other paraphernalia of land inheritance as subsisting amongst ourselves. They were content, as under the circumstances they must needs have been, with very slender pretensions. This being so, the

first native to treat was the first to sell. Others followed, protesting they had as much right to the land as he; and thus the elements of dispute were never stilled. The non-success of our self-imposed territorial arrangements with the aborigines of New Zealand opens the question of the moral responsibilities that should subsist between a civilized and invading, and a savage invaded or conquered race. Looking at the condition of the Maoris when Englishmen first came amongst them, we believe that not policy alone, but abstract justice, so far as one can understand abstract justice, would have dictated the claim on the part of the invaders to the fee-simple of the entire land. Considering the benefits we gave; considering that before the seaborne adventurers landed on the shores of the British of the South not one mammal quadruped existed there besides the kiore or native rat; considering that fern roots were the staple food of the aboriginal race—supplemented by baked man's flesh on holidays as a relish—it really does not seem unreasonable that the donors of pigs and poultry, beavers, sheep, corn, and potatoes, should have invested themselves with the fee-simple of the land.

To us this appears plain justice; whilst, regarded as a policy, it probably would have obviated many, if not most of the causes of irritating contests in which the British and Maoris have found themselves engaged. It was sheer folly to have recognized, at the Antipodes, the existence of a territorial conflict identical with our own; a condition satisfactory enough in Europe, for the simple reason that they before the seaborne adventurers landed on the shores of the British of the South not one mammal quadruped existed there besides the kiore or native rat; considering that fern roots were the staple food of the aboriginal race—supplemented by baked man's flesh on holidays as a relish—it really does not seem unreasonable that the donors of pigs and poultry, beavers, sheep, corn, and potatoes, should have invested themselves with the fee-simple of the land.

That a population loss, at the time in question, than eighty thousand should alone hold and possess a fertile region of ninety millions of acres—a region about the size of the British Islands—can on no grounds be defended. The position is untenable if argued on the basis of abstract justice; it fails if argued on the lower grounds of policy and mutual advantage. Moreover, despite the pretensions sympathy for the natives and their interests, set forth in the dogma of "New Zealand for the Maoris," the dogma admitted of contravention. It was not difficult to set up the plea of holding lands in trust, for the benefit of natives present or to come. To what extent this had been done at periods antecedent to 1845, when New Zealand became a formal dependency of the British crown, blue-books painfully reveal.

For our part we care not to ponder over-much on the seeming destiny of certain aboriginal races. It seems to be decreed that the Maoris, like the Red Indians, shall soon die out. One's sympathies must be favourable to a race so highly-endowed as the Maoris. Intellectual, brave, chivalrous as the New-Zealanders are, no man of proper feeling can look upon their rapid degeneration—their withering from the land which bore them—without regret. We would stay the progress of those off-recurring contests between them and us. To that end we feel assured the Colonial Government would perform an act very much to the advantage of both parties, were they to formally appropriate, without delay, the lands of New Zealand to the British Crown.

SMOKING IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

IT appears, from an announcement made by the South-Eastern Railway Company, that in consequence of numerous complaints made by passengers against the selfish and ungentlemanly habit of smoking in the carriages, the directors have determined "to stop the practice." We are certain that the directors have in this respect somewhat over-estimated their power; and that they will neither stop nor diminish the evil, unless they open their purse-strings to adopt a real remedy. They confine themselves, at present, to an appeal to the public—a merely sentimental appeal which will have no effect. The state that the regulations prohibiting smoking were made to secure the general comfort and convenience of the passengers, and that they cannot but think that those who disregard the rules are not aware of the annoyance they inflict on others. Simple-minded directors! What does it signify to a smoker if he annoy a non-smoker? Does not the smoker believe that he who does not smoke is in the minority, and must yield to the majority? It is in vain that the directors, anxious merely to save money, invite the co-operation of the passengers in discountenancing the practice. But how are passengers to do it? Is one man to waste his time and ruffle his patience

in disputing with three or perhaps half a dozen strangers, who will certainly think him a "snob," or a "snuff," or give him some other slang designation, equally ungentlemanly and contemptuous, because he presumes to be more virtuous or more decent than the rest of the world! The directors deprecate the necessity of resorting to any other course than this quiet appeal to the good feeling of smokers, which the smokers will laugh to scorn, and blaze away so vehemently as ever. They may be told that by persisting in their selfish enjoyment they will render any station-master, guard, porter, or other officer, coming at, or permitting their indulgence, subject to dismissal. But these are mere words, and signify nothing. What the directors have to do, to render justice to the travelling community—smokers as well as non-smokers,—is to regulate a practice which they cannot abolish, and to build carriages for the convenience of those to whom indulgence in tobacco has become a necessity of existence.

It appears that this view of the subject has fallen under the cognizance of the directors of the South-Western, as well as of other lines, but that the expense of the improvement has frightened them from doing what is required. The sum of from twenty to twenty-five thousand pounds would be requisite, according to the statement made to us, to build a sufficient number of smoking-carriages on any of the great lines of railway leading out of London; but why should such an expenditure as this prevent any body of directors from doing what is right? People in England are not only more business-like, but more pleasure-loving; and if a person detests tobacco-smoke, it is just possible he will stay at home, instead of making a pleasure tour, if he is likely to be annoyed by the filthy smoke of a "gout," who persists in polluting the confined atmosphere of a railway carriage with the fumes of his cigar—which may be of tobacco, but which may also happen to be of cabbage,—and in which practice he may be left untroubled by the guard or other official, blinded by a shilling or half a crown. The directors should consider this, and either enforce their laws on behalf of the ladies and the non-smoking gentlemen—or alter them; and if neither of these courses be advisable, conform as best they can to the circumstances. The thing to be done is to build smoking-carriages. To this alternative railway directors must come at last, and the sooner they make up their minds to it the better. If £20,000 be too much for them, there is no necessity to spend the money all at once. Railway carriages, like everything else in this world, wear out; and whenever the directors are compelled to build a new carriage, let it be one for smokers; and they will thus throw what might be an extraordinary, into the category of an ordinary expenditure, and do by degrees what is inexpedient or inconvenient to do all at once. But sentimental appeals to the good feelings of smokers are all thrown away, and are of no more efficacy than bottled moonshine.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

THE BETTER KNOWING, THE WORSE PURSUING.

THE way in which our English landowners regard the lessons afforded by the experience of others is something wonderful; or rather it appears wonderful, if we regard them simply as rational owners of property. But if we investigate the subject, we find them beset by prejudices which prevent them from acquiring a knowledge of good management, or from applying that knowledge where circumstances have forced its acquisition upon them. It is known to most agriculturists that in Scotland, where a long lease is invariably given and required by landlord and tenant of a farm, and both parties regard the transaction of letting and hiring a farm as a purely business matter, rents are higher, farmers' profits greater and more secure, and husbandry more advanced than in England, where yearly tenancies, sub-servient tenants, and patronizing landlords, are regarded as the ordinary incidents of landed property. In Scotland the climate is inferior to most parts of England, the soil is more moderate, and the market facilities are not so great, yet confessedly, north of Tweed, husbandry, regarded simply on commercial principles, is a safer and more advanced business than it is in England. Nor is there any difficulty in seeing the causes which give the Scotch farmer these advantages. There the contractor for a farm is a deliberate business, necessarily the subject of calm calculation on the part of the tenant, and due inquiry and consideration on the part of the landlord. The one party knows that he must make a large and immediate outlay, with the hope of receiving it back with a sufficient profit during the currency of his lease. The other knows that the security of his rental and the improvement of his land for the next ninety or twenty years must depend on the prudence and competency and agricultural skill of his tenant. Hence caution is exercised on both sides. And one very material advantage the security afforded by his lease gives to the Scotch farmer, is the facility with which he can obtain loans of capital from bankers and others during the commencement of his lease, and while he requires the use of all his available capital to bring the farm into a proper state of cultivation. When this has once been done, the farmer's course is comparatively easy, and the advances he received during his primary struggles are repaid. The landowners of Scotland, too, are more alive to the necessity of making permanent improvements than are the English landlords; those who by the greater part of Scotch landowners have been made by tenants, or by landlords under engagements entered into with tenants at the commencement of their leases. In short, the system of leases is the corner-stone of Scotch husbandry. Now these things are not unknown, or need not be unknown to English landowners. They travel in Scotland, they visit their Scotch friends, and accompany them, and make of them good periodically to shoot in the Scotch highlands; and although the exclusiveness of the class is proverbial, yet even an English aristocrat cannot in these

days go into Scotland without seeing and hearing something of the differences between the positions of Scotch and English farmers, and the advantages enjoyed by the former. Yet what practical conclusions do our landowners derive from such knowledge? None, literally none.

Here, for instance, the same and identical conclusion drawn by Sir John Pakington, from his not unimportant observations made during a visit to Scotland. At the Worcester Agricultural Meeting, after referring to the role of the society against the introduction of political topics, declared his intention of following Mr. Disraeli's "wise" example in Buckinghamshire, of addressing an agricultural meeting without touching on politics. He thought "their object at these meetings should be to disseminate agricultural knowledge." With that view Sir John gave an account of his Scotch visit. He said:—

"Within the last few days he had travelled through that celebrated agricultural district between the rivers Forth and Tweed, where he saw most splendid farms, with fields large and ledges small, where he could count the housesteads, because there were few trees to intercept the view; and where every housestead had its steam-engine chimney. The crops there were magnificent; and the rents were high because the farming was profitable. Farming there was profitable because leases were long. Every farm was farmed with sufficient capital, and the tenant had no fear or hesitation in investing his capital in the soil, because he had the security of a lease. What was the result? Such rents were paid as were typical of the demand of this country; and it was a common thing that the rents there should be so high that he was afraid to mention them to a Worcestershire farmer. But he (Sir John) was told that it was common to pay corn-rents there, and that the rent of a farm, per acre, in that district was from 10s. to 12s. and sometimes three. Sometimes a farmer paid £1,000, £2,000, and even £3,000 a year rent, and had a handsome profit left for himself afterwards."

This is truly, as Sir John Pakington admitted, "a fine picture of farming;" and what is the natural conclusion to which it would lead the mind of an unprejudiced owner of land? What would any reasonable Worcestershire landlord be expected to say? He would naturally say—"I will ascertain that my tenants have sufficient capital to invest in improved cultivation, and, having done so, I will grant them long leases; I will aid them to adopt the efficiency and economy the steam-engine affords to many operations of husbandry, by remodelling their farm-buildings and housesteads; that the use of steam-engines may be possible; and, having done these things, I may fairly expect to receive an equivalent increase of rent." There is scarcely a farmer in the county of Worcester who would not have readily agreed in such conclusions; who would not have said, "That is something like business;" "Now the squire has travelled to some purpose;" or the like. But, in truth, Sir John was not talking to the farmers. He had the landlords of Worcestershire in his mind's eye, and any such practical conclusions from his own premises would have been deemed by them rank heresy. He therefore adverted to a non-essential portion of his "fine picture of farming" in Scotland, wherein he assumed it to contrast unfavourably with Worcestershire farms, and dwelt on that, saying:—

"Now, this was a fine picture of farming; but he must confess that he should be sorry, in the county of Worcester, to see all this fine picture of husbandry spreading and their rich apple-orchards filled, and their fields well sown and fruitful as in the district he had named, for he saw there many high steam-engines, but he looked in vain for a lofty tree. They might do a good deal in the way of improvement before they might be expected to follow the example which had been set them in Scotland to a certain extent."

He said they must admit "that the general character of Worcestershire farming" was not good; "that they did not stand high in agriculture; and that their first object should be to communicate knowledge to each other."

Now, why does Worcestershire not stand high in agriculture? The soil of the county is for the most part fertile, and the climate is moderate, and generally easy to work. The climate is generally far more genial than any part of Scotland. The county is within easy reach of some of our most populous manufacturing districts, where the best markets for all agricultural produce are to be found. Coal is cheap, and everything invites the Worcestershire farmer to use the steam-engine, save that which the Scotch farmer enjoys, a long lease. Nobody would suggest the stripping Worcestershire of her orchards, or even her oaks and elms; but the fields might be enlarged with advantage, and much of the timber usefully removed. The elm may be very beautiful, or the wide-spreading oak very magnificent in a landscape's eye, but what will the farmers get when these fine ornaments of nature stand in the way and turnip-fields are wanted? Are none of the soil fields and straggling fences of Worcestershire maintained, of "malice aforethought," to preserve game? We hesitate not to say that, without interfering with general landscape or the orchards, such a removal of hedgerow timber and broken fences might be made in Worcestershire, and the result would be to leave rents as high as those paid for land in Scotland, while the farmers would become far more independent and prosperous than they are at present. At the same meeting Sir Thomas Winnington said he had lately "visited the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. There, too, he saw tall chimneys intermingled with rural scenery, and there, too, he saw steam-engines used."

There, too, Sir Thomas might have said, he found leases forming the basis, and the sole basis, of improved husbandry. But, somehow or other, the landlords at these agricultural meetings always omit the most essential point. They seem to require the bricks to be made without straw; they preach improvement, yet ignore the only means by which it can be obtained. Yet Sir John Pakington shows it is not ignorance! What is it?

NON-ESTIMABLE FABRIC.—In consequence of the number of accidents which occur by the "hotter" light from ladies' dresses, a bill for an inquiry was directed by Her Majesty to be made, for the purpose of ascertaining if some means could be devised for rendering the materials of which such dresses are generally composed less inflammable. This inquiry was intrusted to Mr. Fret. Vermaun, F.R.S., and also, Alphonse Oppenheim, F.R.S., and an account of their investigations has been published in a pamphlet by Messrs. Tröbner & Co. of Paternoster-row. They "advocate the adoption of sulphate of ammonia and of tincture of soda in manufactures of light fabrics and in laundries." They declare that the general use of these salts will greatly reduce the risk of fire, and that, through the use of these salts, prepared by the manufacturing purposes and domestic use, can now be procured in various parts of London.

immediate pursuits. He commended the study of science and history, and the pursuit of such novels as those of Scott and Bulwer, as a relief from more recumbent subjects; and in conclusion he expressed a hope, that no exertion or co-operation would be wanting on the part of the people of Leeds to give ample effect to the scheme which had been so nobly conceived for the enlargement of their institution. On the following day, the corporation of Leeds entertained the Premier to luncheon, and presented him with an address of congratulation, to which he replied at some length, expressing incidentally a hope that the changes now in progress in Southern Europe might lead to the establishment of a political system in Italy as conducive to the happiness and prosperity of the Italians as, unfortunately, some of the governments which have hitherto existed in that country have contributed to their unhappiness and their misery.

On the evening of the same day he presided at the annual meeting of the Leeds Ragged School Society and Sheshale Brigade, and delivered a speech, in which he showed such a lively appreciation of the value and importance of these institutions, as to inspire the hope that their claims upon government recognition will meet with powerful support in the coming session of Parliament.

Previously to the *soirée* at Leeds, a meeting was held, of delegates from the Chambers of Commerce, in the chief centres of business in Yorkshire, to make arrangements for an interview with Lord Palmerston on the subject of the bankruptcy and insolvency laws. The meeting was addressed by Mr. Morley of London, who contends that the present Bankruptcy Court, instead of being, to use a definition of Lord Eldon, a court for the distribution of assets among creditors, is a court for the distribution of assets among official assignees and other functionaries. The opinions expressed by Mr. Morley were enthusiastically approved of, and a resolution in conformity with them was adopted for presentation to Lord Palmerston; a high eulogium was at the same time passed upon Sir Richard Bell and Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for their entire sympathies with the legitimate claims of mercantile men for reform in bankruptcy. Lord Palmerston promised that a measure similar to the Bill of last Session would be brought before Parliament.

Lord Palmerston's address at the Leeds Soirée, was followed by one on the same subject, delivered by Lord Stanley, at Warrington, on Saturday last, at a public dinner, on the occasion of a change in the organisation of the Mechanics' Institute of that place. Lord Stanley is of opinion that one of the main reasons why the children of the working classes leave school early, is the natural and honourable desire they have to get their own living as soon as they can. For persons who act on such motives, Mechanics' Institutions supply the means of further instruction. He felt convinced, from what had fallen under his notice as Chairman of the Kirkcaldy Quarter Sessions, that ignorance is a fruitful source of crime; and that instruction in every shape tends to improve the morality of the population. He therefore hoped that Mechanics' Institutions would become as successful in all parts of the country as they already are in Manchester, Leeds, and Liverpool.

In consequence of the hostility to Mr. Traut's proposal to form street railways in the Marylebone district, he withdrew his application at a meeting of the representative council, on Saturday last, in order to give the vestry an opportunity of seeing his scheme carried into operation in Victoria-street. On Tuesday he attended a meeting of the Commissioners of Sewers, to explain his plans for the introduction of street railways in the crowded thoroughfares of the City. On the ground that he had himself admitted that he was not anxious now to commence his operations in this part of the metropolis, the consideration of the subject was postponed for a month.

The rapid progress of the volunteer movement is truly gratifying. The number of riflemen, originally ascribed to be 70,000, then 150,000, is now estimated at 200,000. Reports of rifle matches reach us from all parts of the country. At Highdown, near Liverpool, the Lancashire contest commenced this week, the aggregate value of the prizes contending for amounting to £1,000. The prizes to those members of the St. George's Rifles who had been successful in the recent shooting-match, were distributed on Monday last by Sir Hamilton Seymour. He took the opportunity, in a spirited speech, to express a conviction that the rifle movement will be permanent. It had been found so conducive to public health as already to have affected the bills of mortality.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales met with a magnificent reception at New York. On the day after his arrival he visited the University and other public institutions, and was entertained to a great ball at the Academy of Music. His Royal Highness left New York on the 15th ult., and arrived at Boston on the evening of the 17th, and was received in that city with the greatest enthusiasm. He arrived at Portland on the 20th, and the same day embarked for England.

The arrival of the Cape mail brings further news of the progress of Prince Alfred in Southern Africa. After visiting the capital of the Orange River Free State he passed through Wynberg to Harismith, on the Natal boundary. Thence he proceeded to Durban, where he met with a warm welcome. On the 6th he re-embarked in the *Euryalus*, and on the 17th he left the foundation-stone of the Breakwater at Cape Town, a ceremony which is looked upon in the colony as the great event of his visit. After inaugurating a Sailors' Home and a new Library Hall he left the colony on the 19th, amid the liveliest demonstrations of respect and loyalty.

The Earl of Donalmond, one of the most remarkable men the country has produced, died at his residence in Kensington on the morning of the 31st ult.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE Bank of England has not as yet raised its minimum rate of discount, and the minds of public writers on this question have fluctuated almost from day to day. In the early part of the week money was temporarily abundant, the market easy, and the hopes high. As the week advanced, the market was less easy, the demand on the Bank increased, gold was again withdrawn, and fears of a rise in the rate of discount again predominated. Permanent ease is out of the question, but how long it will be before the risk takes place we cannot say. Something is due to the nature of our trade, a less amount of liquid tender being required for an active foreign trade carried on chiefly by bills than for an active home and retail trade carried on by ready money.

On Thursday, November 1st, the Bank was silent as usual for striking the balance of its accounts, and no business was done on the Stock Exchange. With no change in the money market, and no great political changes, the funds and shares have continued very steady. Consols have gravitated about 93. Railway shares have only slightly fluctuated, and are not depressed. Of foreign funds only the Turkish have become a little lively; on what the expectation of improvement in the condition of Turkey is founded does not appear. The shares of the Grand Trunk and Great Western of Canada do not keep up so well as the shares of the leading lines in the United States. Stocks suitable for permanent investment keep remarkably steady.

The corn market, too, has not undergone any great changes in the week. Large quantities of foreign corn continue to arrive, and thence, with what was in store, has in general kept the market full. A comparatively small quantity of our own crops has, as yet, been sold, and this being composed of many different qualities, various prices are demanded.

Sugar, rice, tea, and other foreign products, particularly the first named, have all been in increased demand, and prices have tended upwards. The stocks of sugar and the arrivals are comparatively small; and although the reports from the sugar-growing countries are favourable as to the cane-crop, the price has risen.

The markets for our manufactures continue active and good; but for such productions as Nottingham lace, which depend very much on the home market, the demand is not active.

The great increase of the exports in September, 18 per cent. as compared to last September, and in the eight months of the year, of 4 per cent. shows very conclusively that the dullness of trade complained of through the year, is confined to our home and internal trade. A similar tale is told by our imports. In the eight months of which the returns are published, the computed value of our principal imports rose from 80 millions to 106 millions. From this great increase of our foreign trade, the opinion that the seasonal spring, the cold, wet summer and autumn, causing a great compensatory deficiency of horticultural and agricultural produce, has greatly impeded our prosperity, is amply confirmed. Had the season been favourable we should have heard some of the complainers that have arisen in Coventry, Birmingham, and other places. The ribbon-manufacturers (as Mr. Cobden has stated), the Spitalfields weavers, the Birmingham millers, the retail drapers and grocers, and others, have only suffered from the deficiency of the home demand, and in the home-grown produce, from which they have to look for their reward. We ought to remember this fact in our discussion about the French Treaty and other political matters to which some persons continually ascribe the dulness of trade.

The value of cottons, linens, woollens, and mixed fabrics of silk exported, also the value of metals, except railway iron, is considerably in excess of last year.

The changes made in the French tariff—some of which were published, as we then announced, last week—have been received by our manufacturers with general approbation. They know that what is now done will lead to further changes; that every extension of freedom in one direction, makes it necessary to extend it in another; and if the present changes are not all that they desire, they receive them thankfully, and hope for greater improvements. The men of Wolverhampton, for example, say that as respects hardware they are agreeably surprised to find the duties so low. On cast-iron goods, common castings, &c., the duty will be only 21. 8s. 6d. per ton. Hollow wares, including pots and pans, will pay only 22. 6s. 6d. on import, and till now such articles were prohibited. If tinued or ennobled the duty will be 24. 10s. 7d. per ton. This is only a specimen of the permission granted to import articles at a low duty before prohibited; and as it applies to articles very much in use in England, and very much required in France, we may reasonably expect that the French will profit by these conveniences, and that a mutually beneficial exchange will rapidly extend—the produce of the prosperity of France for that of the artisans of England. Such articles are now subjected to heavier duties in the United States than they will hereafter be in France.

The import of crude iron in lumps or prisms, not freed from the dross, is another article which was prohibited in France; now it is to be admitted, subject to a duty of five francs per 100 kilograms, and already purchasers from France have appeared in Staffordshire for this material.

It is a pity that the *Times*, before publishing, on Thursday, an amusing article on the French tariff, did not look into the *Gazette*. In that it would have seen that many of the freely-imposed duties which it describes, not cutters economically, as "tortures infinitely great and infinitely small on British industry," are substituted for prohibitions. Thirteen times is the word "prohibited" applied to classes of articles specified in the enumerations of the part of the tariff published; and if the restrictions substituted for these prohibitions be tortures, the prohibitions were meant to be death. Undoubtedly, the new condition of the trade between England and France is very far from free; but the tortures belong to the old system, and the blessings to the new. They will be, we believe, very small impediments in the way of our imports into France; but they will constitute, for some time, very grievous inflictions on the French.

MEN OF MARK.—No. VIII.

MR. WILLIAM BROWN—(continued from last).

Mr. Brown's steady advocacy of Liberal and Free Trade principles had marked him out as an eligible candidate for South Lancashire in the League interest. Some stirrings of Parliamentary ambition seconded the entreaties of his friends; and in 1844 he contested the Southern division unsuccessfully against Mr. Entwistle. He polled no less than 6,973 votes, but was defeated by a majority of 600. Mr. Brown now threw himself heartily into the League agitation, presided at Liverpool Free-trade gathering, and took the chair at one of the League meetings held in Court-garden Theatre. When the League resolved, in 1855, to raise a fund of a quarter of a million, he sent £1,000 as his contribution. The year 1846 found him battling for free trade, both with tongue and pen. He presided at League meetings in Liverpool, and engaged in a controversy with Mr. Albert Lawrence, then of Bolton, but afterwards the accomplished United States Minister at the Court of St. James. Mr. Brown's letters in favour of commercial reform and free trade, and Mr. Albert Lawrence's rejoinder, were published in a Boston paper, and afterwards reprinted in this country.

Lord Francis Egerton having succeeded to the title of Earl of Ellesmere, a vacancy was created in the representation of South Lancashire. Mr. Brown was elected without opposition in June, 1846, and took his seat in time to hear the royal assent given to the Corn-law Repeal Bill. The dissolution of the League followed. At a meeting of the League held in Manchester, Mr. Bright (seconded by Mr. Cobden) moved the first resolution, dissolving the League; while Mr. Brown followed with a second resolution, providing for the reconstitution of the League, should any attempt be made to reimpose such taxes on food. The League voted Mr. George Wilson £10,000, and £10,000 to Mr. Cobden was commended. Mr. Brown put his firm down for £1,000, and the subscription thus headed eventually realised £80,000. In September Mr. Brown was entertained at a public dinner at Warrington, in celebration of his return for the county. In the following year he was selected to represent the Free-traders of Lancashire at the Brussels Congress of all Nations.

A gentleman who entered, in his sixty-second year, an assembly proverbially jealous of all reputations not of its own making, could scarcely hope to make a parliamentary name. Yet Mr. Brown made a favourable debut. His maiden speech was delivered on Lord John Russell's motion to suspend the duties, in January, 1847. Mr. Brown replied to the Protectionist leader, Lord George Bentinck, with so much success that Lord John, who was then Prime Minister, congratulated the House upon the valuable accession they had gained in the new Member for South Lancashire, whose speech, he added, rendered it unnecessary for him to reply to Lord George Bentinck. Mr. Brown took his seat on the Ministerial benches, and not unfrequently addressed the House on commercial topics. Of the middle height, he was, at this period, somewhat robust, wore spectacles, and already, from his grey hairs, that receded from his forehead, had something venerable in his appearance. His features were somewhat strongly marked, of the Hibernian type, with the frontal development just above the eyes so often associated with a knowledge of the world and great prescience of faculties. His voice, unfortunately, was often so weak, and his utterance so indistinct, that the least buzz of conversation was fatal to the comprehension of his meaning. Sometimes even the strained attention of a thin House was insufficient. A singular, and almost unprecedented circumstance which passed under the writer's eye, will illustrate both Mr. Brown's inaudibility in the House and the value attached to his speeches. The honourable Member was the warm advocate of a decimal coinage, and on one occasion gave notice of his intention to bring it before the House. As it was his intention to quote a great deal of documentary evidence in support of his views, the honourable gentleman, for the convenience of referring to his papers, spoke from the table on the Opposition side. Members turned their best ear to the great merchant; but as few of his remarks reached them, it is no wonder that a gentleman, and to be connected with the Mint, who had been favoured with a seat under the gallery, was still less fortunate. Not a syllable could be heard, who had come prepared to enjoy a great intellectual and arithmetical treat. He converted his hand into an ear-trumpet, but in vain, and his despair grew tragic. At length, as the sound would not come to Gamaliel, Gamaliel determined. Accidentally he left his seat, and entering the sacred precincts of the House, he snatched some of the Opposition benches, nor stopped until he had gained the bench immediately behind Mr. Brown, where he composed himself to the enjoyment of the honourable Member's remarks.

After a few minutes, for the speech was a long one, an usher was struck by a face not familiar to him, and he asked a brother-usher "who that new member was?" Nobody knew him. The clerks at the table were appealed to, but they could not remember having administered the oaths to the strange visitor. The Serjeant-at-Arms was now apprised that there was a stranger, or what seemed such, in the body of the House. The matter became serious. It is a high breach of privilege for any person not a member to enter the House itself (in which is not meant the part allotted to strangers), the penalty being commitment to custody, if not removal to Newgate or the Tower, and the payment of a good round sum in the shape of fees. The Deputy Serjeant-at-Arms made his way to the stranger, asked him to follow him, and led him from the body of the House. We all expected a "scene"—an appearance at the bar, a humble apology, a rebuke from the Speaker or, perhaps, a remand and a search for precedents. Mr. Shaw Lefevre (now Viscount Eversleigh), however, took a more lenient and sensible view of the matter, and strained the practice of the House in the visitor's favour. His conduct was so manifestly involuntary, and Mr. Brown was so profoundly inaudible, that the Serjeant-at-Arms the offender was therefore dismissed, and the matter was never brought before the House at all. Mr. Brown all this time, unconscious of the occurrence, was quoting his

statistics, reading his documents, endeavouring, in vain, to make himself heard, and suggesting to Mr. Monckton Milnes those regrets that the honourable Member had not entered Parliament earlier, which he expressed the other day, in general terms, at Pontefract.

At the next election, in 1847, Mr. Brown was elected for South Lancashire without opposition. Mr. C. P. Villiers was returned with him, as a proper compliment to his early and unwarmed advocacy of free trade. But that gentleman was also elected for Wolverhampton, and on his choosing to sit for that borough the electors sent Mr. Henry to Parliament as Mr. Brown's colleague. It is recorded that Mr. Brown voted on 115 divisions during the session of 1847-8, and the praise of assiduity in the discharge of his parliamentary duties cannot fairly be denied him.

But the greatest public service rendered by Mr. Brown, if not in Parliament, yet in virtue of his parliamentary position, was in 1856. The Government of the United States declared that the British Minister at Washington had violated the law of the United States in raising a foreign legion in the Union for service in the Crimea, and summarily dismissed Mr. Crampton. Lord Palmerston warmly revented the insult, and vindicated the conduct of Her Majesty's Minister. The American Government had allowed proceedings to go on which they afterwards contended were contrary to the law of the United States, without sending for Mr. Crampton, or telling him what it was supposed he was guilty of doing. "They allow us things to accumulate," said Lord Palmerston, "in order that, when the proper time arrives, they may either take advantage of them, or deal with them as matters which do not deserve consideration." These views being fully shared by the Cabinet, the public were prepared by a semi-official announcement for the dismissal of Mr. Dallas. Great alarm prevailed in monetary and commercial circles. A sudden activity was observable in our arsenals and dockyards. Supplies of the *satellite* of war were sent out to Canada; and the Secretary of State for the Colonies assured the Canadians that they would be supported by the whole force of the mother country in the event of war. Troops were despatched to British North America, and heavily-armed vessels of war received sailing orders for the American coast. So great was the uneasiness, that the undersecretary at Lloyd's were asked in almost every case to insure against capture and seizure, and a percentage was actually charged for the increased risk. Public opinion at home supported the Government in declaring that Mr. Crampton's dismissal by President Pierce was unjustifiable, indefensible, and offensive.

At this moment of peril, when the rupture of diplomatic negotiations between the two countries would probably have been followed by insulting and belittling proceedings on the Canadian frontier and in Central America, Mr. Brown came forward as a mediator between the two countries. His dispeared irritating debates in Parliament, indeed Mr. Balfie to withdraw a party question condemnatory of the Government in regard to enlistment in the States, and made an appeal to a student Irish Member, who was allowed to make a speech on the subject, which fixed him with a tremendous weight of responsibility, and procured him a signal defeat on a division. The honourable member for South Lancashire offered his personal mediation between Lord Palmerston and Mr. Dallas, and meanwhile expressed his conviction in the House of Commons, that the disputes between the two countries would be amicably arranged to the satisfaction of both Governments, if no new cause of disagreement were supplied by party debates. The American Minister in London gladly accepted Mr. Brown's mediation, for he did not wish to be sent back to Washington. With Lord Palmerston the honourable Member's task was more difficult. What took place at these interviews has never been publicly stated. Some asserted that Mr. Brown put before the Premier facts and figures proving that a rupture between the two countries would be followed not only by rebellion in the States States, but also by a revolution in Lancashire. Others, with perhaps more reason, opine that Mr. Brown represented the conduct of the American Government as an attempt to get a little "Baconian" out of the difficulty, with an eye to the next presidential election, and was so regarded in the union—that the attempt would signally fail (as the event proved)—and that if Lord Palmerston would only treat the affair as an unimportant and desperate attempt to get up a little political capital, he would, in a few months, be rewarded for his forbearance by seeing President Pierce and Secretary Marcy relapse into political obscurity and insignificance. Those who know Lord Palmerston best, affirm that the appeal to his magnanimity succeeded, when cotton statistics, tonnage, and all sorts of figures failed to shake his resolution to vindicate the insult passed upon Her Majesty's representative. The Prime Minister yielded to the representations of one who spoke with peculiar weight, not only as a merchant, but as one of the most consistent and influential of Lord Palmerston's admirers and supporters in Parliament.

Mr. Brown was not, however, satisfied with mediating between the two Governments. He appealed to the two nations, and at his instance Liverpool, Manchester, and other English towns, adopted addresses to the larger and more influential cities of the Union. These demonstrations elicited cordial and satisfactory replies from the other side of the Atlantic, breaking peace, and denouncing those who attempted to kindle dissension between two great and kindred nations. The political horizon soon cleared. Mr. Dallas remained in London, and Mr. Brown received the thanks and congratulations of all who knew his noble and useful endeavours to avert so hideous, unnatural, and horrible an event as a war between the two countries.

The honourable Member retired from Parliament, full of years and honours, in 1859, being warned by his increasing winters to seek for the repose which a parliamentary life denies to those who do their duty faithfully to their constituents.

So long ago as 1853, Mr. Brown, who had given £1,000 to the Northern Hospital, offered to build a Public Library for the town of Liverpool, at a cost of £20,000, on condition that the corporation would provide a suitable site. The offer was accepted, but some tardiness having been manifested by the town

council, Mr. Brown, in 1856, extended his offer to £12,000. The design had now grown from a Free Public Library to a Public Museum, capacious enough to contain the splendid natural history collection bequeathed to the town of Liverpool by the late Earl of Derby. Even this magnificent offer provoked delay. At length, Mr. Brown, wishing, as he said, to see the building erected, and in operation during his life, declared his willingness to construct a Free Public Library and Museum, and present it to his fellow-townsmen. The princely gift has cost the donor about £40,000, while the cost incurred by the corporation and the museum committee in the site is estimated at £25,000 more.

Mr. Brown is unhappily a widower, and childless. Mrs. Brown died about three years ago, having lived to mourn the loss of her son and daughter. Mr. Brown, however, enjoys the society of grandchildren and other relatives, his son Alexander having left a wife and children, who reside with him at Richmond Hill, near Liverpool. Mr. Brown's brother James, who established himself in New York about the time that William commenced his successful career at Liverpool, took part in the inauguration ceremony the week before last, and had the gratification of hearing, with his two sons, the splendid speeches of Lord Brougham, Lord Stanley, and other distinguished guests, in praise of his brother's munificence.

And now to what conclusion do we arrive as to the character of commerce, after this examination of the life and career of one in whom the merchant prince of Florence seems again to revisit the earth? With a slight adaptation of the glowing and almost prophetic words of the American "Knickerbocker," we may say—"We find that the real source of national prosperity, greatness, and power is the once condemned pursuit of commerce. We find that commerce is a civilizing principle, eminently favourable to the advancement of science and the cultivation of intellect, potent in its operation on the welfare of states, adverse to war and discord, a promoter of human happiness, and the natural and efficient stimulus to production, because it is the means by which the advantages of productions are realized. We find that commerce is creative, beneficial, pacific, light-diffusing, and promotive of human comfort. We find that, for all charitable institutions, for the relief of individuals or communities in distress, for the endowment of literary and scientific bodies,—in a word, for every kind of beneficent purpose or object, the donations of the merchants are always the largest and the most freely given. We find that a first-rate merchant is one of the most useful and honourable members of society, and that to constitute a first-rate merchant are demanded the highest attributes of mind and disposition, clearness and vigour of intellect, extensive knowledge, sound judgment, perfect integrity, liberality of sentiment, and unswerving honour. To COMMERCE, then, as well for its beneficent influence as for the worthy and distinguished men it has produced, the most intellectual, the most instructed, and the most philanthropic men that ever lived might esteem it no less than an honour to belong."

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XVII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE EXPRESSES HIS OPINION OF POPULARITY.

It was said in my presence a few days ago, at a certain great house in Pall-mall, by one who did not know that Mr. Wagstaffe was of the company, that the "GOUTY PHILOSOPHER" was a popular writer. I vehemently denied the assertion, and I am quite certain from the looks of some of the people who heard me, that my dissent was ascribed by one kind friend to my envy—by another to my ill-nature—and by a third to my utter ignorance both of Mr. Wagstaffe and of his lucubrations.

If I do achieve popularity—a result of my labours which I certainly do not expect—it will not be because I have striven for it. I have lived long enough to be able to estimate popular favour at its true value, and to despise it accordingly—with all its insanities and insanities. A man may become popular in spite of himself, and be none the worse for it; and such a popularity I for one will neither despise nor depreciate; but, whether in politics, in literature, in art, or in preaching, I hold that the man who makes himself a popularity-hunter is a charlatan—or worse. To my mind the assertion that the people care what is called the mob, but the majority of living men and women of all ranks and classes are the best judges of merit and virtue, and form the supreme Court of Criticism, is a rank absurdity; while the old Roman saying, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, seems to me little less than blasphemous. Get together ten thousand people in any country in the world—I do not care whether they be English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germans, Americans, Italians, or Chinese—and ask yourself, or any other wise man, what is the percentage of prudent, humane, well-informed, educated, and reasonable beings among them? It is three per cent. I Perhaps? Five per cent. Certainly not. And shall the ninety-seven fools out of every hundred people pretend that their opinion and their voice are divine, and that they are the supreme and ultimate judges of right and wrong? of literature? of art? or of anything that does not make a direct appeal to their stomachs or their pockets? As for me, I speak for the three and not for the hundred. I want a fit audience—not a numerous one—and would rather that one true, good fellow should think me a true, good fellow, than that ninety-nine donkeys should busy their delight at my heels—not knowing why they made such a noise, and being quite as ready to busy their displeasure if they were told to do so by some aristocratic donkey, far more stupid than themselves.

Popularity is a shallow, empty, frivolous, unmeaning shell and semblance. The street play of Punch and Judy is more popular than *Othello* and *Desdemona*. Harlequin and Columbine commend themselves to a greater amount of popular favour than *Hamlet* and *Opheelia*. The so-called *Negro Melodies* are more popular than the loveliest or grandest works of Mozart, Beethoven,

or Mendelssohn. If you doubt it, ask Messrs. Cramer & Beale, or the proprietors of the *Musical Bazaar*. In the estimation of the people, is Julius Cæsar equal to Clown? or Oliver Cromwell to Hackquin? Is the noblest song of Burns or Moore half so well esteemed by the multitude as "Billy Barlow," "The Ratcatcher's Daughter," or "Old Dog Tray"? Is Newton's "Principia" popular? Or Bacon's "Novum Organum"? Or Milton's "Paradise Lost"? Or Plato's "Philosophy"? Or Whately's "Logic"? Or Kant's "Metaphysics"? Or Shakspeare's Sonnets? Or Laplace's "Mécanique Céleste"? Beh!

"'Tis my delight on a shaly night,
In the season of the year."

that is the poetry of the million. "Make money honestly if you can; but at all events make money"—that is the philosophy of the million. The Red Lion on the signboard of the public-house,—that is the fine art of the million. The figure-head of a ship, or the Highlander at the door of a snuff-shop,—that is the sculpture of the million. A public hanging at Newgate, or Hosenunger-lane,—that is the great show and spectacle of the million, to enjoy which, men and women, boys and girls, will sit out in the rain for a whole night, in order to secure a good place and a good place in the morning. It has been said in support of the foolish principle of the "Yox populi vox Dei," that in a crowded theatre the audience always laughs at the right joke, and, as a matter of course, applauds the most virtuous sentiments; but what of that? There is not one man among them who would laugh at the same jokes if told to him privately; or who would appreciate the stage virtue if it came before him in the ordinary intercourse of life and business. The stupider the joke, the more it is appreciated in public; and the more trite and obvious the morality, the better the majority like it upon the stage, and the more they refuse to conform to it everywhere else.

The principle may be tested in a variety of ways. Let me test it by popularity in preaching. Who, I ask, is the popular preacher in our day? Is it the man, who in scholarly language, with noble elocution, with high command of rhetoric and logic, and the aid of all the graces that flow from a cultivated, gentlemanly, and, above all, a charitable mind, inculcates the purest and loftiest Christianity? Not so. Such a man may preach to empty pews, unless he be a lord as well as a clergyman, when the trifling jests will run after him, not for his piety, but for his rank and social position. The really popular preacher is the man of fire and brimstone—the man who, with furious gesticulations, damns to eternal perdition all the world that dares to disagree with him—the man who rants and raves, and will allow of no salvation beyond the limits of his own little self-conceited sect; who jeers and jests in the pulpit, who treats his congregation as if they were an audience at a theatre, and turns what ought to be the most serious business of life into a farce. The "comic pulpit"! The very name that offends the judicious, attracts the multitude. They have been sent to sleep by pulpit oratory many a time and oft. Why should not pulpit oratory make them laugh? It is not the doctrine for which they care;—they allow doctrine to take care of itself. They desire to be amused on the Sunday as well as on the Saturday; and if the comic preacher amuses them, is he not, in their estimation, a great preacher, and worthy to be popular now and for evermore? Do not his vulgar portraits drawn from the windows of the printshops in juxtaposition and rivalry with those of Sayers and Heenan? Honest Dr. Priestsnow, or any other rural vicar, as gentle and as kind as he, and passing his non-stations life in deeds of charity and comfort to the poor, would have no chance against such a Bonaparte, with or without his brimstone.

And on this point of popular preaching, though I grieve to be compelled to say it, let the pulpit orator but cease to be a bachelor, and his congregations, like his shippers, will grow fewer and fewer. Neither the Rev. Mr. Brinstone nor the Rev. Mr. Treacle should rush into matrimony, if he desires to remain popular. For him no more costly cassocks, no more splendidly-bound Bibles, no more elegantly-wrought braces, no more purses heavy with new sovereigns, subscribed by the fair ladies of his congregation, after he shall have taken that fatal step. He may be a good preacher and a good man after he marries, but his popularity will depart to return no more.

I shall next test the principle of popularity by literature, and begin with the newspapers. What is the most popular article in a daily journal? Is it the brilliant leader, or the noble speech in Parliament of a minister, or of a minister's opponent? Emphatically, no. It is the filthy story narrated before Sir Creswell Creswell, or the ludicrous detail of the last new scandal that has afflicted and scandalized the town. For one man who reads the leader or the speech, fifty men and women read the dirty law case; and a hundred gloat over the details of the murder, or of the murderer's execution.

Then, as to books!—Macaulay's History of England never reached half as many editions, or sold a title of as many copies, as the "elegantly pious and sweetly sentimental" details of the life, correspondence, and death of Capt. Hoody Vicars. The ingenuous vaticinations of a celebrated divine, who tells the world that it will come to an end in 1866, or thereabouts, employ the paper mills, the compositors, the binders, and the retail booksellers more largely than the books of any other Divine of the day. Somehow or other the people like to be told that the end of the world is close at hand; and although they don't believe it, they are none the less interested and instructed. A sensation is something worth having;—and this is a very peculiar and delightful sensation as long as it is thought

about. Mr. Dickens, Mr. Thackeray, and Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton are doubtless popular writers; but the trashy romances published in the penny weekly journals reach a far more numerous audience than their works ever penetrated into. The "Dream Book of Mother Shipton," the "Book of Fate," the "Oracle of the Future," and the lives of Jack Sheppard and Dick Turpin, far exceed in sale, and therefore in popularity, the works of all these writers put together, and the works of Sir Walter Scott, or any fifty lady writers you like to name, thrown into the scale as a snake-weight.

Test popularity in another sense, and see what it amounts to. Power, not virtue, is what the people applaud. The same crowds who shouted their loud shouts at the coronation of Louis XVI., shouted their execration at his scaffold. Why? Because he was powerful in the one case, and powerless in the other. Boleskier was lord and master of the crowd one day. The next he was the vilest of the vile in the people's estimation, though neither by word, deed, or intention had he changed in the interval. But his enemies had got the better of him; he was weak, and he was execrated accordingly. Napoleon Bonaparte smiled when he was a poor sub-lieutenant, but nobody saw anything in his smile beyond the smile of any other poor wretch toiling for his daily bread,—a very commonplace, unmeaning smile, no doubt;—but when he became Emperor, the same smile was pronounced by the most competent and skillful judges of smiles, to be absolutely angelic, and to have a supernatural fascination, only to be accounted for by the places or positions that were expected to flow out of it, like light from the sun. The multitude who greeted Napoleon III., on his state visit to London, with such a *furore* of gratulation, applauded him for his power. Had the *coup d'état* been a *coup manqué*, and he had escaped with his head upon his shoulders to London, would there have been a crowd at his heels? We have been told within a few days by Mazzini, that a Neapolitan mob are crying out "*Morte!*" against him, for a few ducats distributed amongst them. Can there be any doubt that they would cry out "*Vive!*" for a few ducats more? Who, it may be asked, was so popular as M. de Lamartine when he had the power of all France in his hands? And who is less popular now that he has no power, and can scarcely make both ends meet in his humble but honourable household? But all this is a vain trite, and need not be insisted upon. Popular favour! he that depends upon it—

"Beings with fins of lead,
And heads down sunk with reeds,
Hang ye! trust ye!
With every minute you do change a mile;
And call him noble that was once your slave,
His title that was yours is now a lie."

Popularity hangs upon power, and power once gone, away goes popularity—as the shadow flies when the substance has departed.

The fact is, that there is nothing in this world which the great bulk of the people, in all climates and countries, can really understand or appreciate, except physical and mechanical power. Intellectual power is too huge—too vast—too deep—too delicate—for their capacity. They cannot measure it, weigh it, understand it, or even become aware of it. A prize-fight—a bull-fight—a cock-fight—or a great battle between the armies of two rival potentates—these are the things they can feel and appreciate. They understand Heenan and Sayers, Napoleon and Wellington, and the winner of the Derby; but they can no more understand intellect than a jinn can hold a quart, or a fly on the dome of St. Paul's understand the debates in the British Parliament. In conclusion, I state my opinion firmly, not dogmatically, that nobody while living was ever popular in any nation, except for his physical qualities, and that nobody ever will be really popular for any other quality until he shall be dead and buried. Then, perhaps, when he is in nobody's way, the public may rub his droowy eyes, and admit that the dead man was a great man—rest his soul! Power of body—power over men's lives and fortunes—power of giving away places, pensions, and propinquities—these are the sources of popularity. Power of mind, in any of its manifestations of reason, fancy, or imagination, never is, never was, never will be popular until Death seals it with sanctity. As long as the mass of mankind are ignorant, so long will mere popularity not be worth having. The memory of Charles II. remains popular, no one knows why, unless it be for the power of his vices; and that of William III. remains unpopular, no one knows why, unless it be for the grim honesty of his character, and the sturdiness of his intellect. And of all the creations of the teeming brain and noble intellect of Shakespeare, which is the most popular! The greatest blackguard he ever drew—the cowardly lascivious knave and cheat, Sir John Falstaff. The popular and populous world can understand Falstaff; Hamlet is infinitely above its comprehension. He belongs to the three, and not to the ninety-seven.

Popularity! quotha! he who hunts it may get it; but it is a dead, ear apple when acquired—full, not of juice, but of dust and ashes.

ENGLISH ART ON THE CONTINENT.

At the annual exhibition of works of living artists, which has just come to a close at Brussels, there occurred an event which is not without its importance. Then, for the first time (with insignificant exceptions), English artists presented themselves before a foreign public. When we heard that such was to be the case, we looked forward to the result with some degree of confidence—hoping they would achieve a success that would be creditable to themselves and honourable to their country. We must now acknowledge ourselves disappointed. English art was represented on the occasion by Landseer, D. Roberts, Ward, Dyce, Egg, and two or three others of less note—each of whom had forwarded but one work. Sir Edwin Landseer's contri-

bution was that large grey canvas which last year was exhibited in Trafalgar square, and in which, although great technical powers are manifested, such strange confusion predominates, that it is only with great difficulty and after much attention, the meaning of the representation can be at all understood. "Jerusalem, from the South," the work sent by Mr. Roberts, is not unlike a chromo-lithograph, and its exhibition will certainly not tend to enhance the reputation of the author amongst those to whom he, like Landseer, is almost exclusively known by published engravings of his works. Such persons will be under the necessity of concluding that these two artists—the only English painters, perhaps, whose reputations stand beyond the limits of their own country—owe more to the skill of the engraver than they had hitherto supposed.

Mr. Egg's picture, "Past and Present," which was favourably noticed when exhibited at our own Academy, on the other side of the channel scarcely received the notice it merits elsewhere. But this there is little to wonder at. The picture does not explain itself, and the information given in the catalogue seemed framed for the purpose of conveying no meaning. The work was an enigma, and an enigma the solution of which the public did not care to attempt. They passed to something else. "Titan's First Essay at Colour" by Mr. Dyce, is not likely to detain them. They shrug their shoulders as they pass it, and wish to be informed whether the painter has attempted the imitation of some stained-glass window. The work Mr. Ward has selected for exhibition was "Marie Antoinette Listening to the Reading of her Bill of Indictment." On the same wall hangs a picture (by Muller of Paris) similar—almost identical—in character, "Marie Antoinette listening to the Reading of her Death Warrant." With this Mr. Ward's production was very frequently compared—indeed, from the similarity of subject, one could scarcely fail to compare them—and the conclusion, we believe, generally arrived at by the French, was that it was unnecessary, both to the artist and to the public.

This was English art represented. From what has been said, the reader—if he has any the slightest acquaintance with matters of art—must perceive that amongst a collection of works to which Gerard, Madox, Troyon, Delfens, Robert-Fleury, Israels, &c. had contributed, English art did not get itself efficiently represented on the Continent. In this contrast, the English artists, if it produce no quantity and quality. It is, however, to be hoped that the example set by the English gentlemen we have named will be extensively followed hereafter. An annual opportunity presents itself; the Exhibition is held alternately at Brussels, Ghent, and Antwerp. A more frequent comparison of English works with those of foreign artists, if it produce so other result, will have the effect of eradicated that mania which, either in conception or execution, characterises all the works of our English School. For, just as an inhabitant of these islands carries with him a something which, to men of other lands, proclaims his nationality, so do the productions of English painters—however and wherever they are shown—suffer from such self-evident—hardly incontestable evidence of their island origin. An English citizen may justly be proud of his country, and may, if he chose confess it by his demeanour. But with an English painter it is otherwise. A painter is properly and emphatically a translator; and, whether he be symbolizing ideas, or depicting scenes, or conveying impressions, representing realities, whether of action or sentiment, fact or fiction, or both combined, he should ever use a language universally understood. The materials may be local, but the rendering must be universal; the effect must be absolute, not relative. He should not be understood by the inhabitants of his own island alone; there must be those who are not of his island who should be those of a cosmopolitan; his representations should be appreciable by all. In proportion as he accomplishes this will his success be.

A more extensive acquaintance with foreign art, and a more frequent competition with foreign artists, may likewise have the good effect of checking a tendency which seems to be gaining ground amongst our artists;—namely, to suppose Art to have the same end and object as Morality and Religion, and to regard it as something mystical. This fundamental fallacy is at once stale and new; stale because it was long ago refuted by Goethe, among others; new, because the refutation is unknown or forgotten by the public. In opposition to this fallacy, now revived by John Ruskin and others, Goethe continually and successfully contended that Art is no longer Art unless it be allowed an end and object specially its own—that, namely, of pleasing. As, however, in so doing, it appeals to some of the highest feelings of man, it incidentally becomes an ally of Morality and Religion; but it is only incidentally so, and it is not its end and object. We earnestly hope English artists will take note of this, and not allow the well-established and approved idea to be subverted by the crude ignorance of those who, whenever a particular study becomes the fashion, are absorbed by it, and pretend to find in it the whole of their social and religious life.

VICTOR HUGO'S "RUY BLAS."

MR. FALCONER'S adaptation of Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," furnishes a conspicuous illustration of that timidity of hand, which is apparent in almost all attempts to transplant upon our stage the highest examples of the French romantic drama. With the fear of our English prejudices before his eyes, Mr. Falconer has destroyed the vital interest of the play at its very source, by untranslating the Queen of Spain into the *Princesse de Nemours*. He evidently thought it would be dangerous to allow a French noble lady to be the object of a serious passion, as if we hadn't already in a hundred plays of our own; and so he has made the *Princesse* neither wedded nor single, but hovering between both as the affianced wife of the youthful king, married in her cradle by proxy, which, in effect, is an obligation to marry and not a marriage. Mr. Falconer does not seem to have perceived that by this arrangement, which leaves open the possibility of a prosperous issue to the devotion of the lover, he annihilates the fundamental idea of the drama. The great terror, that hangs suspended like destiny over the action, is taken out of the play, and the tragic interest is displaced by a melodramatic under-plot. What is really grand in the original, was in the English version of the play for his open, the distance between them, and the barrier which it was destruction to both to pass. It is a pity that it should be thought complimentary to our morality to alter the conditions of a great conception, the interpretation of which depends upon their strict observance.

it is laid in "the robing-room" of the sovereign, ready for use upon the arrival of the Queen.

As little ceremony is used in removing it back to the Tower, as in taking it away.

It is difficult to declare what is the precise value of the jewels in the Queen's crown; but this is affirmed with respect to it, that unlike most other princely crowns in Europe, whether of Kings, emperors, or grand dukes, that all the jewels in the British crown are really precious stones; whereas in other state crowns, valuable stones have been replaced by bits of coloured glass, and the consequence is that their estimated value is far beyond what such crown jewels are really worth. We subjoin a representation of the crown, and full reliance may be placed on the following description of the jewels, for which we are indebted to Professor Tennent, Lecturer on Geology in the King's College:—

THE IMPERIAL STATE CROWN OF HER MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA.



FRONT VIEW.



BACK VIEW.

"The Imperial State Crown of Her Majesty Queen Victoria was made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old Crowns, and others furnished by command of Her Majesty. It consists of diamonds, pearls, rubies, sapphires, and emeralds, set in silver and gold; it has a crimson velvet cap with ermine border, and is lined with white silk. Its gross weight is 390s. 5dwts. troy. The lower part of the band, above the ermine border, consists of a row of one hundred and twenty-nine pearls, and the upper part, of the band a row of one hundred and twelve pearls, between which, in front of the Crown, is a large sapphire (partly drilled), purchased for the Crown by His Majesty King George the Fourth. At the back is a sapphire of smaller size, and six other sapphires (three on each side), between which are eight emeralds.

"Above and below the seven sapphires are fourteen diamonds, and around the eight emeralds one hundred and twenty-eight diamonds. Between the emeralds and sapphires are sixteen trefoil ornaments, containing one hundred and sixty diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires surmounted by eight diamonds, between which are eight festoons consisting of one hundred and forty-eight diamonds.

"In front of the Crown, and in the centre of a diamond Maltese cross, is the famous ruby said to have been given to Edward Prince of Wales, son of Edward the Third, called the Black Prince, by Don Pedro, King of Castile, after the battle of Najera, near Vittoria, A.D. 1367. This ruby was worn in the helmet of

Henry the Fifth at the battle of Agincourt, A.D. 1415. It is pierced quite through after the Eastern custom, the upper part of the piercing being filled up by a small ruby. Around this ruby, to form the cross, are seventy-five brilliant diamonds. Three other Maltese crosses forming the two sides and back of the Crown, have emerald centres, and contain respectively one hundred and thirty-two, one hundred and twenty-four, and one hundred and thirty brilliant diamonds.

"Between the four Maltese crosses are four ornaments in the form of the French fleur-de-lis, with four rubies in the centres, and surrounded by rose diamonds, containing respectively eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-six, and eighty-seven rose diamonds.

"From the Maltese crosses issue four imperial arches composed of oak-leaves and acorns; the leaves containing seven hundred and twenty-eight rose, table, and brilliant diamonds; thirty-two pearls forming the acorns, set in cups containing fifty-four rose diamonds and one table-diamond. The total number of diamonds in the arches and acorns is one hundred and eight brilliant, one hundred and sixteen table, and five hundred and fifty-nine rose diamonds.

"From the upper part of the arches are suspended four large pendent pear-shaped pearls, with rose diamond cups, containing twelve rose diamonds, and stones containing twenty-four very small rose diamonds. Above the arch stands the mound, containing in the lower hemisphere three hundred and four brilliant, and in the upper two hundred and forty-four brilliant; the zone and are being composed of thirty-three rose diamonds. The cross on the summit has a rose-cut sapphire in the centre, surrounded by four large brilliant, and one hundred and eight smaller brilliant.

"Summary of jewels comprised in the Crown:—

| | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Large ruby, irregularly polished. | 1,363 Brilliant diamonds. |
| 1 Large broad-spread sapphire. | 1,275 Rose diamonds. |
| 16 Sapphires. | 147 Table diamonds. |
| 11 Emeralds. | 4 Drop-shaped pearls. |
| 4 Rubies. | 273 Pearls. |

Here is a gorgeous array of jewellery! a recapitulation of precious stones that more than realises the dream of an Aladdin!

Here's rubies of Bengala, rich, rich, glorious!
These diamonds of Olfiana,
Vented at the price of prince's raimens,
How bright they shine, like constellations!
The South Sea's treasure here, pearls, fair and orient,
Able to equal Cleopatra's banquet.

The jewels of the British Crown by their richness, purity, and value, are symbolical of the wealth, power, and greatness of the British Monarchy. So regarded, it is impossible not to feel that the most fitting emblem of the mightiness of the Imperial dominion of England is still wanting to the Crown jewels—and that is the Koh-i-noor. The most marvellous of all diamonds—the product of the East—became the spoil of England a few years ago. Previous to the incorporation of the East Indies with the British Crown, the Koh-i-noor would, however beautiful, have been a mere extraneous ornament. Now, however, it would be the representation of a fact; and the East-Indians are the direct subjects of the English sovereign, so should their magnificent diamond form "the most precious jewel in her Crown."

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LADY SOUTHAMPTON.

On Tuesday, 22nd October, at Whitebury Lodge, Northamptonshire, of paralysis, after a lingering illness, the Right Hon. Harriet Baroness Southampton, only daughter of the Hon. Henry Fitzroy Stanhope (2nd son of William, 2nd Earl of Harrington), by Miss Eliza Falconer. Her ladyship married, February 23, 1826, Charles Fitzroy, third and present Baron Southampton, by whom she leaves no issue.

LADY DOWNES.

On the 18th of October, at her residence in Grafton-street, aged 61, the Right Hon. Christophena, second wife of Ulysses de Burgh, Baron Downes, of Athenaville, in the peerage of Ireland. Her ladyship was the only daughter of the late James Buchanan, of Bath, Esq., and relict of John Fleming, of Stomham-park, Hants, Esq., after whose decease, at Athens, in July, 1844, she married, August 4th, 1846, present General Lord Downes, K.C.B., and K.T.S., by whom she leaves no issue. Her eldest son by her first marriage, John Willis Fleming, now of Stomham, Hants, Esq., married the Lady Catherine Cochrane, daughter of the Earl of Dundonald.

EAL MANVERS.

On Saturday, October 27th, at Thorbury Park, near Olberton, Nottingham, in the 83rd year of his age, the Right Hon. Charles Herbert Pierrepont, Earl Manvers, Viscount Newark, and Baron Pierrepont of Holme Pierrepont, in the peerage of the United Kingdom. This venerable nobleman was the third son of Charles 1st Earl Manvers, by Anne Orton, daughter and co-heir of William Mills, of Richmond, Esq., and was born August 11th, 1774. He entered the Royal Navy; but on the death of his eldest brother, Evelyn Henry, without issue (his second brother, William Evelyn, born 1777, having died previously, at the age of 10), he quitted the service by desire of his father, and from 1801 to 1816 represented the county of Nottingham in Parliament. In the latter year, on the decease of his father, June 17th, he succeeded to the earldom, having married, August 23rd, 1804, Mary Letitia, eldest daughter of Anthony Hardolph Eyre, of Grove Park, Nottingham, Esq., and whose death we recorded only a few weeks ago. The loss of her ladyship on the 7th of September last, after a happy union of fifty-six years, affected seriously the earl's health, and he gradually declined from that day. He



is succeeded in his titles and estates by his only surviving son, Sydney William Herbert (misprinted Robert in our notice of September 15th), Viscount Netley, M.P., born 12th March, 1825, and who married June 16th, 1852, Madie, Georgina Jane Elizabeth Fanny de Franquetot, daughter of Augustin, Duke de Coigny, by Henriette Dumast, formerly Hamilton, only daughter of the late Sir New Dalmayre Hamilton, Bart. and by her last husband, Sir Charles William Redey, born August 2nd, 1854 (now by courtesy Viscount Newark); the Hon. Evelyn Henry, born August 23rd, 1856; and a daughter Lady Emily Anson Charlotte, born in 1853.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

James Carrick-Moore, Esq., of Corwell, Wigtonshire, N.B., and of 11, Grafton-street, in Chelsea-street, Piccadilly, died in London, on the 1st June last, at the age of 86, made his will in the Scotch form in 1840, and there are five codicils adapted to the English form. The will and codicils were proved in London, on the 24th of October, by his son, John Carrick-Moore, Esq., the sole executor; the personal property in the United Kingdom being sworn under £60,000. The testator, in 1852, succeeded to the estates in Wigtonshire, under the will of Robert Carrick, Esq., whose name he thereupon assumed, and which property now descends to his eldest son and heir, John Carrick-Moore, to whom he has bequeathed all the farming stock, carriages, horses, and implements of husbandry, he paying over to the testator's estate a sum of £25,000, which is to form part of the residue. His youngest son, Graham Francis, having succeeded to the estates and property of Mrs. Mitchell, of Witharn, the testator considered him amply provided for, and has merely given him a token of regard. To the three other sons he left the whole of the residue, equally amongst them. There are several legacies given to friends, and the testator has kindly remembered all his servants; to his butler he leaves an annuity of £40. This venerable gentleman was the brother of the celebrated General Sir John Carrick-Moore, who fell at Corunna, after bravely conducting the retreat of the British army, in the year 1809, and whose life and character will elicit the respect and admiration of posterity. The gold watch of the lamented General, which was in the possession of the testator, he has bequeathed to his son and heir, who, no doubt, will always consider it as a valuable heirloom in his family. The testator was also brother to Admiral Sir Graham Moore, G.C.B.

Nicholas Westley, Esq., late of 79, York Gate, Regent's-park, who died on the 24th of August last, at the age of 79, and made his will in 1852, to which he added two codicils, dated 1855 and 1857, and appointed executors for England and Ireland; the executors for England being the Right Hon. Granville Augustus William Waldegrave, Baron Radstock, the brother-in-law of the testator; Thomas William Freeseur, Baronets, Esq., of Devonshire-place, Portland-place; the Reverend Frederick Bradwardine, the son-in-law; and Caroline Mary Estlin, daughter. The personalty in this country was sworn under £40,000. The executors appointed to set in Ireland are Edward Percival Westley, Esq., the son, and Marcia Keane, Esq., of Beech-park, Clare, the son-in-law. Probate was granted by the Lord Chancellor of the will of the testator, and of his codicils, to his wife, the Hon. Emily Susan Laura Waldegrave Westley, who was the eldest daughter of the first Lord Radstock, a life-interest in his funded property, and other bequests; and after her decease the property in England, with some few exceptions, is to be divided equally amongst his four daughters, his daughter Louisa Isabella Keane, wife of Marcus Keane, Esq., taking a share in the Irish estates. There are some specific bequests to his family, and to his executors and personal friends, and legacies to the poor. The testator, Nicholas Westley, Esq., who succeeds to the landed estates, married Elizabeth, daughter of the Right Hon. Francis Blackburn, formerly Lord Chancellor of Ireland.

Marmaduke Robert Langdale, Esq., of Garsden, Bitchingham, Surrey, and of Gower-street, Bedford-square, died on the 20th of September, and had made his will on the 5th of March preceding, appointing as his executors, John Robert Johnson, Esq., of Torrington-square, Alfred Langdale, Esq., the Rev. George Augustus Langdale (two sons of the testator), and Francis Stephen Clayton, Esq., of London, who duly proved the same in the London court, on the 25th of October. This gentleman died possessed of considerable property, both real and personal; the personalty being sworn under £120,000. He has bequeathed to his wife a life-interest in funded property to the amount of £25,000, a legacy of £200 immediate, all the furniture, plate, jewellery, pictures, &c., not otherwise disposed of; and after her decease the above principal sum will be divided into certain proportions amongst his three sons, and of each of whom he has devised separate portions of his estates in the counties of Suffolk, Essex. To the widow and children of his deceased son, Marmaduke Robert, he has left a legacy of £15,000, and there are bequests to his executors and others, and also to his servants. He seems to have possessed a vast store of curiosities. We noticed an initial cabinet of curious and antiquities, which he has left to his widow; medals of the kings of England, which he leaves to his son Alfred; a large casket of the Sacrifice to Augustus Caesar; a case of coins of the twelve Caesars, in gold, and a cabinet of minerals and shells. All these he leaves to his son George. There are also two horizontal cabinets of works of art, which he bequeaths to his son William. The residue of his estate, real and personal, he leaves to his three sons, in equal shares.

George Draper, Esq., late of 7, Park Village West, and formerly of Cambridge-place, both of Regent's-park, who died at his residence on the 10th of September last, had made his will on the 29th of September, 1858, appointing William Stanley Wright Vane, Esq., and Andrew Duncan, Esq., executors and trustees, who duly proved the same in London on the 16th of October, the deceased's personal property being sworn under £29,000. Mr. Draper has also considerable possessions in New Zealand, and was possessed of several estates. The whole of this property he has bequeathed in trust, and that the same may be sold, the proceeds to be invested in good and sufficient securities, the profits and income emanating from which are to devolve to his widow for life. He also left her an immediate legacy of £500, together with the furniture and all other miscellaneous effects absolutely; and at the decease of his relict, the property so invested is directed by the testator to be distributed in certain proportions amongst his seven children, consisting of four sons and three daughters.

William Lloyd Gibbs, Esq., late of Belmont, in the city of Bristol, died on the 27th of August last, and had executed his will on the 3rd of November, 1857, and therein appointed as his executors, the Rev. Frederick Earle Freeman, and Henry Hucks Gibbs, Esq., and the testator's brother, Probate was granted by the London court, on the 26th of October; the personal property being sworn under

£14,000. After making a few bequests to personal friends, and to his executors, and legacies to the following charitable institutions, namely, the Society for Free-mission Christian Knowledge, the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Employment of Additional curates in Populous Places, and the Church Vestimentary Association, to each he has left the sum of £100; and a sum of £300 for the purchase of endowments for the poor in the parishes of St. Andrew, who leaves the residue of his property to his brothers, Charles Gibbs, and John Lomax Gibbs, and his sister, Mary Dorothea, wife of G. E. Adams, Esq., barrister-at-law, in equal proportions.

Major-General the Hon. Henry Frederick Lookyer, G.B., K.E.L., late Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ceylon, and acting Lieutenant-General of that island, was formerly residing at Brumpton, Kent, but died at sea, on his passage homeward, from Ceylon, on the 20th of August last, at the age of 64. He made his will in the year 1825, in which he signs as Captain 2nd Fusilier Buffs, and has not since altered it. He therein appointed as his executors Mr. Sergeant Mowbray, who has declined to act, and Robert Carr, Esq., of Gosport, since deceased. Administration with the will annexed was thereupon granted to his relict, who is the sole legatee, the whole of the property being left to her, his daughter and only child having died long prior to his death. The personalty sworn to in this country was estimated for probate duty at £55,000.

Reviews of Books.

JINGLE.*

If the shoals of poets, who at this season of the year begin to spawn verse with alarming fecundity, cannot be compelled to write sense, they ought to be repressed by some special enactment from the Legislature. The poetical jingle is a rhyme. The High Court of Criticism should be invested with a summary jurisdiction over literary impostures, and empowered to brand all spurious articles with some known and accredited stamp, as the authors of them were authorized to brand false weights and measures. Where is the difference? The grocer who passes you off sherry for coffee, or the victualler who fills your head with the fumes of logwood, when you innocently believe you are savoring your judgment at the shrine of old port, is not a wretch more fraudulent than the ingenious gentleman who endeavours to deceive you into the notion that he is savoring you up a book of poetry, when, in fact, it is only very bad verse, or mere prose all the time. The only conceivable apology for such an attempt at deception, is that the gentleman may be deceiving himself alone. He may not know any better. Hard as it is to credit, he may possibly think that his prose becomes transformed into poetry by being broken into lengths and tagged with jingles. He may have a theory of his own upon that subject, and, suspicious as the circumstances look, he may be as honest in his vocation as the best of us. There are men going about now who imagine themselves poets, and who are not poets for all that, and the interests of society are concerned in the declaration of the fact.

Now here is a pretty little volume, with a name on the title-page known to us in connection with some passages of true poetry which we have not forgotten, and which had a promise in them of something more. The ripeness and richness of Mr. Corventy Patmore's early poems suggested an expectation that he might in time become matured into a thoughtful singer, with a touch of the energy and quick sensibility that help to form real poets. There were great signs of this in the very grain of the first volume. The imagery, occasional colouring, a tendency to rush into strange passionate excesses, vague yearnings after something unattainable, and morbid sorrow for something that, probably, never was lost. But the longing for May-moons, the imaginary heart-cries, and the thousand and one conflicts with appetitions, brain-frores were the mere dreams of the youthful muse; and when she should have awakened to a broad daylight consciousness of the world as it is, we anticipated verses worth the hearing. Whether she was wide awake when she inspired this little book we will not venture to inquire; but certain it is, that, instead of growing more grave and mellow, solid and full of matter, with a grand sweep of music to give the proper divine expression to her utterance, she appears to have degenerated into a common stammer, to have lost all her fine, warm enthusiasm, and to work compile with just as much indifference to their structure or fitness as school-girls to the morals of their romances.

The volume contains one piece—a story. The whole plot, no plot, may be put into two lines. Graham dies in love with Honoria; Honoria marries Vaughan; Graham marries Honoria; and Honoria dies. Vaughan marries Honoria. It is not much to tell, and might pass if it were told through an appropriate vehicle. But this is just the question at issue between us and that detestable young man of Mr. Patmore. The experiment of building up novels in the shape of letters from different persons pursuing the action, through it was attempted by successful and skilful writers, is confessed on all hands to have failed. Yet, if the epistolary form could be employed anywhere with any hope of success, it must have been in the novel, which pretends to be a redaction of actual life in its most familiar aspects, and which, in writing, is giving prominence to the most trivial, the most unimportant, and even unimportant, on the novel, what is to be said of its introduction as the medium of a metrical tale of modern society? Think of Graham writing a full account of his love for Honoria, and his disappointment, in epistolary letters to his mother, and his mother answering thereto in a similar strain. The nature of the confession makes it occasionally rather an odd confidence, considering the quarter to which it is addressed, as when, for example, he hears of Honoria's marriage, and tells his mother what a "Voice" has commanded him to do by way of consolation:—

"There's nothing but one woman's loss,
And lightens life's eternal cross,
Like trying in mother's breast."

There is a little superfluity in the quatrain. The meaning would be simplified by the omission of the second and third lines, which merely dazzle the eyes of the reader, without conveying the faintest intimation of an idea to his mind. This is not an unsuccess in writing with Mr. Patmore's muse. She seldom comes to the point without a great show of words.

We have less concern at present, however, with her verbal luxuriance than with the shape into which she has fashioned it. Here is a specimen of what is intended to be in this volume as good poetry. Mr. Graham is writing to her son, who is about to enter the navy:—

"For your sake I am glad to hear
You sail so soon. I send you, Dear,

* Faithful for Ever. By Corventy Patmore. London: J. W. Parker & Son.

fire. They are in two groups; the one decrying the blackness and severity of the south, the other its cheerfulness and joy. The first group consists of soprano and tenor, the second of alto and basses; they sing sometimes alternately and sometimes together, joining at the close in a full and resonant strain of harmony. This design gives even for fine musical contrast; and this double chorus is admirable for skillful construction and happy effect. The chorus is followed by a romance, or ballad, for a soprano voice, "Christmas Comes," a sweet and simple song, full of natural and appropriate feeling.

The next piece is a cantata, in which it is a chorus of blessing on the noble house, of whom the assembled rulers are the vassals or dependents. The theme is one of the old Christmas carols, which have been familiar in England for ages. This antique melody, after being sung in unison by the voices only, is repeated several times with varying effects of harmony and orchestral treatment, of the utmost beauty, and in perfect keeping with the simple solemnity of the original strain. The company now get into a merrier mood. They call in chorus for "a tale," and after a prelude to the fine old tune of "Green Sleeves," a male voice sings a tale about the good King Alfred, who, having in the midst of his own necessities relieved the wants of a venerable pilgrim, is rewarded for his pious charity by a victory over the Danish foe. This ballad, with the chorus at the end of every verse, is exceedingly pleasing and interesting. "There is next a duet for the soprano and contralto, 'Little children, all rejoice'—a perfect gem of sweetness and expression. Lastly comes the finale, a largely-developed movement, descriptive of the festivities of our old English Christmas.

MUZURKA.*

FREDERICK CHOPIN must be ranked among the celebrities of the age, though his celebrity is more nominal than real. Among the musical public his name is known to everybody, while those who know anything of his works are comparatively few. A native of Poland, he acquired in his own country the knowledge of his art, and inherited that love for the Polish national music which shows itself in all his compositions. As an early age, but with an already distinguished name, he arrived in Paris, which became his chief residence during the rest of his life. He never became personally popular, even among his own musical brethren, from whom he seems to have estranged himself by his eccentric and wayward disposition. The same cause prevented his appearing in public, or mingling in general society. But he became the idol of a limited circle—who might almost call it coterie—consisting of ladies distinguished by their rank, talents, and accomplishments, who were captivated by his wit and manners, and worshipped his genius. It was not for the public, accordingly, but for these aristocratic admirers, that (with very few exceptions) his compositions were produced. They were essentially *salon* music, so exquisitely refined and delicate, and so peculiar in style, that it required his own performance, or that of a few of his intimates who thoroughly understood him, to give complete expression to his conceptions. Nevertheless such is the originality and beauty of many of them, and such a charm do they derive from their Polish nationality, that they have gained the admiration of the most accomplished lovers of the piano all over Europe.

To such amateurs the edition of Chopin's most delightful and characteristic works, given to the public by Boosey, will be heartily welcome. It comprehends the eleven sets of mazurkas collected separately during Chopin's life, and is enriched with a preface written from the pen of Mr. J. W. Davison, with that gentleman's usual sound judgment, critical acumen, and lively sense of style, in which it required his own performance, or that of a few of his intimates who thoroughly understood him, to give complete expression to his conceptions. Nevertheless such is the originality and beauty of many of them, and such a charm do they derive from their Polish nationality, that they have gained the admiration of the most accomplished lovers of the piano all over Europe.

"His *mazurkas*," says Mr. Davison, "his preludes, his *polkas*, his *nocturnes*, and, above all, his *mazurkas*, are more anxious to move him from his seat, whenever he may eventually become of his concertos and sonatas. The variety with which, in the mazurkas, he has said the same thing some fifty times over, will go farther than anything else to prove that Chopin's genius, whatever its eccentricities and failings, was decidedly creative. The best of his mazurkas are, without question, those that speak least strongly of the lamp; those which have been in the least affected manner are easiest to play, and bear the closest affinity to (in some cases are almost echoes of) the national dance-tunes of his country. Some of them are, even as fastidious as they are attractive, from whatever point of view regarded; others, more violently laboured, are less happy; but not one of them is wholly destitute of points that appeal to the feelings, surprise by their unexpectedness, fascinate by their plaintive character, or charm by their ingenuity."

SONGS.†

THIS publication, which is in two volumes, contains twelve vocal pieces, selected from the works of the great masters of the schools of Italy, Germany, and England; Handel, Gluck, Mozart, Verdi, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and others of the older time. They are all drawn from sources not generally accessible—such as the Italian opera of Handel, an exhaustive mine of vocal treasures—and are consequently little known; a circumstance which enhances their interest and value. Their selection gives the fair reader's taste and culture, as their arrangement and preparation for modern use show her artistic skill. Miss Mason has long stood in the highest rank of her profession, as an accomplished instructress, who, by her successful labours, and the influence she enjoys in the highest circles, has done as much as any of her contemporaries in promoting a pure taste, and in withstanding (a difficult task) the incessant encroachments of fashionable frivolity in music.

CLASSICAL COMPOSERS.‡

THE purpose of this publication is similar to that of Miss Mason, which we have just noticed; the difference being that the one is for singers, and the other for pianoforte players. Of all the difficulties which the teachers of this instrument have to encounter, the greatest is to counteract the penchant of their pupils for the showy fireworks piece of a day; and to inspire them with a taste for the music of the great masters. A young lady will undergo an amount of labour in order to accomplish those feats of manual gymnastics which are the signposts of our fashionable drawing-rooms, while she can scarcely be persuaded to study those works which, however great and beautiful, are not calculated to gratify the love of display. Much of this happens because our fair and youthful pianists don't know any better. They are led to imagine that our Handels and Haydens, and Mozarts and Beethovens, are clumsy ennobled old gentlemen,

* The *Mazurkas of Frederic Chopin*. Edited by J. W. Davison. Boosey, 4 songs for the Classical Vocalist. Edited and arranged by Elizabeth Mason. Leader and Cook.

† *Evenings with the Classical Composers*: being selections from instrumental works not generally known to pianists. Arranged for the pianoforte by Edgar Adams. Cooks & Co.

whose acquaintance they do not choose to make. Let them be undeceived, nevertheless; let those antiquated bargains be properly introduced to them, and, if they have taste, feeling, and a love of what is really great and beautiful in art, they will soon come to a different way of thinking. With this view Mr. Edgar has presented them with a collection of short pieces, extracted from the works of the great composers, so attractive that it is impossible to play or hear them without delight, and so easy in comparison that they will not cost a tittle of the labour thrown away in learning to scramble through heaps of unmeaning jargon. In truth, every pianist who has a taste for the music of the great masters, and who has not been so valuable to the student, but acceptable to the most accomplished performer.

THE LOST JEWEL.

LONG ago, ah, long ago!
I lost a jewel of great worth
Than the loveliest lady of the Earth
Could hang on her bosom as white as snow,—
Or any Emperor should'd with mine
Could place on a maiden's finger fine
And say, "Beloved, be thou mine!"
Long ago, ah, long ago!
I lost it wondering to and fro,—
Fainter and purer, brighter far
Than the Morn or Evening Star.
Could I make it mine again,
To clasp it—hold it—and retain,
I'd be greater than the king,
Richer than the bloomy spring.
And where I lost it well I know—
Still cannot trace it,
Or wealth replace it,
Or anything else this world can show,—
The jewel so bright,
My heart's delight,
Lost in another's heart long ago,—
My richer than I, I,
My prouder of mind,
Lost for ever! ah, long ago!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Longman have some important works in preparation. Among them are "The Constitutional History of Great Britain from the Accession of George III. to 1760–1860," by Thomas Erskine May, of the Middle Temple; Vol. I. Part I., of "Collected Archaeological," containing collections relating to the antiquities of Shropshire; and "Port Royal," a contribution to the History of Heligian and Literature in France, by Charles de Montaigne, which will contain the early history of Port Royal, the Jansenist Controversy, the Provincial Letters, and the history from the peace of the Church to the final suppression of the community. The new novel, entitled "Lavinia," by the author of "Doctor Antonio" and "Lorenzo Bononi" will be published by Messrs. Smith & Elder during the ensuing month.

Messrs. Blackwood announce an authorized translation of "The Monks of the West," by the Count de Montalembert; "The Punjab and Delhi, in 1857," being narrative of the measures by which the Punjab was saved and Delhi rescued, during the Indian mutiny, by the Rev. J. Cave Brown, Chaplain of the Punjab movable column.

Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas, of Edinburgh, are preparing the following new publications:—"Memoirs of his own Time," from 1741 to 1814; by Thomas Ross, Esq., D.D., minister of Jedburgh. "Athena, or Notes of an Embassy to the Island of Inchekeith," by J. Y. Simpson, M.D., Vice-President of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. "Characteristics of an old Church Architecture, in the Mainland and Western Islands of Scotland," by T. S. Mair. "The Story of Burnt Nal,"—a translation of the "Njal Saga,"—with an Introduction, Essay, by G. W. Pasant, D.C.L. "Rais and his Friends," with illustrations by George Hervey, R.S.A., and J. Noel Paton, R.S.A. And a new volume of the "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," by J. H. Barnum, Dean of Edinburgh.

A new "Quarterly National History Review," for January, Bishopsgate, is announced to appear at the beginning of the new year, published by Messrs. Williams & Norgate. A good list of names—men famous in science—are mentioned as contributors, and the contents of which the *Panthea* was saved and Delhi rescued, during the Indian mutiny, by the Rev. J. Cave Brown, Chaplain of the Punjab movable column.

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth is at work on his old ground. On the 1st of January will be commenced "The Constable of the Tower," an historical romance; illustrated by John Gilbert.

Mr. James Blackwood has the following works in preparation:—"Ismael and Casseador; or, the Jew and the Greek;" "A Novel Journal;" of what passed in the Temple Prison during the captivity of Louis XVI., King of France, by M. Cléry, the king's valet; and "Cobles in Search of a Cook."

The new volume of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* will contain original articles on "Tannin," by Mr. Wm. Wessinger; on "Theatres," by Dr. Doran; on "Turner," by Mr. Walter Thornbury; on "Voltaire," by Mr. Henry Rogers; on "Wellington," by Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the *Times*; on "Washington," by the Hon. Edward Everett; and on "Wine-making," by Sir James Esmereson Tennant, K.C.S., LL.D.

Mr. Alfred W. Bennett has now nearly ready a "Narrative of Ten Years' Imprisonment in Prisons of England," by Anthony Nicoll, a police officer. Also "Will Adams, the First Englishman in Japan; a Romantic Biography," by William Dalton.

Mr. Holgrave, of Fleet-street, will commence a four days' sale of valuable books on Tuesday next, November 6th. This collection, the property of a collector, is remarkable for a very rare collection of old and valuable Bibles. Among the lots may be noticed a complete set, 55 volumes, of the Parker Society's Publication.

The following comprises our Foreign Literary intelligence:—Messrs. H. K. have just issued a French translation of "Jean Eyre," by Madame Leobasles-Souverre, for their library of Foreign romances.

Dentu has put forth a book by the Chevalier Gougenot des Mousseaux, on "Maggio

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

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RIGHT AGAIN.

THE two famous despatches which Lord John Russell addressed, on the 31st of August to the British Minister at Turin, was of a nature not only to damage his political character, but to lessen the popularity, and impair the usefulness of the Administration. Whether the document was penned at the instigation of others, or was due to the promptings of his own mind, is a mystery, and such it will doubtless remain. But such mischief had it done, and such uneasiness had it created, lest there should be a design in high quarters to hook Great Britain into an unholy Northern alliance for the support of Austria in Venetia, that the friends and opponents of the Government alike deemed it imperative upon Lord Palmerston either to explain the meaning, or to disavow the intentions of his colleague. In this journal of the 27th ult., in speaking of the Warsaw Conference, which has since so happily proved abortive, we denounced the policy indicated in the despatch, and called upon Lord Palmerston to speak out in such a manner that there might be no further misunderstanding on a matter so vital.

Lord Palmerston went on his Yorkshire tour, addressed many public meetings of his admiring countrymen on all sorts of topics, but never said a word about foreign politics. Our buoyant Nestor, our hearty *Maachiavelli*, our ever gallant and popular Viscount, was right. He had been behind the scenes in the Foreign Office, and knew that his colleague had written, or was about to write, a second despatch, which would repair the mischief of the first, and place the Government once again, with respect to its foreign policy, in unison with the reason and the sympathy of the people. The same pen that had done the foolish thing was charged to do the wise one; and leaving it to its functions, the Viscount expatiated on the blessings of education; disputed Pope's luckless assertion of the dangers that attend a little learning; and in every way conducted his tour as if all Europe were in a state of happiness, prosperity, and peace, and as if there were not the smallest speck of a cloud on the political horizon at home or abroad. This did, at the time, not appear to be the right course, but, as already said, Lord Palmerston knew what was coming; and last Saturday the town was startled by the publication of Lord John Russell's second despatch to Sir James Hudson on the affairs of Italy. Its substance was immediately flashed along the telegraphic wires, not only to Paris and Turin, but to every capital and court on the Continent, and to the camp of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel, as well as to that of the ex-King of Naples at Gaeta. Despatch number two was a thorough recantation of despatch number one. It recognized, in the most satisfactory manner, and with the most unimpeachable logic, the right of the Italians to manage their own affairs, declared the duty of Great Britain, and consequently of every other power in Europe, to hold aloof; justified the proceedings of Victor Emmanuel in the Duchies, in the Romagna, in Umbria, in the Marches, and in Naples; and withdrew from the unpopular and untenable position, that any power, except Austria herself, had, under any circumstances whatever, the right to do battle against an Italian King or the Italian people for the retention of Venetia. This is alike the sentiment, the conviction, and the policy of the British people; and Lord John Russell has expressed them all so well as to deserve approbation for the courage, as well as the completeness, with which he has rescued himself and his Government from a dilemma, which was inconvenient, to say the least of it, and which might hereafter have proved fatal.

We do not care to number ourselves among the critics who deem this second manifesto because it is inconsistent with the first. Those who prattle about mere consistency, as if it were the first of virtues, would make but poor administrators of public affairs, if unhappy circumstances ever floated them into power in a free country—or in any other. It was consistency that cost Great Britain the misery of the American and afterwards of the French Revolutionary War; and it was inconsistency that procured us the blessings that have followed Roman Catholic Emancipation, the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, and the abolition of the Corn-laws. To be inconsistent is no reproach to a statesman. To be consistent in wrong is the unhappy privilege of Lucifer and the fallen angels. Among men, and especially among statesmen, inconsistency is one of the greatest of virtues, if it be shown in the denial and abandonment of error.

The despatch was not published a moment too soon. Though it can have no influence upon the victorious arms of the King of Italy and his faithful general; though it can neither strengthen nor weaken his position with regard to the Two Sicilies, or the other provinces, duchies, and territories that by the will of the people have formed themselves both *de facto* and *de jure* into integral portions of his kingdom, it cannot but have an influence on the yet unsettled questions of Rome and Venice. That the present or any future Pope can, as a King, ever learn wisdom, is greatly to be doubted; but that the Emperor of the French, who has the Papacy in his grip, and who has tact and knowledge enough to be inconsistent, if it suits his purpose, will permit the question of the temporal sovereignty of the Pontiff to arouse the feeling of United Italy in growing hostility to France, and to weaken, at the same time, the increasing cordiality of the alliance between the British and French nations is to be doubted still more. At and after Villafranca, the Emperor proposed in good faith a scheme for the settlement of the Papal question. Events not to be controlled have borne the question far beyond the point at which it then stood; and while remaining the Pope's protector, as Head of the Church, and ceasing to be his protector as Head of a State—he will in due time be ready with a new scheme, that may combine justice to the Italians with the respect which Roman Catholics feel for the Head of their Church.

Austria has still one chance left to settle the ugly business of Venetia. Let her take advantage of it while there is time. There is no help to be got from Russia, as the Conference at Warsaw has proved. There is none to be got from the Germanic Confederation. There is none to be got from France, and none from Great Britain, whose supposed "interests in the Adriatic," dwelt upon in Lord John Russell's first despatch, have dwindled into nothing in the second. King Victor Emmanuel is already strong, and is daily growing stronger. He is the victorious and popular sovereign of a rich and powerful kingdom. To that kingdom the possession of Venetia is geographically, politically, socially, and morally an object of first necessity. The Italians and their King must and will obtain it. To avoid the wasteful expenditure of human life, and all the countless miseries and cost of war, they are willing to buy a province which they will some day or other be strong enough to take without purchase. Why, in the name of expediency as well as of common sense, should not insolvent Austria make the best of a bad business, and heal her wounded dignity with the gold that Italy would pour into her lap with ungrudging alacrity?

DUNDONALD AND NAPIER.

THE country has recently lost two of its greatest naval heroes. They resembled each other in their lives, and they are united in death. The Earl of Dundonald—to speak first of the one who died first,—so much better known as Lord Cochrane, performed all his great achievements in a subordinate capacity. The war came to an end before he could reach the highest rank of his profession; and as a great admiral he only, in latter times, sailed between the West Indies and North America. From entering the navy till he ceased to be employed, in 1809, only sixteen years elapsed, and during two of them he lived in retirement. In the six first of them he was learning his profession, or practising its ordinary duties, without much distinction. Eight years, therefore, of incessant activity, two before the Peace of Amiens and six afterwards, sufficed for the performance of those gallant actions which made him one of our greatest naval heroes. The capture of a vast number of the enemy's vessels, the destruction of many batteries, and the harassing of the French on almost every point of their coast, from Hieres to Dunkirk, are amongst his achievements. It was, however, as the commander of single ships, or of one or two frigates and brigs, that his services were performed, and never till the Basque Roads affair he was intrusted, and then under an admiral, with the command of a squadron. He was, in truth, a young officer and a young man when the difference which ensued between him and the Admiralty caused him to be laid on the shelf, and deprived the nation of his valuable services. His career is one of the most instructive episodes to be found in the history of the navy.

The son of a peer and the nephew of an old captain, the usual time of a midshipman's servitude was assigned to him by his name being borne on the books of a line-of-battle ship. While, however, other gallant youths had to wait and pine many years before securing a first commission, he was made a lieutenant before he had well time to learn, though acute and diligent, the names and uses of every part of a ship's furniture. By the end of a midshipman's usual probation, he had become a captain, though the first vessel he commanded was necessarily a small one, such as in those days were usually intrusted to commanders. She was, at the same time, very acceptable to him, as affording the earliest vacancy in which his friends could thrust him. In the little *Speedy* he gained a great reputation, and crowned a number of gallant actions by capturing a Spanish frigate, *El Gamo*, twice as big as his own brig. For this he received his post rank, but after some delay and some chattering with Lord St. Vincent, which marks the beginning of a different career from that of a fortunate sailor. Before the conclusion of the war the *Speedy* was captured by a French squadron, and, though he was speedily released, he remained unemployed for two years. Then again he entered into activity, and achieved, especially on the coasts of France and Spain, many triumphs. He was an officer of great skill, renowned for inventions in the art of naval warfare, as well as dashing courage, and was selected by the Admiralty, in 1809, over the heads of several officers of superior rank, to attempt the destruction of a French fleet in the Basque Roads. It was not entirely successful. He threw the blame of the failure, not justly, on Admiral Gambier; and being then in Parliament, representing Westminster, went fiercely into opposition, and quarrelled with the Admiralty. The Board, as usual, for the maintenance of discipline supported the "superior officer"; it was rebuffed by those whom Lord Cochrane had overshadowed, and he became the object of official hatred and official vengeance, none the less envenomed by the fact that he was one of the aristocracy, and had, in his early promotion, fully shared in all the advantages of the system he denounced as a politician.

His early promotion, too, by the favour of his uncle and Lord Keith, was thought, we believe, by the Earl of St. Vincent to trespass on his official patronage, which was probably the cause of the great admiral slighting the young captain, who was not of his own nomination. From Lord Cochrane's autobiography it is certain that there was a conflict between them, the memory of which was probably recorded in the black books of the Admiralty, and was remembered in 1809. Several attempts, we learn by the second volume of the "Autobiography," were made to seduce Lord Cochrane to be silent about Admiral Gambier, and acquiesce in the decision of the First Lord. To all these blandishments Lord Cochrane was insensible; the Admiralty was alike obstinate, and from 1809 the country was deprived of the services of one of the most gallant and enterprising of her many gallant and enterprising officers. The system which so suddenly raised Lord Cochrane as suddenly stopped his growth. The conflict betwixt him and the Board, at that time much more powerful than now, tended to his disadvantage. Unfortunately, the Government had an opportunity of taking revenge, and the embittered spirit of party led the Chief Justice of England to be the instrument of inflicting a heavy disgrace on one whom he might consider a renegade.

The family connections of Lord Cochrane were liable to suspicion. Some of the best of them were known to be grasping and unscrupulous; one had an actually tainted reputation. The noble lord had invested money in the Funds; he speculated too in them. In 1814 a sham officer pretended to land at Dover, bringing intelligence of the sudden

destruction of Bonaparte. The news caused a great rise in the funds. Lord Cochrane was said to have profited by the transaction; some of his friends did; the sham officer was traced to Lord Cochrane's house, where he changed his clothes; and Lord Cochrane, with others, were tried on a charge of conspiracy to defraud. His uncle admitted the charge by fleeing the country, and a jury, vehemently and partially instructed by Lord Ellenborough, who in the end regretted his conduct, found Lord Cochrane guilty. He was condemned to a heavy fine, to a year's imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory. The last part of the punishment was omitted, from a dread of the public, and the pillory abolished; but he was expelled from the House of Commons, dismissed from the Navy, and deprived of his knighthood. His eminent services were all forgotten by his enemies, and he became the victim of the system of which he had shared the advantages. His constituents showed their opinion of his conduct, and of the verdict by instantly re-electing him, till the reign of William IV. he remained excluded from the service. Then he was restored to the rank he would have held had he never been dismissed, and was a full admiral when he died.

The party animosities from which he suffered have passed away, and the Admiralty Board could not now commit the flagrant wrong that the First Lords of that time and their permanent Secretary committed on Lord Cochrane; but for many years he suffered as sore a trial as ever a noble spirit was subjected to. Since his restoration he has made several efforts to have the trial revised; but custom and law forbid, and the courts still retain the record of his conviction. Nobody now believes that he was guilty; though the charge obviously weighed on him till the day of his death. It appears from the second volume of his autobiography,* that his passing over from the service of the aristocracy is still remembered in high quarters, and the noble lord intimates that the Horse Guards have visited the sins of the father on the children, and refused to his eldest son, now the Earl of Dundonald, military advantages, to which he was fairly entitled. His early career, so suddenly cut short, and at a period when the country so much needed his services, illustrates more graphically than would many essays, the system under which the maritime resources of the country were then trifled with by men much deficient in the sense of moral responsibility.

It must be added that Lord Cochrane, possessing much of his father's inventive powers, was a mechanic and an improver. He was not only a quick-witted sailor, he was a man of genius. The estimate at present of the noble lord's character may be best ascertained from the fact that he is to be buried in Westminster Abbey. This probably he hardly expected; and it would have been a delight to him could he have been assured of receiving this high honour. For the public it will be a gratification. They will have done all they could to repair the wrongs of the most illustrious seaman, taking all his requirements into consideration, the country has given birth to since Nelson.

Sir Charles Napier resembled very much Lord Dundonald in the general features of his character. He, too, was well born; was active, enterprising, brave, greatly successful, and sometimes indisciplined. He had similar contests with the Admiralty. He, too, acquired more reputation as a young officer than after he had advanced in life. Both took service abroad; but Lord Dundonald fought emphatically for the cause of liberty, and was, perhaps, before the Italian war began, the noblest mercenary of modern times. Both became Members of the House of Commons, and conspicuous naval reformers. Napier was, perhaps, only less renowned than Cochrane from entering the service later. The individual enterprise which acquired for the last named his greatest fame, was less needed after Napier became a captain than in the early years of the war. Napier was, however, less unfortunate than Cochrane. His disputes with the Admiralty have exposed him to some retorts, and latterly, perhaps, may have precluded him from securing the command of a fleet, but they did not consign him to a forced inactivity in the very prime of his life. Sir Charles Napier's early history, though redolent of gallantry, was not so interesting as that of Lord Cochrane, and his later history is quite familiar to the public. We need not, therefore, recapitulate it.

The two veterans were admirable representatives of the glorious character of the navy during the war; that it has since deteriorated is, we trust, but a well-founded assertion. To keep pace with the general progress, the navy must change, and we hope, improve. But at present, it seems, from the solid armour in which ships are to be cased, and the vast mechanical power which is to be brought to operate in war, that personal gallantry—that dash and enterprise, the peculiar characteristics of the sailor—will heretofore be of less account than artistic and scientific skill. Should the national security and superiority become exclusively dependent on these and more on organization than on individual gallantry, we shall naturally

* "The Autobiography of a Seaman," published by Bentley, a book full of interesting details. We saw here a French book, which concerns the other naval hero just departed, and shows the conditions of our ships during the close of the successful war. (Sir Charles Napier, who has been a long time in the service, is engaged to write a history of the navy, and is now in the Admiralty, in view of his capture of the ship, informing their lordships that he will be back in the fleet, and will be a great asset and equipment. The American, however, showed off, and was in no condition to tell us.)

possess no quality in which others may not excel, and our naval superiority may come to an end. Our seamen must have new studies and imbibe a new spirit. In this sense the departure of the renowned veterans we have now referred to does but clear the way for new heroes and a different species of heroism.

THE BLESSINGS OF THE RAIN.

IT is the privilege of a true Englishman to grumble; and if there be one thing more than another about which he loves to grumble it is the weather.

"Heigho! the wind and the rain—
For the rain is rancid every day."

is the burthen of the song of one of Shakespeare's most amusing clowns; and from Shakespeare's day, and long before it, to our own, the same complaint, either as a jest or a lamentation, has been in the mouths of all the male and female gossips of every generation. A popular chorus of the children both in cities and villages, is—

"Rain! Rain! go away!
Come again north-e'ry day."

In *Exmoor* and the neighbourhood a well-known epigram asserts the plausibility that afflicts the people:—

"The West wind always brings wet weather,
The East both cold and wet together;
The North wind never brings in Rain,
And the South wind blows it back again."

An Englishman on the continent is known by his umbrella; and foolish Englishmen travel to the "sunny south" (very often only to languish and die), in order that they may enjoy a brief, and as they think a pleasant, immunity from the too constant drenching of the pitiless clouds that hover over the wulappery isles of Britain. That the summer has set in with its usual supply of rain, is a standing and a venerable joke. That the people on the western shores of England, Scotland, and Ireland, are well-forested, as well as those of Lincolnshire, is another ancient victim, which melancholy humorists are accustomed to hurl against the climate. St. Swithin is the most unpopular of all the saints in the Calendar, if a shower happens to fall upon the day which our Roman Catholic ancestors dedicated to his memory. And of all the summers of recent time, the ill-omened summer of 1860, which has just come to a watery and befitting end, will live in the memory of the present generation as the most pertinaciously and hopelessly wet which they ever knew or heard of.

But if it should turn out that all this wet is an advantage and not a disadvantage! That the showers and floods at which we make such dismal moan, are the greatest blessings that could befall us! That the constant rains not only fertilize our acres, and make our soil the freshest and greenest spots beneath the sun; but that they make our women more beautiful than other women, our men sturdier than other men, and add to the average length of life in every part of the country! Every traveller must have remarked the beautiful and perennial green of the British Isles as compared with the dingy brownness of the fields, meadows, and forests of continental Europe and America. It only requires a man to travel for a few months, either in the eastern or the western hemisphere, and to use his eyes in the interval, to come to the conclusion that the glowing bloom and beauty on an Englishwoman's cheeks last to a much later period of life than the bloom on that of an Italian, a Frenchwoman, an American, or of any other woman whatever, except the Welsh, the Scotch, and the Irish; and that a man at seventy in Britain is not so shrivelled and dried up as a man is at sixty in any other part of Europe, Asia, or America. A man in the United States of America is never appointed to a judgeship at seventy, or even at sixty-five; but in England a man at seventy is in the very prime of his judicial intellect, and Lord Campbell was upwards of seventy when he was made Lord High Chancellor.

So well do these facts and their causes begin to be understood, that the physicians of the United States recommend their fair friends and patients who desire to preserve the bloom of girlhood in their maturity and old age, to sleep in apartments ventilated by the introduction of steam. And physiologists assert that the climate of America is too dry and stimulative for the healthful activity of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic brain, and the normal development of the race. But it remained for the Registrar-General of Births, Deaths, and Marriages, in his Quarterly Return just published, to give the world more convincing proofs of the value of rain as a healthful and life-preserving agent, than were ever before brought under notice. In 1859 the three millions of people inhabiting this metropolis were filled with the direst forebodings of pestilence, in consequence of the accumulating filthiness of the Thames; ruderly filthier than it had ever been by the unusual heat and dryness of the summer. In 1860 there were no such alarms. So constant were the rains that the Thames once more became almost limpid at Westminster, and, *mirabile dictu!* a few hardy salmon actually contrived in the wholesome waters so far up as Egham. In this pre-eminently wet summer the health of the country was so good, that the population of

England and Wales increased at the rate of 844 daily,—an increase which the Registrar declares to exceed any on record. And while the births were more numerous, the deaths were less frequent.

"The reduction of the mortality (we quote from the Report) is observable in the town and in the country districts; but is by far the greater in the town districts. The average number of deaths in the town districts during the summer of 1859-60 was 52,861; whereas the deaths in the last summer were 48,595, in the country districts during the same periods the deaths were 49,697 and 49,928. The rate of mortality in the town districts fell from 23.76 to 19.42 per 1,000; in the country and small town districts from 17.59 to 15.97; or 5.33 degrees in the town and 1.78 in the country districts.

"In London the mortality was low.

"The South-Eastern Division has been healthy, the deaths much below the average in every county. The deaths in St. Peter's, Brighton, were 30 below the average, and the district has been unusually healthy. The sewers have been well flushed and cleansed by the constant rains. In Kent, nearly every district was healthy. Portsmouth, generally an unhealthy place, has suffered less than usual. In Southampton, the mortality has been low.

"In the North-Midland Counties 5,858 deaths were registered, and in every county the mortality was below the average.

"The Eastern Counties have been healthy; the deaths, which were 6,153 in the previous summer quarter, amounted only to 4,566.

"The South-Western Counties, out of a population of nearly two millions, lost 7,071 by death; whereas the deaths in the previous summer quarter were 8,486. Every county—Wilt, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall, Somerset—enjoyed this immunity. Out of a population of about six hundred in Wilt, only one death occurred in thirty-two days.

"The decrease in the mortality of Wolverhampton, Walsall, West Bromwich, and Dudley, where the water-supply is abundant, is enormous; and in nearly all of them certain sanitary arrangements have been introduced. The deaths in Birmingham and Aston during the last three summer quarters have been 1,854, 1,815, and 1,241; the mortality has fallen one third part.

"It is probable that the ordinary water-supply of a place is bad when its mortality is greatly reduced by heavy rains.

"The North-Midland Counties lost less by 1,013 fires in the last summer quarter (5,154) than they lost in the summer preceding.

"In the North-Western Counties 13,969 deaths were registered, the deaths in the previous quarter having been 15,659. The system of *mildew* prevails in Lancashire, and the dirt is there not washed away by rain as it is in sewers, which may account for the circumstance that the reduction of the mortality is less in this county than it is elsewhere.

"The deaths in Yorkshire were 2,966, or less by 1,177 than the deaths in the summer quarter of the previous year.

"The weather of this quarter may be looked at as an experiment on the health of the people. Employment has been easily obtained by workmen, but the prices of provisions have been high. And this general survey seems to establish the fact, that the salubrity of the season is chiefly due to two circumstances; the reduced temperature of summer, and the abundant supply of water by rain. The low temperature retarded the putrefaction of the town impurities, and the water washed them away; so both the forces acting in the same direction, gave a great result. A careful study of the circumstances of each locality by which the result was produced, cannot fail to be instructive, and to confirm the faith of the authorities in the simple sanitary elements with which nature works."

We have quoted sufficient, we think, to make sensible people reflect, ere they again indulge in abuse of the weather of our islands; and what is of more consequence, to make them take timely measures to aid the beneficence of Nature by the establishment, in every populous town and city, of a cheap and copious water-supply;—to be most copious wherever the inhabitants are the poorest. That we should have abundance of water, not only for beverage and ablution, but for the constant flushing of our thoroughfares in dry seasons, would be true municipal wisdom, if the returns of the Registrar-General are to be depended upon, as we firmly believe they may be.

CONSTITUTIONAL SALT IN ITALY.

MEN usually speak of despotism and democracy respectively as good or bad systems, as their interests or prejudices may influence their perception. To the philosopher both these methods of government appear in theory equally good; it is the imperfection of human nature which prevents the complete success of either in practice. If, by a providential dispensation, all despots and their administrative functionaries were born good, despotism would be unexceptionable. If, on the other hand, all men were born good, what better system of government could be devised than a democracy? But as the majority of men have unalloyably more active evil than active good in their character, both schemes must be subject to continual and grave imperfection. What the despot, by elucubration and cultivated intelligence, may gain over the simple plebeian, he loses in the development by his position of that latent lust of oppression which is inherent in men. No reflective man would say that the autocratic countries of Europe are satisfactorily governed;—that is, so governed as to produce the greatest good to their inhabitants; neither that the people of any of those lands, though enjoying the most civilised on earth, are fit for absolute republican freedom.

Fortunately for us, in our own land the pernicious effects of the too

frequent incompetency of either individual rulers or collective peoples alone to carry on the functions of government justly and wisely have been almost wholly neutralized by combination of the two principles of liberty and authority. Here the fermentive acid of popular freedom has been gradually blended with the bitter alkali of monarchical rule; and the result is that harmless, healthful salt—a preventive of organic changes—which we call the British Constitution; an embodiment of order, that we may well hope is now as permanent as the salt in the ocean, and past all violent effervescence.

Despots and demagogues equally hate Constitutionalism; for with its establishment the occupation of each is gone. Hence the jealousy with which the Italian movement is watched by Austria and Russia, and even by Prussia and France, in both of which realms, and especially in the latter, the acid of freedom is not in sufficient quantity to neutralize the alkali of authority, and the true salient flavour is lacking. Hence, also, the late efforts of Mazzini and his followers to direct the current of popular enthusiasm in Naples, and to stimulate Garibaldi into a course of action to which Victor Emmanuel could not safely be accessory.

Were the Italians seeking to form a democratic republic, despotism would be less concerned. Were the Austrian autocrat reducing Italy once more to a shadow of his empire, demagoguery would have less reason for dissatisfaction than at present. In either case, the introduction of so much of one principle would prepare the way for a large influx of its opposite; much larger it would undoubtedly become than would be necessary to restore equilibrium. But in a constitutional kingdom, established under Victor Emmanuel, there would be no absorbent for Francis Joseph's alkali or Mazzini's acid. It may be objected, that the rights of legitimate princes must be sacrificed in the constitutional union of Italy; but so must the rights of rulers forfeited by the wrong of subjects. This is a doctrine generally received as touching the past; and the greatest obstacle to its application to the present is the existence of personal interests in the expelled princes and their followers, and of sympathy for them in those who have analogous interests to defend.

Why cast forth from Italy the preservative salt which has been gradually formed by comparatively small local agitations, when the introduction of pure despotism or democracy must eventually lead to a vast effervescence! In the love of domination in despots, and the hatred of authority in demagogues, so strong as to blind them to all necessity and expediency! Did they look beyond the gratification of their own propensities, they would see, on the one part, that Italy has grown too intelligent and self-reliant to submit to oppression; and, on the other, that men just escaped from tyranny are especially incapable of simple democratic freedom. Such arguments would be of little avail with the Emperor of Austria or the Agitator of Italy; for interest and prejudice form powerful barriers against the entrance of reason; but each of these men has sympathizers in England, and it would be well if these could be brought to see the question in a true light, so that this nation might be as one in the moral support of her sister Italy at the present important crisis.

TURKISH RAILWAYS.

THE daily papers have announced the opening of the first railway in Turkey. The line in question connects the Danube at Tchernavoda with the port of Kustendjie, on the Black Sea; and, considered as the commencement of a system of railways in that part of Europe, the event is worthy to be chronicled.

It seems a paradox to say, that in England we do not sufficiently recognize the importance of railways. For a century past our country has been intersected by good roads; for a period not much shorter we have had an extensive service of canals, and a generation now growing old has witnessed the completion of a network of railways. We hardly realize what our country would be without so perfect a system of transport.

Rivers, roads, and railways, are not in the true economic sense of the term "producers," but they are necessary to production. They are, in fact, the keys to unlock the storehouses. Any traveller in Eastern Europe must have been amazed at the undeveloped and unemployed wealth on all sides wanting little else than the means of transport. Take the Banat, Servia, and Wallachia. He will find mines of coal which are not worked; forests of valuable timber of which no use is made; a population paying enormously for salt, salt mines, but no means of transporting the produce; rich plains which it does not pay to cultivate. The keys are wanting for these storehouses; and in every interest, commercial, political, and social, they must be supplied.

These observations do not, in one point of view, apply to the Turkish railway to which we have alluded, that line being designed to accommodate the existing traffic on the Danube. The freedom of the Danube navigation was one of the important results of the Russian war. It is secured by the Treaty of Paris, into which stipulations were introduced with a view to the establishment of works for deepening the mouth. Unhappily, nature is less tractable than diplomatists, and the Salina has refused to be improved. A con-

siderable sum has been spent there, without demonstrating anything except the folly of spending more. There is no instance in the world of a river which discharges itself into a tideless sea, having at its mouth a channel unimpeded by bars or shoals; and no works of ancient or modern times have ever removed such defects. The navigation of the Danube mouths was, and ever must be, dangerous and difficult. The next best thing to improving the navigation is to avoid it, and this is accomplished by the Danube railway. A line of forty miles connects the river and the sea, and escapes the delta.

The terminus on the Black Sea is Kustendjie, the place of Ovid's banishment, the ancient Tomi, afterwards Constantia, of considerable importance under the Lower Empire, frequented by Genoese and Venetian traders, destroyed in 1828 by the Russians, and now undergoing restoration at the hands of an English company.

We rejoice that the completion of the first Turkish railway is due to English enterprise. Many of our railway magnates are engaged in it, and the name of the chairman, "Cunard," almost represents the perfection of ocean travelling.

It is hard to say what will be the ultimate result to Turkey of industrial enterprises of this description. Though it may be too much to expect that they will solve the vexed Eastern question, and "cancel and tear to pieces the great bond," may they not postpone the solution of the difficulty till another generation, with other and better means to deal with it, has appeared upon the scene?

THE WAGTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XVIII.

MR. GAUTTIE ATOMS HIMSELF TO BE A SAVAGE.

THOUGH I wear hat, coat, and trousers,—though I blend myself in all the paraphernalia of civilization, and conform, as far as I must, to its laws and observances, I am a Savage. Nature will out. There are times when civilization sits so stiffly upon me that I feel it like a shackle; times when my soul revolts against its restraints, and when I long to rush forth into the wilderness, and act in all respects as if I were the "noble Savage" which, at heart, I know myself to be. What is more, I glory in my barbarism, and assert that every man must not only possess but should encourage a large amount of this aboriginal instinct, if he be good for anything. I feel, on such occasions, that I cannot always tread on carpets, eat with knife and fork, and breathe the over-heated enervating atmosphere of drawing-rooms and Houses of Parliament. It does not suit my ideas to be always prim and precise, to wear a dress-coat and white kid gloves, and to say "No, I thank you," when, if Nature had her will, I would say "Yes, and much obliged to you." It offends the savage that is in his bosom, to instruct my servant to say that I am not at home, when I am at home. It offends me even more, when I am compelled by the laws of polite insincerity and worldly diplomacy, to tell Mr. Snobisimus, in a bland and courteous tone, that I am glad to see him, when all the time I wish that he were in Kamashatka, or a hotter place.

Too much of civilization, like too much of anything else, is not healthy. Beef is good, but who would have beef, and nothing but beef, for breakfast, dinner, and supper, every day, and all the year round! Claret is a noble drink,—but to have claret in the morning, claret at noon, and claret at night, and nothing but claret, what mortal man could bear! After a month or a week of such a course of drinking, pure water would be like the nectar of the gods,—a drink divine and precious, not too dear if it had to be purchased with a diamond for every drop that passed over the tongue.

I own, too, without any compunction, that there are moments when I am intensely indolent of clothes, and all the handiwork of tailors, hatters, shoemakers, and bootmakers. Am I never to feel the pure breath of heaven over all the surface of the temple in which my soul dwells, as Adam did in Paradise? Am I always to be in debt to my inferiors, and to "owe the worm silk, the beast hide, the sheep wool?"

Must I for ever be so trammelled by civilization as never to enjoy the luxury of a bath, unless I take it in a tub or a tank, or from a bathing-machine at the coast? Am I always to dry myself with towels? I desire to bathe in the mountain streams—far up amid the waterfalls—with no onlookers but the birds; and to sit in the sunshine until that and the breeze dry me quite as effectually, and far more pleasantly, than any piece of Manchester goods. I love to bathe in the sea, where there is nobody within five miles of me; to do desperate battle with the surf and the spray—to kick and buffet them—to sport, to frolic, and to plunge—and, when I have had enough, to walk myself dry upon the sandy shore, with as much freedom, and with as little indebtedness to civilization, or any of its forms and fashions, as the seaweed that dries over my head, or the seaweed that follows lazily amid the rocks and boulders at my feet. On such occasions I feel an amount of positive delight in the mere fact of my physical existence, and in the surpassing loveliness and beauty of Nature, that the forms and ceremonies, the pomp and vanities of civilization have never yielded me. Did ever you, friend reader, try the luxury of a natural shower-bath on a rainy morning, and feel the pelt—not of the pitiless, but of the delicious storm, upon your bare shoulders? Did you ever, as Edgar says in "King Lear,"—

"—all your hair but in knots,
And with prevented sunbeams sufficed
The winds and precarious of the sky?"—

allowing the cool, quick drops—fresh from heaven—to trickle over you, and caress you, and anoint you with health and joy! If you never did, you have a new pleasure before you; and when you taste it you will confess that the civilized shower-bath, fitted up in a room, with all appliances and means for your so-called comfort, is but wheezy Art, and a sorry substitute for breezy Nature.

And it is not only of sensations like these—which are both agreeable and wholesome—that our over-civilization deprives us. It is right, I ask you, that we should always be dependent for our personal security, or that of our waggon, upon the police constable and the magistrate, the judge, jury, and the hangman! Is it consistent with our manly dignity that for want of legitimate and proper use there should no longer be any vigour in our right arm, and no power for the endurance of cold, hunger, and fatigue? Is it well that there should be no sharpening of the physical faculties by physical danger? If the eye of the wild man of the woods sees further than mine, I begrudge him the accomplishment, which might be mine also, for, though natural, it comes by Art. And if his ear can hear sounds in the trees, on the shore, in the grass, or on the edge of the far-distant horizon that make no impression upon my dulled and careless tympanum, I feel that I have done injustice to the savageness that is latent within me; and when I think of it, I long to start off into the wilderness, and to "rough it." We all of us like "rough it" now and then. What made the great Haroun Al Raschid leave his palace at night in search of adventure, and consort with his people as man to man, but the oppressive weight of ceremonial and civilization which was too much for him to bear? What makes the rich man travel to Norway, or to the Western Prairies, or go yachting to Nova Zembla or Spitzbergen, if it be not the necessity, that he feels for being a savage, and of shaking off the iron chains and suit of armour of modern fashionable life. It is pleasant to see that there is a greater love of "roughing it" among Englishmen (and in the term are to be included Scotchmen and Irishmen) than among any other civilized people.

It is a good sign. The spirit of the savage—the true, the noble, the independent, adventurous—permeates in Anglo-Saxon veins. It is this which sends them to explore Central Africa, and discover the North-West passage. It is this which makes them hunt the lion and the buffalo, which makes them take an animal delight in prize-fighting and cock-fighting; it is this which makes Robinson Crusoe such delightful reading, and which sends so many hundreds and thousands of adventurous spirits to sea. It is this which makes young men scale Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa, and emperil their necks and their lives on treacherous slopes, where the rotten snow conceals the fatal crevasse. And coming from the ruler to the gentler sex, it is this which makes the ladies find so much pleasure in pic-nics. They, too, though not tired of their clothes, are weary of stiff observances and ceremonials. They like, bless them, to dine on the grass, and light their own fires as the gipsies do. They are glad when the corkerew has been forgotten, and the neck of the champagne bottle has to be broken; more than glad when they have to hunt for water at the nearest spring, and to use their own dainty little taper fingers instead of forks, as their great foremother and progenitrix Eve was obliged to do ere the serpent tempted her with his specious tongue, and brought sorrow, civilization, and clothes into the world, at one and the same time.

And the same enjoyment that is derivable from the pic-nic is derivable from any dinner where Nature, by necessity, is allowed to be paramount over Art. I have given dinners in my day, and good ones, and have been a guest at grander and more pretentious repasts than my own. I have dined with an Emperor, though the imperial bird was a callow President, and not a fully-developed Imperial Eagle at the time; I have dined with the Lord Mayor, and with a far more magnificent personage, the Prefect of the Seine; I have dined also with a king, and had a very good dinner, though, as a mere display, the Prefect's dinner was much more gorgeous; I have also dined—more than once, or a dozen times—with a private English gentleman (not Mr. G. W. M.), and had a more elegant and more satisfactory repast than Emperor or King, Duke or Earl, Lord Mayor or Prefect, ever provided. But of all my dinners, my savage dinner was the best, and dwells most freshly upon my memory. It happened thus—Twenty of us, young and old, lovely ladies and reverend seignors, nisses and usatrons, resolved, once upon a time, to set out from the "capital of the Highlands," on a visit to a lake, upwards of fifty miles distant, celebrated for its grandeur, but very little known. I dare say that few of the readers of these pages ever heard of it, though it is worth going a thousand miles to see;—Loch Maree, or the Lake of Mary, away in the far west of Ross-shire, larger than Loch Lomond, wilder and grander than Glenoe, and bordered with bare perpendicular hills, two thousand feet high. It was within a week after Midsummer that we came to this determination. At that season there is but little night in these high latitudes, and we travelled in open carriages, encouraged by the unclouded brilliancy of the blue sky, upon which there was not a speck of cloud as large as a mushroom, and which had been equally spotless for several days previously. Away we went, the ladies in all their finery, looking as fresh and as radiant, every one of them, as that bright morning light. For twenty miles we travelled, rejoicing, over a bare wild country, the contemplation of which made every man among us long to develop the savage, and to get rid of the citizen, by taking to his legs and climbing to the mountain-top, agile as the goats that peeped down upon us as we passed. But a change was at hand. The day, with all its beauty, was deceitful as a flirt. The wind suddenly veered round, and in a quarter of an hour there came upon us from

the far north-western seas, an array of dark rain-laden clouds, that covered the whole face of Heaven.

"Why didst thou promise such a beautiful day,
And let us travel forth without our shaks,
And let base clouds o'ertake us in our way?"

Why, indeed? Why—but that we might enjoy ourselves more in the storm than we ever could have done in the sunshine. Down came the rain in torrents; there were but a few parasols and a scanty party or two among the company, and what were parasols, and all the umbrellas in the world, in such a drenching deluge as that? There was no shelter within five miles, and that was at Achmannault—marked as a town upon the map, though consisting of one solitary house—but this was a hostelry of good repute, and as our carriages were not made to shut, our best plan was to drive on as fast as our steeds could run. In two minutes we were up to the skin, and could scarcely have written had we been folkling in the snow, though doubtless we should have been much more comfortable. And, alas! for the ladies! Never were seen more wo-begone creatures in the world of sorrow. All their ribandry and gauzery—their silken and velvety—were dragged, and limp, and shapeless—as lost to ornament as the gibes, the gambols, and the quips of dead Yorick to the friends who loved him. Like balloons that had collapsed, they had shrunk into less than half their former size, and were as little like their former selves as the leafless hawthorn in December is like the hawthorn in the full bloom and luxuriance of May. In half an hour we arrived at Achmannault, and found that there was abundance of oat-cake, abundance of salmon, abundance of grouse, abundance of bottled stout and ale, and superabundance of whisky—enough for a hundred people to eat and for a thousand to drink; and so we ordered dinner. The ladies retired into one bedroom, and the gentlemen into another; and in a few minutes they severally re-appeared in the dining-room, without their wet clothes, and in garments that would have delighted the Red Indians of North America to look at—and to steal. Sheets, blankets, counterpanes, and hearth-rugs, twisted around them in every variety of shape and fashion, formed the costume of the ladies, while the gentlemen only wanted the feathers, the wax-pipe, and the tongs, to realize one's idea of the brave Chingachgook and Uncas of Cooper's Indian stories. I, John Wagstaffe, then M.P. for Wigglesbury, had a coarse red-and-brown hearth-rug girdled around my loins instead of a kilt; my legs and feet were each ensheathed in a short, tied round with a string; and over my brawny shoulders I wore a piece of bedroom carpet, of as many colours as the coat of Joseph. Not one garment, mentionable or unmentionable, worn by either sex, was to be found at that dinner party. They hung at the kitchen fire to dry; while in such savage costume as was pleasant to the savage nature—thus suddenly developed—we placed ourselves at table. Excellent was the salmon, excellent the grouse, excellent the stout, and excellent the whisky; while the laughter that, not metaphorically, but actually made us cry with its own excess, was of a heartiness that few men or women experience more than once in their lives.

Never, at home, in any civilized and full-dressed festival—never at the board of king or emperor, lord mayor or prefect—did I, John Wagstaffe, laugh as I laughed, eat as I ate, drink as I drank, enjoy as I enjoyed, sport as I sported, on that occasion. A whole year of fine days and civilized observances would not yield one tithe of the physical and mental joy yielded to all of us by that one day of storm and rain, and defiance of etiquette and clothes. Let Pomp think of it, and learn wisdom. Let Ceremony reflect, and reform itself into simplicity. And O! great king or emperor, lord (in your own opinion) of the destinies of millions of men, just think of our freedom, and ask yourself whether you could endure the weight of your royalty, or imperialism, if it were an essential condition of its tenure that you should never put off your clothes—that you should wear your heavy golden crown sleeping and waking, both by day and by night; never be kissed by the lips you loved, were they lips of woman or of blessed little children; and that you should never be addressed except by your full titles, and be be-majestied and be-gnored, and be-lorded, every hour of the day? For would not any man—wretchedly to be deemed a man—rush out of such slavery to escape madness,—would he not go and cut down trees in the forest, dig in a garden, shoot the grizzly bear, or consort with Panwnee and Potawatamies in the wilderness?

In fact, even the gentlest and humanest of men require to go back into savage life now and then. Why, for instance, does the angler hook the unsuspecting trout, and insinuate his cruel contrivances through his harmless gills, unless it be that the savage is in him? This savage love of killing exists, more or less, in all true Britons. I do not speak of the butcher, who kills sheep and oxen because it is his business to do so,—for he is the civilized man, and only conforms to his vocation; but of the sportsman,—the grouse-shooter,—the lord of the stubble-fields when partridges are plentiful,—the Nimrod of the mountains, who stalks the deer, and kills, neither to eat, nor to sell, nor for convenience, nor for necessity, but because he feels the Savage in his blood, and thoroughly enjoys the roughness and the warfare of the wilderness.

Homer sometimes nod. The bow cannot always be bent (I shall not quote the Latin). The civilized man must sometimes allow the innate Savage to have a turn—either at work or at play; and it is well. Were it not so, we should degenerate into a nation of pigs and milkpicks; and Napoleon III. or Brother Jonathan might "annex" us at his leisure.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

THE *Gazette* of Saturday last contains Lord Elgin's despatch from the seat of war in China, with the official account of the recent capture of the Taku forts. So early as the 14th, 15th, and 16th of August, it appears that the British plenipotentiary received communications from the court of Peking, offering to open conferences with him in the capital. As, however, no sufficient assurances were given of the resolution of the Government to concede the points demanded in the letter sent to the great council in March last, Lord Elgin intimated that he could not put an end to hostilities. Meanwhile, the preparations for the attack on the forts were rapidly proceeded with.

It was necessary for the allied army to cross a marshy tract, ten miles in width, which, contrary to Chinese precedent, had been everywhere put in a state of defence. The troops left Peking on the 12th, but it was not till the 21st that they were fully prepared to commence operations. At five o'clock on the morning of that day an English column, 2,800 strong, and a French force, 1,000 strong, proceeded towards the southern upper and lower forts, and fire was immediately opened on both sides. The Armstrong guns were worked with terrible effect. At halfpast six, a fearful explosion took place in one fort; and about ten minutes later, another, more terrific still, burst forth in the other. Burns of wood, earth, and bodies, were hurled into the air; while the concussion shook the ground for miles around. At eight o'clock the ladder-party was ordered to advance, and an assault followed, in which Lieutenant Rogers and Ensign Chaplin conducted themselves with a gallantry which cannot be too highly praised. In the course of the forenoon the fort was taken, the Tartar garrison fighting to the last with great desperation. In the evening of the same day, all the other forts capitulated.

In this short campaign of ten days we have met with a more formidable resistance than we ever did previously in any Chinese war. Of our officers, 2 were wounded dangerously, 13 severely, and 7 slightly; of the private, 17 were killed, 4 were wounded mortally, 107 seriously, and 40 slightly. The number of the French killed *hors de combat* was estimated at 130.

In his last despatch, dated the 26th August, Lord Elgin states that he had arrived at Tien-tsin, and that suitable arrangements for the troops had been found in the neighbourhood. Kwei-Leng and Hang-Fuh have been appointed to conduct negotiations on the part of the Chinese Government.

That Lord Elgin acted judiciously in refusing to enter into any negotiation

with the Chinese Government previously to the capture of the Taku forts is proved by the arguments since made to dissuade him from ascending the Peiho with a large armament. Now that we have struck a vigorous blow at such cost in men and money, it is to be hoped that the plenipotentiaries will lose no time in bringing the war to a satisfactory conclusion, enforcing a large indemnity, and by a display of military force convincing the populace and the court of Peking that the European powers are able to chastise the folly and insolence of the Manchou Government.

Among the most important events of the week is the publication of a despatch, dated the 27th ultimo, from Lord John Russell to Sir James Hudson, the Sardinian ambassador, more in consonance with public opinion in this country, than the memorandum previously sent to the court of Turin. This document, called for by the position of the continental Powers towards Victor Emmanuel, expresses the opinion of the English Government on the questions: Were the people of Italy justified in asking the assistance of the King of Sardinia to relieve them from governments with which they were discontented? And was the King of Sardinia justified in furnishing the assistance of his arms to the people of the Roman and Neapolitan states? According to Lord John Russell, arguing on the principles laid down by Vattel, these questions resolve themselves into this: Did the people of Naples and the Roman States take up arms against their governments for good reason? The English Government cannot say that they did not, and therefore cannot pretend to blame the King of Sardinia for assisting them, or see any sufficient ground for the severe censure with which Austria, France, Prussia, and Russia have visited the acts of the King of Sardinia. It is easy to foresee that this despatch will produce a powerful influence on continental diplomacy, when taken in connection with the recent success of Garibaldi and the triumphal entry of Victor Emmanuel into Naples.

On the 2nd current, the garrison at Capua capitulated, and to the number of 8,000, where marched to Naples, whence they were to embark to Gaeta. On the following day, the Piedmontese army, under the command of King Victor Emmanuel, gained a brilliant victory, routing and dispersing the Bourbon army. Attacked in front with great spirit by the Piedmontese troops, and in flank by the fleet, under Admiral Persano, the troops of the ex-King retreated in confusion, leaving in the hands of the Sardinians their tents, wagons, and *artillerie*, with a large number of prisoners. General Soma pursued the enemy along the coast to Gaeta. He now occupies Mola di Gaeta, and other positions near the last stronghold of King Francis II.

From a telegram received on Thursday evening, we learn that a body of 15,000 Neapolitan troops, with 4,000 horses and 32 guns, being pursued by the Sardinians, took refuge in the Papal States at Teano. They advanced to Civitella, where their progress was arrested by the Papal and French authorities. They were to be at once disarmed. The Bourbonist forces now cannot number more than 20,000 at the highest estimate, and we may therefore conclude that Gaeta will, after a brief siege, fall into the hands of the Sardinians.

The Neapolitan Supreme Court of Justice has proclaimed the result of the plebiscite in the Kingdom of Naples. It gives 1,310,266 votes in favour of, and 16,012 votes against annexation. In the Papal States the voting is going on; and even in those districts still occupied by the French troops the results are entirely favourable to United Italy. In Umbria and the Marches the greatest enthusiasm prevails.

On Thursday morning, at half past nine o'clock, King Victor Emmanuel entered Naples, where an immense crowd had assembled to welcome him, notwithstanding the torrents of rain which were falling. Universal joy was manifested on the city.

The French Government have found it no easy task to explain away some recent despatches to Italy. The official papers of Paris deny that the French Admiral interfered with the proceedings of the Sardinian fleet at Gaeta; but they admit, at the same time, that instructions were transmitted to him which might have led to such interference. These they defend on the ground that the blockade of Gaeta had not been recognized by any of the Powers, and that a double attack by sea and land would have exposed the ex-Queen of Naples, the youthful members of the royal family, and the ladies of the Neapolitan court to the greatest danger. We have as yet no very satisfactory account of what has really taken place between the French and Sardinian naval commanders. It is said, that on the 30th Admiral Persano attempted to disembark at the mouth of the Garigliano, and in presence of the French squadron, which had got under way to constrain him to withdraw, refused to do so, on the ground that he was beyond the waters of Gaeta and the line of the blockade of that port. In presence of the protest of Admiral Persano, the French Admiral, fearing that he might have exceeded his instructions, withdrew, sending off the *Despatch* to obtain fresh orders. In the mean time the Sardinian fleet rendered efficient assistance to the land forces, pursuing the scattered troops of the Bourbons from the mouth of the Garigliano towards Gaeta.

The statement recently made by General Lamoricière, in a letter addressed to the official paper at Rome, that the French Government had given a promise to prevent, by force, the Sardinian occupation of the Papal states, has been replied to by the Duc de Grammont, the French Ambassador at Rome. The despatch was, it appears, tampered with by the Roman War Office, the words "by force" having been added to it. Accordingly a new version of the document has appeared in the *Gazzetta di Roma*, in which these words are left out.

The *Armonia* of Turin, an organ of the clerical party, contains the startling announcement that the Emperor Napoleon has offered the Pope a refuge in Avignon. This assertion seems to have created some alarm in Italy, it being believed that it will be an advantage to France to have the centre of the Catholic world brought within her own frontiers.

Whatever be the ultimate intention of the Emperor, the French garrison at Rome has been supplied from Marseilles with large stores of warlike provisions.

Count Rechberg has addressed a circular note on the Warsaw interview to the representatives of Austria abroad. It states that a perfect understanding was established between the three Princes present as to their conduct in view of certain eventualities understood to be disturbances in Poland and elsewhere; but that at the same time non-intervention in the affairs of Italy was agreed upon.

The alleged enthusiasm of the Austrian provinces on the promulgation of the decree of the 26th ult. was very much exaggerated by the official telegrams. At Trippan, the capital of Sicily, the citizens were perfectly indifferent to it. In Prague things were no better. At Zantz there was no demonstration. Innsbruck was illuminated in compliance with orders from the Burgomaster, who holds an office under government.

At Woodstock, on Wednesday last, the Bishop of Oxford delivered his triennial charge to the clergy of his diocese. He specially adverted to Church Rates and Liturgical Revision. With regard to the former, he advised his hearers to wait patiently, without themselves proposing any scheme for alteration, lest they should precipitate, by a doubtful solution, the settlement of so great a question. He protested most emphatically against any attempt being made to effect a revision of the Liturgy, as he held that behind those who desired to provide briefer and simpler forms of public worship, there were men who had other objects in view, and who would effect such a cleansing of the Book of Common Prayer as would lead to a disruption of the Church. Any innovation on the existing formularies, indeed, he considered to be dangerous at a time when persons are heard to declare that the miracles narrated in Scripture are parts of a system of naturalism which it is the duty of reasonless criticism to unravel and discover.

In all parts of the country the rifle matches are still proceeding. At the dinner which followed the distribution of prizes on Monday to the successful competitors at the first annual contest of the Cheshire artillery and rifle volunteers, Mr. Gladstone made a long speech. He remarked that the volunteer movement had supplied a contradiction to the saying of the first Napoleon, that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, who have lost the energies and warlike tastes of their forefathers. At a time when the elements of danger are rife in Europe,—when a war is going on in Italy which deserves the sympathies of Englishmen, and when great questions are about to arise respecting the regeneration of Turkey, he rejoiced that England should look morally and physically strong. He held it to be most true, that he who reckoned the volunteers as merely adding a force of 130,000 or 170,000 to the military strength of the country, took a view of what they will do, which is totally inadequate to the truth of the case.

A great Volunteer excursion party to Paris has been proposed by a very obscure person, whose name we prefer to leave in its obscurity. This person has even written to the Emperor Napoleon on the subject, and received an answer from his secretary, in which the promise is made of a warm reception from the French authorities. He has since communicated with the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, the Secretary for War, and the French and English railway companies, and from all quarters he has received assurances of favour and approval. Lord Derby, in a letter to the *Times* of Wednesday last, states many obvious objections to the scheme.

Free trade is now gradually beginning to find favour with those classes and interests which have clung most strenuously to the doctrines of Protection. At the annual meeting of the Sunderland Shipowners' Society, which took place on Tuesday last, a report by the committee, was read in which regret was expressed that so much strength had been wasted in the useless effort to prove that the repeal of the Navigation Laws was a great political and commercial blunder. The society have now resolved to uphold the policy of free trade in maritime intercourse.

The steamer *Des*, from Havre, with the Irish Brigade on board arrived at Queenstown on Saturday morning. Their reception was most enthusiastic. The streets of Cork, according to the Irish papers, have not since the days of O'Connell known so many *riots*. At Dublin, so enthusiastic was their welcome, that a veteran soldier, who happened to be present, declared it to be only paralleled by the reception of the Highland regiments in Edinburgh at the close of the war in 1815.

The announcement made in various English and continental journals, that an engagement has been contracted between her Royal Highness the Princess Alice and Prince Louis of Hesse Darmstadt, is stated to be premature. The Prince, however, has been a guest at the court of the Queen during the past season, and is expected shortly to return to this country on a visit of longer duration. He is the eldest son of Prince Charles, brother and heir presumptive to the Grand-Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, who has no children, so that it is by no means improbable that the alliance may ultimately be contracted.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

On Thursday, in accordance with the general anticipation—strengthened by the knowledge that the Bank had raised the rate at which it discounted long-dated bills—the minimum rate of discount was raised by the Bank from 4 to 4½ per cent. This, though in the language of commerce it has long been discounted, is the great moneyed event of the week. It has had no immediate effect either on the money or stock market. Money, for the purposes of commerce, continues to be about as amply supplied as before, and the funds generally in the week, and also on Thursday, showed a tendency upwards. Within the last few days political events have been averted, and they have had more influence over the funds than the condition of the money market. The consequence is that the funds have generally tended upwards in the week, instead of downward as they should from money being dearer, and Canada have ranged somewhat above 89½. Now that the rise in the rate of discount has taken place, we may briefly refer to the causes which led to it.

For some weeks, as the columns of almost every journal have testified, there have been great fluctuations in opinion as to the Bank raising the rate, though the anticipations have generally been that the rate would be raised. These were founded on the well-known fact that gold was continually going out of the country more than was coming in, and on the equally apparent fact that the reserve of the Bank of England was rapidly decreasing. The latter is the practical guide to the conduct of the Bank, and the weekly returns show that the reserve has declined, speaking in millions, and not encumbering our space with many figures, from 99 on September 19th to 79 on October 31st. Or, in six weeks, the reserve has declined nearly £2,000,000. In the week ending October 17th it decreased £1,300,000, and then the rise was immediately expected, but it did not take place. The demands of commerce have been steady, but the reserve of the Bank has fluctuated.

The uninitiated will scarcely believe us, we are afraid, when we state that this reserve, which possesses such vast influence, and occasions such unpleasant anticipations, consists in the proportion of six out of seven of the Bank of England's own promises to pay on demand. There is less than £1,000,000 of precious metals in the bank department, in which the whole reserve is placed. The proportion of gold and coins does not vary much, and the bulk of the reserve consists entirely of the Bank's own notes. It will seem strange, therefore, to the reader that any deficiency of those notes, which could be created at will, should be suffered to operate against the commerce of the country, and that the rate of discount should be raised because the amount of them in the hands of the Bank declined. The explanation is this. The Legislature forbids the Bank from issuing more than a certain amount of its promises to pay, and so the growing and fluctuating wants of commerce are confined for money to this Prætorian bol of legislation.

The same Bank returns which inform us of the decline in the reserve of the Bank, also inform us that the wants of the public for bank-notes have increased. In the week ended September 19 the circulation was 21½; in the last week it was 22½. The wants, then, of the community for legal tender money, and the inability of the Bank to supply it, are the immediate and real causes of the rise in the rate of discount. If it be said that the total amount of bank-notes issued is determined, and by the Legislature, but by the effect of gold, the restriction on the community and the difficulties of commerce, equally certain, will be caused by the demand of a new French Bank for gold. The outgoing of the precious metal is less occasioned by the ordinary requirements of commerce than by the operation of this new Bank; and in the end the lamentable conclusion is, that our own law regulating currency places it in the power of a foreign speculative body, by taking away our gold, to hamper all the commerce of England.

We know, and every man who reflects on this subject knows, that the demand for capital ultimately determines the rate of discount; and that lately there has been a considerable demand for capital to send abroad in order to buy corn, and that every one has in consequence, for some time, expected a rise in the rate of discount. But this is a steady though increasing cause, while the amount of the reserve of the Bank has been so varying from week to week, that the hopes and fears of men have continually vacillated. The side end of all currency regulations is to promote the convenience of the people, the advantages of trade and of merchants; and when they are inconvenient, as they are greatly, by regulations which make the rate of discount depend on the reserve in the Bank of England, while that again depends on a demand for gold to establish a French bank, it is high time those regulations were taken into consideration and amended.

The corn-trade has been comparatively steady and dull; supplies have not been large, particularly of home-grown produce, but prices are unaltered.

Some of those reports which arise every year of frosts affecting the cotton crop in the United States have been put into circulation this week. They have had the effect of exciting great activity in the cotton-market, and effecting a slight advance in the price. The fact shows the necessity of extending the cultivation of cotton into regions beyond the reach of frost.

The war in China has had no further effect on the tea-market, which has remained steady and rather dull than otherwise, compared with last week.

Generally, however, colonial produce has ruled high, an unusual price of the funds of commerce having been derived from the colonial trade to procuring the more necessary supplies of wheat. The supplies of colonial produce are, in truth, short; and we must now have increased production, or there will be a further rise of price.

From New York in the week we have heard that a very considerable fall has taken place there—from 4 to 5 per cent.—in almost all stocks and shares. The principal reason for this we believe to be the great previous advance, of which the fall was only the speculative reaction. Such property is too well secured by its utility to be subject to permanent depreciation.

MEN OF MARK.—No. IX.

WILLIAM CUBITT.

THE Lord Mayor Elect of London! A fitter subject for one of these sketches, with the object they have in view to outline eminent men who have risen by their own estimable qualities and energy to eminence, could not have been suggested by any public event, even if his elevation to the seat of the chief magistrate of the greatest city on the face of the globe had not, as it were, forced upon us the undeniable claim of William Cubitt to stand forward among the number. The manner of his election, and the unanimity of opinion that prevails throughout every rank of the community respecting the deserts of this gentleman, demonstrate the fact of his worthiness to be considered as no common occupant of the high station he is called upon to fill. It is pleasant to contemplate such a character, and a privilege to be able to describe it from long and near observation; though, we assure the reader, utterly independent of circumstances, and, we prospectively believe, somewhat repugnant to the modesty of the party portrayed, and who can know nothing of the pencil employed in this off-hand draft.

The family of William Cubitt are men of the present age—men of progress; not men who, as Shakespeare says, "to beguile the time, look like the time," but men whom the tendencies and appearances of the time have shaped to utilize and adorn it. His elder brother (by a good many years), Thomas, led the way to the elevation of the family in wealth and consequence. He also was a man of no small mark, though he never mixed in public affairs; but, dying, left his son in a position to become the invited and honoured representative in Parliament of a populous English county. The world is, after all that can be said, a tolerably discriminating world. It may allow mediocrities and commonplace people, and even some who are little fitted, to pass along the beaten path, taking their share of routine advantages, without comment or censure; but when we observe the same triumphs achieved by persons of their mind, every way eligible, and prius by them as likely to reflect much laurel as they receive, and hereby benefit their fellow-creatures by the faithful discharge of the imposed duties, it is a cheering thing to witness the honest oblivion of general feeling, so unequivocally manifested whenever occasion offers.

William Cubitt, Alderman and M.P., began life with a humble start. He adventured on the sea, and was, like our greatest living landscape-painter, a "ship-boy on the high and giddy main." Relieved from this uncongenial pursuit, he began his land life (not as the gentleman, but at sit home at ease, but with toil before him) on one of the lower steps of that ladder the top of which he has now nearly reached. His course has been a true type of the Builder's ascent, step after step. Gradually, securely, with a firm footing, elevating story after story of the edifice meant for future comfort and the enjoyment of the latter years in respected tranquillity—ever looking upwards, single is aim, constant of purpose, liberal of means, and immovable in integrity. From the foot where he began to climb, let us follow him to the midway station we may here suppose him to have attained. What sort of a man is he? In the midst of the bustle of scenes one of the quietest we ever saw; in the tumultuous distraction of the most intricate crises one of the calmest. He seems one of Nature's philosophers—cool, not frigid, serene yet vigorous. Remarkably deliberate, as the reverse of demonstrative; whatever question demands his attention, he is a private affair, magnificent, or legislative, it may be assured of his utmost or highest consideration (quite different from the meaning in a diplomatic letter), and the result a judgment equal to his capacity, uninflected by the slightest tinge of biased or sinister motive. In a word, viewing a long course of mercantile and pecuniary concerns, we have seen that Mr. Cubitt is wonderfully pure in mind, and has neither suffered aversion to contaminate his trade-dealings with unskilful, nor ambition to warp him from the straightforward line of justice and humanity in his official ministrations.

The late Mr. Thomas Cubitt opened the path for his brother to a less trying ordeal from a limited beginning than he had undergone himself, but still the pursuit required adequate talent and steady perseverance. Men of business in London do not leap into the foremost rank *per saltum*. A number of efficient qualities are requisite to effect that standard reputation and durability; and chance has seldom much to do in the matter. Apparent success, owing to shrewd, cunning, effrontery, or wrong, are only rare exceptions to the good old golden rule. That rule was the guidance of our subject, and hence he rose from the middle places, where we have just been contemplating him, to higher station, where he now is, with accumulating approbation and increased numbers of admirers. He did his work well. He undertook nothing he could not do. It is a plain, unostentatious boast, but it was the greatest we ever heard from his brother's lips.—"Well, I believe I never built a house that did not give satisfaction; and there was anything found wanting, I was always ready to amend it!" Can we wonder that, with such a creed, and such a practical exemplification of it everywhere acknowledged, acres after acres, my miles of ground, new suburbs, new cities in extent, streets, crescents, and squares (innumerable, villas, palaces, and we know not what all, in every suitable style of architecture, in every class of building, and, what is better and, with accumulating approbation, in every class of honest from the foundation to the roof-top—meeting our eye in every quarter, in witness of Cubitt skill and Cubitt good faith. Let common house-lapping men take all its conveniences, and let luxury demand its facilities for display; it is a grateful task to earn the thanks of competency for congenial comforts, and even of ostentation for its much-prized poem.

So pleasantly situated with relation to his employers, it is still more agreeable to turn our glance to Mr. Cubitt as himself the employer of many hundred men; the head of a large establishment of educated accountants, clerks, and overseers, and of skilled artisans and hardworking labourers. Under existing circumstances there are few positions more useful and onerous; and in this point of view none stand higher than William Cubitt. Here are the valuable qualities we have ascribed to him come into full play, and their operation is most salutary. His men are

independent in themselves, neither spoil *tyrannants* nor oppressed slaves. His government has ever partaken, as we may say, of the genial or patriarchal. His watchfulness has extended over their sicknesses and troubles; and even when misunderstandings have arisen, his course has been conciliatory and moderate whilst just and firm. The workmen combinations in his particular case, therefore, have not partaken of the angry and evil passions. *Strike*, but *Heal*, has been his motto; and if reason failed, acrimony or resentment were not evoked to maintain a worse and more dangerous argument. The humane master had given due consideration to every eye in his service. Every one confessed his thoughtfulness, his kindness, and his benevolence. They could have no complaint, except such as was raised upon an abstract principle; and accordingly they averred with reluctance, and returned with good will to their occupations and a fair day's wages for a fair day's work, when the storm had blown over. His spirit pervaded the business, from which he had retired several years ago in favour of a younger brother, whose very brightly during the late unadvised strike.

But there are various other phases, and circles within circles, spread throughout our civilized community, in which the spectator likes to catch a glimpse of those who have specially attracted his notice on the more public theatre. Is the author a bookworm—is the merchant quite absorbed in exports and imports—is the architect and builder altogether wrapt up in plans and estimates? Not Mr. Cubitt. Long before he mounted to the midway of our sketch, and ever since as he has been rising to the top round where he is now as conspicuous—the observer of all classes—he has been distinguished by his social habits. He is some, the wish to please, and willingness to be pleased, are sterling recommendations to the dinner-table, and these he always brought with him. Conversant with what the world was doing, and next in remark, without aspiring to overcondescend to others, his share in the conversation failed not to interest and amuse. A peculiar civility of demeanour and simplicity of diction have ever made him a welcome companion. On such occasions, and in his domestic hospitalities he has courted the intimacy of men of literature to their mutual gratification; and it will add to his credit in many a charitable breast to learn that in the mystic bond of Freemasonry he occupies a prominent rank.

Some, it is said, have murmured that upon them; but his advent to civic aid and service will surely state our belief that he was the sought rather than the seeking. His station, and character, and wealth, combined to point him out as a deserving recipient of City honours. He consequently served the office of sheriff (1847-8) with Mr. Charles Hill—a colleague every way worthy of the association; and the labours of their year were performed with friendly harmony and liberal public spirit. About this period he was elected for Andover; and, probably to fill up the vacant time usefully between the sittings of Parliament, entered warmly into the management of City concerns. In a short time elected an alderman, and signifying himself by the ability with which he has taken a leading part in the responsible affairs which have been and are pressing upon the condition of the City of London, and the corporate body that has ruled it for many centuries, he is now the First Magistrate of the greatest capital in the world.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THOSE who were most impatient for the entry of Victor Emmanuel into Naples must now cease their complaints, for the King of Italy entered the Capital of the South yesterday morning, amongst the enthusiasm of the entire population. I am informed that the latest reliable advice from Genoa asserts that it will be quite impossible for the ex-King to remain much longer on shore. His departure in a French or English ship is looked in from hour to hour. The flight of 15,000 of his troops into the Papal territory, and their disarmament by the Roman authorities, aided by the French soldiers, is the *coup de grâce*. It is gratifying to find that in the last decisive battle, the fleet, under Admiral Persano, co-operated with the land forces, without any interference on the part of the French naval commander.

The despatch of Lord John Russell to the British Minister at Turin, has been received, as is deserved, with universal approbation. It is a just echo of the public sentiment, and fully redeems the former despatch of the 31st of August, which, although containing some advice useful at the time, was couched in ungracious language, and grated harshly on the public ear. The only mistake about the despatch of the 27th of October was its partial publication in the columns of a single morning paper on Saturday last. If it was right to give it publicity, it ought not to have been kept out of all the other morning papers till Monday morning. The course so properly observed by the Government of late, in sending all public documents to every paper at the same time ought not to have been departed from in the case of so valuable a document as this, which was no longer the property of the writer, but of the public. Still, this does not justify attacks upon a State paper which has instinctively received the fullest approbation from all classes of Englishmen.

Another of our eminent public men, Mr. d'Israeli, has been on his trial, and has thoroughly vindicated himself from the absurd charges of a crony and meddlesome person, who has fastened himself upon him, and got an over-credulous M.P., Mr. Donald Nicol, to proscribe the foolish gossip about the Berwick election, which Mr. d'Israeli has now dispensed into "thin air." Mr. d'Israeli will, no doubt, in future avoid the allusions of such folks as Sergeant Doxie, whose antecedents in the Canterbury duel, and the alleged revelations at Weymouth, ought to have been sufficient warnings to the gifted author of "Vivian Grey." *Alisandrow Dorwell*, &c.

Mr. Klotz Rowlett, whoever he may be, has put forward a ridiculous scheme for a visit of Volunteers to Paris, which, we hope, has received its *quies* from the press.

The Conservative organs make a great noise over the recovery of a single seat at Beeton. The truth is, that Mr. Taylor was not the best candidate on the Liberal side, and more than 200 of the Whig electors refrained from voting, whilst Mr. Malcolm, the successful candidate, is a moderate and respectable gentleman, of education and large fortune.

In the case of Dartmouth, the late member, Mr. Dunn, was elected without opposition. His successor, Mr. Hardy, the wealthy proprietor of the Low Moor Iron Mines, was run very close by Mr. Ilayne, and a petition will leave the decision to a committee of the House.

There are two of the largest constituencies now vacant, Newcastle and South-wark, where the reaction (if any) can be fully tested. There is a host of "local" men feeling their way in Southwark, but the old public reputation of Mr. Wakley will probably scatter them all, if he determine to stand, which is doubtful.

Morocchetti's statue of Cesar de Lion is certainly the boldest and most successful of our artistic monuments. It has a rough, defiant air, worthy of the lion-hearted king. The position chosen for its resting-place is well selected, but not without some essential drawbacks. It is rather too near the wall of the Parliament-house, scarcely allowing sufficient space for full relief of so noble an object as this "horse and its rider." The pedestal has not the faint of most of our monuments, which are generally placed too high from the ground—but, on the other hand, it is scarcely broad or long enough for the figure it has to support.

The Guards' Memorial at the foot of Waterloo-place, which has been so severely criticised, is not yet complete. But the statue of Glory has been placed on the top, and the whole affair has a very obnoxious and provoking air of remaining where it is, spilling one of our best sites, and impeding one of our leading thoroughfares.

It is curious to see how many of our modern monuments are thoroughly out of place. It is contemplated to remove the statue of Jenner from Trafalgar-square to a more suitable locality; but there are other monuments preparing for that refuge of statues unattached. One of the first will be the monument to the gallant Harvelock. The mischief is that the strong sentiment in favour of our departed heroes induces upon our limited space objects that are entirely out of place, and anything but creditable to our knowledge of art. The reverence for the Duke of Wellington prevented the horrible edifice from being removed from the arch at Hyde Park, and the sentiment of gratitude to the defenders of Isakmanian will probably be strong enough to preserve the unsightly and nauséous obstruction at the bottom of Waterloo-place. There is another long piece in the completion of this last and greatest deformity of the metropolis, but I fear it is not in anticipation of its improvement or its removal. In spite of objections to constrained or despotic authority, there must be some control provided against the desecration of our thoroughfares.

The removal of the statue of King Charles is again mooted, on account of the increasing necessity for providing a continuation of the Strand through St. James's Park. But it is behind the Nelson Monument that it ought to be placed, instead of in front of the column, as some not very practical critic has proposed.

I am glad to say that steps will be taken in due time to provide for bringing before Parliament a real project for the embankment of the Thames between Westminster and London on both sides of the river. The matter is not exactly so described by a Sunday contemporary. But things are in preparation for all that. It has been proposed to appoint a Royal Commission. We have had Commissions and Committees enough. There has been plenty of talk; it is now time that something should be done. We believe that the work will fall to the Metropolitan Board of Works, who will be required to continue the sewerage with the embankment. They will have the necessary funds wanted, but they will, of course, be placed under the control of the Chief Commissioner of Public Works. The activity at last exercised by the Metropolitan Board, in pushing on the works of the high-level sewer, has abated the hostility felt against them, and the usefulness of the subway at Covent Garden has improved their character for greatness.

I have learned from the best authority, that the gossip about Mr. Tom Taylor's connection to the *Titanic*, as dramatic critic, is entirely unfounded. It is not even well contrived. Mr. Taylor is so profuse a producer of works for the stage, that this alone would render it impossible for him to undertake the office, even if his other avocations allowed him. Nor is there any falling-off in the capable and experienced critic who has so long conducted this department of the leading journal.

The first of the winter Cabinet Councils is summoned for Tuesday next, when domestic matters and the Bills to be introduced next Session will be considered, as well as the important questions of Foreign Policy. One of the first and most important measures to be proposed will be a Bill to Amend the Proceedings in Bankruptcy and Insolvency, which was dropped last Session, but which will be introduced in a more comprehensive manner next year. Notwithstanding that some knowing ones shake their heads and say no, another attempt will be made to Reform the representation of the people in Parliament, and to get rid of some of the anomalies and abuses of the present system.

The Attorney-General will move in person for a writ, in the Queen's Bench, *ad nihil inquirendum*, in the matter of the Road child-murder. If granted, a commission will be issued by the Lord Chief Justice, as high coroner of England, composed of barristers and officers of the court, who will proceed to the spot, and pursue their inquiries with authority and knowledge of the law and the constitution, which seems to have been very little observed in some of the late proceedings that have been so irregularly recorded to. A technical difficulty may arise in the fact that the coroner's jury have already returned a verdict, which, however unsatisfactory, is perfectly true, against "some persons unknown." But the generally felt anxiety for a full and complete investigation, will probably outweigh any mere formal objection.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

THE YIELD OF THE WHEAT-CROP.

Is this country the yield of the wheat-crop in any year is everybody's question. To the labourers and working classes a good yield brings abundance, full employment, and full wages; while the country bespeaks comparative scarcity, scanty demand for labour, and reduced wages. To the merchants and manufacturers a short yield of wheat is synonymous with dear money,—i.e. high rates of interest, diminished trade, and low or no profits. To the bankers, the capitalists, the money-dealers, and jobbers of all kinds, a bad harvest is the prelude to falling currencies, disastrous speculations, and inevitable losses; it is therefore perfectly intelligible that the newspaper press which represents the money-dealing and jobbing interests of the metropolis, should, throughout the late disastrous harvest, persistently misrepresent the actual state of the crops and the effect of the bad weather, by declaring, in all manner of forms, by correspondence agricultural reports and leading articles, that there was no harm done to the crops, and thus after all, the season of 1860 was not a bad one." This had probably some effect on the less informed, and enabled the shrewder speculators to "get out," at the expense, probably, of those trustful traders who relied on their "disinterested" public instructors, and neglected to trim their sails for the coming gale. But facts are stubborn things, which must be ultimately recognized, though leading journals may mystify, distort, or conceal them for a time. Now, however, it is admitted that the wheat-crop of 1860 is deficient in quantity, weight, and quality. There has certainly been no year since 1816 in which the condition of the wheat in England has been so bad as it is this year. Nor could it well be otherwise; for a harvest never had beyond that of any harvest remembered, was gathered during a season wherein the intervals of dry weather were so short, and the year was so far advanced that it was physically impossible any wheat could be carried to the stackyard in good condition, and fit for immediate use. The only wheat which this year has been sown in England is undoubtedly the early crop, and beyond that the crops which had been cut, or were quite ready for cutting on the 30th of August, when about fifteen consecutive days of fine weather commenced. These could only be the early crops; and, compared with the total growth of wheat in England, form a very small proportion of the whole.

Let us look at the facts in the face, and we shall do far more to mitigate or avoid the evils consequent on a short supply of home-grown bread-corn than by any foolish and ineffectual efforts to act on public opinion by understating or misrepresenting the extent of the calamity. Free-trade has, happily, rendered this country not wholly dependent on home-grown wheat, and there is no doubt that the efforts that our merchants will prevent, by means of corn importations, any serious advance in the price of bread. The harvest is now concluded, and in ordinary seasons the yield of the wheat-crop would have been fully tested. This year, however, so little wheat has been threshed in some districts, that the actual degree of deficiency is not ascertained. In most of the agricultural districts, however, the crops have been sufficient quantity of wheat threshed to enable experienced local men to give proximate estimates of the yield.

In the absence of public agricultural statistics, inquirers into questions of this sort must rely on private enterprise. This has often been brought to bear on the subject by several of the weekly newspapers, and the *Standard* (publishing the past week special correspondence of the *Star* (daily newspaper) have given a summary "statement of the yield of the wheat, barley, and oat crop, so far as that can be estimated by private individuals conversant with agricultural questions, and acquainted with the general condition of farming matters in their respective districts." This statement, which is the result of extensive inquiries, and to have been carefully prepared. The conclusions to be drawn from it agree with our own more limited personal observations and inquiries. Availing ourselves of this statement, we shall offer to the reader a pretty correct estimate of the results of the late harvest as regards wheat, to which grain our remarks will be confined.

In the Midland Counties, the estimate from Banbury, Oxfordshire, is that the wheat will yield from 30 bushels to 40 bushels to the acre, and that the average weight is from 50 lbs. to 62 lbs. per bushel. These figures are somewhat wide, and certainly higher than in most of the midland counties. At Bicester, in the same county, the average yield is estimated at 24 bushels per acre, and the weight per bushel from 50 lbs. to 62 lbs. The Bedford estimates are 40 bushels to the acre, and 54 lbs. to 56 lbs. per bushel. At Grantham, 32 bushels to the acre is the estimated crop, and 56 lbs. to 62 lbs. per bushel is the estimated weight. At Newark, 27 bushels to the acre, and 55 lbs. to 62 lbs. per bushel are the estimates. Northampton returns 24 bushels per acre, and 52 lbs. to 61 lbs. per bushel.

In the Western Counties, Barnstaple gives only 20 bushels to the acre, and 50 lbs. to 62 lbs. to the bushel. At Bideford, 15 bushels per acre is stated as the average quantity, but the weight is given at from 60 lbs. to 67 lbs. per bushel. At Blandford (Dorsetshire), 20 bushels per acre and from 55 lbs. to 60 lbs. per bushel are the estimates. Devizes (Wilt), a large corn-market, returns 22 bushels to 24 bushels as the acreage, and 52 lbs. to 60 lbs. per bushel as the weight. Gloucester gives from 10 bushels to 53 bushels as the quantity, and 50 lbs. to 63 lbs. per bushel as the weight.

In the Home Counties, Maidens (Essex) returns 14 bushels to the acre, and 50 lbs. to 60 lbs. as the weight of the bushel. In Hertfordshire, the estimate is 28 bushels per acre, and from 54 lbs. to 60 lbs. per bushel.

In the Southern Counties, Southampton gives 24 bushels per acre, and from 48 lbs. to 60 lbs. per bushel; Brighton, 22 bushels to the acre, and from 52 lbs. to 60 lbs. to the bushel; Bournemouth, 22 to 30 bushels per acre, and 54 lbs. to 61 lbs. per bushel; Rochester, 22 bushels per acre, and 54 lbs. to 63 lbs. per bushel; Faversham (Kent), 36 bushels per acre, and from 50 lbs. to 60 lbs. per bushel.

In the Eastern Counties the Cambridge estimate is 24 to 44 bushels to the acre, and 56 lbs. to 63 lbs. to the bushel; Boston (Lincolnshire), 26 bushels per acre, and 56 lbs. to 64 lbs. per bushel; Norwich, 32 to 36 bushels per acre, and red wheat, 57 lbs. to 63 lbs.—white, 60 lbs. to 63 lbs. per bushel; Lincoln gives the extraordinary estimates of 3 quarters to the acre, and from 26 lbs. to 36 lbs. to the bushel; Ipswich, 35 bushels per acre, and 52 lbs. to 61 lbs. to the bushel; Beccles (Suffolk), 25 bushels to the acre, and 50 lbs. to 62 lbs. to the bushel.

And lastly, in the Northern Counties, Newcastle-on-Tyne gives 24 to 29

bushels per acre, and 52 lbs. to 63 lbs. to the bushel; the Durham estimate, without specific figures, gives "under average;" Kettering, 34 quarters [95.33] to the acre, and 56 lbs. to 60 lbs. to the bushel; Middlesbrough (Yorkshire), 33 bushels to the acre, and 56 lbs. to 63 lbs. to the bushel.

At Bradford, Wilts, it is stated the farmers refused to give any information respecting their crops. The Chesterfield correspondent says, "it is too soon to ascertain the average of this district, as our harvest is only just closed, and very little is in a fit state to be thrashed;" and it is stated that several of the small farmers have thrashed, and the yield has been only 9 or 10 bushels per acre, weighing from 50 lbs. to 55 lbs. the bushel. The Exeter correspondent states that in the north of Devon the ordinary yield of wheat is about 5 bushels to the acre. At Wakefield "a very large proportion of the samples brought to market are totally unfit for human food." The Lincoln report says that the plant was good in Lincolnshire, and up to blooming time "droup brooms were entertained of a favourable result;" but the cold rains of July and August injured the crops, and "the result is that the apparently abundant crop is much damaged both as to quality, weight, condition, and quantity, and it is thought that the food-producing value of the crop is one quarter below an average." Several reporters state that no wheat has been thrashed in their districts in consequence of its bad condition.

These selections form a fair sample of the sack. It is impossible not to be struck with great differences between the lowest and highest quantities estimated as the produce per acre, and still more with low weights per bushel. Wheat of 50 lbs., 56 lbs., or even 58 lbs. per bushel, is necessarily inferior in food-producing power; and the universal estimates made of such weights indicate in terms not to be mistaken that our present wheat-crop will prove more deficient than any crop we have had for many years past.

TEMPLE BAR.

The *Corinth* Magazine is about to have a rival in *Temple Bar*. Wisdom cries aloud in the street, we are told; and literature seems to look for its title in our thoroughfares. The City is not barren of associations that might furnish a name to a periodical; but how *Corinth* is more connected with letters than the *Pentecost*, we do not see, perceive, or care. For can we understand how *Temple Bar* has been taken into grace by a publisher; is it a good omen to start with a name derived from a nuisance? *Temple Bar*! the only literature connected with it, is the fortnightly weekly paper in the hairdresser's shop, that forms part of the absurd fabric. But we are told that, from among Messrs. Child & Co.'s old ledgers, that are stored over the archway, the future editor has, in his mine eyes, seen Dr. Johnson and "Gold," passing under it. But did the great Doctor make *Temple Bar* a literary monument by walking through it? Is it, therefore, academical, and as the porch of Plato? It was only the highway after all; and the same stones have been trod by other celebrities: Dr. Dodd and Mrs. Brownrigg, most of the Directors of the South Sea Company, of the equality and ruffianism of London generally, from the time it was built to the present hour. What association can *Temple Bar* have with literature, more than any other portion of the way between Charing Cross and Abchurch Lane? Or with Johnson, most of the great English writers who have lived, and passed this point, and the scene of a great deal of skrimishing. The Piedmontese brigandage occupying the houses of a little village at one end, while the Papal troops were under cover of some buildings near the gate; but they evicted make a feeble resistance, and the condition of the citadel itself confirmed us in this impression. Here Lamouricé had collected upwards of 4,000 men, and occupied a position which, under ordinary circumstances, would have involved a protracted siege. Unfortunately for the French general, he had not a sufficient force to occupy all the heights which command the citadel. From these his outposts were driven in detail, and the Sardinian artillery was brought to bear on the citadel, while the Papal troops in vain attempted to rise to their cannon were so ill-furnished and unsteady, their artillerists so raw and inexperienced, that the odds were fearfully against the *gariboldi*. Still there were not enough *schabols* to warrant the capitulation; and however hopeless in the long run the general might have felt his situation to have been, we cannot but think, looking at the comparatively unglorious state of the fortifications, that he ought to have taken a little more punishment before giving in.

Fortunately for ourselves, Frenchmen do not seem to be endowed with that description of courage which enables them to make a determined and dogged resistance in the face of ultimate inevitable defeat. When we remember that in 1848, the people of Lyons, unaided by military leaders, held out against 70,000 Austrians for forty-two days, we can scarcely reconcile the capitulation of General Lamouricé and 4,000 men to the Sardinian army in fifteen days, with the slightest of valor. A Chinese force would certainly not have laid down their arms on so slight a provocation. It is true that in addition to imperfect guns, and still more imperfect gunners, Lamouricé had to contend with disaffection among his men.

It seems that discontent existed among the Austrian officers, who were almost in a state of mutiny, while the Italian section of the army proved treacherous, and the Swiss were not to be depended upon. The French and Irish would turn out in these colours, but most of the French had been killed at Castel Faldardo; and of 180 Irish who were in the fort, not one had the slightest conception of how to load a gun. I gathered some of these particulars from some of the wounded Irish soldiers whom I visited in the hospital. Of the night who had been wounded originally, only three remained, the others having been sent home. The hospital, which was a church, contained about 600 wounded men, among whom the doctors averaged about one a day. The Papal soldiers occupied one side of the building, the Sardinians the other. From their own account, the Irishmen had no reason to complain of their treatment. They said that no difference was made between them and the Sardinians, and that they had more cause of complaint against a countryman of their own than against any foreigner. One of our friends had, it appears, proposed to assist upon these walls in the night, and the poor lad, for two of them were boys of eighteen, had intended that he would take all his money, with which he was to supply them with comforts not

it be done without damage to the properties adjacent, we should like to plant an Armstrong sixty-eight pounder, on the cab-stand at St. Clement's Church, and thence, during the night, batter the whole thing down by a few well-directed shots, so as to have every stone carted away before morning! Why keep up a permanent barrier, in a London thoroughfare, that is nothing, besides the nuisance, but a foulner road to a bank, and a buttress to a barber's shop!

A TOUR THROUGH UMBRIA AND THE MARCHES.

ROME, 21st OCTOBER.

The events which have recently occurred in Umbria and the Marches may render some account of a journey which I have just accomplished through those provinces interesting to your readers. The King of Sardinia had passed through Ancona only a few days prior to my arrival in that town, and the flags with which the streets were decorated still remained as evidences of the enthusiasm with which he had been received. Those who remember Ancona only under the *spina* which has now passed away, would scarcely recognize, in its busy, crowded streets, and boisterous, cheerful inhabitants, the solemn and depressed population of yore. The people seem to have been relieved of a great weight, and can scarcely realize the existence of their newly-acquired liberty. The *cafés* are crowded with a gaudy, noisy multitude; and in the evening the streets ring with the sounds of movement and song. Individuals just released from protracted incarceration shake you cordially by the hand when they meet you, although entirely unknown to them, and inform you that "they are free," an assertion which they emphasize with a "Viva l'Italia," and about which nobody who witnesses their exuberant antics can have the least doubt.

From the accounts which we had received of the siege of Ancona, I expected to find the city showing everywhere signs of the conflict. So far from such being the case, however, it required considerable investigation to discover whereabouts the fighting had been. The light-house certainly was surrounded by a heap of ruins. The fort, by which it had been protected, had been blown up by the fire of the Sardinian fleet, and one hundred and sixty persons had perished in the explosion; but the town itself was perfectly unscathed, and the few shots which had struck it were not visible to the casual passenger. I was assured, however, that the firing of the Sardinian men-of-war was incessantly laid that a large proportion of the shots intended for the fort and citadel had entered the town. The principal entrance to Ancona is through a very handsome archway, erected by the first Napoleon. Immediately outside of this is the Lazaretto, and here the traces of the fight were more numerous, though, considering that it was the key of the position, they were unaccountably few. Situated immediately under the guns of the citadel, and within stone-throw of them, it is incomprehensible how the Lazaretto could have been held by the Piedmontese for the last twenty-four hours of the siege. Yet it is evident, from the appearance of the building, that the assaults who succeeded in driving the Papal garrison out were subject to no very heavy fire themselves. The main road to Brindisi, which passed this point, bore the scars of a great deal of skirmishing. The Piedmontese brigandage occupying the houses of a little village at one end, while the Papal troops were under cover of some buildings near the gate; but they evicted make a feeble resistance, and the condition of the citadel itself confirmed us in this impression. Here Lamouricé had collected upwards of 4,000 men, and occupied a position which, under ordinary circumstances, would have involved a protracted siege. Unfortunately for the French general, he had not a sufficient force to occupy all the heights which command the citadel. From these his outposts were driven in detail, and the Sardinian artillery was brought to bear on the citadel, while the Papal troops in vain attempted to rise to their cannon were so ill-furnished and unsteady, their artillerists so raw and inexperienced, that the odds were fearfully against the *gariboldi*. Still there were not enough *schabols* to warrant the capitulation; and however hopeless in the long run the general might have felt his situation to have been, we cannot but think, looking at the comparatively unglorious state of the fortifications, that he ought to have taken a little more punishment before giving in.

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furnished by the hospital. Instead, however, of doing so, "he eluded upon it," to use the expression of the narrator, and had never been seen since. Their account of the treatment they had met with on their first arrival entirely coincided with what we have already heard. One of these boys had been kept in a miserable dungeon for three weeks, but took the oath. At last his spirit was fairly broken, and he yielded, but five of his comrades were more determined, and held out for seven weeks, at the expiration of which time they were released, mere skeletons and covered with vermin, and allowed to find their way home. During their imprisonment they were beaten and cruelly tortured. None of the men were allowed to write to their friends, and many were the expedients resorted to to get letters posted. Some managed to escape by hiding on board steamers as they touched at Ancona, but the great majority were coaxed into submission, not, however, until they had furnished their persecutors with an idea of their pugnacious character. Probably it was for this reason that Lamoricière chose the Irish to repel the storming party, which he never waited to receive. One of my informants had not a leg, and bitterly bewailed the day he left his country to become an agriculturalist in Italy. "Sure he was to be a farmer in the Pope's country!" but, "if ever he got back, there's not a priest in all Ireland he would believe on his Bible oath, there's not!" He "came from a place they call Sligo, may-be I had never heard told of."

As the country between Ancona and Rome is restored to tranquillity, the diligence had again commenced to run, and I left Ancona with eleven fellow-passengers at eight o'clock one evening on that somewhat tedious journey. My compartment in the same compartment were two of the Papal police agents who, upon the taking of Ancona, were made prisoners by the Sardinians, and had been kept in confinement ever since. They made a grave story of their imprisonment, though by their own showing it consisted in being confined in a suite of furnished apartments. It was only fair that they should experience a little of the same treatment to which they had subjected so many others. One of them was a large broad-browed bull-necked man, with a massive jaw, and hair closely cropped over a low forehead; the other was a little ferret-like person, with thin features and a restless and fidgety eye, but a sinister curl of the lip. We became very good friends, but I found the infamy was not profitable to myself, as they were exceedingly reserved upon all professional matters, and disgraceful companions in a *cage*, where the mob identified me with them upon one occasion. For these men seemed known to every one, and many were the sarcasms at their expense, and insults to which they were obliged to listen in silence. Often, when we stopped, persons would come and speak to them in hurried mysterious whispers. They seemed suspicious of everybody, and full of important confidential information; but it was imparted so rapidly, and in such low tones, that I never caught what passed. I have little doubt, however, that their acquaintances were spies.

It was sorry to see among them several women. The only other person in the compartment was the wife of an officer in the Papal army, who entertained the most profound respect for the police agents, and who increased our party by two of the bravest cats I ever saw. She might as well have chosen the top of my head as these battle-field, and at all times were eminently disagreeable. The condition of a man who has been shut up for three consecutive nights in the *rotelle* of a diligence, with two police agents, two wild cats, and a stout female, who considers any reflection upon her cats a personal insult, is not enviable. However, I made the best of it by passing my days on the roof. Unfortunately, there is no *bonaparte* in an Italian diligence, I therefore was obliged to cling on to the tarpaulin outside the baggage as I best could. As I was on a level with the first floor of the house, the process of passing through a town was eminently exciting. The difficulty of dodging the lanterns so as to avoid being swept off by them—the nervous anxiety with which the approach to an archway inspired me, as the horrid spectacle forced itself upon me that it would be impossible to pass beneath it—and the great amusement which my necessary excursions created among the fairer portion of the community, who looked at me out of the first-floor fronts, jumping about like a dog on a hay-cart—were all experiences which I owe to the cats and the police agents. Upon all other occasions my elevated position was most agreeable. The country through which we passed was lovely in places, and presented the additional interest of being the scene of the late brave campaign.

We passed the corner of the battle-field of Castel di Fidene, so fatal to the Papal army, and picked up at Loretto a French gentleman and his wife, who had made a pilgrimage to the scene of slaughter, for they had but a son in the battle, and were bitter in their accounts of the barbarous treatment he had received at the hands of the Sardinians. For three days he had been lying wounded on the field of battle, and was then obliged to ride, though severely contused, for more than a mile; but his condition was not much, if at all, improved in the town, for the straw which kind-hearted people brought for us was kept from him by the Sardinians, who said that a miserable death was all that those who enjoyed the Papal cause deserved. The treatment which the Irish met with at Ancona rather militates against this doctrine; but such was the result of his inquiries, as related to me by my fellow-traveller. A Legistist of the old school, his whole sympathies were against his own Emperor and the Italian movement, and his views, as contrasted with those which one hears at every turn, interesting. The loss of the French brigade alone at Castel Fidene amounted to upwards of 600 men. My informant was thoroughly convinced of the truth of the fact so strongly insisted upon by General Lamoricière, that he had been assured of the support of the Emperor Napoleon, in the event of the Piedmontese troops entering the Papal States. This is confirmed by the language held by the Duc de Gramont in Rome not long since, who announced, in the hearing of several persons, that the Sardinian armies would be sent flying before the French legions; while the treachery of the Emperor may be traced from the feet of his latest son, Victor and Cialdini at Chiusi, just before going to Algeria, where he gave the latter to understand that the sooner he carried out his Papal campaign the better. The rudeness of the attack on the part of the Sardinians was doubtless one reason of Lamoricière's defeat, while his belief in the promise of the Emperor was another. It is one, however, which says little for his knowledge of the world.

In all the towns through which we passed were phoedra announcing the annexation, the vote for which is to take place on the 4th and 5th November. Many people had the "84" ticket already in their hats. Cockades were popular, and flags were hoisted, in anticipation of the great event. The towns are all in favour of annexation, among the peasantry, however, there is a spirit of sentiment. The change from the despotic to the liberal form of government is never so much felt by the uneducated as by the educated classes. Thus, the peasantry were always happy and contented under the Pope, and paid no taxes, which they will now be compelled to do. The consequence is, that there is a strong feeling against annexation among them. We found Spoleto, the scene of the prowess of the Irish, very enthusiastic. I could find scarcely any traces of the skirmish, for the action here does not merit another name. At Narni the whole population was parading the streets; files of women were carrying flags, lads were playing, and little brook-birds were sent floating over the country.

Whoever would take a prominent part in a national demonstration, we have a guarantee of its quiescence. The contrast which the real enthusiasm of this part of Italy afforded to the sham enthusiasm of Savoy and Nice during the late vote, was very striking. There is at present no frontier to the Pope's dominions in this direction, and in consequence we drove into Rome without ever having been asked for our passports,—the only change is from a Sardinian to a French scrutiny. The first French jurisdiction is at Civita Castellana; but throughout the whole journey scarcely any soldiers were visible. It was with no little satisfaction that, after fifty-four hours' jolting, and an interval of many years, I found myself running once more over the Piazza del Popolo.

IRON-SIDED SHITS AND THEIR DESTINES.

WHETHER iron casting be or be not possible as an efficient coating for war-ships, is, according to Sir William Armstrong, a question purely and simply for naval architects to determine. If vessels iron-clad can be made to steer as well, float as well, sail as well, and perform other necessary duties as well as ordinary war-ships, then, according to him, the day for old-fashioned wooden walls have gone by. Curiously enough, as it may seem, Sir William's rival, Mr. Whitworth, holds an opinion the very opposite. He roundly proclaims iron coating to be useless. He says no system of iron plating that of a war-ship can carry is strong enough to resist the action of shot and shell.

We believe neither Sir William nor his rival to be exactly in the right, notwithstanding that each has pronounced an opinion directly antipodal to that of the other. Sir William's dictum begs the assumption: that it is not within probability cannon will be made much stronger than they are; whilst Mr. Whitworth tacitly assumes the proposition for granted, that whatever increase of thickness be given to plates of iron and steel, a corresponding excess of power can be given to cannon. Now, there is clearly a limit to the magnitude and efficiency of cannon, and to the thickness of iron and steel plates, and what we have to determine, from consideration of evidence at command, is which of the two limits can be most easily attained.

First, as regards to artillery, whether any one material employed in cannon manufacture—be it iron, be it bronze—there is a limit beyond which not only does no increased thickness of material conduce to strength, but is actually a source of weakness. Beyond certain limits, not only does increased thickness not impart more strength, but it actually detracts from strength; so that a smaller bore may actually be excavated out of a larger bore with actual gain of resisting power to internal pressure. To state arbitrarily the exact limit of bore up to which a cannon may be made is impossible. In general terms, however, it may be stated that a 68-pound solid shot is the largest spherical projectile which can be discharged with safety from a cast-iron gun.

Now a 68-pound unripped piece of ordnance has a bore, the diameter of which is 8.12 inches, and the gun itself weighs 95 cwt. The British and other services have cast-iron guns much larger, but they are for the projection of shell, not solid shot. It is of great importance to remember that the strength of any given ordnance material must be considered in reference to the sort of projectile it is designed to project. Hence shell-guns can be safely constructed of dimensions altogether beyond the limits of safety presented by natural laws for solid shot guns.

If, however, elongated or bullet-like projectiles be in question, then the bore of the gun must be proportioned to the length of the projectile. Consequently, the strength of the gun must be proportioned to the length of the projectile, independent of the weight of the elongated shot. We take for granted the position that elongated shot and shell would be rifled. A contemporary has of late given place to some articles, written by a well-known ironmaster, the purport of which is to show, on historical grounds, that the rifling of great guns is not indispensable to the projection of elongated shot and shell. Well, the mind must needs respond to the evidence it has sought and found, and has deemed conclusive. Again and again have we witnessed experiments performed with the object of obtaining a true flight for elongated projectiles from unripped guns. Again and again the result has been utter failure. No sooner do the elongated shot and shells depart from the unripped barrel than they topple, flying wild—all accuracy of direction gone. We quarrel with no one's opinion; but, for ourselves experiment has left no room to doubt that a gun to shoot elongated shot or shells with accuracy, must be a rifled gun.

The rifle principle enables the artillerist to increase the weight of his projectiles, without proportionately increasing the diameter of his guns. Moreover, inasmuch as weight for weight, an elongated projectile, flying point foremost, meets with less resistance from the atmosphere than a spherical projectile, rifled bolts of enormous weight can be hurled to unprecedented distances, with comparatively few changes. Thus, quite recently at Shoeburyness, a muzzle-loading rifle gun of ordnance construction, by the Messrs Iron and Steel Company for Mr. Linnell Thomas, accomplished a range of ten thousand two hundred yards at 27° of elevation, with 22lb of powder; the projectile weighing 190 lb.

There was a time when the idea prevailed that the function of missiles of bore in diameter was relatively to the weight of projectile, might be taken advantage of within wider limits than artillerists are now disposed to credit. With the exception of some inventors, who committed themselves to the small

borne idea very demonstratively at the beginning, artillerymen now concede that the power of a small-bore cannon to throw a heavy shot is narrowly circumscribed. The general belief now is that no elongated projectile can advantageously be made considerably longer than three diameters. The conditions which impose this practical limit are various. Firstly, it has been determined that every increase of length in the projectile requires a corresponding increased elongation of rifling, which increases the friction. Secondly, if the projectile be a shell, the closer the powder charge in that shell is, the more effective. Thirdly, there is a limit imposed on the practical elongation of a rifle bolt by the circumstance that throughout its flight the angular direction of the line of fire is maintained; so that at considerable elevations the heel of a rifle bolt, not to speak of a fine point to strike on a horizontal plane, as illustrated by the following diagram:—



It would be difficult to cite examples of public error more general, or more persistent than in relation to the powers of artillery. For instance, experiments are made with rifled ordnance, and an enormous range is achieved. Experiments are again made with the same piece of artillery, and with the object this time of demonstrating its penetrative power. An iron-sided floating battery—the poor, fatal *Trusty* is the mark—and the *Trusty*'s sides are perforated with the same sort of missile, out of the same sort of gun, which demonstrates the enormous range. Thereupon we are assured. Because a certain rifle cannon—anybody's rifle cannon, Mr. X's rifle cannon, that our remarks may be impersonal,—because the rifled ordnance of Mr. X. can achieve a range of five miles, and because Mr. X's rifle-cannon bolts have pierced the *Trusty*, ergo the *Trusty*'s iron sides are wholly untrustworthy against the bolts of Mr. X's cannon. Now, the fact is, so far as we are cognizant of the experiments performed—and we believe we are cognizant of all—no one cannon-shot, shell, bolt, or other projectile, rifled or unrifled, has ever yet smashed its way through the iron sides of that poor ill-used *Trusty* at a distance beyond four hundred yards—nay, we believe it will be found that the greater number of missiles were fired at distances not much exceeding two hundred yards. At five miles the rifle-bolts of Mr. X. or Mr. Y. (we really mean nobody in particular), would have struck against the *Trusty*'s iron sides about as harmfully as a China orange against a coal-van.

The question now is why the *Trusty*, offensively as well as defensively armed, should ever have permitted a wooden ship, armed with rifled the guns of Messrs. X, Y, or Z, to come up within pistol-range!

Mr. Whitworth lays great stress on the punching effect of his hardened bolts with flattened heads. Doubtless this method of penetration is very efficient whenever conditions are such that the punching power can be brought to bear. That power attains its maximum when the axial line of a rifled bolt strikes the resisting surface at right angles. Even approximately this can only happen at point-blank range. In proportion as the trajectory is more curved,—in other words, as the distance increases—so will the punching action diminish, as is illustrated below.

Even a hole clean cut by one of Mr. Whitworth's flat-headed bolts is not, according to Sir Howard Douglas, a dangerous hole; and here, whilst on the subject of Whitworth's cannon-bolts, the circumstance must be noted with regret, that the applications of that gallant officer and excellent artilleryman to Mr. Whitworth for authentic descriptions of gun projectiles, and practice with the same at Southport last summer were made in vain. The result has been that Sir Howard, gleanings his information from Mr. Whitworth's book, has fallen into the error of assuming, naturally enough, that the Whitworth cannon is now hexagonally bored, with a twenty-four sided; the projectile is skittle-shaped, and at its thickest part is what may be called an imperfect hexagon. The windage of Mr. Whitworth's present cannon being great his shooting is inaccurate. Near twenty shots being fired at a target 1,000 yards distant, on Southport sands, the target was not once hit. As for ricochet practice, Mr. Whitworth's cannon is like every other rifled cannon. Exactly as Sir Howard Douglas states in his fifth edition, there is, and seemingly must be, a deflection at every range laterally from the vertical plane of the trajectory. As regards time of loading, the Whitworth guns were seen to be very slow. Nearly every tin cartridge case had—on the authority of one present—to be dug out of the breech by a handspike; and the friction-tubes, being actually launched thirty or forty yards to the rear, would have incapacitated the guns from actual service in the field or on shipboard.

For the sake of simplifying the general issue, we are content to assume what is by no means conceded; we are content to assume that *La Gloire* is as glorious a triumph of nautical skill as ever breasted the waves. We are content to assume that English shipwrights will not improve upon *La Gloire*; we are willing to believe, during the half-hour or so that our pen is wandering over paper, committing to it these thoughts, that every sailing, steaming, steering, and fighting capacity ever claimed for these iron-bound ships is to the full demonstrated and conceded. Well then, matters being so, the lucky sea-captain of a wooden man-of-war, set face to face over against the iron-sided monster, would have a precarious time of it. Assuming the ordnance power of each vessel equal, the practical result of mutual attack would give this difference, viz., that whereas iron sides might, and indeed would, plump live shells through the timbers of wooden sides at long ranges,

the latter, on her behalf, could plump nothing whatever, neither shot nor shell, through the iron sides of her adversary, save at short ranges—barely four hundred yards. These would be uneven terms indeed: the result of it is not difficult to foresee. Wooden walls could not hold their own against such fearful odds.

Be it remarked, the very indefinite phrase, "long range," crept into the web and woof of this narrative. We mean long potential ranges, such as, for the purposes of the illustration in hand, could be practised from the port-holes of a man-of-war. Sir William Armstrong, speaking before the Society of Civil Engineers, could not see, he said, the use of firing rifle shells up into the clouds, not knowing when or where they would come down again. Neither do we, on our part, see the use of it: some people do; and the pretty experiment would not be repeated so often. Until the present laws which affect and govern natter are assimilated, extremely long ranges must require extremely high elevations—say, for rifled long guns, elevations of 20 degrees or thereabouts. Now, considering that elevations of not more than 8 or 9 degrees can be got out of the port-hole of a man of war, it follows that for good or evil—for well or woe—the idea of 20 degree ranges for broadside guns must be abandoned. Nay, if the idea of Colonel Cavalli, of the Sanluis service, as explained in this journal the week before last, be carried out, then the ranges capable of being accomplished, would become still less considerable. The smaller a ship's portholes can be made, the less exposed would the vessel be to ravages of missiles not potent enough to smash through a mail plate, though terrible when finding their way through a port-hole; and the same time, exactly in proportion as portholes are reduced in size, so does the power depart of muzzle elevation—another form of expression for long range flight.

Assuming, as we have done, that iron-sided ships can and will be constructed equal in all nautical requisitions to wooden-sided ships, then the whole interest of the iron versus wood question, so far as ships alone are concerned, concentrates itself within the limits of that transition state when rival naval powers are all doing their utmost. All war-ships iron-clad with plates, equally strong, the strength of all war-ships would be equal. Of far greater importance is it to determine whether iron protection would or would not affect the war relations now subsisting between war-ships and fortresses. We must, however, postpone the consideration of this subject to another occasion.

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES FOR NOVEMBER.

The Sun rises on the 10th at 7 h. 11 m., and on the last day at 7 h. 44 m. He sets on the same days at 4 h. 16 m. and 3 h. 53 m. respectively. The Moon is new on the 13th, and full on the 28th.

The planet Mercury is ill situated for observation. Venus is a morning star, rising about four hours before the sun: and she is near the moon on the 11th.

The planet Mars is an evening star, and is at his greatest distance from the sun on the 10th at 6 h. 35 m. p.m., and on the last day at 5 h. 55 m. He is near the moon on the 20th.

Jupiter rises at 11 h. 13 m. p.m. on the 10th, and about four minutes earlier each successive night, and is visible throughout the night after these times. He is near the moon on the 7th.

Saturn rises on the 10th about half an hour after midnight; on the 20th at 11 h. 40 m. p.m., and on the last day at 11 h. 10 m. p.m., and visible through all the morning hours. He is near the moon on the 8th. There are no phenomena of interest during the month.

THE WEATHER IN OCTOBER.

THE cold weather, which had prevailed throughout the whole summer, continued with but slight exceptions to the middle of October; a change then set in, and the weather afterwards was fine and warm. The average pressure of the atmosphere at the height of 180 feet for October is balanced by a column of mercury of 29.96 inches in height. The reading of the barometer at the beginning of the month ranged above this value till the 10th, then passed below, and continued below till the 19th, and was above its average after this day. The mean reading for the month was 29.96 inches, being 0.17 inch in excess above the average.

The average daily temperature for this month is 54°; and in the month was actually 54°; and this is the first time since May that this element has not been below the average.

The average low night temperature is 43°; and for the month was 43°. Therefore both the days and nights were warm.

The usual daily range of temperature for October is 14°; the value of this element for the month was 14°, being one-half of a degree below; and this was caused by the warmth of the nights. Till the 10th day the daily temperature was below its average value, with the exception of the 3rd, 5th, 6th, and 7th days. The deficiency on the 11th was 10°, and on the 12th no less than 12°. From the 17th the temperature was above its average, with the exception of the 20th and 21st, which were a little below. On some days the excess amounted to 8°, 9°, and 10°.

The average mean temperature of the month is 49°; the observed value was 50°; showing an excess of temperature above the average of 1°; and this is the first instance since May of a warm month.

The degree of humidity for the month was 89, upon a scale in which complete absence of water from the air is represented by 0; and when saturated is represented by 100. The average for October is 87, so that the air was slightly more humid than usual.

The relative proportions of the direction of the wind were—N.W. 3; W. 7; S.W. 15; N.E. 2; E. 3; and S.E. 1; and, if referred to the four cardinal points, are—N. 3; E. 2; S. 8.11; and W. 15. The prevalent wind for the month was therefore S.W.

The air moved with a velocity of 200 miles daily; the greatest horizontal movement on any one day was 510 miles on the 19th, and the least was 60 miles on the 28th.

Rain fell on ten days to the depth of 1.6 inch, being 1.2 inch less than the average. The amount of rain from January 1 is 267 inches, exceeding the average by 57 inches.

The temperature of vegetation, as shown by a thermometer on grass, was below 30° on three nights, between 30° and 40° on fifteen nights, and above 40° on thirteen nights. The weather, from the middle of the month, was the finest in the year. It would be very desirable, with a view to help to find a physical cause for the great deficiency of temperature this year, to collect from ships an account of the presence of icebergs in connection with the direction of the wind at the time.

JAMES GLAISH.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE EARL OF DUNDONALD.

On Wednesday, October 31st, at Kensington, in the 85th year of his age, the Right Honourable Thomas Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, Baron Cochrane of Dundonald, Lord Cochrane of Paitu and Ochilvie, in the Peerage of Scotland, and a Baronet of Nova Scotia, G.C.B., Grand Cross of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the Cruzeiro, Knight of the Royal Order of the Redeemer of Greece, and of the Order of Merit of Chili; Vice-Admiral of the White and Rear-Admiral of the United Kingdom. This venerable nobleman, one of the most interesting characters that ever adorned the British navy, was the eldest son of Archibald, ninth Earl, by his first wife, the daughter of Captain James Gilechrist, R.N., and died on December 14th, 1775.

When only five years of age he was reared on the looks of the *Terriva*, bomb-rudder, commanded by his uncle, Captain Cochrane. He afterwards succeeded to a captaincy in the 7th Foot, but never joined his regiment; and on the 27th of June, 1780, embarked with his relative in the *Hind* of 28 guns. On the 17th of May, 1795, as acting-lieutenant of the *Thetis*, 42, he contributed to the defeat of a French squadron off the coast of North America, and was confirmed to that ship 24th May, 1796. After serving in various ships he joined the *Queen Charlotte*, flag-ship of Admiral Lord Keith, in the Mediterranean, and on the 21st of December, 1799, he was sent from Gibraltar Bay, in command of the boats of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Essex* frigate, to relieve the *Levy* sloop cutter, then surrounded and attacked off Calcutta. Point by point French privateers and Spanish gunboats, some of which he pursued and boarded with the most indignant gallantry, chasing others under the very cannon of the harbour. During the next ten years he distinguished himself by a series of daring exploits and victories, obtained at the greatest disadvantage of numbers and circumstances, and secured a reputation for valour and conduct almost unparalleled in the annals of the service. For his destruction of the French fleet in the Basque Roads, April, 1809, he was made a Knight of the Bath; but his opposition to the Government as Member of Parliament for Hereford and Westminster, and his French gambles, some of which he pursued with promotion; and some fraudulent stock-jobbing transactions in which he was unhappily involved led to a trial, in which he was found guilty, sentenced to a heavy fine, a year's imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory. The latter punishment was, however, remitted. He was deprived of his title, and the Bath in the most ignominious manner, his lance being kicked down the steps of Henry VIII.'s Chapel, according to the ancient fables in such cases. He also lost his rank in the navy, and was expelled the House of Commons. Westminister, however, again chose him for its representative, and he broke out of prison and appeared in his place in the House. In 1818 Lord Cochrane accepted the command of the South-American fleet of Chili, and subsequently of that of the Brazilian Emperor Dom Pedro, by whom he was, in 1825, created Marquis of Maranhão. In both these positions he added to his already great celebrity for gallantry and good fortune. He afterwards served in Greece during the years 1827 and 1828; and on the accession of the Whigs to office in 1830, under King William IV., he was reinstated in his rank in the British navy, from a feeling that he had been made the victim of party animosity. On the death of his father, 1st of July, 1831, he succeeded to the family honours as 10th Earl of Dundonald, and became Vice-Admiral of the Blue 23rd November, 1841. In 1847 the Order of the Bath was restored to him. In 1851 he became Vice-Admiral of the White, and in 1852 became-Admiral of the United Kingdom. His lordship, just before his death, had completed a most interesting autobiography, in two volumes. By his Countess, Katharine Frances Corbett, daughter of the late Thomas Barnes, Esq., of Rufford, Essex, whom he married August 8th, 1812, and who survives him, Earl of Dundonald was left a daughter—Theresa Maria, now Countess of Dundonald, born April 18th, 1814; 2, Hon. Honore Bernard William Cochrane, born 1818; Captain the Hon. Arthur Anckland Cochrane, R.N., C.B., born 1824; Lieutenant the Hon. Ernest Grey Cochrane, R.N., born June 6th, 1834; and the Hon. Katherine Elizabeth, born December, 1821, married to John Willis Fleming, of Stoneham Park, Hants, Esq.

ADMIRAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER, M.P.

Tuesday, November 6th, at Merchiston House, Humevale, co. Hants, of dysentery, in the 75th year of his age, Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., Vice-Admiral of the Red, and M.P. for Southwark. Sir Charles was the eldest son of Captain the Hon. Charles Napier, R.N., by his first wife, Katharine Elizabeth, daughter of Gabriel Hamilton, of Westbourne, co. Lanark, Esq. He was born March 6th, 1786, entered the Navy as a first-class volunteer in 1799, on board the *Merrit* sloop of war, Captain the Hon. Matthew St. Clair, and was removed the next year to the *Benson*, 74, flag-ship of Sir John Barham Warren. Served at Ferrol and in the Mediterranean, and in November, 1804, he was midshipman of the *Orythodon*, 32, Captain William Hoste. In 1805 he was appointed lieutenant of the *Courageux*, 74, and assisted in the capture of the *Morogo*, 68, and the *Albatross*, 40. In March, 1809, he was nominated acting-commander of the *Pallua* brig, and confirmed to it in the West Indies on the 20th of November following. During the three next years he distinguished himself on several occasions, particularly in an action with

the *Diligente* French corvette, 22, in which he was severely wounded, his thigh being broken with a shot, but refused to leave the deck until the enemy took to flight, and at the reduction of Martinique, when with only five men he scaled the walls, and planted the Union Jack, in open day, on the ramparts of Fort Edward. He was made post-captain in 1809, and during the years 1810 and 1811 fought as a volunteer in the British army in the Peninsula. In 1815 he was made a Companion of the Bath, and remained in the service till 1829, when he was appointed to the *Galates*, 42, off the coast of Portugal. On the retirement of Admiral Boscawen, he accepted the command of the Portuguese fleet, and obtained a signal victory over that of Don Miguel, in consequence of which he was created by Dom Pedro Viceroy of the Bath, and remained in command of the Grand Cross of the Tower and Sword. In 1839 he was appointed to H.M.S. *Porpoise*, 84; and in 1840 hoisted his broad pennant on board of her as commodore, and after assisting at the memorable siege of St. Juan d'Acre in the November of that year, took charge of the operations of the fleet, and concluded an advantageous convention with Mehemet Ali. For these and other important services he was made a Knight Commander of the Bath, and included in the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. He received also from the respective Sovereigns the Cross of Maria Theresia of Austria and of the Empire of Russia, and the insignia of the Order of the Red Eagle of Prussia. In 1841 he returned to England, was appointed one of the Naval Aides-de-Camp of Her Majesty, and elected M.P. for Marylebone. He commanded the Channel Fleet for two years, and on the breaking out of the late war with Russia was appointed to the command of the Baltic Fleet, and decorated Bismarck. In 1850, on the death of Sir William Moleworth, he was elected for Southwark, and returned again to it after the dissolution in 1857. He married Eliza, widow of Edward Elers, Esq., R.N., by whom he leaves an only daughter, Elsie Fanny, wife of the Rev. Henry Jordell.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Matthew Utiell, Esq., of Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, who died on the 5th of October, whilst staying at Ostend, the native place of his wife, had executed his will on the 21st of the same month, being three days before his death; and only reached his 55th year. He has left a widow, and six children, of which the will was attested by his solicitor, Mr. James H. Cotterill, of London, and Mr. Giles Hilton, of Ostend. The executors nominated therein are his relict, together with James Hutchinson, Esq., of Angel-court, London, and his two brothers, Clement and Theophilus. To whom probate was granted by the London court, on the 1st of the present month. The personally in England was sworn under £250,000, which is exclusive of foreign securities and real estates. To his relict he has left a legacy of £40,000, and of life-interest in the residue, also the furniture and household effects and private sealings, to be divided equally among the children, but has directed that his old and valuable paintings, articles of vertu, works of art, and curiosities and antiquities, and all other rare specimens of every description, should be sold and form part of the residue. He gives his widow the option of residing in his house, or of the former residence of his late wife, or of either of whom he purchased the lease. To his brother Clement Utiell he has left an immediate legacy of £10,000, and a reversionary life-interest in one-fourth of the residue. To his brother Theophilus Utiell, £10,000, and one-fourth of the like residue absolutely. To his three sisters, namely, the Dowress of Devon, and those of their present husbands, and to each a share in the like residue, namely, to his sister, Madame Herchell, if she survives the widow, £5,000 absolutely; and to each of his other sisters the income arising from the two remaining fourth-shares, on the residue, on the death of his said brother and two sisters, will devolve on their children. There are a few other legacies and annuities to relatives and friends, and to two of his old and faithful servants. All legacies to be paid to be free of legacy duty.

Mr. Utiell had received the following distinguished honours and decorations; namely, The Order du Citron (of the Oak) of the Netherlands; the Order of Leopold of Belgium; and the Order of the Legion of Honour of France. He had been the projector and principal instrument in carrying out many of the great continental railways, and was for many years a director of the London and South-Western Railway Company.

John Brewitt, Esq., late of Bridgehouse, Wickford, Essex, died on the 4th of September last, having executed his will on the 8th of July, 1859, and a codicil in June this year. By his will he had nominated as his executors, his wife, together with his son-in-law John Greenwood Snagden, of Eastwood House, Keighley, Yorkshire, and William James Bredwell, of South Weald, Essex; but by his codicil he substituted for the first-named executors the Dowress of Devon, to whom he named as an executor, Mr. Edward Falford, of North Bantock, Essex. Probate was granted on the 5th of November by the London court to Mr. Bredwell and Mr. Falford, the acting executors. This is the will of a highly respectable gentleman, who, it is said, possessed a large estate, and he has bequeathed to his wife, for her maintenance, a stamp duty at £20,000. His relict being provided for under the will of her late father the testator merely leaves her an annuity, together with the furniture and household effects, and the horses and conveyances which were in use at his death. His son also survives, and he has bequeathed to him the will of his late uncle, being provided for, he gives him a small legacy as a token of regard; and the testator, having bestowed a marriage portion on his eldest daughter, he has directed that his firm and estates should be sold, and that the whole of the property, with the above exceptions, should be divided amongst his three unmarried daughters equally.

Edward Goldsmith, Esq., of Blenheim Lodge, Northfleet, Kent, died on the 24th of September last, without having made any disposition of his property whatsoever, leaving, amongst other things, personal property requiring representation. Under these circumstances it became necessary to take out letters of administration, and accordingly the widow obtained the same from the London Court of Probate, and which were granted to her in the beginning of the present month, which will enable her to administer the assets.

Sydney Peel, Esq., formerly of D'Urbain, in the colony of Natal, South Africa, and late of Deal, in England, where he died on the 20th of August last, had made his will on the 16th of September, 1857, and a codicil in the following month, appointing executors to act in England, and other executors to act in Natal. The executors for England are Edmund Peel, his brother, and John A. Peel, his brother-in-law, and the testator left Natal being Henry Milner and William Smerdon. The will was proved in London on the 30th of October, and the personality in this country sworn to as under £4,000. This gentleman appears, by successful enterprise as a merchant or otherwise, to have realized a handsome



property, as he has acquired very considerable possessions in Natal, which he has devised and bequeathed, together with his personalty, amongst his family; he has directed that his property in South Africa and other parts should form one fund, and the whole be divided into seven parts equally amongst his three brothers and four sisters. There are legacies left to his executors at Natal.

The Reverend Richard Pantis, Chaplain to Her Majesty's Indian Army, Bengal Establishment, died at Agra, in the East-Indies, on the 31st May last, having made his will on the 19th of the same month, which was attested by J. Whistall, Surgeon, and William O'Connell, Her Majesty's Indian Army. A copy only, and not the original, signed by Major C. Warde, Cantonment Magistrate, Agra, has been sent to this country to be administered to and acted upon, until the original arrives, and which has been sworn to by the executor, Mrs. Elizabeth Drake, of Denville, Devon, and a limited probate granted by the London court on the 26th ult. There are two other executors appointed in India, namely, Captain Edward Hume Thompson, Bengal, and Lieutenant William Owen. The will is very short, and the testator has directed his executors to distribute and divide his property amongst his four daughters, subject to his discretion and judgment of his executors, regard being made by them with respect to their age and other circumstances.

Captain William Jones Prowse, R.N., late of Enham House, near Andover, Southampton, and of Yoxford, Somerset, who died on the 10th of October last, at Enham House, and made his will on the 18th of November, 1850, to which he added three codicils, bearing dates respectively in 1851, 1856, and the 21st of July of the present year, contained bequests to the value of £40,000. The following are the bequests:—"To my wife, who is amply provided for under marriage settlement, he leaves the occupation of his residence, Enham House, with the furniture and other household effects, horses and carriages, as well as all other effects not elsewhere disposed of, for her own absolute use; but the plate, books, prints, and pictures, he bequeaths to his daughter, whom he has devised all his real estates, and has left him the residue of the personalty; and he has bequeathed to his youngest son the sum of £25,000, in addition to his share and interest in the property under marriage settlement, on the decease of his mother.

Reviews of Books.

SYDNEY SMITH.*

THE character of Sydney Smith's writings is essentially English—English in expression, turn of thought, and sturdy homeliness. His predominant quality was shrewd common sense. It towers over all his other qualities. But it was common sense lightly seasoned with imagination, and tinged with a dash of wit, which imparts so peculiar a charm to his productions. The practical application of his powers was limited to certain classes of topics. His range was not wide, but he was master of the domain to which he was drawn by choice as much as by the force of circumstances. The most conspicuous of these was the subject of religion, that he was the original editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. When Jo and Jeffrey began their joint morning in Edinburgh, having nothing to do, with a large stock of available capacity running to waste, Sydney Smith proposed that they should set up a Review. The proposition was at first met with some hesitations, and he was appointed editor. Luckily for himself, his literary life, his tenure of office terminated with the first number. He left Edinburgh, and Jeffrey became his successor. It was not the reading world alone—political and literary—that benefited by the transfer. Sydney Smith himself was a still greater gain. Of all men, he was one of the least qualified for the functions of editor. He wanted that calm judicial temperance, which is indispensable to the conduct of a public journal, and which Jeffrey possessed in an eminent degree. His sympathies were not so catholic as those of Jeffrey. The liberality of his principles would have led him over many difficulties; but his liberality was too vehement and intolerant to enable him at all times, and on some subjects, to judge dispassionately. The unavoidable failure of selection, of watching the current of events in order to choose and time his strictures, of hitting the Cyprian of the hour, and of embracing in one comprehensive view, the social, literary, and artistic tendencies of the age, would not only have been out of his diligence, but in his reality beyond his grasp. But these very defects which disqualified him for the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review*, were the very qualities which rendered him so successful and brilliant contributors. Perhaps no writer ever knew so well the line in which his excellence lay; and, being left free by his liberation from the obligation to follow his own taste, he escaped the mistakes and failures that are common to mere doctrinaires. Sydney Smith's liberality was not a liberality of jurisdiction was supreme, whatever he did was done well. You might detect a quivering or a wavering, or an effort to get up the requisition energy or enthusiasm anywhere. All is decisive and spontaneous. He is always in earnest, always bright as youth and wise as age, always as fresh and vigorous as in the beginning. His special fitness for whatever he took up (which he took up because he was fit for it), made him so happy in its execution, that, like Galahadi, it might be said of him, that he always seemed to excel in that which he happened to be doing; although, unlike Galahadi, it could be said of him that he excelled in a variety of departments. His aims were all, more or less, homogeneous. He could not have produced a comedy; he could as soon have written a pantomime as the "View of Wakefield;" and verse and natural history were equally out of his way. He had no invention, and very little imagination. But his essays glow with nervous, clear, and flexible style, and, in addition to his classical resources, ample stores of knowledge in the directions in which he chiefly wanted them, supplied the solid material out of which he worked a series of criticisms and discussions that will long continue the temporary occasions to which most of them were addressed.

They do Sydney Smith injustice who regard him principally as a wit. His wit served merely as wings to his sagacity. There were some of his contemporaries who said as sparkling, bright, and some white, as Sydney was strong, so far below the surface. His conversation abounded in pleasant snugs, which made the sides ring; but at the bottom there was generally a subtle suggestion worth the thinking of afterwards. In this respect his conversational habit had something of the nature of the highest order of Irish wit. When, for example, he says of a

young man who was going to marry a widow double his own age, and of an exhortation saying that the thing is impossible—"You mean that he is going to marry a part of her; he could not marry her all himself!" we are reminded of clusters of Hibernian anecdotes, containing similar absurdities, looking equally reasonable on the surface; as when the sister, who has committed some delinquency, runs up the street to catch her punishment, and, being asked by a passer-by, "You might just as well say 'Come down, you scoundrel, and I'll give you a dozen,' quizzically replies, "Troth, then, I wouldn't come down if you were to give me two dozen." But the joke about the fat widow, as reported in the volume before us, is equalled by simplicity and force of simile, and having indicated the point where the wit might lie, we hear, Sydney Smith is made to go on in this fashion elaborating and weakening it at every turn: "It would be a case, not of bigness, but of trigpiness; the neighbourhood or the magnitudes should interfere. There is enough of her to up the street to catch her punishment, and give it up, as much as you might give a colony with her; or give an assembly with her; or perhaps take your morning walk round her, always provided there were frequent resting-places, and you are in rude health. I once was rash enough to try walking round her before breakfast, but only got half-way, and gave it up." Or you might read the Riot Act, and declare her a riot; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." This is American rather than Irish or English, and we should be much more disposed to believe that it was written by Mr. Prentiss than spoken by Sydney Smith.

His wit upon paper is not of this kind. It is exhaustive enough when occasion serves; but it never rides down a verbal fancy in this way. It appears only to the greatest advantage, and is always most luminous, when it lights up the serious side of his nature, which was his delight. It was his habit to read a large number of need hardly remind our readers what these were were. England has undergone a sea-change since Sydney Smith began to write, and the questions which in his day attracted the largest amount of attention, are now interwoven with the tems of the present month. The personal property laws, from age to age, have been consigned to the limbo of eternal oblivion. It would be as easy to say to common Canning's moral impossibility, the restoration of the Heptarchy, or to re-enact the laws against witches, as to re-enact any one of the wrongs or fallacies, great or small, against which Sydney Smith fought and conquered. It is not only the country which the country has undergone the last great step, as much as you might read the Riot Act, and declare her a riot; in short, you might do anything with her but marry her." This is American rather than Irish or English, and we should be much more disposed to believe that it was written by Mr. Prentiss than spoken by Sydney Smith.

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* The Wit and Wisdom of the Rev. Sydney Smith. A Selection of his most Memorable Passages in his Writings and Conversations. London: Longman & Co. 1860.

* Equal rights to marginal positions, equal justice to the rich and poor: this is what men come out to fight for and to defend.

* No innovation? To say that all new things are bad, is to say that all old things were bad in their commencement; for all the old things ever were or have been, in that sense, were not new once. Whatever is now established, was once innovation.

* Words are an essential barrier to the reception of truth.

* There is one piece of advice in life to which I think no one will object to; and that is, every now and then to be completely idle, or to do nothing at all.

* Mankind are always happier for having been happy; so that if you make them happy now, you make them happy for ever, by which I think no one will object to.

* Most readers will be surprised at the unexpectedly small proportion which the extracts on public questions bear to those on social and moral subjects. The reason is partly to be traced to the intractable nature of political writing, which is not favourable to axiomatic forms; but also to that practical turn of mind which constantly curbed the politician into the more useful place around him, and which bestows the chief surviving value on those golden sayings.

ANCIENT DANISH BALLADS.*

A by no means unimportant agent in the reaction against the long-established usurpation of classical taste was the revival of the old ballads. Percy, in his "Reliques," was among the first to reawaken an interest in that ancient and elusive form of poetry which, though long forgotten, had only to be presented to the public notice to be welcomed with enthusiasm. Ever since the publication of the heterogeneous, but delightful, volume of the worthy Bishop of Downham, an extraordinary stimulus has been given to our nation's love of song.

Southey, Scott, Wordsworth, and Ball had all acknowledged their obligations to the author of the "Reliques," and probably there has been no one of our poets who has not drawn largely from the same inspiring source. But the revived appreciation for ballad poetry has not been confined to England. Besides our own countrymen, the various Norse dialects, the Spanish, the ancient Provençal, and modern Germany have all in their turn been ransacked for their treasures of ballad lore. But there is still a series of national ballads which has as yet little known and valued, at least in our own land. While the *Sagas* and *Eddas* of our literature are tolerably familiar to all who pretend to an accurate knowledge of English history, the Scandinavian ballads, though long since deeply appreciated in Germany, have been hitherto familiar to but few of our countrymen. The cause of this ignorance has been the naturally small number of students of the various Norse dialects, and the comparatively minor political importance of the Scandinavian kingdoms.

A few of these ballads have appeared from time to time, dispersed in various publications, but, hitherto, we have had no approach to any connected series of them. Hence, in the volumes before us we have a most agreeable surprise in the shape of nearly two hundred Danish ballads of considerable antiquity and much literary merit, and rich in allusions and illustrations of the highest interest to archaeologists. Although we have not the opportunity of comparing the original ballads with the work before us, Dr. Prier's spiced versions (less evident marks of fidelity).

Dr. Prier tells us in his very instructive preface, that the revival of the ballad literature of Denmark has done as much for the poetry of that country as Percy's "Reliques" has for that of our own.

* To those who would study the valuable literary works which Denmark has produced during the last fifty years, a knowledge of these ballads is essential. . . . Denmark has reaped the inspired gift of classical mythology, and, trusting to these, her own resources, has produced a literature which, we are told, was the greatest which she has ever known. . . . The Danish ballads, with which we shall see in these volumes so many unexpected marks of resemblance to the legends and the same manner for dance-tunes. . . . Our own good ballad would imply a similar usage.

Indeed, it may be said, generally, that poetry in its infancy was always accompanied both by the song and the dance; the etymology of the Greek *xypis* shows this.

Some difficulty has been felt with regard to the antiquity of the ballads included in the volumes before us.

Johnson, Geijer, W. Grimm, and other authorities of weight, have been led to attribute a very remote origin to these poems. Dr. Prier, however, considers the most ancient among them to be no older than the thirteenth century, and seems to be of a much more recent date. He quotes, in support of this opinion, the following remarks of Sir Walter Scott:—

* To the further our researches are extended, the more we shall be prone to believe that the romantic ballads of later times are, for the most part, abridgements of ancient national traditions, inserted in a much later date.

This observation as to ballads generally applies, without question, to many of those Danish ballads which have clearly been taken from the ancient *Eddas* and *Sagas*. But Dr. Prier shows that it is also true with regard to another very large class of these ballads. He has taken the trouble to examine with great attention the ballad-poetry of other countries, and, he thinks, most satisfactorily made out that many of these ballads exist in various forms in different languages. So far from being exclusively Danish, they are found sometimes with but little variation in the ballads of France, Spain, Germany, Italy, and even Brittany.

The correspondence of so many of the Danish ballads with those of foreign countries shows "that they were merely a portion of the fictions common to all West-European countries during the middle ages."

The dates of many of these foreign ballads are known, so that those of the corresponding Danish ones can be determined. As for those ballads which are exclusively Danish, their dates are tolerably clearly shown by the allusions to heraldry and other civilisive usages contained in them.

* Whatever may have been the period at which the Danish ballads first came into vogue, it is evident, from the language, that it was not till the fifteenth century, at least, that they assumed the form in which we now have them. It is probable that the *Sagas*, and *Norwegian* and *Faroese* ballads originated at the same time, for they all treat of the same subjects. In regard to several of them, the sources of the material are distinctly marked. The romance of "Tristram" was translated into Norse by Bratler Robert, at the command of King Håkon Håkonson, and as he lived in the thirteenth century, we may be sure that he has been concerned to have furnished many situations and incidents to the ballad writers. The poems of Martin de France were also translated into Norse by command of that monarch, but, like a second source of incident. . . . But these few works and several others, which were translated in order of the king, were numerous lyrics and romances floating about in every part of Europe, the common property of all nations, and it cannot be doubted that these found their way to Denmark too, and furnished the material for ballads of a more popular character. . . . All the subjects seem to be those to which we have been accustomed in the ballads of other nations, viz., courtship, architecture, and even in hand-writing. It is not only the tales themselves that are so widely spread. The same forms of expression, the same conventional phrases, were common to all the ballad-poetry of Europe. The same was the case with the language.

These ballads accordingly afford us a most valuable picture of the manners and

customs of the mediæval North, entering frequently into minute details of costume and daily life. They are also especially rich in allusions to laws and legal customs, and generally give us a thorough insight into contemporary ideas and modes of thought. While remarking the general plain-spoken and unadorned language of these ballads, the translator pays a just tribute to their moral tone:—

* I should be doing injustice to these Northern nations, if I did not add that in the whole vast collection of Danish, Norwegian, and other Scandinavian ballads, there is not a single one of a degrading tendency. We shall estimate them and their popular literature the more highly, the more we know of the general depravity of the modern poets, who, in the name of the age, that the nature of licentiousness and elegance, of imagination even in guilt, of simplicity and sincerity are to be found in the poems of corruption. . . . The same is true of the striking and appalling. . . . No such charge can be made against our honest Northernmen.

Dr. Prier has distributed the ballads in these three volumes into four groups.—1, Heroic; 2, Legendary; 3, Historical; and 4, Romantic.

The Hero Ballads are those which have found most favour with the Danish scholars and writers. They are, for the most part, the oldest of the Danish or Scandinavian legends. Thus "Thor of Asgaard" (No. 1 in this collection), is taken from the "Edda," and "Sivard and Rynild" (No. 3) from the "Nielshagen-Lied."

The second group, the Legendary Ballads, are remarkable as exhibiting primitive and even superstitious ideas on religious subjects existing in a reformed country.

The third set, namely the Historical Ballads, are among the finest in the series, and, besides giving spirited narratives of real events, are particularly rich in allusions to civilisive and judicial customs.

The fourth division of these ballads, the Romantic, are those which will afford the most pleasure to the general reader. Their general theme is, naturally, love, with its joys and sorrows.

The Hero Ballads are, for the most part, too long for insertion here, while, at the same time, their interest depends very much upon the connected story which runs through them. The same thing may be said of the Historical Ballads, which are for the most part, rather lengthy, while mere quotations would give but a poor idea of them.

We have selected the following specimen from the Legendary group; it is No. 35 in the collection, and is a universal favourite throughout Scandinavia:

THE BURIED MOTHER.

1. Swain Dying he journey'd up the land,
And saw a lovely maiden stand;
2. And when he liv'd his home to share,
And seen the sweetest children there;
3. But staying through the land came Death,
And saw'd that gentle lady's breath;
4. Swain Dying rode up to the land,
And gain'd a mother's hand;
5. He was his bride, and home she came,
A grin and laugh to favour'd dame;
6. When from her glided 'twas the sleep'd,
The sweetest babe was dead and steep'd;
7. They staid, these little things, and cry'd,
But kick'd it them off 't' unloving bairn;
8. She giv' them neither love nor beer,
Alone and lone was her cheer;
9. She look'd after their holsters blue,
"Bury straw shall be the bed for you;"
10. She took away their fire and light,
"In kindling none ye shall sleep all night;"
11. They cried soon wailing till the ground,
Their mother heard beneath the mound;
12. She heard it, as in her grave she lay,
"But go I must, their pain to stay;"
13. At that a high thence she beat her knee,
"O, set me, Lord, my children see!"
14. And such her prayer and tale of woe,
That God in mercy to her go;
15. "But there on earth no longer stay,
When earth shall close the dawn of day;"
16. Out from her chest the stretch'd her bones,
And rent her way through earth and stones;
17. As though a way there glad he led,
Lead all the household host to the bed;
18. So reach'd her husband's courtyard gate,
And there her eldest daughter sat;
19. "O, daughter mine, who art thou here?
For I have long been dead and drear?"
20. As a contrast to this affecting story of domestic life, we insert one of the Historic Ballads, which breathes throughout a nobly civilisive spirit:

KING SWENKER THE YOUNGER.

1. Young Swenker rose before his lord—
In solemn council met;
And said his lord a pious tale,
The sum of all his woe.
2. "My brother has driven me from home,
And left the land of plenty;
But lend me you, my lord, the sum,
I'll repay my debt."
3. "Ay, Swenker, now I'll lend to thee,
And bid thee Swenker and Jule;
Better than thou art now on earth,
To be a blade, or a stone."
4. A great and noble man was King
One holy Sabbath day,
And seated he at the command,
And bid his troops array.
5. Young Swenker staid on his ship's prow,
And gazed on the round;
Of the king, he saw the king's face,
Or in these words he drew'd it:
6. Together rush'd those highborn lords,
And here they bade the king to be the two

These specimens will furnish a tolerable idea of the contents of these volumes, for which students of history, archaeologists, and lovers of poetry, will equally thank Dr. Alexander Prier.

* Ancient Danish Ballads. Translated from the originals by R. C. Alexander Prier, M.D. Three Vols. Williams & Norgate, 1885.

THE JACOBITE BALLADS OF SCOTLAND.*

This volume contains a very valuable additional chapter to the annals of Scotland. The ballad is not only the most popular, but also the truest exponent of the feelings, the sentiments, the passions, the prejudices, and even the morals of a people. In its romantic rhymes, its simple diction, and strong imagery, the historical student will learn how, at any particular period, the people among whose ballads circulated thought, and felt,—how they loved, or hated, scorned or endured those who exercised authority over them. As sturdy as the stags (*stags*), or official monitors (*official monitors*), the Jacobite ballads were the voice of the people, and especially an early popular ballad sung in the streets, or covertly chanted with closed doors, tells to him who studies it what were the sentiments, what the hopes, and what the fears of those who openly applauded or contemptuously listened to it.

The last thing of which a nation, which has once enjoyed the sweets of liberty, can be deprived by the rude hands of its conquerors, is its popular political ballad. The sentiment that cannot be uttered openly, and in plain prose, takes refuge in rhyme, or disguises itself in an allegory, and links itself to music. Wise to the people who are so oppressed by despotism, or so tortured by police spies, as to be deprived of that last vestige of freedom, for then a certain and inevitable change will take place in the popular mind. The political ballad being forbidden, its place will be supplied by songs that degrade, with their insinuations, all who listen to their corrupting sentiments. Despotism is always attended by demoralization, and the surest instrument to that demoralization is the vile and infamous ballad sung with impunity in the midst of an enslaved population.

The eye system has never so worked in this country as to prevent the circulation of political ballads, although there have been periods when the rancor of political parties ran so high that the most simple acts were often attended with fatal consequences to individuals; as for instance, in the time of King Charles II. it has been considered an act almost as heinous as high treason, to utter a ballad, or call a man "on the 30th of January;" and during the reigns of the two first Georges, both soldiers and civilians were regarded as disloyal if they decorated their breasts or placed an oak-leaf in the hat on the day commemorative of the Restoration.

From the abdication of James II. to the fatal day of Culloden, the country was shaken by the unceasing plots of the exiled royal family abroad, and of their adherents at home. It was a time of fear, and of suspicion to those who were in power. It was a time of fear and of hope to those who were in opposition, the friends of the Stuarts. We know what statesmen and warriors were then doing, but, how are we to ascertain what the people were thinking with respect to past and impending political struggles? We have no more means of reaching at a knowledge of that most important fact, for we cannot read the passions of the people, nor their most popular. But in the examination of those lyrical effusions, great caution and a very scrupulous exercise of judgment must be employed; for the Stuart royal family, unfortunate in all other things, were lucky in one respect—their cause, or rather, their animosity, against all the claimants to the throne, whelmed their luckless adherents, excited the sympathy of the best people of Scotland. The consequence is a vast amount of songs, that are truly Jacobite in spirit, but that were composed at a period when not only all chance of the Stuarts being restored was at an end, but even the possibility of their ever regaining the throne was remote. The ballads composed between 1688 and 1746 are realities. They are words that meant things, whereas Jacobite ballads composed long posterior to the last date are mere exercises of the fancy, as unimpassioned as an ode to "Fidelity," or "Chloe," or a poem on the power of the potato, that were made.

There is in all such inquiries as that in which the editor of this volume has been engaged another difficulty to be overcome, to which he has thus alluded:—

"Though Scotland has always possessed this character (a love of song and music), especially in the Lowlands, where the English language is spoken for the modern Scottish dialect is but a variety of the old English; the Jacobite ballads, however, are not only the pleasure of antiquaries to collect and preserve, are not of a very serious date. Many of the ballads may be ascribed to the 17th and 18th centuries, but they are certainly not older than the art of printing, which three-fourths of them are evidently not as ancient."

There is a great and a profound truth touched upon in these few words. What is it, we may ask, that has for so many centuries puzzled the most diligent of antiquaries in their researches into the ancient traditions of different countries? There are found in records, among Scandinavians, Teutons, and Arabians, songs, stories, fables, which, when analysed, are discovered to be at bottom the same, but in their details widely different; and yet each claiming, by the manner in which it is narrated, to be indigenous to the people, and to the very land in which it is circulated. The solution to the mystery is to be discovered in the fact, that as the body assumes the form of the food which it sustains, so it is with the mind—everything that pleases the fancy, or soothes the spirit, or gratifies the pride of man, he assimilates to himself or to his ancestors, or to the country in which he dwells, or to the times in which he lives; and so the song, tale, or fable is which found its first birth and sustenance in the arid sands of Arabia, when blown to the cold shores of Scandinavia, or into the deep forests of Germany, makes for itself a new abode, and creates new and fitting actors for the old myth, tradition, song, or story. And thus it is with the old popular ballad; its popularity continues, but as the old actors are forgotten, and the new actors are introduced, the well-known personages supply their place. The ballad is modernised; and there is great difficulty in distinguishing between the old composition and the modern imitation.

The value of the historical ballad consists in its giving a history of the time, as that history was actually written by a contemporary singer; for there is this distinction to be noted between the epic poem and the ballad: the epic is the 'triumph of the victor; the ballad is the rhymed expression of sorrow for the loss, treachery, and disasters of the defeated. The historical ballads in every language; but in Paganism there is little variety of being ranked as native poetry beyond the dramas of the Greek tragedians, and the 'Tristram' of Orvid.

It is not, however, to be supposed that the universal character of the ballad is sadness, grief, or despondency. Flashed by the misfortunes of a desperate cause, it exhibits its strength in the bitterness of the hatred, the rage of the enemy, and the scathing power of its satire. This is the editor's description of the Jacobite ballad-writer prior to the great conflict with the Hanoverians, and after it had been decided in favour of the latter.

"But, with them, was not the political nature here; but a soul at a better; not a thing that merely drew blood, but that broke the skull and smothered the brain. But after the fatal fight of Culloden, the voice of the coarse humorist, if not altogether silenced, was softened with pathos. There had been a time of stag and to do, but it had passed and the day of lamentation had succeeded it. The rhymers had flourished in one epoch, it was now the era of the poet. Hence for the various and various of the Jacobite ballad-writer, and the higher emotions which had hitherto found their expression in songs, ballads, and epigrams, and the like."

*The Jacobite Ballads of Scotland, from 1688 to 1746, with an Appendix of modern Jacobite songs. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin & Co., Publishers to the University of Glasgow, 1860.

the echoes of national music that came from Scotland, came from saddened hearts, and from desolate and all but desolated graves."

Here, then, in this volume, is the authentic record of the national feelings at a most important epoch in the history, not merely of Scotland, but of the British empire. Assuredly such a collection is one of deep and thrilling interest. The greatest historian that ever lived did not deem the lyrical compositions of a people unworthy of reference, while the poet, who would find fault with the vanity of the Greeks and the apathy of the Romans for bestowing neither care nor thought upon what sustained and invigorated popular feeling—the historical ballad—"Canstauris albus barbara apud gentes."

This volume is a carefully edited. There is not only an introduction pointing out what has been done by others in the attempt to make a selection of Jacobite ballads; but each particular piece introduced into this volume has a preliminary notice pointing out the time it was written, as well as the circumstances under which it related to which it related. The editor has designated "the historical" ballads, are some of the compositions which the editor designates "modern Jacobite songs"—by Burns, Campbell, Cunningham, the Kitchin Shepherd, &c. What they lack in historical accuracy is more than compensated for by the sweetness of their poetry, and the purity of their sentiments. Scotchmen ought to prize this book; and by all lovers of truth and poetry it should be received as a welcome gift.

THE PRAIRIE AND OVERLAND TRAVELLER.*

To a person intending to emigrate to Australia or America, this is an invaluable book, and to one resolved upon remaining at home its perusal cannot fail to be amusing and instructive. The most curious information and the most strange and interesting facts are to be encountered at every page. What, for instance, is more odd to the London-reared reader (who finds for his money, in almost every street he passes through, a superabundance of the necessities and luxuries of life), than to be told that if he wishes to have vegetables with his dinner for the next three or four days, he must have them sent to him from the States, and then subjected to a very powerful press, which will remove the juice, and leave them like a solid cake, which solid cake is to be thoroughly dried in an oven, when it will become almost as hard as a rock. The value of the vegetable going through this process is, that "a small quantity of the size of a man's middle hand, when boiled, swells up so as to fill a vegetable dish, and is sufficient for four men!" The author declares that these "compressed vegetables" are the best preparation for prairie travelling "that has yet been discovered." A single nation might, before using boiled, or compressed, or solid vegetable, and it is not a station. Another delirium of the emigrant traveller, which is unknown to the stay-at-home Londoner, is designated "pemmican." We add Captain May's description of this foreign feat, feeling a perfect confidence it will not be one of the new dishes laid upon our altars and common concinnities at the next Lord Mayor's dinner.

"The pemmican, which constitutes almost the entire diet of the Fur Company's men in the North-west, is prepared as follows:—The buffalo meat is cut into thin slices, and hung up to dry in the sun, before a fire, it is then pounded between two stones, and reduced to a powder; this powder is placed in a bag of the animal's hide, with the hair on the outside, matted close, and the bag is then filled with the powder, and the bag is then filled with a little bear and tallow, it is a very wholesome and exceedingly nutritious food, and a very good preservative of the meat."

So much for the food of travellers and emigrants to the far west; and now for the costume most suitable for them. The coat should be short and stout, the shirt of red or blue flannel, the pantaloons of a soft woollen material, the socks woollen, with stout boots, "coming up well to the knees, so as to admit the pants." The cap (Saginaw, Marcy says) should be of deer skin, and lined with "buff," and "against rattlesnake bites." Here is the captain's picture of himself when travelling in very cold weather over the rocky mountains: the like of it has never been seen in Piccadilly, High Holborn, or the Strand:—

"I wore two pairs of woollen socks and a square piece of thick blanket sufficient to cover the whole of my body, and I wore a thick buckskin moccasim, and the whole was enveloped in a pair of buffalo-skin boots with the hair inside, made open in front, and tied with buckskin straps. At the same time I wore a pair of oil-skin boots, which most effectively prevented the air from penetrating to the skin, and made an excellent defence against frost and other evils."

The author of this work has passed more than twenty-five years in exploring the interior of the American continent. In his peregrinations he has been thrown exclusively on his own resources, and to sustain life, as well as to make progress, he has had to resort to various expedients. In this book he gives to the reader the benefit of his experience, advising the emigrant and traveller as to what they should do in the way of preparing for their journey, and warning them as to what they should not do, if they wished to escape from unnecessary trouble, and to avoid encountering themselves with needless labour. As these pages are all the experience, they will be found of considerable value to the persons for whose instruction they have been specially written.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

"A Thesaurus of German Poetry, with Explanatory Notes." By Charles Graessner. London: David Nutt, 270, Strand.—In this volume there are 450 pieces of poetry, by 120 different German authors, and all selected with a view to the requirements of school and private study. The volume is divided into three parts, extracts are preceded by a concise description of the principal periods in the history of German poetry, and a short critical notice of the chief poets from whose works extracts are made. In the volume will be found fables, parables, ballads, legends, poems, elegies, odes, sonnets, madrigals, dramatic dialogues, epigrams, satires, riddles, and epigrams. Thus, it will be seen, there are specimens of all kinds of poetry comprised within the plan of the compiler, who has given to the reader the advantage of appending explanatory notes to passages which he cannot understand, and to passages which he cannot understand. In his desire to leave no difficulty in the way of the pupil, Mr. Graessner supplies explanations to words and passages which, in our judgment, require no such elucidation; as, for instance, "we take our illustrations from a single page, p. 404," when he tells us that *die Hölle* in *den Schönen Tagen*, is a Germanism signifying "the hell," and totally inactive; that *der Hölle* means "the hell," and "the hell" is a Germanism; is synonymous with "the company of the lion," *der Löwenjäger*, *der Beierger Art Löwen*; *hockebrot*, "generous, high-minded;" *Prüfung*, "time of trial;" &c. The selections are made with taste and judgment; and considering that the volume is intended to be placed in the hands of young men, it is fully entitled to claim for it those most important recommendations; that all the pieces chosen by him are of acknowledged excellence, interesting in their subjects, and above all reproach in their moral tone. This book is entitled to admission into schools and families.

*The Prairie and Overland Traveller. A Companion for Emigrants, Travellers, Hunters, and Adverses Travellers Great Plains and prairie. By Captain B. Marcy, London, Low, Sons, & Co., 47, Ludgate-street, 1860.

"The Theory of Arithmetic." London: C. Dolman.—The object of this little book is to afford to those who have gone through a course of practical arithmetic, the opportunity of comparing the rational of what they learned in early life. It is intended to incite persons to a careful study of the theory of arithmetic. The value of this work has been already tested, for it is taken (as we are informed in the preface), from a manuscript which has been for some years used by the upper classes of St. Gregory's College, Downside, from which it emanates.

"Manual of Military Law." By Col. J. C. K. P. Kipon, Assistant Adjutant General at Head Quarters, and J. F. Collier, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. London: William H. Allen & Co., 7, Leadenhall-street.—The publication of this little volume is sanctioned by the Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It has, therefore, the advantage of being an official law-book on matters of vital importance to all the Queen's subjects who are serving in the army and militia, or have enrolled themselves as Volunteers. Its contents may be thus briefly stated:—It gives an account of the constitution, composition, and procedure of courts-martial; a detail of the crimes that may be tried, and the sentences that may be awarded by each description of court; a notice of the practice and procedure of courts of inquiry; a short exposition of the law of evidence; an abstract of the acts governing the Volunteer force; an account of the law relating to recruiting; a review of the duties, obligations, and liabilities of soldiers to civilians and the civil power; of the duties of civilians towards the military; and of the legal rights, privileges, and exemptions of soldiers. The highest authority at the Horse Guards has already declared of this volume, that "it contains much instructive matter," and also that it must be "a most useful addition to the books required by regulation to be in possession of the officers of the army." It is scarcely necessary to add, that being so recognised by the highest military authorities, a copy of it ought also to be purchased by every distinct corps of the Volunteers.

"The Volunteer's Manual of Health." By H. Smith, M.D. London: Ward & Lock, 125, Fleet-street.—One great, and most valuable consequence flowing from "the Volunteer" impulse that now pervades all parts of Great Britain, will be forcing the young men of the middle classes to society to develop their muscular strength by manly exercises. The leisure of the rich has at all times afforded them abundant time for such exercises, and the reports of the success of the poor in agricultural labours has made them a hearty and stalwart population. Both, when united together in the field of battle—the aristocracy as officers, the poor as soldiers—have by their courage and corporal strength, maintained the military fame of England. But it is only with the Volunteer movement that the middle classes have had the opportunity of exhibiting the courage that animates them. For the purposes of war bravery alone is not sufficient; there must be also the physical strength and energy to endure fatigue. That energy can only be acquired by a practice in gymnastic exercises; and the value of this little volume consists in the fact that it gives practical instructions for promoting the physical development of the human body.

"A Complete Practical Guide to Her Majesty's Civil Service." London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.—At a time when so many young men in all parts of the British dominions are desirous of possessing accurate information upon the various subjects on which they may have to undergo examination, to enable them to enter upon the civil service of the Government, a volume such as the present cannot fail to be of great service. It specifies the various offices in the service, the emoluments attached to each, the different subjects on which the candidates will be examined, and presents that which must be especially useful, specimens of the examination papers for every department, and also the appointments of the Commissioners. With this volume the reader is furnished with all the candidates; and, in fact, no one should think of becoming a candidate—that is, of exposing himself to examination and rejection—who has not made himself fully acquainted with its contents. The candidates must take things as they are. There is another question with which he has nothing to do, but upon which public opinion ought to be brought to bear, and that is the unnecessary tests of high education required from candidates for very humble positions in the public service—such, for instance, as letter-carriers, policemen, and salt-writers.

"Mary Rock; or, my Adventures in Texas." By Percy B. St. John. London: C. H. Clarke, Paternoster-row.—The name of "St. John" is one well known and respected in modern literature. It is connected with classical lore, with honest and consistent politics, and with more than one very agreeable contribution to light literature. The author of this volume has made himself by his American novels no unworthy rival to such writers as Cooper and Bird. The "Adventures in Texas" are fitting companions to the North-American Indian romances of the author; and some of them are laden with a vividness of power, and a minuteness of detail, that will remind the reader of some of the imaginary incidents in Paul Fretal's best story of "Les Contes d'Océ." Of the two, however, we give the preference to what seems to be the sincere statements of the English writer. With him there is the genuine whist with the Frenchman there is the constant straining after striking effects, no matter how much verities may be departed from, or probability sacrificed.

"Hankinson's Poems." London: Hatchard & Co., 187, Piccadilly.—The poems of the Rev. Thomas Edwards Hankinson, M.A. (late of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and minister of St. Matthew's Chapel, Denmark-hill), have now reached a fifth edition. These poems are mostly on religious subjects; and their author has been a vigorous and successful contributor to the *Quarterly Review* several successive years the winner of the *Scottian prize*—a prize given for the best English poem on a sacred theme,—but in 1851, the usual price of £40 was increased to £100, on account of the distinguished merit of the first poem in this volume, entitled "David playing the Harp before Saul."

"Clever Boys of Our Time, and how they became Famous Men." By the author of "Famous Boys," and "Heroes of Our Time." London: Darton & Co., 55, Holloway-hill.—This little volume is well adapted for a school. It contains a brief biography of Lord Macaulay, Faraday, Dickens, Cobden, Bismarck, George Cruikshank, Fairbanks, the brothers Chambers, Sir John Franklin, W. S. Lindsay, Joseph Hunt, Dargan, Heywood, Arago, Thomas Spencer, Sir D. Brewster, William Howitt, B. D'Israeli, Francis Horner, and Joseph Brotherton.

"Lays of the Reformation, and other Lyrics, Scriptural and Miscellaneous." By Jane Crowden, author of "The Singer of Enoch," "Aunt Jane's Verses for Children," &c. London: H. Colver, 187, Pall-mall.—The poems contained in these volumes realise the promise that is given in the title-page. To use the words of the author, they take up "a stray echo from the voice of history, and give it back in rhyme."

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The new number of the *Edinburgh* contains nine articles—1, Recent Geographical Researches; 2, Memoirs of the Master of Sinclair; 3, Max Müller's *Antiquities of the Aryan Nations*; 4, *Grotius on the Sources of International Law*; 5, The Churches of the Holy Land; 6, The Great Remonstrance; 7, Scottish County Histories; 8, Brain Difficulties; 9, The United States and Mr. Buchanan. Of these articles two are devoted to national subjects, and both are of great interest. In the review of "the Master of Sinclair's" book, we have an account of a man—the variable word of a general—who is generally known as Walter Scott but at one time undertaken to edit, and yet, eventually, shrink from giving to the press, because it contained details calculated to offend the feelings of still surviving relatives of those whose names were introduced by the author in his "Tales of the Border." The moral of the story is, however, that his contemporaries, whether Whigs or Tories, Jacobites or Hanoverians, were a very base, a very selfish, and a very unprincipled set of men, and the author himself not one particle superior to the worst of the bad men he described. Such a denunciation of his country is not an epoch virtue in general, and it is in the midst of its perils and temptations men are seeking to ally themselves, not to what is most true, but what has the best chance of being finally successful. The article, "County Histories," tells a piece of news which will appear very strange to most persons, and that is the late period at which these have been completed a satisfactory map of Scotland. The article on "Brain Difficulties" is a review of Dr. Forbes Winslow's work upon "Insanity," which was noticed as "The United States and Mr. Buchanan" the writer takes a strong and decided part with "the Republicans" as opposed to "the Democrats" in the pending Presidential Election. We doubt the prudence of any such manifestation. The British people have no right to buy themselves with the internal politics of the United States, and the exhibition of a sympathy for a ruling class of public opinion with either of the American parties, at a moment when both are struggling for power, is—considering the jealousy that exists in the States of any foreign interference—more likely to injure than to serve the party in whose triumph the foreigner has expressed himself.

In the article upon "The Great Remonstrance," there is a review of Mr. Forster's very able work bearing that title. The *Edinburgh*, like the last *Quarterly*, takes advantage of the subject to discuss the wisdom of the proceedings of the Synod of the Presbyterians. The question raised is, whether, in the course he adopted? Those who think a republic better than a limited monarchy will, of course, decide the question in the affirmative. At the time when "The Great Remonstrance" was resolved upon, England had all the securities for a limited monarchy which she has at present, but then, there was the perfidious and treacherous conduct of the king to be guarded against. Was there no other way of defending public liberty but by the hazards of a civil war? But *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Review* think there was. But then, if a republic was to be preferred to a monarchy even then, it was not finally secured. And whilst it lasted, what is to be said respecting it? There was the grand military rule of Oliver Cromwell—Mr. Carlyle's great hero. But how much mistaken liberty was enjoyed by Englishmen under the Protectorate of Cromwell! We say upon this point that the *Edinburgh* is right, and that King Charles's judges—who thus describe the state of England when Cromwell was at supreme rule in Whitehall, and had as his executive deputies a majority-general in every district in England—

"In the mean time the major-generals carried things with unadvised violence in their several provinces, and the army, who were not only not allowed to interfere, but were even prohibited from doing so, were themselves aggrieved; threatening such as would not yield their obedience with the severest orders with their swords drawn, and in the end, of West India, and suffering more to escape their persecution, but that those who betray their party by deserting, were persons that had acted with us for them."—*Lectures on the History of the English Republic*, vol. ii. p. 166.

"The Great Remonstrance" led to this state of things; and this again to the restoration of Charles II., and arbitrary power; and that, finally, to the Revolution, at which one of Pym's democratic projects was adopted; but, then, the state of things was restored to nearly the point at which it had arrived when "The Great Remonstrance" was determined upon. Events did not justify the policy of Pym, but they vindicated the propriety of the course adopted by Lord Falkland, and "the Constitutional party," that acted with him, back again, and for the king. It is not necessary to do more than refer to the articles on *Grotius*, *Geography*, *Sanskrit Literature*, and the Churches of the Holy Land, as being well worthy of perusal.

MAGAZINES FOR NOVEMBER.

THE most remarkable article in the *Cornhill Magazine* is dedicated to "Oratory." The topic is a large one, and has employed the thoughts and pens of able writers at all times. Cicero and Quintilian have dwelt upon it at some length, and the general character of the younger Pliny is to be gathered from his treatise on an oral discussion, or the composition of an essay, on the subject. The writer in the *Cornhill* has, however, nothing to say of such authors as Lylius, *Aschinas*, *Hyperides*, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, the *Grecoi*, *Cicero*, *Cicero*, and that most remarkable of all language-makers, of whom it was said (and the only one of whom it ever has been said) that "his best speech was his longest speech."—*Marcus Tullius*—"*Cujus oratio optima fertur esse que maxima*." Instead of the old-world orator, the writer in the *Cornhill* dwells upon the respective merits of such modern speakers as Lord Lyndhurst, the late Dr. Derby, Lord Glenelg, Mr. Spurgeon, and Mr. Parnell. The *Cornhill* contains two pieces of verse, which their writers and perhaps the editor consider to be poetry; a very pleasant "sonnet" upon, a valuable article on "Work," and the continuation of "Franklin's Diary." There are three other articles, and one of them is the first, Turner's remarkable picture of "The Country Blacksmith," engraved by C. W. Sharpe; the second, "The Lower Lake of Killarney," engraved by Wallis, from a picture by M. Anthony; and the third, "Paul and Virginia," engraved by J. H. Wallis, from the group by the French sculptor, J. B. Le Sueur. There is a series of very beautiful wood-engravings illustrating the picture of Raffaele, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's valuable and interesting companion guide (by railway) in South Wales, an account of the Amos Curzon, and a description of the Hudson from the Wilderness to the Sea. Amongst the purely literary articles next in continuation, not accompanied with either copper-plate or wood-engravings—we recommend to particular attention, "A Trip to the Art Exhibition at Brussels," "West the Monarch of Meliority," and "Leslie and his Contemporaries." Considering its attractions, both in original work and in illustrations, the *Edinburgh* is not a bad magazine for the lover of publications. There is in the present number of the *Edinburgh* an article that must prove interesting to every person living in this city. "Roman London" is a review of Mr. Koch Smith's truthful work, "Illustrations of Roman

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THE
LONDON REVIEW

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Of Politics, Literature, Art, & Society.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No. 20.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

GARIBALDI; AND THE NEW KINGDOM.

THE mysterious impulses of Napoleon III., the daring ambition of Victor Emmanuel, the patient astuteness of Count Cavour, the honest heroism of Garibaldi, the dense stupidity of Francis of Naples, and the enthusiastic will of the Italian people, dissimilar and even hostile to each other as some of these have been, have all wrought together, like the ingredients of a stew in the hands of a scientific chef, to produce a wholesome and palatable compound. What no two or three of them could have achieved without the action of the rest, these chemical affinities and dissimilarities, warring and stirring, boiling and freeing, seething and fermenting, have at length accomplished. They have simmered, cooled, and solidified; and the world beholds the result in a real Italy; no longer a geographical expression, but an independent state, entitled to rank by its extent, its wealth, its intellect, and its population, as one of the Great Powers of Europe.

To Garibaldi, above all men, belongs the imperishable glory of this achievement; though to the Emperor of the French must be conceded the credit of being the main-spring of the machinery. Had he not sought a gratuitous and unprovoked quarrel with Austria on the 1st of January, 1859, the liberation of Italy would still have been a dream in the imagination of Garibaldi, Mazzini, Cavour, and the King of Piedmont. But the Italians owe him slight gratitude, and will perhaps need him none; for not even his greatest admirers venture to assert that he intended the unity of Italy. *L'honneur propose, et Dieu dispose*, is a favourite proverb, on the truth of which he has doubtless pondered "many a time and oft" since the great day of Magenta. To flatter the vanity of his nation, to prove himself as victorious in the field as sagacious in the council, to distract attention from his home politics, and to increase his European reputation, were, as far as the world can judge, the only objects that he proposed to himself when he poured his legions into Italy. He attained them all; but, like other men less magnificently placed, he failed, in due season, that conditions were attached to his success by a higher power than his own, which he knew them at the commencement, might have stayed his hand, and counselled him to quietude.

Not to glorify Garibaldi; not to dethrone the sovereigns of Tuscany and Modena; not to send the last and most worthless of the Bourbons into exile; not to exalt Victor Emmanuel to an eminence as brilliant as his own; not to create a strong power on the frontier of France to dispute with him the possession of the Mediterranean; not to fill the minds of his own people with the generous idea of liberty conquered for others, but denied to them, did he humble the pride of Austria. But all these things have come to pass, and, to do the Emperor justice, he seems to have reconciled himself to them with the dignity of a philosopher and the grace of a man of the world, acknowledging, perhaps, as other leaders of revolution have been compelled to acknowledge before him, in bitterness and anguish, that revolutions are easier to set in motion than to stop, and that great ideas are very dangerous tools for sovereign princes to play with.

The retirement of Garibaldi, after having delivered to Victor Emmanuel the kingdom which his simple honesty, his spotless heroism, and his epic grandeur of character had won, excites no surprise. But it did not need the proclamation of the patriot to his fellow-soldiers to inform the world that his retirement into private

life could be but temporary. It is better for Garibaldi, better for Italy, better for all Europe, that he should withdraw for a while from the arena of politics. The clean work has been done, and the dirty work is about to commence. It is easier to conquer kingdoms than to govern them. Government at best is but an unclean business, and ever will be so, as long as men are men, and are more eager to scramble for place and power, pelf and perquisite, rank, station, and pre-eminence, than to live honestly and humbly by the labour of their hands, or the honourable exercise of the talents which God has given them. And such a scramble, under circumstances of more than ordinary greed, animosity, and jealousy, is inevitable in the new kingdom, and will try all the proved statesmanship of the King and Count Cavour, to conduct to safe issue. Such men as Garibaldi are too pure and high to mingle in such work, or even to come into contact with the intriguers and schemers whose turn it now is to come upon the stage. For many reasons it is not only noble and generous, but truly politic and sagacious in him to withdraw for a while to his farm and his cattle, and hold himself in reserve for greater occasions. Italy is sure to need him; and that he may enjoy, for the sake of Italy, the health of body that will fit him for future enterprise, as well as the health of mind which always rewards and compels such disinterested and simple honesty, as his, must be the ardent wish of a far wider circle than is formed by the twenty-five millions of his grateful countrymen; of a circle that includes every friend of liberty both in the Old World and the New, and in the heart and memory of whom he is already ranked as a greater than Tell, and the equal of Washington.

In an article in this journal on the 15th of September—two months ago—while the great work was still unfinished and in danger, we could find no higher epithet to give him than "GARIBALDI—KING OF MEN." The world can give him no higher title now. He is more than a king or a king-maker; and though Victor Emmanuel may wear the crown, Garibaldi stands above him in his lonely Isle, holding a patent of unalloyed royalty, not from the King to whom he has given a kingdom, but from the universal conscience and consent of the great heart of humanity. To make him a Duke or a Grandee would add nothing to his station; but, on the contrary, would detract from his lustre. Such a man was needed in our age to rescue it from the reproach of corruption and venality—of self-seeking and man-mongering. Garibaldi—farmer, cattle-dealer, tallow-melter, sea-captain, soldier, and patriot—has thrown the glory of his name over every one of these avocations, and resented the least of them from meanness. It is no derogation from the glory of King David that he was a shepherd-boy—and none from that of Garibaldi that he manufactured candles upon Staten Island. Trust here of our day for many reasons, not the least of which is that he has dared to be poor—dared to gain an honest livelihood by the labour of his hands—dared in all things, and on all occasions, to show himself a MAN, irrespective of the great or the little world, and the world's opinion.

Let us hope that the General's farewell words to his comrades will not be thrown away upon the Emperor of Austria. If a million of soldiers be required in the spring of 1861, to wrest Venetia from Teutonic thralldom, the men will be ready if Garibaldi is ready to lead them. And ready he will be, as surely as he won Sicily and Naples. And Austria, if she persist in fighting, may lose not only Venetia, but Hungary; and the now proud Kaiser may find himself this time next year in as woeful and as hopeless a plight as his cousin of Naples,

and relegate the Hapsburgs into the same chapter of history as the Stuarts and the Bourbons. To expect him to make Venetia a present to Garibaldi is to expect too much; but if he have the least wisdom he will sell it, ere it be too late, to the King and people of Italy.

THE SUCCESS IN CHINA.

As was expected our arms have been triumphant in our first contest in China; and Lord Elgin, distrustful the mandarins deputed to negotiate with him, is on his way to Peking to dictate terms to the Emperor. Now, however, begins our real difficulty. It was never for one moment supposed that China would be able to resist the combined attack of France and England; but what will be the consequences of our success?

For an extraordinary period the empire of China has preserved an independent existence. The wild Tartars who have mastered its government at successive periods have been in fact subdued or civilized by the masses of China, and, preserving the empire entire, have become the direct heirs of its most ancient government. They have seized the reins of power to hold them after the Chinese, not the Tartar fashion. With some modifications they have fallen in with the manners of the old nation and have preserved its character, almost unbroken, to the present time. There is not in the world another example of such continuity of power and of such a homogeneous people as constitute the empire of China.

Originating at a period coeval with the most ancient nations known to European history, the empire of China has outlived them all. Assyrians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans have all passed away, only leaving behind them undying thoughts and some few stone memorials of their existence, while the Chinese have flourished and grown through the whole period, which witnessed the birth and death of these other renowned empires, and now contribute about a fourth of the human race and occupy a large portion of the globe. They seem, however, now to be verging to that state of dissolution which pre-deceased empires successively underwent. Defeated by us, a prey to interior dissensions, a great insurrection founded on a religious principle raging through large districts of the country, China seems destined to break up like the Roman Empire, and to fall into the miserable condition of an old civilisation destroyed ere another has grown up to supersede it.

We cannot stop to inquire into all the circumstances which have led to the continual growth of this remarkable nation. We must, however, say that it seems in the main to have depended on that respect for industry—the source of all wealth and all subsistence—which is implied in the annual ceremony of the Emperor guiding a plough. It is clear that without industry no soil, however fertile, yields much abundance, and no people can become either numerous or civilized. Respect for industry, which is undoubtedly the characteristic of the Chinese, has been the source of their greatness, and is incompatible with that kind of slavery which existed in medieval Europe, and amongst the nations of what we call antiquity. It may therefore be inferred that this condition has never prevailed in China. At the same time, from the little we know of the country, it may also be inferred that the system of industry connected with the head of the State, growing from the State, and regulated by it, depends in all its parts on the preservation of the State. In China it seems the result of institutions; in Europe the system of industry has grown up in spite of institutions. We may therefore dread lest the overthrow of the State in China, which now seems imminent, should carry with it the disruption of this system of industry, and the desolation of an immense country and people.

We have to recollect that to improve the government, and teach the rulers of China respect for European and European usages—to curb Asiatic and Mandarin falsehood, presumption, and intolerance, we were forced into the war; and the very principle on which it was begun seems to impose on us the necessity of providing against the vast evils which seem likely to accrue from the dissolution of the state, provoked and forwarded by our success. The unexpected and unforeseen career of a mercantile company, compelled us gradually to make ourselves masters of Hindostan, and responsible for its government and welfare. With this example before us, and its consequences, we can but dread that we may be compelled, as a state, to follow in China the course of the East-India Company. The difficulties which such a prospect shadows forth, with a government not renewed for the wise administration of its own territories, colonial and home, may well appal the stoutest heart of the most ambitious statesman. We, then, are much afraid that with our triumph will begin a great and serious trouble.

All the issues are complicated by our entanglement with an ally. In common with him we must decide what is to be done. France and Frenchmen envying us the possession of India, may be desirous, what ever may be our views, to annex some portion of China, as it breaks up, and then we should be compelled to do like. We already possess Hong Kong, and, should the French establish themselves in the Chinese waters, the two nations may carry thither, as they formerly carried into Hindostan, their ancient rivalry, and the con-

tentions may be renewed there which in Europe public opinion will no longer tolerate. We would feign look cheerfully and hopefully at the triumph of our arms, but the probable consequences of our success excite in us the most serious apprehensions. We know, and the public must know, that great successes, as in the case of the first Napoleon, only hurry on decay and destruction; and we fear many disasters from the gigantic nature of a task which has been imposed on us; a task likely to be far greater than our national power to accomplish.

RESTRICTIONS ON CREDIT.

THIS is the age of free trade in theory, which necessarily causes in practice a considerable protective reaction. It is impossible for the whole people at once to come to the conclusion that each and every man should be free to seek his own advantage. Large sections of the people are in love with restrictions, and will impose them, though generally they have resulted in evil. The restrictions on the things which can be measured and weighed—such as corn, and wine, and iron—having been in a great measure given up as injurious, such persons have taken to restrict, or at least to try and restrict, immaterial things, which can neither be measured nor weighed.

The most vulgar of mortals think they can regulate the most ethereal elements of other men's life. So belief and thought have been here, and still are abroad, subject to numerous penal restrictions; and after such restrictions have been necessarily abrogated, the same class of men who formerly imposed them, now impose restrictions on confidence, or on credit, which is the expression of confidence. The extremely well-behaved, careful middle class, which at the close of the seventeenth century advocated the political restrictions on religious belief so obnoxious to their descendants, is now the advocate of restrictions on credit, money, and banking. No one can question their motives. They are animated by a strong desire to keep people honest, to guard against true excesses, to prevent rash buying, and preserve unchanged the measure of value. They have not succeeded; and are as ill-informed of the consequences of their restrictions as were their prototypes in the reign of Charles II. and William III. They will undoubtedly do as much mischief, though it may be of a different kind, as we now recognize to have ensued from the laws then passed against Papists and Protestant nonconformists. Protestants could not do so otherwise than proclaim the dogma of freedom of thought, just as *ad-fiant* free-traders proclaim freedom of trade; but both have practically violated the principle of their own lives.

Our legislature has solemnly recognized the utility of credit, by declaring a certain species of bank notes an actual payment; but then, like the magistrates of a German city, who recognize a guild, but will not allow a certain number of guilds, or like the town council, or, like the plan of licensing public-houses, which makes the trade legal, but limits the number of public-houses,—the Legislature limits the number of bankers who are allowed to issue notes, and limits the number of notes they shall issue. Now, it is notorious, that by no tradesmen is the public so ill served as by the monopolist and regulated publicans; and it is equally notorious, that the progress of industry in Germany has been retarded almost as much by guilds, and the limitation imposed in every town on the number of masters, as by the tolls levied by the Sovereigns on roads and rivers. The present moment, when the public is interested and perhaps aggrieved by a large rise in the rate of discount, seems appropriate to call attention to some of the consequences of a violation of principle by professed free-traders, which must be closed with the old laws against religious belief and against usury, and with the modern restrictions here on publicans, and abroad on all kinds of traders.

Following the lead of the Bank of England, the Bank of France last week raised its minimum rate of discount to 4½ per cent. Both bodies are the bankers of the State, and the Bank of France holds about £4,700,000, and the Bank of England £4,900,000 of the public money. Both are protected by law against competition, or have a monopoly conferred on them. In their favour other banks are prohibited from issuing credit-notes; but they are restricted by law in the amount they may issue, just as the licensed keepers of the Red Lion and *L'Escu* are guarded against unlimited competition, but must carry on their trade under police regulations. Now the deposit by governments of their resources in banks, enables them, like other people, to substitute credit currency for hard cash; and it would be of no importance to trade what amount of credit currency they abstracted from circulation provided there were no restriction on private individuals as to issuing credit currency. But this being restricted, and the currency which governments take from the public being deposited in banks which will only allow the public the use of it by paying for it, and which have a strong interest to enhance the rate of payment or discount as much as possible, it is clear that the greater the amount of taxation, the more of the limited credit currency goes into these banks for the respective governments, the more must the public pay these banks for the use of this indispensable but monopolized currency. Saying nothing further about the rival institution abroad

now competing with the Bank of England for gold in order to profit by restrictions, we proceed to show that the late changes in the rate of discount have been much more the consequences of the restrictions on banking than of an augmentation in the demand for capital.

By the last week's returns the private securities in the Bank amounted to 19.9 millions, against 18.6 at this time last year. Then the rate of discount was only 2½ per cent.; last week it was 4½, now it is 6. Last week the reserve of notes and coin was 9.5 millions; now it is only 7.1. Then the bullion was 16.8, now it is 13.8. Thus the demand of the public for capital, so far as the Bank is concerned, has increased since this time last year only 6 per cent., while the Bank reserve of legal tender notes has decreased nearly 24 per cent., and the bullion has decreased about 18 per cent. The discrepancy between the increased demand of commerce for capital, 6 per cent., and the decrease of the Bank's resources, shows very clearly that it is not the action of commerce which lessens the Bank reserve and induces it to raise on commerce the rate at which it will lend its credit notes.

All economists agree that what commerce is always borrowing is capital, and that it is the relative demand for capital in relation to the supply which really determines in the free market the rate of interest or discount. The Bank really lends capital or its representative credit-notes, for which capital can always be had. For many months the character of our trade, notwithstanding the increase of our exports, has been dull. There has been no increase of enterprise in the country increasing the demand for capital. The yield of the land has been indeed small. There will be a smaller saving of capital in the agricultural districts than usual; but in consequence there will be less agricultural enterprise, and, at the same time, the accumulation of capital in the manufacturing districts has at least been as great as usual. There is neither an increase in enterprises, nor a diminution in the supply of capital in the country to justify the increased rate of discount demanded by the Bank.

There is, however, a decrease of gold in the Bank, and a decrease in the amount of credit notes it is allowed to issue. Ever since it became certain that the harvest would be defective there has been a demand for gold to send abroad. Since the beginning of September the bullion at the bank has decreased something more than £2,000,000. What a paltry diminution of one commodity universally in use is this to affect the commerce and increase the interest of capital of this mighty trading country. It is scarcely an appreciable percentage on even its floating capital, and it is clearly absurd to suppose such a paltry increase in the demand for capital could have any effect on the rate of interest were the supply entirely free.

Moreover, it is probable that the demand for capital to send abroad to purchase corn was quite as great six weeks ago as now, but the reserve of the Bank and the bullion in the Bank did not then decline in a similar manner. Between September 5 and September 26, and long after the demand for foreign corn began, both the bullion and the reserve increased; and there was then accordingly an expectation, that the rate of discount would not be raised; but subsequently to September 26, as the salaries of the government officials, and as the dividends were paid, and as gold was purchased here for the rival bank abroad, the reserve rapidly declined from 9.9 millions to 7.2, and then it became apparent that the bank would raise the rate. This was, however, brought about by the consequences of our money regulations, and not by the action of commerce.

This is made perfectly clear by the second and hasty rise in the bank rate on Wednesday. It was caused by some person taking, on Tuesday, from the Bank £300,000 on account of the Bank of France; £300,000 was also withdrawn on Wednesday, and it is asserted more will be immediately taken, making the total amount taken for the Bank of France £1,000,000. In France there are symptoms of increased commercial activity. The Bank of France has made large advances to commerce; and being obliged by law to restrict its issues by its bullion, it buys this in our market. Both banks make a large portion of their profit from the issue of paper, and both are now fiercely contending, to the great injury of trade, for the gold on which they issue their legal paper.

We have thus, we hope, made it tolerably clear, that the rise in the rate of discount is much more the consequence of restrictions and regulations, than of the free action of commerce, and further we do not now propose to carry the argument. We may infer, indeed, that what is objectionable and true of the Bank of England, is true of the Bank of France. That commerce is inconvenienced by the rise in the rate, and by the restrictions on credit and banking, is evident, but such a trifle will not disturb the Government. As a rule, it is only moved by famine, insurrection, commercial convulsion, or revolution, to consider its own acts, and then it does in a hurry, what it ought to do calmly and quietly, that it may be done justly and effectively.

PUBLICANS AND SINNERS.

IT is with callings as with individuals; a reputation once acquired, elings for good or evil long after the occasion for it has ceased. If the proverb about hugging dogs of ill name had been rigidly

applied, many a dog reclaimable and reclaimed, would have been needlessly sacrificed. And it is with men as with dogs. How many lawyers would be now living if the deserts of lawyers, as popularly expounded, had been meted out to them! How many publicans! As for the latter, it is high time that the classification of publicans with sinners should end. That sort of coupling was right and proper enough eighteen hundred and some odd years ago; but it is now obsolete. Publicans had not a daily organ in those days, pregnant with religious fervour. British publicans—that is to say virtuous licensed victuallers—are only sinners in the sense that all of us are sinners—no other. People of this class have given so many proofs of their addition to virtue under circumstances of difficulty, that it would be eminently unjust to continue to bracket them with sinners for the sake of holding to a formula and a tradition. We venture to say that nobody knew what amount of virtue lurked among licensed victuallers, until the French commercial treaty and new tariff stirred it up and brought it to light. Were it not that these companions of sinners (by tradition and discount) had perceived the immorality that must accrue from the granting of wine licences to pastry-cooks, no one knows how long the public might have remained in the dark about it. The fact is, that the ability to form opinions on special subjects is the exclusive privilege of a special education. Their publicans alone knew what germs of delinquency lay dormant in a claret bottle; and, knowing this, they wisely and most virtuously opposed the sale of this pernicious beverage by people so ignorant, so devoid of moral feeling—in a word so untrustworthy as pastry-cooks.

We could fortify our vindication of publican virtue by many arguments, all tending to the same end. What we have stated, however, will suffice to show the high opinion we entertain of licensed victuallers' virtue as it is, and to manifest our faith in the probability of its still higher development in future. We feel assured that if any shortcoming on the part of publicans be only pointed out, men strenuous and immediate will be adopted to remedy the same. Well, then, it seems to us that publicans are instrumental—passively and unconsciously—in raising the expenses of candidates for parliamentary honours to a pitch altogether beyond the means of many a good man to bear, though he be—in all other respects than that of not having a long purse—fully eligible. It was one of the articles of belief with those who brought about the passing of the Reform Bill, that large constituencies would, by reason of their very largeness, be placed beyond the pale of bribery.

There may be some truth in this way of viewing the case. Doubtless there is something very congenial to the exercise of direct bribery in the nature of a small borough, and we could point to more than one large borough for a demonstration of the belief that the necessary expenses of electioneering may be borne without inconvenience by a not over-rich candidate. Thus, beyond the mere expenses of travelling and personal hotel bills, it does not, we are informed, cost Mr. Bright one farthing to make good his return for Birmingham. The electors of Glasgow are not less considerate. There is nothing in the intrinsic nature of electioneering that should exact on the part of a candidate those heavy disbursements ordinarily consequent on an electoral appeal. It cost Lord Elington not much less than £5,000 to win Marylebone; it cost Mr. Jacob Bell little short of £3,000 to lose it. Of bribery there was no imputation, as bribery is commonly understood, yet without considerable sums disbursed to make things pleasant, sums expended improperly, morally speaking, there is no way of accounting for the outlay. Turning to the borough of Southwark as more prominently this time under notice, the late Sir Charles Napier was considered to have secured his return cheaply at a cost of £1,500; and as for the representation of Southwark now pending, some local notabilities have caused it to be understood that no candidate, whatever his political views, will be deemed acceptable if not prepared to spend at least three times that amount.

Now this is a condition of things to be protested against; and we would implore the publicans as highly conscientious men, having peculiar relationships with borough constituencies to see to it. Thrown by force of circumstances very much amongst the ten-pound householders, the publicans exercise upon the latter a strong moral influence. We implore the publicans, then, in the interest of that public morality which they hold so dear, and in the cause of which they have made so many sacrifices, to abate, as much as in their lies, the evil of which we speak. Sure we are they cannot be actuated by any paltry desire of money-making out of thirty committee-men! Not a bit of it. Men who can do public morality being the incentive, what Mr. Ayrton advised his publican friends to do, and which we are told they have done—water their gin, in furtherance of the temperance movement,—taught not, after such a sacrifice, to lie under the imputation of abetting sin, of keeping company with sinners. How the imputation could have lasted so long puzzles us to understand; and no seasons better than electioneering seasons display the charity—the utter abnegation of self so prominent a virtue amongst publicans. How many a poor fellow on these joyous occasions finds to-day a wet sponge passed over his little tick chalked over the mantelpiece but yesterday! It is not to be

assumed that the member makes good the loss. Not at all. Bonifacio has cleared off those records of leers and tobacco out of pure benevolence, moved thereby by the joyous occasion. These and other acts of pure benevolence endear Bonifacio to the "free and independent." Publicans, for good or for evil, have enormous powers. The collateral expenses of electioneering—very different from bribery—are of such a peculiar nature that they pass outside comprehension. We fancy publicans know more about them than other people; and we feel confident that men who have given so many proofs of virtuous bearing, will do all that in them lies to make a seat in Parliament more compatible with the means of moderately rich men who desire to serve their country without being ruined by their ambition.

TITLES AND TRUST.

VASEBURN'S Lord Foppington speaks of the "impossible pleasure of being a man of quality." That noble peer is of a date anterior to the development of journalism; or we could have believed that by his "impossible pleasure," he meant the high relief, and intense inward enjoyment with which the aristocracy generally must read the newspapers! These records of life are not without zest and interest to ordinary men. But to the peerage they must have a sorrow, that no mental effort on the part of "yout even 'Christian," can extract from them. They abound in precisely the kind of flattery that is the most delicate, because it is offered unconsciously. The homage paid to rank must often be a noble or right honourable eye everywhere; the form it takes is often ludicrous, not seldom disgusting to those who pay it; but it is not the less a homage for that.

Some proceedings in the Insolvent Court, in the papers of the 12th instant, illustrate in a striking manner what a potent charm a title is in the eyes of a British tradesman. It instantly deprives him of caution, lulls his suspicion, and extracts from him money's worth, without even a hint of references, or cash on delivery. He is wide awake to ordinary customers, who have means to pay and no wish to cheat; to them, if unknown, he is rigorous. Let one come who asserts some far-off connection with duke or earl, the sharp trader falls prostrate, and a moral slumber possesses him. He is an old babe renewed. The eyes of Argus the watchful, closed to the piping of Mercury, the rogne?

Could anything but the glamour and magic of a dual title have done this? A gentleman who, up to 1856, had held a situation in the customs, with a salary of £140 per annum; in June of that year, "having been promised a paymastership in the army," resigned his first appointment. He was much too sanguine in so doing, for "he was disappointed, and did not get the second." He afterwards "had no occupation, but received gifts from friends." A gentleman who had lost one situation, and not got the other, and was living in two furnished rooms in Piccadilly, was not, it might be thought, likely to obtain large credit of a wine-merchant. But there is an "open house" to the London tradesman—day-book and cellar. "Going to the Duke of Devonshire" was the charm; and between the end of December, 1857, and July, 1858—in seven months—there passed through the front door of the furnished lodgings in Piccadilly, "wine and spirits to the value of £37, 9s., and those wines and liquors the insolvent drank," with the assistance of friends. The consumption was assisted by £30 worth of cigars from another quarter; but whether they were obtained by the same spell that worked on the wine-merchant is not stated.

In neither case did it appear that any inquiries were made or reference asked. The mere assertion of a slight connection with a duke was accepted as sufficient security. Supposing the Duke of Devonshire to be really the insolvent's godfather: do godfathers generally, or dual godfathers in particular, always pay the debts of their godsons? Only the other day, the son of a duke had to prove publicly that his father would give him nothing. Mere relationship to, or connection with a peer, is a very slender basis on which to run up a wine-bill of more than £300. It is no security to trust to, without inquiry, even if the assertion of such a connection is true. There are thousands of tradesmen in London who, if asked to supply an unknown Jones or Brown, would keep a tight hold on the pair of boots or the dozen of sherry till the cash was handed over the door-mat, yet would pour into the "furnished lodgings" of a *slight* connection of a peer half the stock in their shops without asking a question.

This is one form of homage to the aristocracy that is peculiarly British, and exceedingly stupid. A Parisian tradesman would no more trust a self-described *Vicomte*, than any other "person unknown." Indefinite Gräfs and Barons find no implicit belief from their countrymen. It is only in England that all the faculties of a man of business are suspended at the sound of a title. If the aristocracy meet some sturdy abuse in the political columns of our journals, in the small type reflex of our social life they are avenged—they constantly see their more names predominating over and ruling the commercial instinct. And so long as that social influence lasts, they may defy all political denunciations—even those of Manchester.

A SHAKESPEARIAN ESTIMATE.—Such was the enthusiasm of the Rev. Dr. Parker (author of the book "On the Learning of Shakespeare"), not only for Shakespeare, but for the stage, that it is said he refused a bishopric, because a bishop could not go to see "Macbeth" or "Richard the Third," as the play-houses. In his time Garrick was acting.

RURAL ECONOMICS.

OBSTACLES TO LAND IMPROVEMENT.

Is a recent paper we observed on the apparent insusceptibility of some of the owners of landed property in England, who could see and understand the advantages the Scotch agriculturists derive from leases, yet persist in their minority system of yearly tenancies, with all its attendant depressing stagnation; and we said, "It is no ignorance! What is it?" To this the corresponding signing himself "A Retired Solicitor," sends us an answer, from which we take the following passages:—"My ready answer is, that the laws of entail and strict settlements, involving all manner of incumbrances, put it out of the power of the great body of landlords to grant leases. Such is the naked and plain fact, and I trust to them all for their land-owning and land-improving agents; and yet there is a sort of *riddle-maze* floating like a foggy cloud around, and enveloping the subject." Again he says: "A tenant for life in possession is tied and bound by the claims of his inheritance: as his father held the possessions, so he holds them; and as he holds them, they must pass to his son and heir." . . . "My wonder is, that men in the political position of legislators should submit, one generation after another, to such a thralldom. . . . What boots it for noblemen to specify at agricultural dinners and meetings, advising the farmers to 'put their shoulders to the wheel,' when the landlords put the drag on, and so prevent the onward movement? . . . And he adds: "The country has a perfect right to petition the Legislature and even to insist that wholesome alterations should be made in the law of entail; but chiefly with the object of giving some general powers to tenants for life to grant leases for reasonable terms of years, and at adequate rentals, without any power in the next heir or reversioner to invalidate or ignore such leases."

There is much truth in the remarks we have quoted, but they comprise only part of the truth, and do not fully account for the anomalous condition of landed property in England. It is by no means the absence of power to grant binding leases, which prevents English landlords from letting their land on leases. Most settlements of land confer a power to let the tenants for life, when in possession, to let leases of agricultural land for twenty-one years at rack, *i.e.* ordinary rents; and, although such powers are sometimes confined and limited unwisely, as to the stipulations required to be inserted in the leases, there is no doubt that under most modern settlements very effectual and satisfactory leases might be granted if the proprietors were sufficiently impressed with the advantages of giving security of possession to their tenants. But more than this, an Act of Parliament was passed in 1856 (19th and 20th Vic., c. 120), "to facilitate leases and sales of settled estates." Under that Act the Court of Chancery may, on petition in a summary way, authorize the grant of leases, subject to certain conditions specified in the act, and may direct by whom they shall be granted. Those conditions so far as they relate to agricultural property, are,—first, that the lease shall take effect in possession at, or within one year next after, the making thereof, and shall not exceed twenty-one years; secondly, the best rent, or reservation in the nature of rent, that can reasonably be obtained, in possession for a term of years, and said rent is to be made payable half-yearly, or oftener; thirdly, no lease shall authorize the felling of any trees, except so far as shall be necessary for the purpose of clearing the ground for any buildings or works authorized by the lease; and, fourthly, every lease must be granted by deed, the lessee must execute a counterpart, and must contain a condition that the lease shall not continue in force for not less than twenty-eight days after it becomes due. Subject to these conditions and such covenants and stipulations as the court shall deem expedient, with reference to the special circumstances of the demise, the court may either exercise the power to authorize leases by approving of particular leases, or by ordering the powers of leasing shall be vested in trustees, which they may exercise as if the statutory powers had been given by the settlement. By the same Act the court may authorize sales of timber (not being ornamental timber) growing on the whole or any part of a settled estate.

The application for authority must be made with the consent of the first tenant in tail (if of full age), and all persons in existence having beneficial interests in the estate under the settlement prior to such tenant in tail, and all trustees having interests on behalf of any unborn child prior to the estate of the first tenant in tail. In other cases, all persons beneficially interested, and the trustees for unborn children, must consent to the application. Notice of the intended application must be served on all trustees under the settlement, and advertised in such newspapers as the court may direct. These provisions refer to cases where the actual possessor of the lease is an infant, or otherwise incapacitated to act. But by the 32nd and 33rd sections of the act, the power is extended to persons entitled to a life interest, or a determinable with his own life, or for any greater estate, either in his own right or in right of his wife, unless expressly forbidden by the settlement so to do, may, without any application to the Court of Chancery, grant leases for twenty-one years of any part of a settled estate, except the principal mansion-house and the demesne thereof, subject only to an obligation to reserve a rack rent, without a fee, inserting in the lease usual and proper covenants, and requiring a counterpart. The leases so granted will be valid against the grantor of the lease and all persons subsequently entitled to the property under the settlement. Under this act the husband of a woman entitled to a fee simple estate can grant a lease binding against his wife and her heirs. This power of leasing may be exercised by tenants for life, notwithstanding the estate is subject to incumbrances. The Act was extended and amended by another Act passed in 1858, but on points of detail on which it is not necessary to enter.

Besides the above Acts, there are several modern Acts of Parliament which authorize the owners in possession of settled estates to expend money in draining and otherwise improving such estates, and to retain a charge on the property for the amount so expended; or they may charge the settled estates with money borrowed for the purpose. Moreover, there are several land-improvement and land-draining companies, which are authorized, under special statutes, to advance money for improving settled or other estates, which money is charged on the estates, and is paid off, with interest, by instalments, extending over periods of from twenty to thirty years, as may be agreed on. Now, here we find that the Legislature has given ample powers for most, if not all the purposes of agricultural improvements, and for granting

binding leases to persons in possession of settled estates; and yet leases of farms, such as are universal in Scotland, are seldom granted in England. Settlements and entails do not now directly prevent farm leases, though doubtless they do so indirectly, by rendering most of the owners of settled estates, to a great extent, mere nominal owners. Precisely, the majority of landowners have not the available means of making great improvements, but they may always obtain money for the purpose through the improverment companies, or they may grant leases to tenants of capital upon terms that will induce such tenants to execute the required permanent improvements. It is undeniable, therefore, that it is either the want of business habits, the absence of good advice, or an adherence to prejudices and past usages, which mainly prevents the English landowners from rendering their estates as profitable to themselves, their tenants, and the community, as, under good management, they ought to be.

ORGANIZATION OF THE FRENCH ARMY. — No. II.

EDUCATION.

It is a former article we gave an account of the manner in which the French army is enrolled, equipped, and disciplined—to describe its intellectual training will be the object of this. Under the French military system the cultivation of the recruit's mind is not neglected; and moreover, ignorant he may have been on entering the service, he has abundant opportunities afforded him, while in the ranks, of acquiring sufficient literary knowledge to render him capable of himself efficiently discharging the duties attached to the higher grades of his profession.

While the development of the French soldier's personal powers is carefully attended to, the course of instruction which he undergoes is so varied by a judicious arrangement of his exercises as to prevent its becoming monotonous. So soon as the recruit is dismissed from drill, and considered qualified to perform military duty, he immediately enters the regimental schools, the attendance being compulsory in each. The regiment has two schools, one of the first and the other of the second degree. The primary, or school of the first degree, is frequented by private soldiers and corporals; the superior, or school of the second degree, by all *sous-officiers* (non-commissioned officers) and privates whose education is sufficiently advanced to enable them to profit by the instruction given there. The recruits are examined, from attendance who are fatal, on strict examination, to have previously received an education of a higher class than that provided for them in the regimental establishment. Non-commissioned officers employed in the "bureaux" of the regiment may also claim exemption. Men undergoing punishment are excluded, as a mark of disgrace, and those found incapable of learning are discharged after a three-month's trial. The director of the schools is always an officer; in the cavalry, a second captain; in the infantry, he may be either a lieutenant or sous lieutenant; he is appointed by the colonel, generally on the recommendation of the major, who is charged with the *comptabilité*, or internal arrangements of the regiment. Besides being a man of acquirements and ability, he must possess an aptitude for instruction, and be animated by a desire to communicate it; he is assisted by monitors of his own selection, of whom the chief, or head monitor, is always a non-commissioned officer. The director and his subordinates may be retained in their respective offices as long as the colonel considers them competent, and finds them to be so; and, during that period their performance of duty is rewarded by the *capitaine* (children of the regiment, of whom more hereafter) have the special privilege of becoming monitors at fourteen years of age. All soldiers not on service must have the colonel's written permission to absent themselves from lessons, or duty for a single day; without it, non-attendance is punished as a neglect of duty.

The course of study commences on the 1st of October every year, and ends on the following 1st of July, leaving an annual vacation of three months. The primary, or school of first degree, is held on every day except Saturdays and Sundays; the superior, or second degree school, is only open twice a week. The students of each are collected and marched to the rooms by a non-commissioned officer; and disobedience of command, or disorder in the ranks while proceeding there, are treated as military offences. The monitors arrive before the pupils, so as to receive pens, ink, and paper, from the head monitor, and have everything ready for the immediate commencement of lessons.

The primary school is divided into four classes: viz., the preparatory class, composed of such men as are reported by the captains of their respective companies to be unable to read or write—of the first and second classes—selected according to their degree of advancement; and of the *classe élève* (superior)—men admitted to the preparatory class, who are furnished, along with knowing how to read and write, must be well acquainted with the four first rules of arithmetic, and capable of writing correctly from dictation. The three first classes meet in the same room, the last in another apartment, or in the same one, but at a different hour; two hours are spent each day in study, and the instruction comprises reading, writing, English, French, and figures.

The course for the first year in the superior school includes French grammar, arithmetic, geometry, and military administration. That for the second year—geography, history, fortification, and the study of maps. In this school, also, the pupils are divided into four classes, the last of which, the first half-hour is devoted to questions on the previous lesson. The second half-hour is spent in explanation of the lesson of the day; and the last hour is employed in writing exercises upon it, and in correcting them. The officer-director has charge of all the material of the schools; he superintends the lessons given, and presides over the examination of the pupils on the respective subjects which form the course of study in the superior one. On every Saturday he assembles all the monitors of the primary school, and explains, during two hours, the nature and tendency of the instruction which they are required to communicate to their pupils, pointing out, as he proceeds, the most simple and effective method of conveying it; he promotes the emulation of the pupils, and reports to the colonel every three months on the state of each class, sending at the same time a return of the students who have distinguished themselves by good conduct, attention, and proficiency; their names subsequently figure in the regimental order of the day, and this honour, as a matter of course, secures their advancement. The best monitors receive a gratuity of 40 centimes (4d.), and those of the lower class 10 cen-

times, or 1d. per lesson; in addition to which money-rewards, drawn from a fund specially provided for that purpose, are given them, according to merit, by the inspecting general, who is also empowered to grant prizes to the most deserving of the scholars. When the regiment is divided, schools are opened in the different detachments, which are conducted by monitors; or the scholars are sent to the nearest military academy, or to a boarding-school.

The superior surveillance of the regimental schools is vested in the general commanding the brigade to which they belong. He makes quarterly inspections, during which the written exercises and compositions of the pupils are submitted to him; he takes care that none but the authorized books are used, and he, in turn, makes reports to the Minister of War, or, since the new arrangement, to the minister of the corps to which he is attached, stating the results obtained in each regiment, and suggesting any alterations or improvements in the system which, in his opinion, it would be desirable to adopt. These periodical inspections are often made unexpectedly, and thus the state of the different schools is ascertained when the instructors are quite unprepared for the control. We recollect once meeting a bandmaster in the state of great excitement, and on inquiring the cause "Ah, monsieur!" he exclaimed, "a most unfortunate occurrence has just taken place; the general, on quitting the train, went straight to the barracks, and entered the dancing-school; not having been expected, no requisition was made to me for music, and as he would admit of no delay, the dancing-master was obliged to whistle for his pupils."

From this sketch of the system of education pursued in the French service, its superiority to that adopted in our army is clearly perceptible. Attendance to receive instruction is compulsory; science is discovered, and talents are developed. Knowledge is communicated to the soldier in a simple, direct, and—forced upon those who are too indolent or too idle spontaneously to seek its acquisition. The soldier in his humblest grade commences preparation for his advent to the highest dignities of his profession. And should he, after from inability to succeed, or indolence to continue a military education, be sent on the terms of a pensioner to a boarding-school, he is a village better instructed than when he left it, and carries into his domestic circle not only the information of a travelled and comparatively well-educated man, but, in addition, a professional knowledge which renders him a source of future strength to his country, should it be provoked to war, or menaced with invasion. It is in such French regiments an institution which not only secures an early asylum for the children of poor officers and meritorious soldiers, but afterwards qualifies them, by the gift of a superior education, to advance in the profession of their fathers, should they be disposed to accept it; or, if not, fit them for any other calling which may better suit their inclination. The *"Ecole de troupe"* thus excites our sympathy; for what can be more touching than to see those valiant warriors, the pride and care of every soldier in the ranks—marching before the eagles under which their fathers fought and perished? What an endearing epithet is the "Child of the regiment," and what a proud and independent one too. Though in reality supported by the bounty of the state, the boy who bears it is supported by the children of the regiment, and to the children of the regiment. Assuredly the French exercise more delicacy and judgment in the designations of their public institutions, and in the manner in which they treat the objects of their benevolence, than we do. They do not parade the inmates of their hospitals in outlandish dresses, to have their always stared at the relation of public relief, neither do they, by adopting the degrading epithet of "ragged" to designate the schools provided for its instruction. Their object is to support the spirit and sustain the self-respect of those whom misfortune compels to resort to public aid, by giving a name to the schools which not only respects the institutions, but anything, to avoid themselves of which the poor are entitled as a matter of right to which they may have recourse without feeling the blush of shame on their face when they name their home of refuge, or their place of education.

There are twenty-five *enfants de troupe* attached to every infantry regiment (one for each company); in the cavalry there is one for each troop; so that, including the guard, the line, engineers, artillery, cavalry, assaues, spahis, foreign legion, and gendarmes, between six and seven thousand children are supported by the state, in a healthy and inexpensive manner. One-third of the places are reserved for the children of officers, to the rank of captain inclusive. The remaining two-thirds are allotted to the sons of non-commissioned officers and soldiers. The latter are "presented" by the colonel of the regiment, and appointed by the general commanding the division. The former are recommended by the colonel, approved of by the general, and admitted after obtaining the sanction of the Minister of War. The children may be nominated at two years old, and in that case are allowed to remain with their fathers until they attain the age of ten, during that time they receive their daily ration of one-and-a-half pound of bread, and their daily pay of 40 centimes (4d.); at ten years of age they must join their regiment, when they are equipped and clothed in uniform. It is not necessary that they should be the children of men who belonged to the particular corps to which they are attached, but their fathers must have served in some capacity, and be able to produce certificates of good conduct. During their tender years these children are daily sent to the municipal schools, where they are taught and receive religious instruction; after their first communion they enter the regimental schools; and when qualified to do so, attend lectures at the college (should there be such) of the garrison town, or at the barracks, where they are stationed. At fourteen years of age they are entitled to the full pay of a soldier, and they may then become monitors in the regimental schools. At seventeen they can engage, and as they are habituated to a military life, they generally do so, when, if they have conduct and merit, they rise rapidly, as they usually acquire the profession of the colonel, who has known and appreciated them from their infancy. Should they decline to enter they are discharged at eighteen, and at twenty draw lots for the conscription. The *enfants de troupe* are placed under the immediate charge of the directing officer of the schools; he receives their pay, which they are not allowed to touch till they enter the ranks with it, and the proceeds of the bread ration, which the boys are unable to consume, he presents them occasional treats and recreations, and he always keeps a surplus in hand to secure carriage and creature comforts for his little *protégés* when the regiment changes quarters, the marches being in general far too long for their strength.

From amongst these *enfants de troupe* have risen some of the brightest ornaments of the French army.

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THE LONDON REVIEW

AND
WEEKLY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1860.

Is the *London Gazette* of Tuesday last despatches were published explaining satisfactorily the reasons which compelled Lord Elgin to break off negotiations with the Chinese commissioners. A draft of a convention had been drawn up, to no clause of which had any serious objection been made, excepting to that by which it was provided, that of the £2,300,000 sterling declared to be due by China to Great Britain, one-eighth should be paid before the evacuation of Tien-tsin by the British troops. It was arranged that this document should be signed on the 8th Sept.; but on the 5th the Chinese commissioners alleged that they had not full powers. As this assertion could only be attributed to a design to create delay, which might throw the expedition into the winter, Lord Elgin, with the concurrence of Baron Gros, intimated to them, that in consequence of their bad faith in assuming the title of plenipotentiaries, he had determined to proceed at once to Tientsin. On the day before this resolution was formed, the second division of the English army reached Tien-tsin, so that our forces were in the best possible condition for a movement in advance. On the 8th the army left Tien-tsin, and on the 11th it reached a place called Yang-tsun, forty-five miles from Peking. Another battle may have been fought by this time, although the impression seems to have been in the English camp that the Tartars have been too much frightened by our artillery at Taku to venture on any further resistance.

In a former number we referred to the position of the Chinese rebel army in the neighbourhood of Shanghai. Despatches have now been received giving the official account of an attack made upon the city on the 18th of August last. The rebels, it appears, approached the walls about two o'clock on the afternoon of that day, and advanced under cover until they were near enough to be fired into with canister and smooth-bore muskets. In about two hours they retired. They have since withdrawn to a considerable distance from the city.

The present rebel leader, it appears, was for four years a missionary preacher at Hong-Kong. He is said to advocate the introduction into China of newspapers and railways, and to be sincerely anxious to raise his countrymen to the level of the European nations. A reply sent to a notification from the European commanders at Shanghai is a remarkable document, showing, as it does, that the rebels consider themselves a national party, entitled to our sympathies, on the ground of a common faith, a common desire to promote commerce, and a common cause against the Imperialists.

The news from Italy is of less importance than it has been for some time

past. We have now a detailed account of the entry of Victor Emmanuel, on the 7th current, into Naples. The day was cold and gloomy, thunder rolled fiercely, the rain fell in torrents, and a "sirocco wind" scattered the flowers, and washed the marbled paper and stucco ornaments from the half-finished triumphal arches. The King drove into the city in a carriage with Garibaldi at his side, and was cheered enthusiastically, although the crowd assembled to greet him stood under umbrellas all the deluge. With the Dictator he proceeded to the Cathedral, where, after visiting the relics of Saint Januarius, he heard a *Te Deum* solemnly celebrated. As Garibaldi passed down the stairs, a dense crowd surrounded him, and leaped at him to embrace him. Some of his friends tried to keep the people back, but in vain; they kissed him, and hugged him, says the *Times* correspondent, "like one of their own saints" and shouts of "Viva Garibaldi!" intermingled with, "Emanuele!" and shouts of "Viva Vittorio Emanuele!" On the forenoon of the following day, Garibaldi, accompanied by the ministry, formally presented to the King the result of the *plebiscite*; an act of annexation of the two Sicilies to Sardinia was drawn up; and the dictatorship having ceased, the provisional government tendered their resignation. On the 9th, Garibaldi took leave of his friends, and set out for the island of Capri, after receiving from the King, the staff, the officers, and the army in general, the most striking demonstrations of sympathy and affection.

Garibaldi's appointment as a general in the regular army has appeared in the *Turin Gazette*, it being understood that when the army of the new Italian Kingdom is organised, he will take a rank in it corresponding with that of Marshal of France. Before leaving Naples, he issued a farewell proclamation, in which he requests his companions in arms to be ready to follow him again in March, 1861, as it is then likely, he adds, prophetically, that there will be a fresh conflict in Italy of such a magnitude that a million of armed men will be required to sustain it. King Victor Emmanuel was to have left on the 11th for Sicily; but his departure in the mean time has been adjourned. He has appointed Farini his Lieutenant-General at Naples, and has named a Lieutenant-Council, in which Viminiglia, Pisanello, Scialoja, and Poerio are respectively ministers of the Interior, Justice, Finance, and Public Instruction.

The official result of the voting in the Papal States has been published. There were in the Marches 137,753 voters for, and 1,212 against annexation; while in Umbria the corresponding numbers were 97,040 and 250. At Ancona and Perugia the publication of these figures was celebrated by public rejoicings.

Letters from Gaeta, dated Sunday last, state that Francis II. had refused to evacuate the town. A telegram from Naples, dated Wednesday last, adds that the garrison was reduced to 3,000 men; that one regiment and two companies of Bourbon troops had been made prisoners by the Sardinians; and that the Royalists still encamped outside the fortress had proposed to surrender. Spanish and Portuguese frigates had arrived on a mission, a Prussian general having also made his appearance at the court of the ex-King.

The *Gazzetta di Roma* states, that no less than 20,000 men of the Neapolitan army, recently entered the Pontifical territory, in order that they might remain faithful to the king, Francis II. The Pope directed that they should be supplied with food and lodgings.

According to a despatch from Naples to Turin, promulgated in the latter city on the 8th, Francis II. has been advised by the admirals of the foreign fleets to leave Gaeta, a statement likely to be true, as an understanding is said to have been come to between France and Russia.

The Russian ministers at foreign courts have received a circular from St. Petersburg, which repudiates the ideas attributed to the Russian Government, of wishing to uphold the principle of legitimacy at all hazards, and without regard to the requirements of the age. The document suggests the expediency of assembling a congress, to establish a new basis of public and international law.

The *Press* of Wednesday last, announces that the Empress of the French left Paris on the morning of that day for Scotland. The Duchess of Hamilton, being a Princess of Baden, and a cousin of Louis Napoleon, and of the Empress herself, on the mother's side, the world may so far account for this somewhat eccentric excursion.

The King of Siam has declared war against the Emperor of Annam, who is now at war with France and Spain.

Discontent still prevails in Hungary. It is asserted that out of its 15,000,000 of inhabitants 14,000,000 are dissatisfied with the patent, and claim a total restitution of national rights as the only condition of reconciliation with the Hapsburgs. In the mean time, however, twenty-five of the Palatine or municipal bodies named by the Emperor, have agreed to act under the privileges conferred upon them in the new charter. A Prussian paper states that attempts have been made secretly to introduce arms and ammunition to the American ports of the Adriatic, and thence to transport them by agents into Hungary and Poland. English vessels coming from Hull and Newcastle are said to be engaged in this contraband trade.

The intelligence from New Zealand is of a gloomy character. The insurgents, however, have ceased to commit murders; active military operations having been commenced on the 10th of September last. Still no decisive victory has yet been gained over them, and they are conducting their defensive operations very warily. Strange to say, although armed only with fowling-pieces, and flint and steel muskets, and obliged to use bolts of iron-wood for ammunition, they are able to keep the English troops

at bay, but ill-timed scruples are partly the cause of British want of success. Fortunately the malcontents have not been joined by the native tribes in other parts of the island, who remain peaceable and friendly.

The Lord Mayor's day was kept this year with more than usual pomp—the Rifle Volunteers having added a new feature to the customary pageant. At the banquet, which took place in the evening, the Count de Persigny, referring to the still existing mistrust between England and France, remarked that he could see no reason for even anticipating any real hostility between the two nations. The inhabitants of both countries, in his opinion, are every day becoming more and more convinced that everything may be lost, while there is nothing to be gained, by fresh struggles; and the economical revolution accomplished in France by the Emperor is destined more firmly to establish peace, when its vast bearing is generally understood in England. Lord Palmerston spoke hopefully of the present state of affairs. He expressed his gratification at not having this year to dispel any gloomy forebodings. He trusted that the example lately set by the Emperor of the French, of giving full effect to different forms of trade, would be followed by other governments of the continent not yet so far advanced in enlightenment.

At the dinner of the London Salters' Company, which took place on Wednesday night, Lord John Russell vindicated the policy adopted by this country in Italy, and urged the importance of our not judging too hastily the course taken by Lord Elgin in China. Lord Palmerston, in his speech on the same occasion, referred to the gratifying fact that the Americans had not received the Prince of Wales as if he were a stranger belonging to another land, but as if he had been a citizen of their own republic.

The Commercial Treaty seems to meet with great favour from the Chambers of Commerce in various parts of the country. It does not, however, receive universal approbation, even among liberal politicians. Mr. Edward Ellice has addressed to his constituents in Coventry a letter in reply to a communication from the Mayor, in which he disapproves very strongly of the financial policy of the last Session. Referring to the treaty, an arrangement, in his opinion, incompatible with the principles on which our commercial legislation has hitherto proceeded, he animadverts upon its utter neglect of equivalents and precautions, which there was not the slightest reason to believe might not have been obtained and provided. In saying so, he refers more especially to the silk trade.

A meeting of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce was held on Wednesday morning, to confer with Mr. Morley of London on the prospects of Bankruptcy Law Reform, at which a resolution was passed, expressing the satisfaction with which those present had learned that the Government were to introduce a bill on the subject early next session.

Mr. Bright has returned to the subject of Parliamentary reform. He has just addressed a long letter to a spinner in Blackburn, in which he deplores the prevalent ignorance of political economy, and endeavours to show that strikes and the antagonism of labour and capital originate in the exclusion of the working classes from the franchise.

While Mr. Bright has sought to explain the spirit of discontent among our working classes, Mr. Sharman Crawford has been trying to prove that his countrymen have never cherished feelings of hostility to England. He has done so in a letter on the Volunteer movement, addressed to the secretary of a committee appointed for the purpose of raising a rifle corps in Ireland. He thinks that the decision of the House of Commons on Colonel French's motion was a stigma on his country, most unjustly inflicted; the history of the Volunteer movement during the last eighty-two years furnishing no reason why Irishmen should be denied a privilege conferred on Scotchmen and Englishmen.

A disgraceful Orange riot occurred at Belfast, on Tuesday last, at a religious meeting. The Bishop of the diocese, who was present, was compelled to retire, in consequence of the abusive language used against him;—the offence he had given being that he had inhibited a clergyman from preaching on an Orange anniversary.

Mr. Train has been fortunate in Lambeth than in Marylebone. The committee appointed to visit Birkenhead and to consider his scheme for forming a street railway between Westminster-bridge and Kennington-gate, have given in a report strongly urging its adoption. On Wednesday evening there was a meeting of the representative council, at which Mr. Train stated that the opposition to his system at Birkenhead was exclusively directed against the running of the cars on Sundays.

The *Ethiopia*, West-African mail steamer, arrived at Liverpool on Friday last. It appears that the slave-trade has been carried on with great activity during the last few months. It has been calculated by the *New York journals* that 30,000 slaves have been landed in Cuba since the beginning of the year, and the accuracy of this statement is confirmed by the information now brought from Africa. Dr. Baikie and his exploring party are at the confluence of the Niger, and in good health.

On the morning of the 9th current, Prince Alfred arrived at Plymouth from his African tour.

The prolonged passage of the *Hero* on her homeward voyage with the Prince of Wales from America caused considerable alarm in the beginning of the week,—although many reasons rendered it improbable that any accident had happened. She came to anchor in Plymouth Sound at half-past nine o'clock on Thursday morning, without having suffered in any way from the severe gale in which she was caught.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

On Thursday the Bank of England again raised its minimum rate of discount from 5 to 6 per cent. Perhaps our readers may remember that more than a month ago a city correspondent of ours recommended that the rate, which stood at 4, should at once be raised to 5; and had his suggestion been then followed, these successive rises from 4 to 4½, to 5, and now to 6, might have been avoided, saving commerce from the tedious uneasiness of those repeated changes. It is stated with complete confidence that these changes are all the consequence of the Bank of France having commissioned its agents to transmit it £1,000,000 of gold, and thus our remark last week, that the demand of a foreign bank for gold was affecting all our commerce, is fully confirmed.

We have, in another place, explained why we believe that this great annoyance to trade is caused entirely and exclusively by our own legislative restrictions, and not by any increased demand for capital; and, quite consistently with this, the *Daily News* of Thursday observed, that if the Bank meant to carry out the principles of the Act of 1844, it would raise the rate. It is, therefore, simply to meet the requirements of the Act that the Bank raises the rate; and a pretty Act it is which ordains a curtailment of the credit currency of the empire to the extent of £1,000,000, because the Bank of France takes 1,000,000 of gold out of the country. Because we lose this sum in gold, an equal amount of credit currency is extinguished. Like the *Daily News*, we say that the Bank has only raised the rate that it may comply with the exigencies of the Act; and looking to the diminution of the resources of the Bank, which we elsewhere advert to, we cast no blame whatever on the Bank. The whole blame for all the inconvenience which commerce may suffer from its conduct is due to the Legislature which compels it so to act.

We cannot, perhaps, better explain some of these inconveniences, than by quoting a passage from the Thursday's City article in the *Times*. "The rise in the value of money (rate of discount) checks the general tendency of foreign produce, and especially of the great staples such as most in demand—corn and cotton. Of course it is an annoyance to the dealers in those articles, to be exposed to the effects of an unexpected depreciation in prices; but, for the nation at large, the result cannot be otherwise than beneficial." So the merchants who are engaged in supplying us with corn and cotton, and who have sent out large orders for those articles, are to lose their fair profits by this unexpected depreciation of price—if any occur—and by the rise in the rate of discount which they must pay on all the additional capital they invest in the purchase. To deprive them of their fair rewards cannot be just, nor can it contribute to increase the supply of the articles. To us indeed it seems a great injustice that the men who entered into large operations for importing corn or cotton two months ago, when the rate of discount was at 4 per cent., with a good prospect of it so remaining, as far as they could calculate the probable relations of capital and enterprise, shall find themselves, perhaps, losers by their operations, in consequence of the operation of an Act of Parliament worked by the Bank of France. Both the depreciation of price expected and the increase in the rate of discount, must check their operations, and lessen the imports of corn and cotton, not to the advantage, but greatly to the disadvantage of the public as well as to the merchants. All the reports from the different markets, concur in representing the rise in the rate of discount as causing great disturbance, and by that neither merchants nor the public can be benefited.

It may be true, as our contemporary says, that moneyed capitalists "are receiving higher remuneration for the use of their money," but they and their property are insignificant compared to the vast amount of business which will be deranged and taxed to benefit them. The monopolist banks will profit much by the rise, and surely nothing worse could be said of the act than that it enriches these rich and idle-labouring capitalists at the expense of many poor and industrious traders. Our principal complaint of the act is that it was devised by a moneyed capitalist in order to protect and enrich his class; and was blindly adopted by a confiding and not well-informed legislature.

The stock market and the railway share market have been among the first to suffer. The funds have fallen in consequence from 1½ to 1, which on the basis of funded property amounts to a large sum. Railway shares, though the traffic returns for the week show in almost every instance an increase in the present year, have fallen from ½ to 1 per cent., and the holders of railway property who may be obliged just now to sell may lose a considerable sum. In truth, the rise in the rate of discount affects more or less all property except that in land, and is at all times to be deprecated except when it arises from an actual deficiency of capital in relation to the demand,—a sign of retarded enterprise in progress of adding to the wealth of the community.

In the week the corn market has been unusually, and prices have, in the whole, declined. The trade has been dull.

The produce markets, which were generally looking upwards, have felt the influence of the money market, and have been dull. Comparatively little business, except to supply immediate wants has been done, and prices are not altered. Rice is an exception, for which the demand continues to be active. This, in fact, generally varies as the price of corn varies, while other colonial produce varies inversely to the price of corn.

We see no alteration to notice in the provision markets. They are well supplied, consumption continues good, and prices are steady. Throughout the country we see no sign whatever of any kind of excess in trading, nor, except to supply immediate wants has been done, and prices are not altered. Some business is everywhere conducted with activity, but the sudden action of the Bank, and may here be in consequence hastened on their operations, or refrained from operating; but regularity and steadiness are now the general features of trade.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XIX.

MR. WAGSTAFFE'S OPINIONS OF ENGLISH GENTLEMEN "OF THE OLD SCHOOL," AND THEIR MODERN SUBSTITUTES.

It is my opinion that the class of men known under the generic appellation of "English gentlemen of the old school" is fast lying out; that few specimens survive; that "gents" are as rapidly displacing them as slop-work is displacing honest workmanship; and that character amongst us is as extensively veneered as furniture. It may be the acerbity born of my gout—or it may be purely the result of my unprejudiced observation of men and manners, which leads me to declare that a real and true gentleman laid fair to become as scarce in the nineteenth century as a dodo or an ichthyosaurus. But such is my belief, and I stick to it. Every age and every people have their own notions of the costume, the manners, the conversation, and the character of a gentleman. Costume, manners, conversation, and character, are all, though not equally, changeable; but yet the essentials of a true gentleman remain for ever the same, irrespective of time and circumstance, just as a man is a man, whatever may be his clime, his behaviour, or his creed. It is easy to feel what a gentleman is, but not easy to define what he ought to be. One savage, without either dress or manners, may be more of a gentleman than another savage equally unprovided with a dress coat or a code of etiquette. The king and chief magistrate of a rich and highly-civilized Christian nation, whose dress, manners, and conversation, are unexceptionable, and who ought to be a gentleman, may perhaps be a black-guard. A low fellow, with none of the characteristics of a gentleman, except his dress, may be an earl, or the son of an earl; and the gentleman in a fustian jacket, who trims the earl's roses and smooths his lawns for three shillings a day, may in everything, save his jacket, be worth a thousand of him. What, then, is a gentleman? It is an easy question to ask, but a difficult one to answer. What is honour? What is value? What is poetry? Though most people can feel, few can define any of these things; and the short answer to the first question is simply this:—"a gentleman is a gentleman."

Let me try to define him by a few negatives as well as positives. Firstly, of his costume. He must not be dirty, negligent, or slovenly, in his person. He must neither be meanly nor magnificently dressed. He must not wear gaudy and incongruous colours, or attract the eyes of onlookers with jewellery and finery. He must not affect eccentricity, or singularity; or dress himself in such a manner as to cause the vulgar to stare, or the judicious to grieve as he passes by. He must dress as Polonius (not at all a fool, though every actor who plays the part endeavours to make him so) advised his son Laertes to dress—in golden words of true wisdom. But dress, though it be the first and most obvious, is the least characteristic of the gentleman. In his manners he must not think himself the principal person in the world, the kingdom, or the company; but without parade of humility (which is in itself an offence), he must think himself the last,—or, at all events, he must act as if he thought so. He must not take in deferential politeness, either to man or woman. He must not take the first place, as if it were his inalienable right. He must not at table, or elsewhere, commit acts which, though they may be harmless in themselves, are contrary to the prevalent notions of his time and country. A hundred years ago a gentleman might get drunk after dinner without losing his social position; but to any one arising in our day to that high and illustrious rank, the slightest tendency to drunkenness—at table, or anywhere else, is fatal to his pretension. As soon as the flaw is known, he becomes a low snob thenceforth and forever. To be loud in talk is almost as great a derogation from the ideal of the character as to be "lond" in costume—(I know that the word is a slang word, but it expresses a meaning not to be reached even by a periphrasis, and may, for that reason, be looked upon leniently). To hear one man's voice overriding every other's, and one man's opinions thundered into the ears of people too timid—to indolent—or too courteous, to do battle with a Stentor—is fatal to Stentor's claims to be considered a gentleman.

And quite as essential as manners to the perfection of the character is conversation. A man in the dress and with the manners of a gentleman must not talk vulgarly, indecently, obscenely, irreverently, or even ignorantly (if the ignorance be very gross) without forfeiture of the rank to which his dress and his manners would seem to entitle him.

But granting all these three essentials—the world-be gentleman is not a gentleman if his heart be wrong. Dress is an ornament—manners are a grace—conversation is a charm; but these three may be possessed in all possible profusion by a blackguard. But these three combined with a noble heart and a sound judgement—the one balancing the other—combine to form the true gentleman, whether he be a Christian, a Mussulman, or a Pagan. And without the first three, as I have said before, the untutored savage may, in his simple manner, be very much of a gentleman, while his civilized compeer, who possesses them, may be very much the contrary.

Pope has said that—

"Worth makes the man, but want of it the fellow."

And Burns has said, in language still more emphatic:—

"A king on me! a belted knight;
A baronet, duke, and a peer;
But an honest man's above his night,
And that I'll be as true as steel."

But more than this may be said. A king's or a queen's sword laid over a man's shoulder, or a piece of parchment signed by a king or a queen, or by a minister acting with royal authority, may elevate John, or Thomas, as the

case may be, to high aristocratic rank. But there is a rank above all aristocracy—but not forbidden to the aristocracy—which declares that the true gentleman shall tower above every one who is not a gentleman, be the latter emperor or king, prince or duke, earl or baron. Queen Victoria could make John Wagstaffe a duke, if it pleased her,—and she; but she could not make him a gentleman, if nature, education, and refinement of life, manners, and conversation, had not done me the good office. My power over my own rank is greater than the Queen's; and every man can say the same, for it is in everybody's power to elevate himself to the moral peerage, and to become a gentleman; even although Fortune should have compelled him to sit on a high stool in a merchant's office—to hammer in a snail-shell—or to sweal at the plough-tail.

The man of independent mind is, as Buns says, "king of men;" but it is not enough to be a king without being a gentleman;—and what I take to be at the foundation of the gentlemanly character, as well as independence of mind, is the justifiable pride that flows from well-founded self-respect, in addition to a manly, tolerant, christian respect for other people. To believe with Pope—

"That every woman is at heart a rake,"

is to be a "gent" or a "snob" only. To believe that every man is a knave until you discover him to be honest, is also the characteristic of the gent and the low fellow. Such a man must be measured by his own standard, and by that he is self-convicted and self-condemned.

The gentleman of the old school was more particularly distinguishable from the gentleman of the new school, by his behaviour to women. The "gent," or the incomplete, imperfect, gentleman of our day, thinks too often that silly speeches and unmeaning compliments addressed to women, are sufficient to prove his courtesy and his gallantry. But without proper deference and respect, gallantry is an offence to the right-minded woman. The gentleman of the old school never passed a lady of his acquaintance in the street, and received a smile or a nod of recognition, without taking his hat off. If she stooped to speak to him, he held his hat in his hand all the time, and would no more have thought of putting it on his head until after her departure, than he would have thought of putting it on in the middle of the church service, or in the presence of his sovereign. The gentleman of the new school gives himself no such trouble. He does not treat a lady as if she were his social superior, but, at most, places her on an equality of courtesy with the man with whom he has dined or played at billiards at the club, or with whom he has had a betting transaction at the mess. To the gentleman of the old school "every woman was a lady," though she were but the chamber-maid, or the washwoman, and "every lady was a princess." And if she happened to be old, his manner was still more courteous, and his conversation still more tenderly respectful towards her than if she were young. Is it generally so in our day? I am afraid not; and I take it upon myself to assert, that the men of the present age do not, as a rule, respect women half so much as their fathers and grandfathers did; and that the estimate they form of the feminine character is much more Mahometan than is consistent either with Christianity or gentlemanliness. And this, I think, is at the very root of the evil, and forms the great distinction between the "gent" and the gentleman.

To protect that a true gentleman has no faults and no vices, would be to protect too much. Such a man would be

"The perfect monster, whom the world never saw,"

and which the world would not like if it did see. The true gentleman, if he have any vices, will strive to combat them, or, if his physical be stronger than his moral or spiritual nature, he will deplore his own weakness, even while yielding to them, but will certainly not exhibit them to the gaze of the public, or boast and brag of them as if they were things not only to be admired, but to be commended. In addition to the one great fault of want of due respect for women, there are three failings observable in the behaviour of men who move in the social ranks where gentlemen ought to be found, which are ostentatiously foreign to the public eye, and every one of which derogates, more or less, from the beauty and completeness of the gentlemanly character. These are, the habitual use of slang words, the practice of betting, and public indulgence in tobacco-smoking. Few will be found to praise the gentlemanliness of the two first of these habits, or to deny that they should be consigned to the "gents" as distinguished from the gentlemen; but I expect that I shall be met with indignant demurs upon the third point. I re-assert it nevertheless, and will now and hereafter maintain, with tongue and pen—and with all due courtesy of battle—against every compeer, that smoking, if it be done at all, ought to be done in the privacy of the smoking-room in a tavern, or club, or at a man's own fireside. To import the practice into the street, or the public conveyance, is an ungentlemanly act, for this reason, that it is selfish, and may inconvenience, distress, and annoy others, who may have no means of escape from the infliction.

If people of refined manners and delicate minds do not consider it proper to eat or drink in the streets, neither ought they to smoke in the streets. But eating or drinking in a public thoroughfare, vulgar as such acts must be considered, would in one respect be less offensive than smoking. They would not force the onlookers to inhale impurity from the common atmosphere, whereas the smoker compels the unhappy non-smoker, who is placed in too close contiguity with him, to breathe an air which another person has defiled. It would not be a gentlemanly act to walk the streets scattering asafetida, to invade the unoffending noses of the by-passers;

neither would it be gentlemanly, for a man's own pleasure, to go about beating a gong, blowing a cracked trumpet, or in other ways offending the ears of the innocent listener. And if not in those cases, can it be right in the smoker, for the sake of his own personal indulgence, to offend the nostrils of women and children, and of all the free citizens who hate smoke, and whose stomachs revolt at it? A man may be partial to chicken or to beef, to beer or to grog; but if he consumes either in the public way, instead of retiring to his own home to indulge in it, he shows himself to be a vulgar snob. And if such indulgences are so selfishly vulgar, is not that in tobacco-smoke equally so? John Wastaff, at all events, is of the opinion that it is; and he will adhere to his opinion, though he should stand for ever in a glorious minority of "One" upon the question.

Cleanliness and purity of heart, of manners, of conversation, and of person; respect for (his) image in himself as well as in others, independently of all considerations of rank or fortune, added to the polish acquired by learning on the one hand, and by intercourse with cultivated society on the other;—these in harmonious combination, form the external and the internal characteristics of the true gentleman. Where—oh! where is such a person to be found? John Wastaff knows about a dozen, and if he can discover a thirteenth, he will cheerfully make a pilgrimage to the Land's End, or to John o' Groats, to shake hands with him.

MEN OF MARK.—No. X.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

[Who and what is Mazzini, whose name is so often in men's mouths? We requested a valued friend and correspondent, who has been acquainted with him for years, to answer the question for us, and the following is his reply. Our readers will thank us, we believe, for enabling them to look upon this portrait of an eminent man, drawn by a friendly pencil; for he has been so often portrayed by his enemies, and painted on *air*, that it is well for the sake of contrast, if for no higher purpose, to see that he can be painted on *canvas de rose*. If Garibaldi has been the hand, Mazzini has been the brain of Italy; and, as such, he is one of the most remarkable men of our age, whatever opinion his foes may have formed of his character. And in the present, and perhaps in any time, to be without enemies is not to be "a Man of Mark," whatever philanthropists may urge to the contrary.]

To win recognition from the bitterest and most calumnious of opponents, to have the work of a life acknowledged by those most interested in thwarting it, and most careful to deny its worth, to be crowned with oak and laurel by the most reluctant hands; this is the rare fate of *GIUSEPPE MAZZINI*. Consistently and recklessly writhed by journals, mobbed and threatened even in well-liberalised Naples, proscribed by the Piedmontese statesman, and hated by the French Emperor, the humble yet great Italian holds his place; is still lovingly and reverentially owned by victorious Garibaldi as the Father of Italy; while the *Constitutionnel*, speaking with authority, gives an Imperial adhesion to his "dream" of Italian unity; and the *Times* endorses that adhesion, though with the grudging—"This is a truth, but it comes from what quarter it may." Once before, the spirit of truth compelled by a stronger power, had slipped out between slanders those few notable words which do homage at once to his power and to his nobility,—Mazzini's lasting place is in the hearts of every Italian, and there his enemies will one day find him."

Just thirty years ago, a young man of five-and-twenty, a law-student, and the son of a physician in Genoa, was arrested in Piedmont, on suspicion of Carbonarism,—such Carbonarism as the King of Piedmont himself had professed only ten years before. In prison his thoughts were of the passing revolutions in France and Poland; and he came out, after some few months, to begin his life of exile and his apostleship, by founding the association of "La Giovine Italia," starting at the same time, and under the same title, at *Marcus*, a monthly journal, treating of the political, moral, and literary condition of Italy,—in a word, a revolutionary journal, aiming at Italian regeneration. Thirty years of martyrdom, of suffering and, nevertheless, and increasing self-sacrifice, and the boy's dream becomes a European necessity, something more than that,—"homework for the interest of Europe."

So much, at least, must be conceded to Mazzini, however widely we may differ from his views, and whatever strictures we may feel inclined to pass upon his conduct in the several circumstances of his career. His stern republicanism may be pronounced chimerical; his carelessness of political means and parties, and his distrust of princes and diplomatists, may seem unwise, and for a while brand him with the stigma of "The Impracticable;" we may doubt his policy and disapprove his alliances or his enemies; but, after all, we must allow that the work he set himself to do—which thirty years was almost only his,—is done, and his prophecy fulfilled. His worst enemies must bow their heads to that.

And his friends may also be content with it. To them, however, he is indeed the prophet in the complete sense of the word: with all his holiness, all his dignity, and all its more than royal claim to allegiance and to worship. No man ever more ardent love, more thorough trust and following. From the noble lay-brothers Bandiera, who, penetrated by his doctrines, could only—even against his persuasion—dedicate their lives as an example to their countrymen; to old Forstè—Pellico's fellow-prisoner at Spielberg,—whose first act upon being liberated was to seek the Apostle, and offer him his service; and yet more recently to Pisemmo, leading that forlorn hope which won the thundering of Sicily and the first vote of Garibaldi's triumph; men of all ages and all classes and conditions have

gathered to him, like warriors round a beacon, ready and determined,—a brotherhood of most devoted charity. And not alone by his Italians is he loved and honoured. Carlyle spoke out for him in England, sixteen years ago, such words of hearty and well-judging praise as, on the score of personal character, should have shut the mouth of any honest enemy for ever. The one noblest Frenchman of them all, good old Lamennais, was his closest friend and comrade. The Poles loved him as only exiles love, and esteemed him beyond all men. Those who have known him intimately, speak of him with more than womanly affection. For he himself loves and trusts; and love and trust ever command their like.

Thirty years a conspirator; and yet his trustfulness is almost child-like. This is the secret of his wonderful escapes from danger; for his fearlessness and daring are not doubted, whatever his opponents may say. In *Marcus*, the police of the citizen-king could not for a whole twelvemonth track him, though his Italian propagandism never halted. In Switzerland and in England the hired assassin, face to face with him, quailed, confessed, and asked for pardon. In Paris or in Genoa, under double sentence of death from Charles Albert, and wanted by the Imperial police, he went and came, as his presence was necessary, and no man stayed him. Only he was not so inculpable a general, while he confronted peril, to foolishly give himself up to those who sought his ruin. Royal Saul never called young David cowardly for hiding in the caverns of Adullam; and none who ever stood beside Mazzini, ever thought of his being charged with cowardice. How Garibaldi, the generous, the brave to very recklessness, would laugh to hear his friend accused of selfish fear; the friend of whom Garibaldi's own general, Medici, a hero too, wrote, in 1819—"His conduct has been for us, who were witnesses of it, a proof that to the great qualities of the citizen Mazzini joins the courage and intrepidity of the soldier." Medici writes this in telling of Garibaldi's advance on Monza, just previous to the capitulation of Milan, in which advance, and afterwards during the retreat to Como, Mazzini served as a private soldier. "In this march, full of difficulty and danger, in the midst of continual alarms" (Medici is now speaking of the retreat), "the strength of soul, the intrepidity, which Mazzini possesses in so remarkable and unobscured a degree, and of which he afterwards gave so many proofs at Rome, never failed him, and excited the admiration of the bravest."

It was during this march that he gave up his cloak to one of the young Volunteers more slightly habited than himself. The same tender solicitude for others was evinced at Rome, where he found time on one occasion to take an English family to the palace-top, and showed them the city defences, in order to allay their fears. His finances and tact in moments of difficulty are equally remarkable. Once a deputation from some part of Rome demanded of him an interview, requiring the dismissal of the "military staff." "From whom did they come?" he asked. "From the people." "Well, he was the people's servant, but not their slave. If the people trusted him, well and good; but he could do his best if not, they could withdraw the authority with which they had invested him. But when they said the people, how many had deputed him?" "Some few hundreds only." "Some few hundreds," he remarked, "were not the People; but he would listen even to the few. Which members of the military staff did they wish dismissed, and what the complaints against them?" The complaints did not even know who constituted the staff; their objections were only general; they saw their error, and retired. But perhaps the most striking of all anecdotes concerning him is that of his behaviour after the French had entered Rome; when, to prove that his power had not been maintained by terror, and also to observe the bearing of his Romans, he for several days walked unarmed and unprotected through the streets, till his friends told him he was mad. But no man touched him, or said evil word. Even the French soldiers were awed by the sublime spectacle of that pale, worn, gray man (his hair grizzled with the past month's anxiety and toil) walking amidst them, severe and silent, like the Ghost of the Republic.

In private life, Mazzini is a true gentleman, with a ready courtesy and genial warmth of expression that was regarded upon the instant. He is no orator, as Kosuth is; but in the midst of a few friends, none more eloquent, or pours himself in a conversation more rich and various. At the same time he is singularly unobtrusive, and averse to anything like show or notoriety. His mode of life is of the simplest. His lodging was for years in London, and he has been so ever since. His property is his acquisitions. His little patrimony he gave to the Italian cause. He, to whom thousands have entrusted their lives and fortunes, whose means only of late were said to be equal to Garibaldi's; who was able but recently to fit out two expeditions to the Roman states (suppressed by the Piedmontese authorities); he knows no luxury or self-indulgence except his cigar—his one constant companion—his only home-hobby and console.

In person Mazzini is rather below the middle height, slight, and spare (in youth, like our own Milton, he is said to have been exceedingly beautiful), with a small but finely-proportioned head; eyes like those of fire; black hair (prematurely grey since the occupation of Rome by the French); a face sad and lofty, yet so stern as Dante's, but full of heroic gentleness; and a hand that grasps you with right Savon's strength. That is the outward presentment of the man who has set his stamp upon Europe—a stamp such as none has set since Lycurgus; a man whom, if it please you, you may compare with Lycurgus for his will, and for his strength of character, and for his genius in organising and commanding men; but not for the fierce licentiousness of Ignatius's early days, nor for the perversity of intellect which made the Spaniard seek his good in that strange mixing of the devil so happily known to the world as Jesuitism. For Mazzini's private life has been always pure—impeachable in everything; and his public creed, consistently acted out, has been ever the doing good only by good means.

On that question of continual, however hopeless, immutation which Mazzini incalculates, two opinions may be held, even as a mere matter of policy. While favour and his anticipations admirably represent it as impeding the progress of Italian freedom, Mazzini's friends on the other hand insist that he has prepared and been the best, and indeed the necessary preparation for all that has been

* But misled and trapped by Austrian spies, to whom an English House Secretary gave their unaided letters.

accomplished. It is, indeed, hard in the long series of unsuccessful enterprises in Italy—blamed because unsuccessful—to find one looking more gloriously hopelessly at the outset than that which but a few months since had its poor beginning upon the coast of Sicily. That, too, it is said, was in the Mazzini programme. And is not the blood of the martyrs the seed of the church? Verily, it was in the beginning, and shall be.

Of Mazzini's public acts and written works we need not give a detailed account. It is the old history of apostolic endeavour: his writings a tissue of protests against present wrongs and longings for a higher future; his deeds a series of plots, if you will, of conspiracies, and insurrections. In 1831-2 he organized his "Young Italy," from Marselles, floating Italy in pamphlets, through the aid of Italian merchant seamen touching at that port. In 1834 he planned the expedition into Savoy. Immediately after that failure, he, in conjunction with his Polish friends, founded the "Association of Young Europe," as the nucleus of a new ally alliance of the peoples. In 1837, hunted here by Italy, France, and Switzerland, he came to England, and remained here, "conspiring," till the revolution of '48. In February, 1849, he was elected a member of the Tuscan provisional government; and on the 29th of March, 1849, ascended the Capitol, to stand before the world as Roman Tribune. The acts of that triumvirate are matters of history. Worthy of the most heroic days of the Eternal City, they testify at once to the greatness and capacity of the statesman, and the magnanimity of the man. This was his success, a successful consolidation, however transient. And yet he oversteps success to the one grand height beyond. Greater even than triumph, so far as he is personally concerned, is the self-alignment of his recent letter to Victor Emmanuel. As, during the Milanese campaign, lay the republican, and, for his murdered friend Buffini's sake, the personal foe of Charles Albert, kept his republicanism in leash, and stood, as faithful headman might, beside the king while fighting honestly for Italy; so now, let who will declare to the contrary, he gives up all for Italian unity, ready, in his most patriotic self-sacrifice, to let it be so, and let his faith in God's providence, to renounce that dream of "destruction of Italian republicanism," as the price of a really united Italy, an Italy strong enough to live her own life, whatever that may be. How great that sacrifice, only those who have shared his dream can in any way appreciate.

The great outward deeds of the world shadow and eclipse all else. Art, science, literature, all are dwarfed before the giant stride of peoples for their liberties, or that of nation pitted against nation, albeit in the valour of kindly wars. So we have spoken only of the politician. But Mazzini would have been notable under any circumstances. Master of his own Italy, at the same time thoroughly conversant with European literature, he is not only the commentator upon Dante, but also, or rather was before 1848, an esteemed contributor to the highest and most thoughtful periodicals of France and England. He could spare time from politics to provide for the relief and education of poor orphan-grinding boys in London; and from political polemics, to write in his *Apostolic People*, for the benefit of Italian workmen, a sermon "On the Duties of Man" of which Kingley or Maistre would be proud. There is no such manifest exposition of the errors and shortcomings of the Economic and the Socialist Schools, as that contributed by him to the columns of the *People's Journal*; nor any so profound criticism on Carlyle as his in the *Westminster Review*. His *République et Royauté en Italie* is one of the very few good histories that exist. In all things, indeed, Mazzini is a man of mark, and what is better, a man of worth.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE Empress Eugénie arrived at Claridge's Hotel this afternoon from Dover, en route for Hamilton Castle, N.B. She travels *incognito*, and without any sort of ostentation. She is said to have arrived without the *prestige* and attendance due to her high rank, and hostile rumour is of course busy with the motives of her journey at such a season. But the Duchess of Hamilton is one of the nearest relatives of the Emperor Napoleon—his first cousin in fact,—and I hope there is no foundation for the gossip that is afloat.

The arrival of the Prince of Wales at last has removed the anxiety, which, although perfectly natural, was somewhat exaggerated. His delay is chiefly to be attributed to the prevalence of eastern gales. It is to be recollected that the *Hero* carries 91 guns, has a 600-horse power, and could for less than eight days. The icebergs of the previous winter seldom last beyond May or June, and are never seen at the end of Autumn. There were five ships started in company, and they must have often gone at half speed and waited on one another.

The news from China has divided—although it has not wholly superseded—the interest which has been kept up by the Italian struggle for so many weeks past. This interest in Eastern affairs is all the more lively from the differences amongst the morning papers as to the exact character of the "latest intelligence," and his learning upon the question of peace or war. Considerable confusion arises from the difference of tone between the telegraphic and the written accounts. The discrepancies are of course increased by the greater distance. The papers that announced that peace had been actually secured, may be formally in the wrong; but I believe that they will turn out to be substantially in the right. I believe that negotiations are not abandoned, but only postponed. We shall probably be in possession of the actual treaty on the arrival of the next mail. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were quite right to "go on" at the least symptom of wavering or prevarication on the part of the Chinese emperor. The British portion of the indemnity was fixed at eight millions of taels. A tael varies from 6s. to 7s. At present it passes for about 6s. 4d., which brings our bill for war expenses up to two millions seven hundred thousand pounds sterling. This will be a good help to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and will assist in reducing the Income Tax, which is so severely felt by the possessors of small incomes, who pay their share

of all the other taxes besides. The best-informed people, however, are fully of opinion that the treaty will be signed at Peking—on the conditions so properly insisted upon by Lord Elgin. The battle at Tientsin was decisive, and is all the more valuable because it was on the scene of our former repulse.

There is no event in history more touching than Garibaldi's farewell of Victor Emmanuel, and his unaffected and unostentatious departure for his island amidst the affectionate rivings of the troops, and the blessings of the population of Naples. When he next unfurls the banner of freedom, it will not be hand-drawn, but thousands of ardent young men, who will flock to his unstained standard from every country in Europe. Our trans-atlantic colonies are not easily moved to enthusiasm for any distant enterprise, but the fame and reputation of the latest Washington must reach even across the wide Atlantic.

The London Improvements proceed with a slowness that is truly provoking. There is one great change which promises to be commenced next year, and of which there are some hopes, since it is not in the hands of any public board or corporation. The recommendations of the Commissioners for constructing the Law Courts and Offices are about to be acted upon. The whole space from Lancaster-lane to Temple Bar on the east and west, and from Lincoln's-Inn to Fleet-street on the north and south, is proposed to be cleared for the erection of the Courts of Law and Equity, and the several offices connected therewith, which are now scattered about London and Westminster. If this scheme be carried out, it will be the greatest architectural and sanitary improvement of modern times, and will act as an example and a stimulus to dilatory and jobbing authorities, departmental, municipal, and parochial.

The absurd spectacle of the Lord Mayor's Show has contributed to stop the way for an entire day. I hope we shall live to see the abolition of three great shams of modern days, the Pope of Rome, the Lord Mayor of London, and the Lord-Lieutenant of Dublin Castle.

The new Station for the Brighton Railway at Pimlico, although not quite finished, is the most commodious yet erected in the Metropolis. It is a great convenience to the West end, and, by its distance, but as avoiding the crush through the City thoroughfares. Faced now to Blackheath Palace, it is the nearest terminus to all places west of Regent-street and north of Pall-mall. It will accommodate the great juries of Chelsea, Hrompton, Hammersmith, and Paddington. The Brighton Railway is the most punctual in England, and it is no wonder that the Queen of Watering Places should be fond to overdoing.

Mr. Balfe's new Opera is in full rehearsal at Covent Garden, and will be produced at the end of the month. This is not a moment too soon, for the old ones are getting tiresome. The last production, the "Night Dancers," by Lehar, is not new, although it has never been much acted, and not at all to the taste of the West end. Mr. Balfe's work is to be a grand opera, with relative, without dialogue. The libretto, by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, is founded upon the old story of Pyramus, the Bravo of Venice, which was dramatized about thirty years ago for Mr. Henry Johnston. It is composed for two tenors, one baritone, and five basses, with the usual measure of two soprano. The parts are to be taken by Miss Prynne, Miss Thirwall, Messrs. Harrison, St. Albans, Wharton, Larnesse, Corri, Walworth, Dittin, and Gratton Kelly. There are about twenty-four pieces of music, besides several light and characteristic ballads, with an incidental ballet divertissement.

"Robin Hood" will probably run to Christmas at Her Majesty's Theatre. It has entirely eclipsed the Italian Opera, which is played on the off-night to empty benches.

Médane Colarte has at last found a melodrama, by Mr. Leslie, which suits herself and her company, and which has been admirably put upon the Lyceum stage, and played with great success.

The Olympic, too, has had its usual good fortune in the production of a little piece which exhibits Louisa Keckley as an *Ingénue*, a species of young lady very familiar to the French stage, but little known amongst us. The last remarkable instance was "The Little Treasure" at the Haymarket, which had a remarkable run, but has since been laid on the shelf.

One of the most agreeable Picture Exhibitions opened in London for a long time is now on view at No. 4, Waterloo-place, which is taken by Messrs. Agnew for the purpose of showing a collection of Mr. Froel's images of the most famous personages of the world, and of the most famous events of popular works, of which the greater part are in the hands of the engraver. Most of these pictures are familiar to the frequenters of the Royal Academy. They include the well-known "Home and the Homeless," the property of Miss Burdett Coutts; "The First Break in the Family," belonging to Mr. Brocklebank, of Liverpool; "The Motherless Bairn," one of the earliest and best, the property of Mr. Culver Toshin; and the "Conquered, not Subdued," in the possession of Mr. MacConnell, of the North-Western Railway, and half a dozen others. The *chief* scene would be pronounced the "Sunday in the Hackwoods," although for my part I would prefer the gentle home-scenes of Scottish cottage-life, which remind every spectator so forcibly of Robert Burns—so full as they are of the happy and religious parents, the fresh and innocent childish faces, and the "bonnie lassies" of the Ayrshire Bard. Mr. Froel's pictures are not so glaring and gaudy as some of our more ambitious modern productions, but they are full of poetry and truth.

ENTRY OF THE KING OF ITALY INTO NAPLES.

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT.]

NAPLES, 16th November.

THE long-expected event, for which preparations have been during so many weeks in progress, has come off. The King of Sardinia has entered, as a conqueror, the gates of his native, and the anticipations of an anxious crowd of tourists, and an excited mob of Neapolitans, have at last been realized. Ever since the King entered the States of the Church, it was known that he was coming to Naples, and the mayor and corporation, or the Neapolitan equivalent to these functionaries, at once commenced the necessary preparations:

gigantic scaffolding rose slowly in the principal places of the city, each gradually assuming a greater and less finished aspect under the untiring exertions of a man and a boy. There was always the same man and the same boy perpetually hammering, each perched astride of a pole in mid-air, preparing to receive Victor Emmanuel. I once saw three men at work on one erection, but that was under the influence of unusual pressure. The result of these labours at the end of a month, made themselves apparent in all parts of the city, giving it a curious unfinished look, as if an order had just come to erect a number of public buildings, and then were the buildings actually erected. In vain the King waited to be informed that all was ready, he amused himself in the mean while by taking Capua. It was an easy thing for him to take Capua. His exertions were nothing to that of the man and the boy, incessantly hoping to be ready in time.

At last the royal patience was exhausted, and the royal message arrived to the effect that at ten o'clock on the morning of the 7th Victor Emmanuel was to be expected in Naples. The mayor and corporation were in despair; they implored his Majesty not to come, or, if he must come, to do so *incognito*, and make his triumphal entry later. They made frantic efforts to line the Toledo with statues of young ladies and gracefully-extended arms, and succeeded in finishing six young ladies, putting up the balustrade of six more, and a row of pedestals, each surmounted with a statue, so that as his Majesty drove down the Toledo, he saw each place through which the goddesses had passed. Most of the public buildings were concealed by the unsightly scaffolding to which I have alluded, and which were, I believe, to have been covered with cloth and festooned with flowers. In fact, instead of having on their ball-dresses, they were exhibited in their crinolines, and the mayor and corporation were proportionally disconcerted. The only consolation was, that they had spent £16,000 in the attempt; and it is to be presumed that the man and the boy will never again find it necessary to hasten for a livelihood. However, it is not the public entertainments or decorations on occasions of this sort, which are gratifying to the feelings of a townsman, more especially when he is engaged in the somewhat unusual operation of turning his friend out of his house, and living in it himself. If circumstances have compelled that friend to absent himself, a cordial reception from his late servants is always pleasant to the new master, and if the populace of Naples could not raise scaffolding, they could, at least, lift up their voices.

But the populace of Naples are sensitive to cold and damp. They no more like being exposed to rain than they do to the fire of the enemy, so when the morning of the 7th set in cold and stormy, those who knew the new subjects of the King might have told him what to expect. Whether they did or not, the King acted as if their opinion mattered very little, for he arrived in the city an hour before his time; even those dashing spirits who had determined to face the inclemency of the weather were still at breakfast; and when I went to the Royal-square, and saw him drive into it in an open carriage-and-four, with Garibaldi on his left hand, there was a single file of soldiers and a single file of spectators on each side. A feeble cheer welcomed him to his new abode; but the moment can hardly have impressed itself upon the mind of the royal visitor as suspicious. Had he not been obeying a noble impulse, and acting the part of a disinterested and high-spirited sovereign, it is possible that, on entering the house of Francis he might have felt a twinge of conscience. He might, as he wandered through those rooms where the music of the exiled Queen was still lying about, and all the evidences of a hurried departure apparent, have experienced an emotion; but the opinion of his Majesty does not admit of any such weakness, and he came out upon the balcony as if he was in the habit of smoking his afternoon cigar there, and bowed benignly over the sea of umbrellas which were extended beneath him; for by this time the square had filled, and from beneath the umbrellas there rose a cheer that drowned for a moment the pattering of the rain. Behind his Majesty stood Garibaldi in his plain red shirt, to whom the balcony by right belonged—there is any right in the matter. But Garibaldi, whose taste does not lie in handsome houses, or in popular demonstrations, seemed extremely bored with the whole business, and vanished ten minutes afterwards; nor could the King or anybody else find him for the rest of the day. It was said that his Majesty and the Dictator had not agreed upon certain points it was difficult to imagine, and that Garibaldi had gone to sit for his picture, which he finds a good way of recovering his equanimity on these occasions. Anyhow, the King was repentant, or said to be, and we half expected to see an advertisement in the second column of the *Indipendente* (Alexandre Dumas' paper) next morning—"If Garibaldi will return to the bosom of the disunited Kingdom, he shall be forgiven."

It is sufficient for this little controversy that night at the theatre. Whether it was that the King was dissatisfied with his reception, or his benefactor, who had just presented him with Naples, or with Boicelli's dancing, was difficult to say. The San Carlo was crowded to overflowing, and the clapping of hands was deafening, but the King looked black. Had the ballet come after the opera there would have been a good reason for this, but the proceedings of the evening were opened by the ballet, immediately after which his Majesty retired, so that there was really nothing to complain of on this score. Next day there was a grand *Te Deum* at San Lorenzo, to which the King did not go, and Garibaldi took his departure for Capri. On the whole nobody is satisfied just now at Naples. The Piedmontese are disgusted because the Neapolitans have not shown more enthusiasm. The Neapolitans are disgusted because public affairs are going to be administered by Piedmontese. The Garibaldini are disgusted because the Piedmontese have come in at the last moment, and their occupation is gone. The King is not content because Garibaldi refuses to be made a prince, or a field-marshal, or a grand cross.

Garibaldi is hurt because the services of his army are not sufficiently recognized, and he meets with ill-treatment from those quarters which owe him most. In spite of the opposition of the Sardinian Government, Garibaldi has succeeded in placing the crown of Naples upon the head of Victor Emmanuel, and yet he has brought into Naples by the King as if he was one of his staff. The streets are lined with Piedmontese soldiers, not with Garibaldini, whose towns Naples is, and there is no ceremony of the transference by the Dictator of his power to the sovereign.

Victor Emmanuel cannot riding rough-shod into a city which is only his through the unparalleled generosity and bravery of a single man, whom he thinks to satisfy by empty honours, while he refuses to grant any one of his requests.

"Il Re Galantuomo" has been too much in the society of Count Cavour of late, and seems to have had aside for a time those qualities which earned for him that flattering title. Let us hope that the reports of winter may soften the asperities which were so evident in quarters where they are most to be deprecated, and that moment may be taken by the Sardinian Government to enlighten the king, so that that army which is at first stigmatized as a band of adventurers, but the fruits of whose gallantry it has appropriated with a rapacity akin incredible to itself and injurious to the cause of Italian liberty.

We have no very late news from the front; by the last accounts Ciadini had advanced to the walls of Gaeta, and, ere you receive this, that fortress will probably have capitulated. The Neapolitans, who were posted near St. Agata, fled at the approach of the Piedmontese, without waiting to exchange a shot. The Sardinian fleet were about to cut off their retreat, and ten thousand prisoners must inevitably have fallen into the hands of the Piedmontese, when Admiral Tison fired a shot and sent an insolent note to Admiral Persano, threatening him if he ventured to continue his cannonade. The conduct of the French admiral all throughout these proceedings has alike been indefinable and unjustifiable. If the doctrine of non-interference is not a mere empty phrase, such interference calls for the strongest remonstrance on the part of the British Government. Mountainous is the military effect of rendering the French even more unpopular than they are already among the Italians, who are beginning to estimate these champions of their independence at their right value. A few days ago a French body of Neapolitans crossed the frontier at the suggestion of the large commandant of the nearest town in the Papal States, where they surrounded instead of the King's army. The King is said to have 15,000 men in Gaeta, while he refuses admission, on the plea of limited accommodation, to 15,000 more who are encamped between the walls of the fortress and Ciadini.

FARD'S PICTURES.

As an exhibition of some of the works of Thomas Fard has been opened during the week in Waterloo-place. Let every lover of Art in London go forthwith and visit it. If the lover of Art reside in the country, let him come to town as soon as he can for the especial purpose. The exhibition includes no more than ten pictures; but the scantiness of the number, so far from being a drawback to the pleasure of the spectator, increases and refines it. The eye and the attention are not distracted by the multiplicity of objects, and the judgment has full leisure to examine into the sources of its gratification, and to render reason to itself for the conviction that the works of a master are sufficient to its verdict. Thomas Fard has long been known as an artist of high merit, the equal, in many respects, of Wilkie, but not his rival or his imitator. But even those who entertained a vivid remembrance of his genius, from the works he has so recently exhibited at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere, can scarcely, we think, have been prepared for the admiration which this collection will force upon their minds, that an artist as great as Wilkie, in most respects, and with merits of his own that Wilkie never reached, is still living amongst us. Though Wilkie was a Scotchman, his sympathies were not wholly Scottish, but sought for subjects wherever they were to be found, especially in England and in Spain, and rarely in his own country. Fard is much more national, and it may be truly said of him, on the evidence afforded by this exhibition alone, that the Scottish character never found in Art, though it has often done in Literature, an exponent so subtle as well as so broad, and so thoroughly alive to its pathos as well as humour.

As a colourist, brilliant without exaggeration, and clear without coldness, he will stand comparison with any painter of this or any other time; while for mistaking in the smallest details and accessories, he is as conscientious as Millais, and a great deal more natural. Those who look in pictures for the grand and the magnificent, for the tragic and the terrible, or for the lighter and more displays of fancy and imagination, may be disappointed in the works of Fard; but those who admire nature in its homeliest and most touching simplicity—who can sympathize with the joys and the sorrows of the lowly, for the sake of their common humanity; who think Shakespeare's genius as good as his kings, the grave-digger's as good as his emperors; who are as much attracted by the Caddy of the *Cherry Ripe* as by his Richard Crook of Lion, and his Elsie Dunsen as exquisite as his Queen Mary—will find in the works of this genuine artist, a source of true pleasure, only lessened by the knowledge that one who can do so well, has done so little.

Although we consider all the pictures in the collection to be of high merit, there are three more especially that seem to us pre-eminently characteristic of the mingled power and tenderness of his genius,—numbered 3, 6, and 7 in the catalogue. No. 3, "The Motherless Balm," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855, and attracted much notice. It represents a lovely Scottish matron—wife of an honest ploughman—sitting alone in her chair, with her youngest-born at her bosom, and all her elder-sons around her—startled by the sudden appearance of a ragged callant, starving and without a mother, who has come, with mute looks, to implore their hospitality. Her own eldest-son, who looks every inch of him as if he had just finished a comfortable "cog of parich," and did not know his hunger more, eyes the new comer inquisitively; while her younger sister, with the quicker sympathy of her sex, sees at once how the matter stands—and hands the stranger her own unfinished "piece" of oat-cake; upon which her over-cautious grandmother lays an embargo, until inquiries be made, which shall show that the charity is not undeserved. Burns himself could not have told the story better in his immortal verse, than Fard has told it upon canvas.

Perhaps of a still higher degree of excellence is No. 6, with the title of "Conquered, but not Subdued," exhibited by the Glasgow Art-Union in 1856. The old boy in the corner, placed there after severe personal correction by his offended mother, who is coolly pouring poison into the ears of her utterly unwary of his presence, is the very perfection of art—in drawing, in sentiment, in colouring, and in every nautilus grace that constitutes a work

intrigues and conspiracies amongst Jacobites and Hanoverians, the whole illustrating, so to speak, by two tableaux from Hogarth, the "March to Finchley" and "England." The scenes in which these tableaux occur have nothing to do with the actual business of the play; but they inspire it, nevertheless, with a curious kind of living interest, and bring before us very strikingly the turbulence, commotion, and party strife of the period. Mr. Beverley, indeed, has bestowed extraordinary pains upon the scenery, which is everywhere admirable, as a transcript of the London of a hundred years ago, especially two moonlight views of the river, and the exterior of the theatre, executed with remarkable skill and fidelity. The principal part is played by Mr. Webster, a certain *Sir Andrew Sideron*, who begins his career a Jacobite, and ends a king's spy. The airy trifling and nonchalance under which he conceals his designs in the early passages, and the violent storms of passion and conflicts of feeling through which he passes as he pursues the catastrophe, were rendered with artistic fidelity. The character is one that presses heavily on the physical energies of the actor, but Mr. Webster was fully equal to its demands, and rose in the last scene to a height of tragic power which in the wide range of his *repertoire* he has seldom surpassed. Next in dramatic importance, and more prominent and decisive as an individual portraiture, is Enoch Flecker, a secret emissary of the government, who, by abstracting certain documents from a bureau, seeks to compromise the life of a Jacobite gentleman in whose service he lives. He is further mixed up in the plot through the agency of a love affair, and being entangled, more or less, in all the threads of the story, he is everywhere in the scene, and may be regarded as the main genius of the action. In the development of this part, whatever may be said for the rest of the play, Mr. Phillips has discovered a higher dramatic faculty than in any of his former productions. The impersonation of the part by Mr. Toole was a masterpiece, both as to conception and execution. The mischievous twinkle, the velvet stroke, the sleek dogging look, and the balistical cat-like treachery of the eyes, as if he were always watching his prey, without seeming to do so, and ready to spring upon it when the opportunity came, were quite perfect; nor did the actor fail even in the last burst of frantic despair, when he finds himself betrayed into the hands of his mortal enemy—a passage hard for a comedian to persuade his audience to believe to be real in the person. These are the prominent figures of the play, and they were finely acted. For the remainder, we must return to our original axiom, and in the name of the economy of time, protest against undue length. There is too much dialogue, and notwithstanding the complications of the plot, too little incident. The four hours might be advantageously compressed into two; and when this shall have been done, partly by judicious excision, and partly by getting the piece into quicker working order, there is no doubt that it will amply repay the pains that have been expended upon its production.

A VISIT TO GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—No. II.

Before we shew the atmosphere is electrified positively, but the electricity collected during a shower is negative; and it was one of the earliest results of observation on the electrical state of the air, that in clear weather the atmosphere is charged with static electricity of the negative kind. One of the first observers of this was Volta, who considered this was due to evaporation, the water having its natural electricity decomposed in the process, and the positive electricity passing off with the vapour, while the negative remained on the ground. Although some difficulties—such as those offered by the experiments of Franklin and Faraday, which showed that evaporation could not be a decomposition or friction, were not sufficient to stand in the way of a correct scientific solution, the facts are certain that the positive state is its ordinary condition, and that with a downfall of rain, which is in reality the return of the moisture to the earth by the condensation of vapour (or the counter-phenomenon of evaporation), we have an opposite condition of the atmosphere. No sooner is the shower over, and evaporation again taking place, than the positive condition is restored. We are thus impelled to the belief that the electricity of the air is not a cause of meteorological change, but only an effect.

Mysterious as is the force we call electricity, it is even more mysterious in another form—magnetism. Indeed, the study of the physical forces is one of the highest and most interesting for the exercise of man's intellect. Out of heat we get motion; from motion, heat; from motion or heat electricity; from electricity heat or motion. All forces are correlated, and seem in ultimate analysis to be one and the same. Force is never lost. One state of it may be annihilated, but it is instantly put in another. What we lose as heat we get as motion or electricity; what we lose as motion or electricity, we find as heat; they are changed from one to the other and back again, just as we play upon these words. So the phase of force we call electricity is evaporation, we have an opposite state of it, which, coming in one form, is transferred immediately into another. Electricity can become galvanism; galvanism, electricity; electricity and galvanism both alike may merge into magnetism; or magnetism into either.

A little needle, a bar of soft iron, can imbibes the magnetic influence, and immediately one end points mysteriously to the magnetic north. We turn it forcibly to the east, west, or south; but no sooner is our grasp relinquished than it flies back to its mysterious pointing. No certain is this result that we sail our ships over the trackless ocean, and intrust our fortunes to the unerring guidance of an inch of iron.

Not the mystery ends not here. There are other mysterious forces which influence the magnet. There is a slight variation—immediately slight from day to day or month to month—of the point to which the magnet turns; and occasionally, too, the magnet exhibits violent tremblings and shakings, as though possessed with paroxysmal fits of rage or passion. If we take a mere bar of iron, and rest it on a point or pivot, it will remain perfectly level, if properly balanced, and in any direction in which it may be turned. But magnetize the same bar either by electricity or galvanic action, or by contact with another magnet, and it will not only arrange itself in a nearly north and south direction, but it will dip downwards. In England, at present the derivation of the magnetic needle at all the places situated in a line which runs through Yarmouth, Whitby, Hull, and Southampton 21 degrees 40 minutes; at Newcastle and Swans 22 degrees 35 minutes; at Liverpool 22 degrees 50 minutes; at Edinburgh 23 degrees 25 minutes; and at Glasgow

and Dublin 23 degrees 45 minutes, decreasing about one-twelfth of a degree annually. The dip of the needle at Greenwich at present is about 68 degrees, and which element is also subject to an annual decrease. The deviation from the true north is not the same everywhere on the earth's surface, but is subject to local variations; for example, at Boston, in America, the direction is 54 degrees only west of north. This duration, ordinarily termed the variation of the compass, was first detected in the memorable voyage of Columbus, amongst whose sailors it caused a clamorous demand for the return of the ship, under the belief that their compass had lost its virtue. Not only does the direction of the magnet vary in different places, but long-continued observations have shown that it does not continue the same even at the same place, and that there is in reality a slow progressive variation, as before stated, or so to express it, travelling of the point to which it turns.

Thus, taking London as the place, the declination of the needle in 1576 (as observed by Norman), was 11 degrees 15 minutes east of north, diminishing, as shown by other observations, to 4 degrees 5 minutes in 1634, and pointing due north about 1657–1668. After this, in 1660, it was 34 minutes west of north, progressing constantly in this contrary direction, when the rate of west variation, 27 degrees 16 minutes, was attained. The next year this westerly tendency began to be diminished, and has continued to the present time. Besides this variation in the direction, the dip not only varies at different parts of the earth's surface, the needle becoming vertical from the north end at the north magnetic pole, and from the south end at the south pole, but by similarly long-continued observations it is found not to remain identically the same even at any given place. Moreover the dispositions of the magnet are not uniform throughout the year, and there are diurnal movements.

There are then ordinary direction, vertical and lateral movements of the magnet to be observed, and extraordinary movements, such as tremblings or vibrations, and those greater paroxysmal disturbances, known as "magnetic storms."

For these observations three magnets, of two feet in length by an inch and a half broad and a quarter of an inch thick, with their necessary adjustments, are provided in the interior of the observatory; one for the declination, and two others for the investigation of the variations of the vertical and lateral components of the magnetic dip, from which the variation of the dip and of the whole force of magnetism may be inferred.

So nicely balanced and so delicately sensitive are these magnets that even the steel hands of the mean-time clock in the same apartment, exert an influence on them, and the action of the iron gear in the same room has to be accounted for in the results obtained. The thousandth part of a grain would interrupt the balance of the vertical magnet, and a stray spider creeping into any of the boxes, would effectually arrest with its web the magnet suspended within.

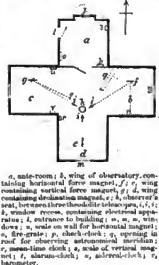
So slow and so minute are some of the magnetic variations, as we have already observed, as to be perceptible only in their accumulated degree after the lapse of time. In instruments so sensitive and delicate, the heat of the body in a near approach would serve as a disturbing cause, and the telescopes are therefore placed in the centre of the room, and the distance of several feet respectively from each of the magnets. Thus the observer can, without moving from his seat, inspect and record all the instruments.

It was only as recently as 1838 that the magnetic and meteorological department was added to the Greenwich Observatory; the first observations being taken in the following year, in correspondence with those of Captain Ross in the Antarctic region, and of other observers stationed by the East India Company and by the East-India Company at various foreign stations. From the November of the following year, however, those systematic observations, properly data which have made this establishment so important, and which, for seven years, were carried on night and day, with the most unflinching care and accuracy. During the whole of this time, at every hour of the day (Göttingen mean time) the position of the three magnets was accurately observed, with the readings of the thermometers enclosed in their boxes; as were also the indications of the barometer, the dry and wet thermometers, the electrical instruments inspected, the direction and strength of the wind, the proportion of sky covered with and by what sort of clouds, and the different currents of the atmosphere noted. The dew-point also was observed four times a day, the quantity of rain measured as collected at four different heights above the ground; and, in addition to these, occasional observations were made on halos, comets, solar and terrestrial radiation, and the intensity of the sun's rays, &c. These observations were performed by mechanical devices

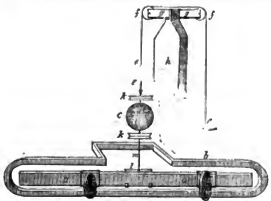
and by photography. Nature is made her own clerk, to register properly her various transgressions; and every observation is made by the aid of the sun.

Numerous as these duties appear, they are only a part of what has to be done, for all these data have to be reduced to their practical values by astronomical calculations.

The little plan annexed will show the arrangement of the three magnets. The first, or declination-magnet, is supported from pulleys at the top of a broad tripod stand 11 feet 9 inches high, by means of a skein of silk-fibre, in the state in which it is first prepared by silk-manufacturers, namely, when the fibres from the cocoon are united by juxtaposition only, without being twisted into a thread. This skein, too, is tied by little bands at intervals, so that the whole forms but one thread, and the individual fibres, in the breakage of individual fibres, the object being to get a steady suspension, without any tendency to twisting in the suspending cord, for such a tendency would, of course, exert a



contemning influence to the free play of the natural magnetical motions. The magnet vibrates within a double box, covered inside and outside with gilt paper, the object of which is to secure an equable temperature, and thereby to stop the play of atmospheric currents within the chamber of the box.



THE DECLINATION MAGNET.

A, a magnet, with lens and cross of corals, a flag as a coil; B, a copper surrounding bar for checking vibrations of magnet; C, mirror; D, a shell of silk fibre by which the magnet is suspended over the pulleys to F, G, and the cross-bar, &c., on the upright frame-work; A, a double action circular plate for adjusting the tilt of the silk fibre; I, a scale to which the suspending cord of the magnet is attached.

It has attached to it two small brass sliding frames, one carrying two plane glasses, between which is a cross of delicate corals, the other a lens of thirteen inches focus, and newly two inches aperture. This combination serves as a collimator: the cross of corals being seen through the theolite, and compared with its divisions, the action of the magnet is very accurately observed.

The object of the declination magnet is to determine the inclination of the magnet to the astronomical meridian; in other words the variation of the compass; and for this purpose the observing theolite-telescope can be turned away from the magnet towards a slit in the roof of the observatory through which the circumpolar stars can be seen as they pass the north astronomical meridian. The difference between the readings of the instrument when respectively turned towards the magnet or the meridian giving the magnetic declination.

The amount of declination has been found to be variable during the day, being at its maximum about 1 p.m., after which the magnet approaches the astronomical meridian, that is, its north extremity travels towards the east up to six or eight o'clock, when the declination has diminished by about ten minutes of a degree. The north end then recedes, afterwards commencing again its approaching movement, thus making two approaches and two recessions, or two easterly and two westerly movements every day, the mean diurnal change in the position of the magnet being about fourteen minutes of a degree in the summer and twelve in the winter. On some occasions it may exceed even an entire degree.

As the horizontal force magnet has a different duty to perform it is directed in every available way of all its other natural tendencies, just as when we want a tree to grow tall and straight, we lop off all its branches. The horizontal and vertical force magnets, having special duties, are placed at right angles to the declination magnet. In the horizontal magnet we do not need the lateral movements, nor in the vertical magnet do we require the lateral movements. The useless movement is therefore in each case respectively got rid of.

The declination magnet is suspended from a single skein of silk-fibre with every precaution taken against twisting. The horizontal force, on the contrary, is suspended by two skeins of silk fibre passing over two pulleys attached to the tripod-stand; which, like those of the other magnets, is fixed directly on piles, driven some distance into the ground to secure steadiness and prevent vibration, and all the telescopes are fixed in the same solid manner.

The object of suspending this magnet by two skeins of silk is to hold it, by their directive power, in a position transverse to the magnetic meridian. The natural tendency of the magnet is, as we know, to approach this meridian—or arrange itself north and south or parallel with the declination magnet; as the magnetic horizontal force, therefore increases more or less, it slightly twists the two suspending skeins, while the elasticity of these tends constantly to restore the magnet to its original artificial direction on a diminution of the magnetic force. By these simple yet delicate means the minutest variations of this magnet, such as would be imperceptible by the unaided eye, freely take place, and it only remains to find an adequate means of observing them. To do this, a mirror is attached to the centre of the magnet at such an angle that a scale of numbers painted on the wall opposite to the mirror is seen as reflected by it through the theolite telescope. The movements of the magnet are thus multiplied in apparent extent in proportion to the distance of the scale on the wall from the mirror, and the extent of the movements is shown by the various figures of the scale being reflected into the telescope, the angles thus shown being reduced by ordinary geometrical calculations.

The horizontal force magnet has, like the declination and vertical magnets its diurnal movements, none being the time when it is least drawn towards the north, after which there is a movement towards that point until about 6 o'clock; it then remains nearly stationary until 11 p.m., when the northerly movement recommences, again checked about 4 in the morning, but attaining at 6 o'clock its extreme northerly position.

GEORGE II.'S DAUGHTER.—"The Princess Emily," says Lord Hervey, "was lively, facile, and a greater liar," but he adds, as to the Princess Caroline, she "had affability without meanness, dignity without pride, cheerfulness without levity, and prudence without falsehood."

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE EARL OF CAWDORE.

On Wednesday, November 7th, at Stockpole Court, Pembrokeshire, aged 79, the Right Hon. John Frederick Campbell, Earl and Baron of Cawdor, of Castle Martin, co. Pembrokeshire, and Viscount Emlay, of Emlay, co. Carmarthen, in the peerage of the United Kingdom, Lord Lieutenant of Carmarthenshire, F.R.S., and F.G.S., and D.C.L. of the University of Oxford. His lordship was the eldest son of John, 1st Lord Cawdor, by Lady Elizabeth Caroline Howard, eldest daughter of Frederick, 5th Earl of Carlisle, and was born November 8, 1780. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and represented Carmarthen in Parliament from 1805

center, 1813, to the decease of his father, June 1st, 1821, when he succeeded to the family honours and estates. In 1827 he was created Earl and Baron Cawdor and Viscount Emlay. He married, September 5th, 1816, Lady Elizabeth Thynne, eldest daughter of Thomas, 2nd Marquis of Bath, by whom, who survives her husband, he leaves issue John Frederick Vaughan, Viscount Emlay, now Earl of Cawdor; Lady Caroline, married to the Hon. Octavius Duncombe; Lady Georgiana, married to Mr. John Balfour, of Balfour, N.B.; Lady Elizabeth, married to the Earl of Denbigh; Lady Mary, married to the Earl of Eglar; the Hon. and Rev. Archibald George Campbell, and Captain the Hon. Henry Walter Campbell, of the Coldstream Guards. By the succession of Lord Emlay to the earldom, a vacancy occurs in the representation of the county of Pembrokeshire in the House of Commons.

Lord Emlay was born on the 11th of June, 1817, and was married on the 28th of June, 1842, to the Hon. Sarah Mary Cavendish, one of the Queen's Maids of Honour, by whom he has issue. His lordship was formerly Private Secretary to the Earl of Aberdeen, and has resided at Pembrokeshire since 1841. He is a deeply-invested man in certain Carmarthen and Naime, and enjoys the patronage of twelve livings. The Campbells of Cawdor, as their name imports, are descended from the ducal house of Argyll, and their ancestors by the female side were "Thanes of Cawdor." They resided in the immediate vicinity of that more, originally a forest, situated between Eglar and Forre, where, according to Beethius and Shakspeare (who followed his authority), Macbeth met the "weird sisters," who prophesied his future greatness. The ancient Thanesdom, it is generally believed, was transferred from the ancient house of Cadder to the Campbells by the marriage of a Campbell with an heiress of the former house while she was still "a maid in her teens." If we are to believe tradition, a "young Lochinvar" was the chief agent in the transaction; for stealing an heiress was an incident not unusual in the olden days to which we allude, and it is said that it was by the abduction of the daughter of the Earl of Cawdor that the Campbells became to secure possession of the fair maid of Cawdor. The castle of Cawdor or Cadder, the property of the old Thanes, is, in the immediate vicinity of Naime, and has given a title to the present line of owners since the last century, when Mr. John Campbell of Stockpole Court, a descendant of the Earl of Cawdor, seated the borough of Cardigan for upwards of twenty years, was elevated to the peerage as Baron of Cawdor. He had signalled himself a few years previously by presenting himself at the head of a loyal body of gentlemen, assisted by a few regular troops or militia, to suppress the rebellion of the Jacobites of Pembrokeshire, who had landed near Fishguard, on the Pembrokeshire coast, to surrender at discretion. But the present castle is a comparatively modern building, with the exception of a single lofty square tower of the old edifice which still remains. The surrounding woods consist of fine birch, oak, and juniper, and venerable oaks; and amidst them rolls a mountain torrent now, as in the days of Macbeth.

The old castle (erected about A.D. 1160) has still its moat and "donjon keep," and is perhaps one of the most perfect specimens now extant of the old feudal fortress. The view from the top of the old tower, to which the house adjoins, is particularly fine; the tower consists of several stages, and all of the floors are still in an admirable state of preservation; and tradition used to point out to the visitor the very room in the tower in which Duncan was murdered by Macbeth—in this case used erroneously, for the scene of that transaction lies about ten miles distant—but the resident guides no longer palm that story off on the credulous. The ancient dining-hall is well worth a visit, with its varnished last painted wooden panels, restored in excellent taste, its musicians' gallery and its interesting series of family portraits.

The ancient tower a century ago attracted the admiration of Dr. Johnson; and the scenery of the neighborhood is wild and romantic in the extreme. The late Earl owned likewise two charming seats in the neighbourhood of the Court, near the sea, within a short distance of both Pembrokeshire and Tenby, and Golden Grove, Carmarthenshire, a house of venerable associations, which connects it with the memory of no less a personage than Jeremy Taylor.

GENERAL LYON.

On Sunday, the 11th inst., in Upper Brook-street, Grosvenor-square, after a few hours' illness, General the Hon. Edward Pym Lyon, C.B. He was the fourth son of the late Sir John Lyon, Bart., of the family of Lyon.

Beauchamp, by Katharine, daughter of James Dennis, Esq., and brother of the present (4th) earl; three brothers, William, John, and Henry, having succeeded in relation to the earldom. General Lyon entered the army as sub-lieutenant in the 5th Life Guards, joined the 1st Foot in Spain in 1812, was present at the battle of Vittoria, and served with his regiment in the Peninsula to the close of the war. In 1815, he accompanied the army to the Netherlands, and had the honor of commanding his regiment at the battle of Waterloo, in which he particularly distinguished himself, and received, in acknowledgment of his gallantry, the Companionship of the Bath, and the Russian Order of Saint Vladimir. He continued in command of the 5th Life Guards to 1827, when he was promoted to the rank of major-general, and for some years held the appointment of Inspecting General of Cavalry. In 1845, he was appointed to the colonelcy of the 13th

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declared himself to be their advocate, was to make himself the adherent of a party which was excluded from office, and had little chance, with George III. as a king, of ever attaining power, and any consideration of the interests of the country was his political career a Whig. He did do a Whig. It is quite true he was dishonoured by the friendship of George, Prince of Wales; but when that prince was rescued upon the persecution of his wife, Sheridan at once separated from him, telling the cowardly persecutor of Caroline, he would "never take part against a woman who was right or wrong." In the public career of Sheridan, this fact might never have been forgotten, viz., that so long as he had a seat in the House of Commons, he stood almost alone in exposing the misconduct of Irish landlords, and the cruel oppressions practised with impunity upon the unfortunate Irish peasantry. There can be no better proof of a man's "sincerity" than his "consistency," and Sheridan, from first to last, was "a consistent Whig."

Thus much may be said in defence of Sheridan as a politician, when assailed in a book which, as it fills us with anecdotes, less useful, and a great deal of light gossip will, most probably, be very generally read.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

"Flowers, Grasses, and Shrubs; a popular Book on Botany." By Mary Price. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.—A very pretty illustrated book on botany;—that branch of natural history which is most accessible to all, and is the poorest as to the rich. What we particularly like in the present volume is that it gives information as to the flowers, grasses, and shrubs which are most commonly to be met with. There is, too, a hearty, kindly, and religious feeling pervading the book, that cannot fail to make an agreeable companion, whether in the field and the garden, on the borders of the lake, or by the seashore.

"About London." By J. Ewing Ritchie. London: William Tinsley, 311, Strand.—The author of "The Night Side of London," "The London Pulpit," and "Here and There in London," has republished a collection of pleasant essays and shrewd remarks, to which he has given the title of "About London." It is a very agreeable book, upon a variety of subjects, treated with the skill of an accomplished writer, and with what is much rather, the just sentiments of an honest, honourable, and kind-hearted man.

"Tinsel and Gold; or, What Girls should Learn." A Tale. By Mrs. Veitch-London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row, Edinburgh and New York.—This is a domestic tale, incalculating more than one useful moral. The great aim of the writer is to induce persons of moderate means so to educate their daughters that whenever they are married they may become useful helpmates for their husbands. The author is not for repudiating accomplishments; but her desire is to show that there is something more important for a young lady than a knowledge of French or music; namely, that she should be a practical, well-instructed, and efficient housewife; that a young woman should be able to do for herself all those things which she is rich, she will require servants to do for her; that she, too, should early learn the value of money, and know how to take care of it, and expend it—to do this so wisely, so judiciously, and so prudently, that, when married, her husband can repose in her hands all the care of the household, and so beyond his time and thought to the study of every vital concern to himself, his wife, and children, than the payment of the butcher's and baker's bills. "Tinsel and Gold" is a good tale, well told, very amusing, and substantially instructive.

"Little Lilly's Travels." By the Author of "Little Lilly's Sister Louisa." London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row, Edinburgh and New York.—A child's book, written by one who has acquired an insight into a most difficult art—that is, writing a book which boys and girls will find a pleasure in reading, or hearing others read for them.

"Nephtes's Heroes; or, the Son Kings of England from Sir John Hawkins to Sir John Franklin." By W. H. Davenport Adams. With illustrations by M. S. Morgan and John Gilbert. London: Griffith & Farran (successors to Newbery & Harris), corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. The volume contains the biographies of Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish, Frobisher, Gilbert, Howard of Effingham, Blake, Montague (the buccannier Morgan and Dampier), Admiral Horbert, Sir G. Rooke, Beaulieu, Anson, Rodney, Cook, Perry, Sir Vincent, Nelson, Collingwood, Eschschott, Willoughby, Drton, James, Ross, Parry, and Franklin. The biographies are compiled from the best authorities, and the writer gives a list of the various works from which he has taken his statements, and to which he refers those who are desirous of possessing information more fully than he has supplied. The style is good, and Mr. Adams has performed his task in a manner which will render his "Nephtes's Heroes" a very welcome present to boys during the Christmas holidays.

"My Little Book." By Arthur Brown. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.—This is stated to be the first volume of a literary autobiography; and yet more than one paper contained in it.—"The Fanstiel story in the World." "What is to be done with the Baby?" and the Boissierian story, have either appeared in print before, or it has so happened that we have read something very like them in the same way in the "Little Book" is that which appears to be the most original, a three-act comedy, entitled "Counting under Difficulties." Mr. Brown's humour is grotesque and extravagant; but still his book affords the proof that he possesses talents sufficient to justify him in the expectation that, with time and practice, he may become an agreeable writer. He must, however, endeavour to be less funny and more natural.

"The Marquise; or, Struggles in Life." By George E. Sargent. Illustrated by W. Dickens and H. Ansell. London: Henry James Trueman, 17, Ave. Maria-lane, Paternoster-row.—There is not much of originality either in the design or plot of this tale. A man of rank but independent fortune is misled by a know-nothing is induced to become a shareholder in a public company—in consequence deprived of all his property, confined a prisoner in "the Fleet," and his family, a son and daughters, reduced to absolute beggary. The interest of the book consists in describing the career of the man who has been so treated, and who is struggling manfully to regain the position which had been lost through the indiscretion of his father. Out of such simple materials there is constructed a very clever tale, conveying accurate pictures of life, and incalculating a valuable moral.

"Lost in Ceylon." By William Dalton, author of "The White Elephant," "The War Tiger," &c. With Illustrations by Harrison Ware. London: Griffith & Farran (successors to Newbery & Harris), corner of St. Paul's Churchyard.—

The most popular book of travels that has been published for many years is Sir Emerson Tennant's work on Ceylon. The book which Mr. Dalton has composed on the same subject is calculated to be as popular as the work of Sir E. Tennant's has been in the study and drawing-room. The natural wonders of Ceylon are made known in this volume through the medium of a fictitious narrative, in which a little lad and a young girl are described as wandering in "the western end of the lion king of Kandy." There is not a single incident introduced into the fictitious tale "that has not fact for its basis." The story so told is absolutely more strange than that containing the adventures of the renowned Robinson Crusoe. The author has a keen sense for natural beauties, and the pleasure he has himself experienced he endeavours to communicate to his readers.

"Guide to the Civil Service." By Henry White, M.A. London: P. S. King, Parliamentary Depot, 34, Parliament-street, Westminster. London: Marshall, Co.—This work has now reached a fourth edition. It embodies the substance of the five reports of the Civil Service Commissioners and the report of the recent Select Committee of the House of Commons. Much valuable information is given as to the mode of obtaining government appointments, and there is added a list of public office, the situations in them, and the salaries annexed. The selections from the examination-papers are calculated to be very useful to persons preparing themselves as candidates.

"Pride and his Priories." By A. L. O. E., authoress of "The Young Priories," &c. London: T. Nelson & Sons, Paternoster-row; Edinburgh and New York.—A well-intentioned mystery—a curious combination of story-telling, spoofing, sermonizing, and misquoting. The title is a little changed, and being tempted to the sin of "pride" by any extravagant praises bestowed upon so strange a metley as "Pride and his Priories."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. REDHEAD's collection of Hymn and Psalm Tunes, calculated for the use of the Church of England,* is an ample and exceedingly elegant volume, which will be found valuable and interesting to the lovers of our English ecclesiastical music. It has been compiled, the editor states, at a companion-book to two Hymnals, the "Salutary Hymnals" and the book of "Hymns and Introits adapted to the Seasons of the Christian Year." And in order that it may be used in conjunction with those books, there are two separate indexes, referring to the hymns contained in each of them, and indicating numerically the tone corresponding to each hymn. The hymn and psalm tunes are those which are most used in the Church of England, and the services of the church are performed in a manner corresponding to the magnificence of the building.

The volume contains no less than one hundred and seventy tunes, which have their corresponding words in the two books for which it is intended to be a companion. But it is obvious that they may be also sung along with any other words to which their rhythm and expression may make them suitable. It is somewhat to be regretted that the compiler has not indicated the sources from which the ancient melodies are derived. We have only the words of the Hymn Tunes, Ancient and Modern, as an index to the sufficient. The reader is thus enabled to trace the collections where the melodies are to be found, and thus to judge of the accuracy of the text; a thing which would have been more desirable as Mr. Redhead states that in harmonizing the ancient melodies, he sought the present mode of a musical hymn-singing in our churches, he has made such slight alterations in the melodies as appeared to him to be necessary. Now, though the melodies are harmonized in a musician-like manner, yet the harmonies are often of a modern cut, and we should have liked to see, by means of notation, to what extent the melodies have been modernized. We conceive that the ancient tunes ought never to be tampered with. Instead of altering them to fit them for modern harmony, their harmonies ought to be adapted to their antique character, which ought to be fully preserved.

The work is correctly printed, though with some exceptions. The tune No. 114, has the signature of two flats, though it is not in the key of B flat but F; and the final "Amen" chord ought to have been F and not an B flat, (their mistake might be printed out, but they are not such as to impair the value of the work.)

The Harmonium, as its mechanism has been progressively improved, has risen in importance, and come more and more into use among the higher circles of musicians, artists as well as amateurs. For the favour which it now enjoys, this instrument is much indebted to M. Louis Engel, whose fine performances often give it all the more attractions of our best concert, and make the public aware of the extent and variety of its powers.

The little book of which the title is given below, is a sequel or supplement to Mr. Engel's larger work recently published, on the same subject. Since the appearance of the first edition, the Harmonium has attracted the attention of those who received so many alterations and improvements, that new instructions for its use have become necessary; and these new instructions are contained in the "Method for Alexander's new Patent Drawing-room Harmonium," now before us. In this little treatise, Mr. Engel describes Messrs. Alexander's most recent improvements on the instrument, which have so wonderfully increased the beauty of the tones, the facility which it affords for the execution of every sort of passage, and the variety of effects which it is capable of producing; and he then explains the manner in which the whole, and each pedal, and other special mechanism are to be used by the performer; concluding with a series of appropriate and beautiful exercises.

We heartily recommend the Harmonium to the attention of our musical readers, not as a substitute for the piano-forte, but as an instrument, on over—but as a companion to that most indispensable of instruments. The Harmonium, from its comparative cheapness and small dimensions, may have a place by the piano in the drawing-rooms of any family of moderate means; and from the two instruments, whether used separately or in combination, a vast number of musical effects and enjoyments may be obtained. For the organ the Harmonium may be substituted in many cases. From its sustained tones, its swell, and variety of stops, it is well fitted for the performance of organ music; it is a finer and more powerful instrument than the organ of the same size, and therefore, for the church-chamber, but for the smaller chapels and other places of religious worship. It requires the same mode of fingering and the same kind of "touch" as the organ; so that a student who practices on the Harmonium improves himself at the same time as an organist.

* Ancient Hymn Melodies and other Church Tunes. Arranged, composed, and harmonized by Richard Redhead, organist.

* Method for Alexander's new Patent Drawing-room Harmonium. By Louis Engel. Published by Messrs. A. & Co.

BY THE RIVER.

I.

I'm an old, old man, and river;
I'm old and like to those,
That poorest thy weedy waters
To the all-engulfing sea;
And I dream on thy mournful margin
Of the darkening days to be.

II.

Thou art deep, and wide, and wealthy;
And the balm ships come by,
With the wine, and the corn, and the ingots,
Their white sails flapping high;—
But thou'st had thy fill of treasure,
And scorn it—as do I.

III.

There's an unknown world before us,
A cold and stormy gloom,
That shall gather us up, and river,
In the darkness of our doom:
There in the deep, deep ocean,
Me in the yawning tomb.

IV.

Let us dream of the past, O river!
And the joyous days of old,
When thou wert a babbling brooklet,
On the hill-side, and the world;
And I was a laughing urchin
With hair like the woven gold.

V.

When we were glad in the sunline,
And stray'd by the birken bowers;
When we sang, and hop'd, and frolick'd,
And play'd with the meadow flowers;
While the laughter of girls made music
In our morn and evening hours.

VI.

Ere away—far away—we hurried
To the world of strife and care,
To the melancholy pine-woods,
And heard in the upper air
The wail and the rush of tempests
That shook the forests bare.

VII.

Away to the roaring rapids,
All white with crested foam,
Impatient of obstruction,—
Where vessel never clomb;—
Vagrant, and wild, and reckless,
Intolerant of home.

VIII.

In recklessness of vigour—
Erebrant in glee,
'Twas vain for solid Wisdom
To preach to such as we,
That heeded not Experience,
And knew not of the sea.

IX.

'Twas vain to speak of quiet
To us who hop'd and ran;
Who scorn'd to curb existence
By measurement and plan;
Who courted Toil and Peril,
And thought the world a span.

X.

On to the falls we hurried,
Exulting in our way,
And dash'd o'er the chasma in thunder
Through the bog, long night and day;
But even in mid-day sunshine
With rainbows in our spray.

XI.

And then we flow'd, O river!
Through the rich and level ground,
Through the corn-fields and the meadows,
With a calm and rippling sound;
By the church upon the hill-top,
And the hamlet lying round.

XII.

Unresting and impatient,
We thought of the wealthy shores;
Of the wharfs and docks far distant,—
Of the cupolas and spires;
And all the splendid city
That shone through our desires.

XIII.

And thither we came, O river!
Thither we came at last,
And flow'd with gentle current
By stores and granaries vast,
And heard the roar of people
And the chariots rushing past.

XIV.

We bore upon our bosoms
The corn—the wine—the oil,—
The tribute of the ocean,
And all the green earth's spoil:
Whatever men delight in,
As recompense of toil.

XV.

But alas for us! O river!
Flowing through paths unclean,
We lost the fairy freshness
Of the days that once had been,—
The flowers of woodland meadows,
And the sky's blue depths serene.

XVI.

No more the blithe lark cheer'd us
A mile above his nest,
No more the milk-maid chanted
Of Love, and Love's nurse;
Or children gather'd daisies
To float them on our breast.

XVII.

And we stray'd from the busy city
With all its weary gold,
In search of the health and pleasure
We lost in the days of old,
Ere the youthful heart was harden'd,
Or the fire of life was cold.

XVIII.

Never! oh, never! never!
Shall Time these gifts restore;
For the salt, salt waters meet us,
Upflowing ever more,—
From the depths of the bitter ocean,
And the ever-widening shore.

XIX.

I stand on the mournful margin,
And hear what the deep sea saith.
There are storms and cloud above it,
And a low long wailing breath;—
'Tis for thee and for me, O river,
And it culled us down to Death.

C. M.

PRIVATE AS COMPARED WITH PUBLIC MISFORTUNES.—Lord Hervey, in his "Memoirs of the Reign of George II.," makes the following distinction between what are considered "public" as compared with what are felt to be "domestic" calamities:—"With regard to states and nations, nobody's understanding is so much superior to the rest of mankind as to be missed in a week after they have gone; and with regard to particulars (individuals) there is not a great landlord that breaks who does not distress more people than the disgrace or retirement of the greatest minister that ever provided in a cabinet; nor is there a deceased ploughman who leaves a wife and a dozen brats behind him, that is not lamented with greater sincerity, as well as a loss to more individuals, than any statesman that ever wore a head, or deserved to lose it."

POLITICAL WARFARE IN IRELAND.—Sir John Barrington stated that, when the Act of Union was under discussion, Lord Castlereagh invited twenty or thirty of his staunchest supporters, of "fighting families," to a dinner, at which a formal proposal was made by Sir John Blandford, and received with acclamation, that they should make the measure a personal question, and compel the leaders of the opposition to accept the arbitrament of the pistol or the sword. Mr. H. Grattan, in his Memoirs of his father, confirms the statement, and adds: "It was said they had singled out their man: that Lord Castlereagh should attack George Ponsonby; Corry, Mr. Grattan; Daly, Mr. Plunkett; Toler, Mr. Bashes; and Martin, Mr. Good."

SHAKESPEARE.—The forgery of Shakespeare Portraits has flourished more widely than any other forgery upon his immortal name. Referring to Mr. Elphinstone's interesting work, we may note also the remarkable "Illustrations of Shakspeare," by George Tollet, who died some eighty years ago, and was the nephew and heir of Mrs. Tollet, the poetess and friend of Sir Isaac Newton. This lady, who bestowed much research upon Shakspearean subjects, states that there is no genuine portrait of him, and the one received as just was taken long after his death, at the charge of Sir Thomas Charnock, from a person supposed to be extremely like him.

THE IMPROVED PATENT HARMONIUMS.

MANUFACTURED BY ALEXANDRE & SON, OF PARIS.

CHIEF WHOLESALE AGENTS: METZLER & CO.,

37, 38, & 35, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON,—W.

ALEXANDRE'S HARMONIUMS are universally admitted to excel all others in durability, and in the power and quality of their tone; and as they rarely require tuning, and give no trouble in their management, they are coming daily into more general use.

The following is a complete List of all the Instruments manufactured by them, forming a large Assortment, suitable for either the Church, School, or Drawing-Room.

PRICES.

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| No. 1.—In Oak Case, Four Octaves, One Row of Vibrators | 4 Guinea. |
| 2.—In Mahogany Case, Four Octaves, One Row of Vibrators | 7 |
| 3.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | 10 |
| 4.—In Mahogany Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | 13 |
| 5.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | 18 |
| 6.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Five Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | 22 |
| 7.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Nine Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | 25 |
| 8.—In Oak Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops, Four Rows of Vibrators | 33 |
| 9.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, One Stop, One Row of Vibrators | 13 |
| 10.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators (Wind Indicator) | 15 |
| 11.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Five Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | 19 |
| 12.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Nine Stops (Triads) Two Rows of Vibrators | 27 |
| 13.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops (Triads) Four Rows of Vibrators | 37 |

WITH THE PATENT PERCUSSION, OR PIANOFORTE HAMMER ACTION.

The invention of the Patent Percussion Action has entirely removed the sole objection to these admirable Instruments—want of articulation when used for Pianoforte Music. It consists of a set of Hammers which strike the Vibrators at the same moment that the key is admitted, thus facilitating the execution of the most brilliant and rapid passages, and also producing a fuller and very superior quality of tone, and imparting to this instrument all the advantages of the Pianoforte.

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| No. 14.—In Rosewood Case, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators | 20 Guinea. |
| 15.—In Rosewood Case, Nine Stops, Two complete Rows of Vibrators | 33 |
| 16.—In Rosewood Case, Thirteen Stops, Four complete Rows of Vibrators | 45 |
| 17.—In Rosewood Case, Twelfth Stops, Four complete Rows of Vibrators, and 11 Octaves of Pedals (separate Vibrators), with Bellows Handle | 60 |

NEW DRAWING-ROOM MODEL, WITH KNIFE SWELL, SEPARATE HANDLE TO WORK THE BELLAWS, AND PERCUSSION ACTION.

THE MOST PERFECT YET MADE.

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| No. 18.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Three Stops, One Row of Vibrators | 21 Guinea. |
| 19.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Eight Stops, Two Rows of Vibrators | 30 |
| 20.—In Rosewood Case, Five Octaves, Thirteen Stops, Four and a half Rows of Vibrators | 40 |

HARMONIUMS ESPECIALLY ADAPTED FOR CHURCHES AND CHAPELS.

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| No. 21.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, Eight Stops (Two complete Rows of Vibrators) | 33 Guinea. |
| 22.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, with Twelve Stops (Four complete Rows of Vibrators) | 43 |
| 23.—In Oak Case, with Gothic Organ Front and Gilt Pipes, rich full tone, with Percussion | 53 |
| 24.—In Oak Case, with Twelve Stops (Four complete Rows of Vibrators), with 11 Octaves of Pedals (separate Vibrators) | 60 |
| 25.—In Oak Case, with Sixteen Stops (8½ complete Rows of Vibrators in the Treble, and Four in the Bass), Transposing Action | 45 |

A large assortment of the above-named Instruments always on hand.
N.B. No extra charge for packing.

TUTORS FOR THE HARMONIUM.

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| Egell's Complete Instructions (with or without Stops) | 3s. 6d. |
| R. Sloan's Complete Instructions for the Drawing-Room Model | 2s. 6d. |
| Frederic's Manual, containing a full explanation of the use of the different Stops, &c. | 6s. 6d. |

And a variety of Harmonium Music by well-known Composers.

METZLER & CO.

37, 38, & 35, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON,—W.

ANTOINE CLAUDET,
PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE QUEEN,
107, REGENT-STREET, QUADRANT,
NEAR VIOO-STREET.

A CARD.

MR. CARICK,
MINIATURE PAINTER ON THE
PHOTOGRAPHIC BASE.
STUDIO: 32, REGENT-STREET,
PICCADILLY-CIRCUS.

HEDGES & BUTLER invite attention to the following list of prices—

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| Good Pure | 30s. and 36s. per doz. |
| First Pure | 42s. 6s. and 48s. |
| Sherry | 24s. 3s. and 30s. |
| Highland Pure, Golden and Brown | |
| Sherry | 42s. 6s. and 48s. |
| St. Julien Chateau and Malou | 24s. 3s. and 30s. |
| Chateau | 42s. 6s. and 48s. |
| Chateau | 42s. 6s. and 48s. |
| Finest Growth Chateau, 60s. 72s. 90s. red and white | |
| Bordeaux, 30s. 36s. 42s. 48s. 54s. 60s. 66s. 72s. 78s. 84s. 90s. 96s. 102s. 108s. 114s. 120s. 126s. 132s. 138s. 144s. 150s. 156s. 162s. 168s. 174s. 180s. 186s. 192s. 198s. 204s. 210s. 216s. 222s. 228s. 234s. 240s. 246s. 252s. 258s. 264s. 270s. 276s. 282s. 288s. 294s. 300s. 306s. 312s. 318s. 324s. 330s. 336s. 342s. 348s. 354s. 360s. 366s. 372s. 378s. 384s. 390s. 396s. 402s. 408s. 414s. 420s. 426s. 432s. 438s. 444s. 450s. 456s. 462s. 468s. 474s. 480s. 486s. 492s. 498s. 504s. 510s. 516s. 522s. 528s. 534s. 540s. 546s. 552s. 558s. 564s. 570s. 576s. 582s. 588s. 594s. 600s. 606s. 612s. 618s. 624s. 630s. 636s. 642s. 648s. 654s. 660s. 666s. 672s. 678s. 684s. 690s. 696s. 702s. 708s. 714s. 720s. 726s. 732s. 738s. 744s. 750s. 756s. 762s. 768s. 774s. 780s. 786s. 792s. 798s. 804s. 810s. 816s. 822s. 828s. 834s. 840s. 846s. 852s. 858s. 864s. 870s. 876s. 882s. 888s. 894s. 900s. 906s. 912s. 918s. 924s. 930s. 936s. 942s. 948s. 954s. 960s. 966s. 972s. 978s. 984s. 990s. 996s. 1002s. 1008s. 1014s. 1020s. 1026s. 1032s. 1038s. 1044s. 1050s. 1056s. 1062s. 1068s. 1074s. 1080s. 1086s. 1092s. 1098s. 1104s. 1110s. 1116s. 1122s. 1128s. 1134s. 1140s. 1146s. 1152s. 1158s. 1164s. 1170s. 1176s. 1182s. 1188s. 1194s. 1200s. 1206s. 1212s. 1218s. 1224s. 1230s. 1236s. 1242s. 1248s. 1254s. 1260s. 1266s. 1272s. 1278s. 1284s. 1290s. 1296s. 1302s. 1308s. 1314s. 1320s. 1326s. 1332s. 1338s. 1344s. 1350s. 1356s. 1362s. 1368s. 1374s. 1380s. 1386s. 1392s. 1398s. 1404s. 1410s. 1416s. 1422s. 1428s. 1434s. 1440s. 1446s. 1452s. 1458s. 1464s. 1470s. 1476s. 1482s. 1488s. 1494s. 1500s. 1506s. 1512s. 1518s. 1524s. 1530s. 1536s. 1542s. 1548s. 1554s. 1560s. 1566s. 1572s. 1578s. 1584s. 1590s. 1596s. 1602s. 1608s. 1614s. 1620s. 1626s. 1632s. 1638s. 1644s. 1650s. 1656s. 1662s. 1668s. 1674s. 1680s. 1686s. 1692s. 1698s. 1704s. 1710s. 1716s. 1722s. 1728s. 1734s. 1740s. 1746s. 1752s. 1758s. 1764s. 1770s. 1776s. 1782s. 1788s. 1794s. 1800s. 1806s. 1812s. 1818s. 1824s. 1830s. 1836s. 1842s. 1848s. 1854s. 1860s. 1866s. 1872s. 1878s. 1884s. 1890s. 1896s. 1902s. 1908s. 1914s. 1920s. 1926s. 1932s. 1938s. 1944s. 1950s. 1956s. 1962s. 1968s. 1974s. 1980s. 1986s. 1992s. 1998s. 2004s. 2010s. 2016s. 2022s. 2028s. 2034s. 2040s. 2046s. 2052s. 2058s. 2064s. 2070s. 2076s. 2082s. 2088s. 2094s. 2100s. 2106s. 2112s. 2118s. 2124s. 2130s. 2136s. 2142s. 2148s. 2154s. 2160s. 2166s. 2172s. 2178s. 2184s. 2190s. 2196s. 2202s. 2208s. 2214s. 2220s. 2226s. 2232s. 2238s. 2244s. 2250s. 2256s. 2262s. 2268s. 2274s. 2280s. 2286s. 2292s. 2298s. 2304s. 2310s. 2316s. 2322s. 2328s. 2334s. 2340s. 2346s. 2352s. 2358s. 2364s. 2370s. 2376s. 2382s. 2388s. 2394s. 2400s. 2406s. 2412s. 2418s. 2424s. 2430s. 2436s. 2442s. 2448s. 2454s. 2460s. 2466s. 2472s. 2478s. 2484s. 2490s. 2496s. 2502s. 2508s. 2514s. 2520s. 2526s. 2532s. 2538s. 2544s. 2550s. 2556s. 2562s. 2568s. 2574s. 2580s. 2586s. 2592s. 2598s. 2604s. 2610s. 2616s. 2622s. 2628s. 2634s. 2640s. 2646s. 2652s. 2658s. 2664s. 2670s. 2676s. 2682s. 2688s. 2694s. 2700s. 2706s. 2712s. 2718s. 2724s. 2730s. 2736s. 2742s. 2748s. 2754s. 2760s. 2766s. 2772s. 2778s. 2784s. 2790s. 2796s. 2802s. 2808s. 2814s. 2820s. 2826s. 2832s. 2838s. 2844s. 2850s. 2856s. 2862s. 2868s. 2874s. 2880s. 2886s. 2892s. 2898s. 2904s. 2910s. 2916s. 2922s. 2928s. 2934s. 2940s. 2946s. 2952s. 2958s. 2964s. 2970s. 2976s. 2982s. 2988s. 2994s. 3000s. 3006s. 3012s. 3018s. 3024s. 3030s. 3036s. 3042s. 3048s. 3054s. 3060s. 3066s. 3072s. 3078s. 3084s. 3090s. 3096s. 3102s. 3108s. 3114s. 3120s. 3126s. 3132s. 3138s. 3144s. 3150s. 3156s. 3162s. 3168s. 3174s. 3180s. 3186s. 3192s. 3198s. 3204s. 3210s. 3216s. 3222s. 3228s. 3234s. 3240s. 3246s. 3252s. 3258s. 3264s. 3270s. 3276s. 3282s. 3288s. 3294s. 3300s. 3306s. 3312s. 3318s. 3324s. 3330s. 3336s. 3342s. 3348s. 3354s. 3360s. 3366s. 3372s. 3378s. 3384s. 3390s. 3396s. 3402s. 3408s. 3414s. 3420s. 3426s. 3432s. 3438s. 3444s. 3450s. 3456s. 3462s. 3468s. 3474s. 3480s. 3486s. 3492s. 3498s. 3504s. 3510s. 3516s. 3522s. 3528s. 3534s. 3540s. 3546s. 3552s. 3558s. 3564s. 3570s. 3576s. 3582s. 3588s. 3594s. 3600s. 3606s. 3612s. 3618s. 3624s. 3630s. 3636s. 3642s. 3648s. 3654s. 3660s. 3666s. 3672s. 3678s. 3684s. 3690s. 3696s. 3702s. 3708s. 3714s. 3720s. 3726s. 3732s. 3738s. 3744s. 3750s. 3756s. 3762s. 3768s. 3774s. 3780s. 3786s. 3792s. 3798s. 3804s. 3810s. 3816s. 3822s. 3828s. 3834s. 3840s. 3846s. 3852s. 3858s. 3864s. 3870s. 3876s. 3882s. 3888s. 3894s. 3900s. 3906s. 3912s. 3918s. 3924s. 3930s. 3936s. 3942s. 3948s. 3954s. 3960s. 3966s. 3972s. 3978s. 3984s. 3990s. 3996s. 4002s. 4008s. 4014s. 4020s. 4026s. 4032s. 4038s. 4044s. 4050s. 4056s. 4062s. 4068s. 4074s. 4080s. 4086s. 4092s. 4098s. 4104s. 4110s. 4116s. 4122s. 4128s. 4134s. 4140s. 4146s. 4152s. 4158s. 4164s. 4170s. 4176s. 4182s. 4188s. 4194s. 4200s. 4206s. 4212s. 4218s. 4224s. 4230s. 4236s. 4242s. 4248s. 4254s. 4260s. 4266s. 4272s. 4278s. 4284s. 4290s. 4296s. 4302s. 4308s. 4314s. 4320s. 4326s. 4332s. 4338s. 4344s. 4350s. 4356s. 4362s. 4368s. 4374s. 4380s. 4386s. 4392s. 4398s. 4404s. 4410s. 4416s. 4422s. 4428s. 4434s. 4440s. 4446s. 4452s. 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5316s. 5322s. 5328s. 5334s. 5340s. 5346s. 5352s. 5358s. 5364s. 5370s. 5376s. 5382s. 5388s. 5394s. 5400s. 5406s. 5412s. 5418s. 5424s. 5430s. 5436s. 5442s. 5448s. 5454s. 5460s. 5466s. 5472s. 5478s. 5484s. 5490s. 5496s. 5502s. 5508s. 5514s. 5520s. 5526s. 5532s. 5538s. 5544s. 5550s. 5556s. 5562s. 5568s. 5574s. 5580s. 5586s. 5592s. 5598s. 5604s. 5610s. 5616s. 5622s. 5628s. 5634s. 5640s. 5646s. 5652s. 5658s. 5664s. 5670s. 5676s. 5682s. 5688s. 5694s. 5700s. 5706s. 5712s. 5718s. 5724s. 5730s. 5736s. 5742s. 5748s. 5754s. 5760s. 5766s. 5772s. 5778s. 5784s. 5790s. 5796s. 5802s. 5808s. 5814s. 5820s. 5826s. 5832s. 5838s. 5844s. 5850s. 5856s. 5862s. 5868s. 5874s. 5880s. 5886s. 5892s. 5898s. 5904s. 5910s. 5916s. 5922s. 5928s. 5934s. 5940s. 5946s. 5952s. 5958s. 5964s. 5970s. 5976s. 5982s. 5988s. 5994s. 6000s. 6006s. 6012s. 6018s. 6024s. 6030s. 6036s. 6042s. 6048s. 6054s. 6060s. 6066s. 6072s. 6078s. 6084s. 6090s. 6096s. 6102s. 6108s. 6114s. 6120s. 6126s. 6132s. 6138s. 6144s. 6150s. 6156s. 6162s. 6168s. 6174s. 6180s. 6186s. 6192s. 6198s. 6204s. 6210s. 6216s. 6222s. 6228s. 6234s. 6240s. 6246s. 6252s. 6258s. 6264s. 6270s. 6276s. 6282s. 6288s. 6294s. 6300s. 6306s. 6312s. 6318s. 6324s. 6330s. 6336s. 6342s. 6348s. 6354s. 6360s. 6366s. 6372s. 6378s. 6384s. 6390s. 6396s. 6402s. 6408s. 6414s. 6420s. 6426s. 6432s. 6438s. 6444s. 6450s. 6456s. 6462s. 6468s. 6474s. 6480s. 6486s. 6492s. 6498s. 6504s. 6510s. 6516s. 6522s. 6528s. 6534s. 6540s. 6546s. 6552s. 6558s. 6564s. 6570s. 6576s. 6582s. 6588s. 6594s. 6600s. 6606s. 6612s. 6618s. 6624s. 6630s. 6636s. 6642s. 6648s. 6654s. 6660s. 6666s. 6672s. 6678s. 6684s. 6690s. 6696s. 6702s. 6708s. 6714s. 6720s. 6726s. 6732s. 6738s. 6744s. 6750s. 6756s. 6762s. 6768s. 6774s. 6780s. 6786s. 6792s. 6798s. 6804s. 6810s. 6816s. 6822s. 6828s. 6834s. 6840s. 6846s. 6852s. 6858s. 6864s. 6870s. 6876s. 6882s. 6888s. 6894s. 6900s. 6906s. 6912s. 6918s. 6924s. 6930s. 6936s. 6942s. 6948s. 6954s. 6960s. 6966s. 6972s. 6978s. 6984s. 6990s. 6996s. 7002s. 7008s. 7014s. 7020s. 7026s. 7032s. 7038s. 7044s. 7050s. 7056s. 7062s. 7068s. 7074s. 7080s. 7086s. 7092s. 7098s. 7104s. 7110s. 7116s. 7122s. 7128s. 7134s. 7140s. 7146s. 7152s. 7158s. 7164s. 7170s. 7176s. 7182s. 7188s. 7194s. 7200s. 7206s. 7212s. 7218s. 7224s. 7230s. 7236s. 7242s. 7248s. 7254s. 7260s. 7266s. 7272s. 7278s. 7284s. 7290s. 7296s. 7302s. 7308s. 7314s. 7320s. 7326s. 7332s. 7338s. 7344s. 7350s. 7356s. 7362s. 7368s. 7374s. 7380s. 7386s. 7392s. 7398s. 7404s. 7410s. 7416s. 7422s. 7428s. 7434s. 7440s. 7446s. 7452s. 7458s. 7464s. 7470s. 7476s. 7482s. 7488s. 7494s. 7500s. 7506s. 7512s. 7518s. 7524s. 7530s. 7536s. 7542s. 7548s. 7554s. 7560s. 7566s. 7572s. 7578s. 7584s. 7590s. 7596s. 7602s. 7608s. 7614s. 7620s. 7626s. 7632s. 7638s. 7644s. 7650s. 7656s. 7662s. 7668s. 7674s. 7680s. 7686s. 7692s. 7698s. 7704s. 7710s. 7716s. 7722s. 7728s. 7734s. 7740s. 7746s. 7752s. 7758s. 7764s. 7770s. 7776s. 7782s. 7788s. 7794s. 7800s. 7806s. 7812s. 7818s. 7824s. 7830s. 7836s. 7842s. 7848s. 7854s. 7860s. 7866s. 7872s. 7878s. 7884s. 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THIS COMPANY is formed for the purchase and development of a valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY, known as the GREAT KANAWHA ESTATE, comprising 85,000 acres, or about 125 square miles of FREEHOLD LAND, in the centre of the UNITED STATES, on the north-west Border of the primary State of Virginia. It stands on high and hilly ground, with a valuable frontage to the Great Kanawha River, and within thirty miles of its confluence with the Ohio. The Soil is naturally rich, well irrigated, and yields, with little labour, a constant succession of Cereals. The TRINITY is abundant and valuable. The Coal, of a high-class bituminous character, has been analyzed, and found to be well adapted for both domestic and manufacturing purposes. IRON ORE and HOLDING-STONE exist in great abundance. The Estate is watered by two principal streams and numerous small tributaries, affording a ready conveyance to the Great Kanawha for Timber, and supplying water-power, at various points, sufficient to propel machinery.

THE GREAT KANAWHA RIVER is navigable for 70 miles from its junction with the Ohio; Steamers ply regularly from Cincinnati, and other ports on the Ohio, to the Salt works on the Great Kanawha, 30 miles above the Estate, maintaining a regular intercourse throughout an immense territory. A great part of the Corporation and Ohio Railway is already completed, and in operation, and the Legislature have appropriated funds towards finishing it. It will pass in front of and near to the Estate, connecting the Atlantic with the Ohio, and forming a continuous chain with the entire railway system of the Union.

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COAL.—The Estate abounds in Coal of first-class character and various descriptions, suitable for domestic and manufacturing purposes. The Mineral survey proves the seams to be numerous, varying from 4 to 15 feet in thickness, and to extend

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IRON.—The result of the Mineral researches shows that Iron Ore of rich character exists in large quantities on the Estate, with abundance of Limestone contiguous thereto; also Building stone of the best quality.

After a careful estimate of the various sources of revenue, it is estimated, with great confidence, that the net profits will yield an immediate dividend of 10 to 15 per cent. per annum, and that it will gradually increase; also that from the sales of Land, Shareholders will be reimbursed their entire Capital within a comparatively short period.

The Directors have provisionally contracted for the purchase of this ESTATE, including all Timber, Coal, Minerals, and Rights, at the sum of £127,500, of which the Vendor has agreed to take a large amount in Shares of the Company, and to extend the Cash payments over a series of years. The Title has been investigated and approved by Messrs. Barney, Butler, and Parsons, the eminent Solicitors in New York, selected for that purpose by Messrs. Marten, Thomas, & Hollams, the Company's Solicitors.

No Shareholder will incur any Liability beyond the amount of the Shares allotted to him.

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Applications for Shares must be made in the annexed form. Each Applicant will be required to pay into the Bankers of the Company Ten Shillings per Share on the number of Shares applied for, in exchange for which a receipt will be given; and to make a further payment of Ten Shillings per Share on each Share as shall be allotted to him on allotment. In the event of the Directors allotting less than the whole number applied for, the amount paid into the Bankers will be applied towards the further payment of Ten Shillings per Share payable on the number allotted, but in case no allotment be made, the money so lodged will be forthwith returned in full.

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No. 21.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

THE NEW AMERICAN PRESIDENT.

MR. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, an obscure politician, but an honest man, has been elected President of the United States. Six months ago his name was scarcely known beyond Washington and the limits of his own scantily-peopled State; but gradually, as the now ended contest assumed shape and exactitude, it grew in importance and in favour, and attracted to itself the support—first lukewarm, but afterwards cordial and enthusiastic—of the whole Republican party. The event is of the highest interest to America, and may ultimately prove to be of equal importance to the rest of the world. Although the British people as a rule do not devote much attention to foreign politics, they know enough of the recent history of the great American Confederation to understand that Mr. Lincoln's election is the triumph of a great principle; that in his person the Northern, or anti-slavery—commonly called the Republican party—has signally defeated the Democrats, or party of the South, whose main principle is the maintenance and extension of negro bondage. This party has so long monopolized office, that the men who will come into power on Mr. Buchanan's retirement will be as new to political life as the ultra-Liberals were in this country at the passing of the Reform Bill. But this fact will not impair their efficiency. The art of government is easily learned in a country where every man is a politician, and a long preparation in the exciting warfare of parliamentary opposition has not only sharpened their appetites for office, but their faculties for making the best of it.

The Southern party boasts that, although defeated in the Presidency, it possesses a majority in the Senate, and is certain to secure a majority in the House of Representatives. And if this majority be great in both Houses, Mr. Lincoln's four years' tenure of power will be beset with difficulties. Himself but the Prime Minister of the sovereign nation, he can neither be removed from office by the votes of a refractory Parliament, nor can he dissolve that Parliament if it impede public business, or refuse assent to his measures. This is a political "fix" unknown in this country, which practically, though not theoretically, enjoys a greater degree of liberty than the Americans have managed to secure for themselves. But Mr. Lincoln, though an earnest and consistent man, is not a violent politician. The custom of party, and the necessities of his position, unyielding as the laws of "the Medes and Persians," will compel him to make a clean sweep of every office-holder in the Union, down to the humblest clerks of the post-offices and custom-houses; but he will, doubtless, carry on his government in such a conciliatory manner, as to force the Democrats, after the first violence of their disappointment shall have cooled down, to resort to a purely constitutional line of opposition. Neither Mr. Lincoln, nor Mr. W. H. Seward (who will, in all probability, be the ruling spirit of his administration, and fill the office of Secretary of State), nor the other eminent Republicans whom he must gather round him, will imitate the misjudged policy of the South, and make the question of Negro Slavery an aggressive one. To limit slavery to the states in which it already exists—to assert the broad principle that in every new territory added to the Union, north of what is called "Mason and Dixon's Line," or the line of the Missouri Compromise, the freedom and not the slavery of the black population shall be the rule;—such will, in all probability, be the moderate line of policy adopted by the Republican party, as soon as it feels the responsibilities of office upon its shoulders. The most

ultra of Radicals becomes more or less Conservative, as soon as he is harnessed to the working waggons of the state. Among ourselves it is found that an extreme Liberal may be converted into a very cautious peer, and that a flaming demagogue becomes aristocratic as soon as he has agitated himself into a good place. And as John Bright may hereafter make a very excellent Paymaster of the Forces, and work quietly with his colleagues, so Mr. Lincoln and those zealous enemies of negro slavery whom he will call into his councils, will look upon the question with a judgment more sober than they exercised at a time when they were not responsible for the public safety.

The result will teach the South the old, but ever new, lesson, that a party must not be divided against itself if it hope to conquer. The Democrats will have four years to heal their wounds, and to devise measures for regaining the supremacy which they have lost. Their present bluster, and noisy threats of a disruption of the Union may be natural, but are not dignified. Such loud talk is but the bark of a cur that has no teeth to bite. The Northern and Western States, free of the taint and disease of slavery, and containing within themselves all the energy and enterprise, and the greatest part of the intellect of America, and being continually strengthened by the fresh blood of a hardy European immigration, could get on very well if all the slave states were to secede from the Union to-morrow. But the South could not exist for a year as an independent Confederation. With a scanty white population, not augmented by immigration, and with an enslaved black population, increasing in numbers much more rapidly than their masters; where, in case of any difficulty with the independent North and West, could the South look for assistance to prevent its re-annexation to the Union by force of arms? Some of the most rabid of the Southern journals speak of a free-trade alliance of the Southern Confederacy with Great Britain as an available policy to check in such a case the arrogance of the Protectionist North. But they forget that there must be at least two parties to an alliance, and that such an alliance as this would be most unpopular in Great Britain, where slavery and the slave-trade are held in almost equal abhorrence. They forget, also, that Liverpool and Manchester could obtain all the cotton they require from New Orleans and Charleston without political action on either side of the Atlantic. No one, in America or in England, can be surprised that the South feels sore at its defeat, and no one will be hard-hearted enough to deny it the "triste plaisir" of a few idle fulminations. The South will speak daggers but will not use them, and will advocate disruption in anger, but not in reason. The anger will pass and the reason will remain, and, once more restored to their customary placidity, the Democrats will do what prudent men should do under the circumstances, and prepare for a new struggle in 1864 under better auspices than in 1860.

Although the victorious Republican party is generally protectionist in its commercial policy, and the Southern cotton-planters are as generally free-traders, it need not be feared in this country that our relations with the great Republic will be in any degree less cordial than they have been. On the contrary, it is highly probable that they will become more so. Mr. Buchanan, even before the auspicious visit of the Prince of Wales, had done much, in a quiet, unostentatious, but effective manner, to discourage such rampant busy-bodies as General Harney and others, who sought to imperil the good understanding existing between the two nations; and it is

not likely that the new Government of the United States will be less moderate, conciliatory, and enlightened. There is no existing estrangement, and no ground of misunderstanding whatsoever. If any should arise hereafter, the good feeling implanted by the Prince's visit in the hearts of the American millions, no less than the wisdom, knowledge, and British sympathy of such a man as Mr. Seward, will combine to keep matters right, and cement the friendship of two great nations who never were enemies at heart, although unfortunate circumstances made them once appear to be so.

ITALIAN DISCORD.

WHEN, a few weeks ago the Garibaldians were wending their way triumphantly northward through Calabria, and the regulars of Il Rê Galantuomo were making short work with Lamoricière, it seemed as though the spirit of discord had departed from that fair land, wherein it had too long found an abode. It seemed as though the cry of "*Italia una reinvicta*" were the expression of a reality to be and to endure, not the ejaculation of men intoxicated with first draughts of unwonted liberty—howsoever professions made at Baccalanian feasts. In the presence of Garibaldi, the honest and unselfish, it was hard to believe that discords should arise. Italian unity had come to be looked upon not as a probability of the future, but as an accomplished fact. The voice of unbelief was stifled. Friend and foe to the Italian cause of liberty looked forward without entertaining a doubt—but in different complexions of mind—to the rapidly approaching day when the red blouses and the Mæceniators of Italy, meeting at last, should exchange brotherly greetings together, and merge their legions into one.

But the meeting came to pass, and there were no greetings. Between troops of acknowledged enemies there could hardly subsist a worse feeling than between the troops of Il Rê Galantuomo and the Garibaldian irregulars. Signs unmistakable reveal the unpleasant truth, that however much or however little the Sardinian Government might have favoured the projects of Garibaldi in the beginning, there is now no great amount of love lost between that Government and the liberator. Further, the events of the few momentous days which intervened between the meeting on Neapolitan soil of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi, and the departure of the latter to Capri, force upon one the conviction too plainly and too painfully, that the ties of personal feeling subsisting between the King and the Dictator, are less strong than they were supposed to be. It would have been well for the future of Italy if the measure and degree of that weakness had remained untested and unguessed, or, at any rate, that the result had remained unrecorded.

For a long time past the fact had been perfectly well known that between Garibaldi and Cavour, or, more properly speaking, between Garibaldi and the Sardinian Government, the feeling was about as bad as it could be. For certain, and very evident reasons, the wide-spread knowledge of this fact prejudiced in no degree the mission of holy inconceivability on which the Hero of Calatini was bent. Even if Garibaldi had not quarrelled with Victor Emmanuel's Government, the fiction and pretence of such a quarrel might have been no bad stroke of policy, considering that proven complicity on the part of Sardinia in the Italian expedition might, any must, have led to foreign intervention of some sort. The conditions afforded by such a quarrel must be pronounced favourable to the designs of Garibaldi, under the proviso and reservation that there should be a perfect understanding between himself and the king. The belief in such understanding has been wide-spread and general. It has been a source of power to Victor Emmanuel and to Garibaldi alike. In adverse moments, when Fortune withlaid her smiles, and the future lowered, the general faith in the understanding between the two dissipated the cloud, revealed blue sky, and seemed to make manifest a holy banner unfurled—the motto of *In hoc signo vinces* surmounting the cross of Saviour. These pleasing illusions have been rudely dissipated. Jealousy might have been anticipated between the two parties to some extent; but if three weeks ago the prediction had been made that the month of November would not pass by without seeing Garibaldians going to the theatre, revolver-armed, lest the Sardinian troops might insult them, and preparing to avenge the insult, such a prediction would have assuredly been laughed to scorn.

It is impossible to overrate the bad consequences which would accrue from any overt act of violence committed between the Garibaldians and the Sardinian regulars. On the one hand, it would be signal for the extreme republican party to assume the reins of government, the pretensions to which they have only waived provisionally; whilst, on the other hand, they would have been furnished a plea and a prelude for reactionary movements on the part of the discarded Bourbons, and intervention, it may be, on the part of more than one foreign power. Until further particulars of the dispute be brought into evidence, it would be premature to adjudicate between Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. In this, as in most other cases, justice, probably, may lie between the two extremes. It does not seem such or premature, however, to express the belief that Victor

Emmanuel and his Cabinet have attempted to apply the precedents of statesmanship somewhat too literally, and too unbenignly, to conditions which have resulted from the violation of all precedents,—conditions which have been brought about by the sheer force of genius. In common with others who desire the future welfare of Italy, we can cherish no better desire than that the wild collision of feeling which heralded the progress of Garibaldi, which went on increasing with that progress, and which, now that the hero has departed to his home, remains clashing and goading to enmity men who would be friends, should calm down, and give place to the less romantic, but more durable routine of constitutional rule. Cherishing this desire, however, we cannot but think that Sardinia has been ill-advised in treating so lightly the sentiment of popular Majesty, which is the most prominent attribute of Garibaldi and his followers. It is dangerous to deal rudely with a sentiment when it has once entered into the mind of a people, especially of people so excitable in temperament as the Southern Italians. Now Garibaldi has elevated himself, so to speak, into the condition of a sentiment. His very errors have in their nature a quality of nobility; and though men of the world, speaking after the ways of the world, may deem him unpracticable, yet so unselfish are the evidences of this impracticability, that they cannot fail to elicit respect, and bind the man still more firmly to the hearts of young Italy.

To our apprehension, it is perfectly evident that if it be designed that Victor Emmanuel shall be King of Italy, with any prospect of remaining so, to the advantage of the numerous races brought under his sway, means should be taken to absolve Garibaldi, with all suitable speed, from the responsibility of that dangerous eminence to which his virtues, and a career heroic beyond all precedent, have elevated him. Garibaldi was far too good a man, and has far too much knowledge of human nature not to be strong in this matter. King Victor Emmanuel's government seeks to understand this too; but, unfortunately, they appear to have gone the wrong way about it. De Lolme, speaking of the British Constitution, explains to the student a fundamental rule of our government, in elevating to the peerage individuals who threaten to become too powerful as commoners. He might have generalised. It is a rule of all governments, and so general is the individual pride of mankind, that the bait usually takes, and when taken, the aggrandized individual is, by force of circumstances, removed from the sphere in which he moved and displayed his sympathies. This sort of recognition,—one founded on tradition and precedent,—has been tried and declined. For himself, Garibaldi would do nothing; but he claims recognition for the companions in arms who have fought his battles, going on from victory to victory. There may be difficulties in the way,—there may be no precedent for what Garibaldi asks. Very likely not. The whole succession of events is without precedent; but amidst many doubts and difficulties, we are sure of one thing, and it is this: It will not do for Victor Emmanuel to thrust Garibaldi coolly into the background, or to treat his volunteers as inferior personages. This is not the way to eliminate the Garibaldian sentiment from the dominant, and, we own, somewhat dangerous position it now holds in Italian politics.

THE PROFIT OF PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

MULLINS, whose trial and conviction we recorded on the 3rd instant, was executed on Monday, and it is now worth asking what society gains by such an exercise of its power! If hanging be justifiable in any case, it was in his; and we take no objection to it whatever from any sympathy with Mullins. Society provides for its own welfare; and to attain this end, overrules all considerations of humanity, all sympathy with suffering, all respect for the moral law continually inculcated by religion, and to prevent if possible a repetition of crimes like that of Mullins, puts him to death. Does society achieve the object it has in view? Does it actually gain anything by executing murderers on the gallows? If it gain by it, there is an end of the matter. That is the only point to be proved.

The expectation that other people will be deterred from committing murder by putting Mullins to death, refers to the future, and is obviously a mere supposition. What will be the consequences, the wisest and the most experienced men, as exemplified by the failure of a vast quantity of legislation, know very imperfectly. To death we are all liable, and it is much more certain that protracted disease, ending in death, will follow from intemperance, than that a man will be hanged for committing murder. If the fear of death, therefore, were powerful to check desire, there would be no intemperance. The fear, happily for all, is not so powerful as is apprehended by those who calculate that it will discourage murder.

Formerly it was supposed that hanging would prevent sheep-stealing, forgery, cutting down young trees, larceny, burglary, and even divergencies of religious belief; but experience soon demonstrated that such offences were not preventable by the dread of capital punishment. Though other causes, such as an abundance of artificial light, an improved police, more certain means of detection, an increase of general wealth, and a diminution of relative poverty,

may have contributed to decrease all these offences, there is no doubt whatever that they have much decreased since they ceased to be punished capitally.

Since the commencement of this century, when upwards of one hundred different offences were liable to be so punished, the legislature has amazingly reduced the number, leaving now only six offences so punished. Now, if crimes had increased as punishment was lessened, there might be reason to believe in the efficacy of capital punishment, but the reverse is the fact. "The whole tendency of crime," says Mr. Redgrave in his very latest annual summary of our criminal returns for 1859, "has been for some time to the diminution of offences of violence." This expresses the sum of all our experience; on this subject, and is a much wider and safer deduction than any deduction from the increase or decrease of particular offences. These are affected by minute circumstances which require elaborate analysis to bring out the truth. Not merely for the last thirty years, to which his observations are limited, but for the whole century, and even for many centuries, as legislation has become less ferocious crimes of violence have decreased. For what reason should this deduction not hold good as to murder? Why should the people become vindictive, bloodthirsty, and cruel murderers from the legislature acting on the great precept of religious instruction, "Thou shalt not commit murder"? The expectation, then, that capital punishment prevents murder is clearly erroneous, and to act on it is to set at naught all experience and impair the faith of mankind in the uniform course of nature.

Were it proved by experience to be good to commit murder, it is quite clear, from the practice of disregarding this important maxim when it is even imagined to be beneficial, as in the present case, that men would commit it without stint or remorse. The course of nature, however, being consistent with this maxim, it is continually enforced and strengthened. Only in the name of society is it now deemed right to take away life; and the respect entertained for the legislative authority which ordains it, suggests the belief, in opposition to experience and religion, that in certain cases murder ought to be committed. For a long period this belief was extended to many more actions than at present; but towards the close of the last century the respect entertained for legislators received a rude shock, and their authority becoming insufficient to make men believe that to commit murder, in the many cases in which they ordained death, was righteous, they were obliged to abolish this punishment in a great number of instances. The progress of humanity overruled legislation, though the legislator still believes that he can dictate its course.

As the expectation that crimes of violence amongst the people will be lessened if the state commits them on the plea of punishment, is a mere imagination, like the supposition that national welfare would flow from the maintenance of the Corn Laws, the cost of this exercise of force deserves consideration. It is no loss to society that a man, or about ten or eleven men in a year, like Mullins, should be put to death, for such men are generally supposed to do only mischief, though none of them is probably utterly worthless; but they cannot be put to death without considerable cost. Magistrates, policemen, gaolers, the hangman, &c., are all put in reputation, and must be paid. Crowds are gathered about the spectacle who lose half or a whole day's labour. The collection of mobs is always an occasion of outrage. Quarrels ensue amongst themselves and with the police. A place of execution is notoriously a place of great disorder. Many minor crimes, cursing, swearing, jostling one another, rousing anger, pilfering, are all practised on such occasions. It is a scene of riot and disorder, provoking violent crimes.

The example, too, is dreadfully pernicious. Life, to be preserved, must be held sacred. This is taught us by the instinct of self-preservation. Exertion of every kind has for its object the preservation of life; but this example emphatically teaches the multitude that whenever they think life stands in the way of immediate gratification, and they can securely destroy it, they may. This is the great lesson which the expeditious manner of taking away life at the gallows, on the supposition that it is beneficial to society, impresses on every individual of the collected mob; and this is a lesson which, very frequently carried into practice, occasions many crimes, and costs society an enormous amount of suffering. It is clear, then, that hanging a murderer, however *prima facie* beneficial it may be supposed, is a loss and an injury to society.

If we ought not to hang murderers—if we cannot maintain them in idleness and in prison—if we cannot set them to work without precautions more costly than their labour is worth—if we cannot let them go unpunished, what is to be done with them? The question is a difficult one, which we pretend not at once to answer. Society has never yet solemnly and seriously taken the subject into consideration, but has always hastened impulsively for want of knowing better, to punish the murderer with death. To tolerate murder is impossible. Patiently, with it is consistent, and so society, acting on the old principle of vengeance, hangs the murderer. His existence is insupportable, and impulse urges society to deprive him of life. We cannot follow some persons in condemning such impulses.

On them depends the conservation of society, though reason and knowledge ultimately find the actions they dictate to be in many cases erroneous. They impart instruction, and are the means of conducting nature's pupils, enjoined to prove all things, to higher knowledge and an improved condition.

This fact is, however, now dawning on us, if it be not risen into full day, that this impulse has served its destined purpose, and is to be corrected by the new instruction derived from acting on it. We have not yet found out what we are to do with murderers; we have only learned that we are not to hang them; and this great fact must induce us to investigate further what ought to be done with them. It is a branch of the great subject of crime and punishment, which has for ever engaged the attention, and stimulated the imagination of mankind to reduce it to a correct theory, which even yet, as this particular instance proves, has to be done.

SIX PER CENT.

THE capital of the world is its accumulated labour. When that labour, or a considerable part of it, is diverted from productive purposes, so much of our capital is lost, we are in fact by so much the poorer. This universal solidarity is the bond which unites all humanity. Every man became richer on the day when the negroes on the west coast of Africa were induced to cultivate and gather palm oil, instead of pursuing their intertribe wars. We all feel it when a certain amount of this, our, capital, is subtracted from the great labour market of the world; ill-doing, or rather the want of well-doing, is felt at once in the great cities and metropolises. It translates itself to the comprehension of the least of us in the unmistakable formula, "The Bank rate has been raised to six per cent." Commerce and trade stand aghast at the unlooked for announcement, which operates like a decree of doom, alike on New York and Vienna, on St. Petersburg and Calcutta.

No warning signs in the world of politics or commerce had prepared the general public for the sudden advance in the price of money, and it was very generally supposed that it was as uneluded for as inconvenient. But money is only the material in which our labour is paid; when our labour is scant, its equivalent is stinted. In three of the great countries of the Continent, an unusually large amount of labour has been turned to unproductive use during the last year, and we feel, in the "tightness" of the money market, the natural result of such an abnormal state of things. England holds its place in the world by virtue of the superior aptitude of its citizens for turning their productive powers to account; it is this which has made London the labour-metropolis of the world, and it is which renders us even more sensitive than they are themselves to the losses of our neighbours. In their poverty they turn to the great storehouse of labour, and its representative gold, for relief, and imperious necessity obliges us to grant it. To insure our own prosperity, we are, therefore, forced to discourage wars and rumours of wars, abroad as much as at home; our position, if not our inclination, obliges us to become, as far as may be, the earnest advocates of peace. The knowledge of this necessity is not the least debt we owe to modern science. We can no longer sit by and smile at the wars or warlike preparations by which other countries are impoverishing themselves with self-gratulation on our own immunity. We are all, English or French, Germans or Italians, united by this tie of labour into one family, and when some of us idle away our time filling and drumming, the others must provide for them out of their own pittance.

But we do not live by bread alone. The increase of our capital is a great, but not the first, necessity. Right and justice are the nourishment of the soul of nations, and we must strive after them as earnestly as after the capital which feeds their bodies. Hence, therefore, while we are nursing mother of capital, we must at the same time be the highest good. There are times when wars (even wars, of course, just wars) must be waged, if only to secure the blessings of peace afterwards. We are no peace at all price advocates, but we protest, indeed, when we have to pay the price of war for peace. This is our present condition. A million and a half of able-bodied workers are idly maddened on the continent of Europe, not to fight out a quarrel, just or unjust, but to watch each other's movements, like the wild beasts whom a deluge has driven for refuge to a cavern. Better for humanity, for the great mass of labourers, that the continuance of such a state of thing would be a frank, if even a destructive war, and it is hard to see by what other agency than a storm the equilibrium of the political atmosphere can be restored. We, who have no desire but to be at peace with all mankind, are now paying a penalty, entailing the worst suffering of war, the ruin of peaceful citizens, as great, or almost as great, as if we were actually engaged in the gigantic plans of selfish aggrandisement, from which the present generation turns with such marred horror.

TELEGRAMS FOR THE MILLION.

IT is fit that a country which first set the world the example of a cheap, uniform rate of postage should set it another example, almost as much needed, of a cheap and uniform rate of telegraphic

communication. When Sir Rowland Hill first propounded the idea of a penny postage, those great obstructive potentates and powers—Routine, Officialism, Stupidity, Timidity, and Discrimination to change, took up arms against it, and attempted to prove, if not its impracticability, its recklessness and absurdity. But the idea took root, nevertheless, in the popular mind, and grew at last to the large proportions of a social fact. At our time of day it is scarcely possible to overestimate the commercial, educational, social, and other advantages which have resulted from this great but simple change in the habits of the people. But ought we stop at such a point, and be contented with having given the facilities that enable any man or woman in the British Isles to communicate with any other, at the rate of a penny per message? There are occasions, both of business and of affection, when the delay of forty-eight, twenty-four, six, and even two hours in the despatch of a message, may be perilous to property, or fatal to peace of mind; and the best managed post-office in the world (if ours were so, which it unfortunately is not), could not vanquish time and space, and send a letter from London to Penzance, or to Liverpool, faster than mail or express-trains could carry it.

The only agency for this purpose is that of the Electric Telegraph; and the idea has doubtless entered many minds, that a uniform and cheap rate for the conveyance of telegraphic messages to every part of the United Kingdom is one of the wants of our age and people, and the necessary complement of the Penny Postage System. But it is not the man who conceives an idea, or merely talks of it, but the man who carries it into execution, though it be the idea of another, that deserves the gratitude of our practical age. For this reason, gratitude is due to the founders and promoters of the United Kingdom Telegraph Company, who have undertaken to organize throughout the whole country the means of conveying telegrams at the cheap and uniform rate, irrespective of distance, of one shilling per message. We believe that the project will answer, for the very same reasons which have made the penny postage so triumphant a success. As yet, the British public can scarcely be said to make use of the telegraphic wires, except in the most urgent cases. The causes are threefold: first, the expense under the existing system; second, the fact that every railway-station is not a telegraph-station, except, perhaps, for the business-purposes of the railway itself; third, that messages, even when paid for and sent, are not delivered with the necessary despatch and regularity, but are often allowed to lie idle at one or the other extremity of the wire; and, last of all, the combined result of these three causes,—that the great bulk of the middle and poorer classes of the community are not familiar with the advantages, or even with the possibility, of such rapid intercommunication.

The new Company, which will be independent of the railways, and take advantage of the facilities afforded by the great lines of the canals, as well as of the highways of the Kingdom, proposes to remedy the three first defects of the existing system. If they succeed in doing so effectually, the last result will follow in due course, and the telegraphic wires will be employed in the United Kingdom as they are in America, on countless occasions of business, of affection, and of pleasure, where, under existing arrangements, no one ever dreams of employing them. When the rates of postage were costly and varying, not one letter was written where a hundred are written now; and when the cost of telegraphic communications is lessened to one shilling, perhaps to sixpence, each, we may expect that a similar result will follow; and that the wires, now occupied once in twenty-four hours by the costly message sent by a rich man, will be occupied all day and part of the night by the rapidly-succeeding messages and replies of the whole trading and travelling community.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XX.

MR. WAGHTAFFE IS ASKED TO STAND FOR HORSLEYDOWN, AND DECLINES.

ONE day last week I was waited upon at Wilbye Grange by a portly little gentleman, wearing gold spectacles, and a somewhat threadbare black coat, who handed me a letter of introduction from my friend the sitting member for Great Stumpington. Begging him to be seated, I asked him to state his business. This, however, he carefully refrained from doing, and he was only after half an hour's angling for his meaning, as if I had been angling for a heavy and experienced trout, that I succeeded, by dint of the utmost patience and perseverance, and, I may add, without conceit, of the highest and most delicate kind of skill, in eliciting the fact, that one or two of the tailors of Tooley-street, and some other influential inhabitants in that neighbourhood, had deputed him to wait upon me, and ask whether I would become a candidate for the representation of the borough of Horsleydown. Having been brought to this point, his mind seemed to be eased of a heavy load, and he discoursed thereafter with much greater frankness and fluency than before. In fact he opened his mind—if he had a mind for anything but the honorarium of an electioneering agent. "Now," said I, "Mr. Drooper," for that was the gentleman's name, "let us come to the point: do you think I have any chance for Horsleydown?" "Sir," he replied, "The Gouty Philosopher is well known to the constituency, and highly respected. The tanners know you, sir, and the publicans, and the men by the river-side. Your name will be a

tower of strength to the moderate liberal party. You may dash in just a little Radicalism, if you do it judiciously, and be all the better for it. There is a British pluck about The Gouty Philosopher that the people like. There is plain, common sense, about you, sir, that goes direct to the point, and that will stand no nonsense."

I felt rather pleased than otherwise with Mr. Drooper's estimate of my character; but being a man of common sense, as he affirmed, I directed this home-thrust at him. "And what is the lowest sum that a contest, if there be one, will cost me?"

"Well, sir; you might do it for £5,000. The late member, a gallant sailor, did it for half the money; but he was a very popular person, and a capital canvasser, besides being an uncommonly good hand at driving a bargain. It was pleasant to see the old gentleman making the round of the public-houses, drinking and smoking with every one who had a vote or could influence one, and spinning his yarns, mingled with sea slang and a dash of profanity, in twenty parlours and parlours in a night. Can your head stand such gin, sir, or beer?"

"Fought it out on both of them?"

"Can you smoke a clay pipe?"

"I detest, abhor, and abominate tobacco, in every shape."

"Well," he replied very deliberately, "that's a pity, as you might save at least a thousand pounds of expense, if you would drink and smoke with the people as our old admiral did. Perhaps, however, in spite of this drawback, you might come in at as low a figure as £3,500, provided always that you are sound on the Ballot question; that you will not offend the Dissenters; that you can pitch into the Pope; and know how to manage the public-house keepers."

"Does it not strike you, Mr. Drooper, that there must be roguery somewhere in Horsleydown, if so much money be spent, by an honest man, without bribery?"

"Horsleydown is a very large place, sir, and there is no bribery in the metropolitan boroughs."

"Nor corruption?"

"I will not say that. Corruption is a very wide word, and men are only men at the best. But ten thousand electors are not easily managed. A letter to each of them, enclosing your 'Address to the Electors,' would cost £100 at the least."

"Well, Mr. Drooper, if there were none but really free and truly independent electors in Horsleydown, I think, may I am sure, that I should esteem it a high privilege and honour to go into Parliament to represent them. I would forsake my wife and children and devote my days and my nights for half the year to the performance of my duties, and should feel proud of being a member of the highest and noblest legislative assembly in the world. But how can the electors of Horsleydown be free and independent if they want me to pay even as much as £500, say, or £100, for the right of doing such hard work—for which, if right were right, they would pay me? I don't want the Government to give me anything. I don't want to become a minister, or an ambassador, or the governor of a colony. I don't want a place or a pension for myself, or my cousins, or my protégés. I don't want to job the public money. I don't want a ribbon or a star, or a handle to my name."

I don't want to make or to listen to long speeches, unless as a matter of duty; and why should I spend £3,500 and smoke, and drink, and fog myself with canvassing the men of Horsleydown, and asking them for votes, which, if they were worthy of having and I of receiving, they ought to bestow upon me unasked! No, sir! If there were any public virtue in Horsleydown the decision of such a matter as this would not be left to the keepers of public-houses. No! sir! The principal men of the place, the men of property and character would, for the sake of their property and character, subscribe a fund among them sufficient to pay all the honest charges of the election, and bring their man in, free of expense. I refuse to bribe, to corrupt, or to treat. I refuse to hire countless committee-rooms, that are not needed, to bribe indirectly the publicans and gin-vendors. I refuse to feed a host of useless agents and lawyers. I refuse to shake hands with a drunken, dissipated, hectoring ruffian, who has just been beating his wife, although he should have fifty votes and not merely one. I refuse to buy up all the carts, carriages, coaches, wheelbarrows, and omnibuses on the days of polling. I refuse to drink gin and smoke filthy tobacco with anybody. I refuse to canvass in dirty holes and corners. I refuse to tell a lie to gain a vote. I refuse to bully the Pope to please a costermonger. I refuse to promise a mean fellow that I will ask the Minister to give his stupid son a place in the Post-office or the Custom-house. I refuse to pay my money without having my money's worth. And yet I should dearly like to sit once again in Parliament."

"There is no chance for you in Horsleydown," said Mr. Drooper, who had listened to me with evident impatience, "nor, I fear, sir, anywhere else."

"I am not so sure of that," I replied.

"But are you sure, sir—I say it with all respect and honour, and humbly beg your pardon if I be wrong—that you are not over fond of your money?" said Mr. Drooper, looking uncomfortable—as, doubtless, he was.

"Sir," said I, "I forgive your question. It was, I dare say, very well meant; and I have only this to state in reply: that I have a sum £10,000 in the bank that I do not particularly need, and that I will build a church with it—a grammar-school with it—ten ragged schools with it—a hospital

growth of the railway system, the closer intercourse now maintained with foreigners, and the rapidity with which mechanical inventions have multiplied within the last ten years, the coming exhibition will be even more successful than that of 1851.

At the annual *conferé* of the Wakefield Mechanics' Institution, held on Tuesday evening, Mr. Bright delivered a long manifesto. He again deplored the ignorance of Political Economy, not only manifested by the members of mechanics' institutions, but by persons higher in the social scale. In alluding to the French Treaty, he expressed a belief that fourteen years hence it will be looked back upon as a step in legislation no less advantageous than the Free-trade measures of 1846. The working classes of this country are still far less prosperous than those of America; and Mr. Bright stated that he knew of only three reasons which could account for the fact. The first of these is the absence of feudal laws in the United States; the next, the excellent instruction provided in the American schools for the people at large; and the last is the fact that our Government spends annually sixty millions more than that of America, although the population of the two countries is nearly the same. Upon all of these points we may have something to say hereafter, in reply to the over-confident—if not ignorant—assumptions of the orator.

From the official return of railway accidents, made three months ago, for the first half of the year 1860, it appeared that during the whole of this period only six persons had met their deaths on British railways from accidents beyond their own control. The return for the next six months will present a very different picture. Railway catapheges of the most fatal character continue to succeed each other in rapid succession. On the morning of Friday week two trains were passing in the same direction, along the London and North-Western Railway. One was a slow train, consisting of thirty-one carriages, of which twenty-six carried cattle, three goods, one the railway guards, and another the cattle-drivers. The other was the "limited mail-train," from Glasgow, driven of course with much greater speed than the one preceding it, which was meant to be "shunted" off the line to allow it to pass. This operation took place too late, at Atherstone, in the Trent Valley, just as the mail-train came up. The guards' van and drivers' van were still standing on the main line, and the result of course was a collision. The carriages were shattered to pieces, and ten men were killed. The passengers providentially escaped unharmed.

Garibaldi has won the hearts of the British people, as well as of the Italians. On Monday, the 12th current, a meeting was held at the Terminus Hotel, Brighton, at which it was resolved that a penny subscription should be opened, to collect a fund for the purchase of a testimonial to be presented to him. Another meeting was held on Monday last, in the Town Hall of the same place, in order to raise a local subscription in aid of the Central Garibaldi Fund. In the course of the proceeding, Mr. Crawford, P., stated that 750 volunteers had been shipped for Italy, and that this expedition had cost from £10 to £16 per man, whereas the Crimean expedition cost our Government something like £1,000 per man. The central committee have now but £1,500 in hand towards £13,000 or £14,000, which they require to raise.

It may be recollected that when Captain Styke made his appearance in this country as an emissary of Garibaldi, an attempt was made to prosecute under the Foreign Enlistment Act, Mr. Langley, the editor of the *Newcastle Chronicle*, who had inserted in his paper some articles favourable to the formation of the Italian Volunteer corps. The case being dismissed, Mr. Crawshaw, the plaintiff, threatened to carry his complaint before a higher tribunal; but it was generally understood, that good advice, and a sense of the absurdity of such a course, would have put an end to all further proceedings. It has not been so, however. On Monday last, Mr. Bovill, as counsel for Mr. Crawshaw, applied to the Court of Queen's Bench for a rule nisi, calling upon Mr. Langley to show cause why a criminal information should not be exhibited against him, for a misdemeanour committed by him against the Foreign Enlistment Act and the common law of the land. The Judges refused the application, on the ground that the law officers of the Crown were the only persons entitled to prosecute under such circumstances. The Lord Chief Justice thought it would be better if the Volunteer principle were confined to the excellent limits hitherto imposed upon it—the necessity for Volunteer Attorneys-General not having yet arisen.

A proposal to lay down a stone tramway in Oxford-street, in anticipation of Mr. Train's scheme for the formation of a street railway, formed the subject of a report by a committee laid before the Marglebone Representative Council, on Saturday last. The report recommended that the consideration of the new scheme should be delayed for three months—the vestry having previously given a pledge to Mr. Train not to re-introduce the subject of tramways for the same period.

The progress of the *Empress Eugénie* has excited much interest during the past week. She travels incognito, accompanied, however, by several distinguished persons belonging to the French Court. After remaining a short time in London, she proceeded, on Friday afternoon, by the Great Northern Railway, to the north. On Saturday morning, she visited the cathedral at York, and other places of interest in the city, and received everywhere a hearty and respectful welcome. By the afternoon train she proceeded to Edinburgh. On the Sunday she heard mass at a Roman Catholic church, walking from her hotel in the midst of a fall of snow. On Monday she visited the Palace of Holyrood, the Castle, and other places of interest. She has since been to Melrose and Abbotsford.

MONEY AND COMMERCE.

A REFERENCE to the daily journals will convince the public that, for the moment, all commercial interest centres in the money-market. The daily variations in the funds are noticed, the reports from the different manufacturing districts and of different markets are published as usual; but the almost invariable observation is "little business." Prices are dropping, sales dull, everything uncertain, in consequence of the changes already made, and the changes still feared in the rate of discount. The condition, then, of this market now occupies the exclusive and pre-eminent position in the public mind which the corn-market occupied three months ago; and therefore it may be inferred that the monetary effects of the derangement are equivalent to those of a bad harvest. Thus, however, the course affairs was likely to take could be pretty correctly foreseen, and measures were taken to meet the contingency. So accurate, indeed, was the judgment formed that the price of wheat to the present time was rightly estimated to within a very few shillings, and the area to which the merchant could extend his orders, and the limits be prescribed to them were, by circumstances, effectually defined. There was no uncertainty.

Now every kind of commercial dealing is rendered uncertain by the changes in the value of money, and we have on Cobden to marshal us on to get the error corrected. Nay, if we do not mistake, the Free-trade hero is not a free-trader in the business of banking. He and his friend and colleague, Mr. Chevalier, who has not reached the high level of Bastiat, are for restrictions on this part of our commercial life. We cannot, therefore, look to them, or, as far as we know, to any other scientific economists for help and guidance. If there be something seriously wrong in our legislation relative to banking, the mercantile community must seek elsewhere for leaders.

It cannot fail to strike the public as curious and interesting that there should now be an alarm in Europe, and especially in England, at a want of gold, when the stock in the world has been, within the last ten years, so much increased. Not long ago Mr. Chevalier wrote a book to describe the augmentation, and argued that a great appreciation of prices affecting all fixed incomes, and making legislation on the subject imperative. Mr. Cobden translated the work, and at that period, and for many months before, there was a general alarm lest all property should be destroyed by a great fall in the value of gold from its abundance. All at once there is a great alarm in the other direction, and trade is deranged because there is not gold enough in the Banks of France and England. Trade is demanded to procure them a supply. We have had no such alarm about corn since the trade in it has been free, and we can only suppose, therefore, that this extraordinary and troublesome change in the value of currency is the consequence of bad regulations. The annual supply of the precious metal has of late been somewhat less, but the decline has been gradual and steady. Bastiat, too, has been steady; while the fluctuations in the rate of discount have been great and alarming.

The great event of the week, announced in all the journals, is that an arrangement has been entered into between the Bank of France and the Bank of England by which the former is to receive from the latter a loan of £2,000,000 gold on a deposit of silver to an equal value. This arrangement seems to have given satisfaction to several writers of City articles, who speak of it as the wisest possible arrangement under the circumstances, and as not unlikely to lead to an early reduction of the rate of discount. As the real want is of capital, we could understand their satisfaction were the £2,000,000 an addition to the capital of the two banks; but as the great fear is a want of the precious metals, which equally affects both, we cannot understand how commerce is to be in the least degree benefited by the exchange. Particularly, we cannot understand how writers who have referred all the difficulties of the money market to the excessive expenditure of the French Government, should expect that all at once to be removed by this kind of mutual agreement of the banks.

If, indeed, as we frequently said, the difficulties arise from a contest between them to get gold, we can understand that their agreement as to the share each shall have of the monopoly enjoyed by both, should tend to a reduction of the rate of discount and the relief of trade. At the same time it must be expected—from the fact that for many months the Bank of England has had no silver ballast in its possession—that it will be unable to keep what it is now to acquire. For many months gold has been continually sent to the continent of Europe to purchase silver to be sent to the East; and if the demand for that quarter ceases, the probability is that henceforth the silver will be taken from the Bank of England, instead of being bought on the continent. It cannot be met as currency here, and as the price of silver—because its utility is depreciated, and the utility of gold is appreciated by our currency regulations—is higher in several other countries than in England, it will flow out of the Bank like the silver it formerly held.

We cannot, therefore, join our contemporaries in expressing a conviction that great benefit may be expected from this cessation of the conflict between the rival banks. It will not add one atom to the disposal capital of either country, but will enable the Banks to settle more beneficially to themselves, whatever may be the amount of capital to be lent, the rate of discount.

The demand for money, in consequence of the uncertainty of obtaining advances, has been considerable throughout the week, and though there is plenty of capital, as proved by the low bills being negotiated at a fraction below the Bank rate, bills of a doubtful character or a long date have been, we are informed, not negotiable on any terms. If the negotiators of the trade do not suffer, those in a less dignified position feel great inconvenience.

Canals and other stocks generally improved on Wednesday, and subsequently were strong. Railway shares too, particularly the Midlands, improved. Some trade circulars speak of the late advance in the rate of discount as a "thunder-bolt" to trade, which is seriously affected for the moment, though otherwise in a sound condition.

A project much favoured just now, is that for developing the resources of a large estate on the Great Kanawha River in Virginia.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The misunderstanding that clouded the arrival of the Empress Eugénie has been cleared up. The descendant of the Kirkpatrick's, at his home already in "and Beekie," where she has been honoured with all the respect and affection due to her many virtues, and the unaffected grace of her demeanour. It is to be hoped that the skill of Dr. Simpson has already dissipated the apprehensions, which had their origin in the loss of an only sister, and that the air of Hamilton Castle, and the retirement so needful to the restoration of her spirits, may complete the cure which seems already to have fairly begun. Hamilton Castle is a princely residence, and full of most valuable articles of taste and value, the accumulation of many years. In spite of the wintry season, Scotland possesses no many objects of interest, as to form in itself an inducement more than sufficient to entice a wanderer in search of health and change.

There was an absurd mistake committed yesterday by an official of the South-Western Railway, who telegraphed to London the arrival of Napoleon III., who was duly waited for by the authorities of the railway and a considerable body of police at the South-Western station.

The most important matter of foreign intelligence of the week, or, indeed, of many a day, is the certainty of Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency of the United States. This result has been expected for some time, but until its actual accomplishment, could not be looked at as a certainty. The Democratic party have been so long in possession of the supreme authority in the Union, and have abused their power so thoroughly, that there was no knowing what trick would be played. Although the North and West have long been the most numerous as well as the most intelligent politicians in the States, they have been baffled by the unscrupulous and corrupt electing tactics of the Pro-Slavery party, who had all the sympathy on their side, and appealed so often with success to the sacred rights of property, and the necessity of maintaining the democratic institutions of the Union. They have generally managed to divide the Republicans, who, however, have held together this time, and secured a complete victory. They tried to work on the fears of the moneyed classes; but it seems that the hollowness of the threat of "separation" is as well appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic as it is here.

The victory is to the West for the first time—a not insignificant indication of the important part, which the New States are destined to play in the future government of the country. The fact of Mr. Lincoln being a Western man, however, was only one source of his success. Fame pointed to Mr. Seward, the foremost statesman of America; but his eminence and the boldness of his speeches against slavery, made him a less safe candidate than Mr. Lincoln, who was more moderate in his views, as well as in his reputation. Mr. Seward, if he did not accept the post of Ambassador to the British Court, will be the new Secretary of State, and the virtual ruler of the Republic for the next four years.

Mr. Douglas, the most eminent man on the other side, was thrown over by the more violent slave-owners; but he had not—like Mr. Seward—the distinguished magnanimity to give way, and he polled as many votes as the present Vice-President, Mr. Breckinridge. The Democrats did not hope to put either at the head of the poll; but they expected that Mr. Lincoln would fail in securing an actual majority, and that the election would fall to Congress, in which the Pro-Slavery party preponderates. They may, by means of this majority in Congress, attempt to thwart the liberal policy of the new Government; but time and patience will cure many of these evils.

It is a curious fact in this struggle, that ten years ago Mr. Lincoln was defeated in the contest for Senator of their native state of Illinois by the Little Giant, as he is called by his friends; but here the great lawyer was at home, and it is dangerous to "bait the lion in his lair, the Douglas in his den." From many causes, the politics of the United States will be more interesting to English readers than they have ever been.

When Mr. Bismarck was the American Minister in London, he was in the habit of praising what he called the "Great English Institution" of good dinners to settle all affairs of moment. I am glad to see that Lord Palmerston is resolved to keep up the good old English practice, having given the first Cabinet dinner of the season yesterday at Canterbury House.

The ex-King of the Two Sicilies still lingers at Gaeta, shut up in a corner of the fortress with his wife and brothers. The queen-mother has fled to Rome, and the generals are falling off. All these are symptoms of a final break-up. The conquerors seem disposed to spare the remnants of the defeated troops as much as possible, doubtless with the expectation of making use of them by-and-by.

The restoration of the British Embassy at Vienna, which is prematurely announced, but which has been resolved upon some time, has given great satisfaction to the Austrian Court. An ambassador is accredited to the Sovereign, whereas an envoy communicates with the ministers. This is all very well in a constitutional government, but in the case of an autocracy like Austria it has been found inconvenient, for the ministers were not responsible, nor always to be relied upon. Much as we may have to complain of Austria, she has often been a useful ally, and may be so again.

The staff of the British mission is ordered home from Naples, and has probably taken its departure ere this.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday contains the promotion of the three officers who distinguished themselves at the storming of the Taku Forts. Lieutenant Rogers and Bursden are made Captains, and Ensign Chaplin, Lieutenant, all without purchase. Mr. Chaplin is only 19; he is the son of the late Mr. W. J. Chaplin, M.P. for Salisbury, and Chairman of the South-Western Railway. He had a bullet through the arm, and received in the thigh, in spite of which he had a race with a Frenchman to see who would first plant the colours on the walls. It is well to see such patriotism promptly rewarded.

A very graceful act was quickly performed by the Queen, in inviting the

American ambassador and Mrs. Dallas and Sir Edmund Hood, on a visit to Windsor, to meet the Prince of Wales. There is no truth in the statement that Mr. Wood, the *Times* correspondent, whose pen rendered the visit so much more memorable than it might otherwise have been, was included among the guests.

Whilst we tender all due acknowledgments to our republican friends across the Atlantic, we must not neglect our Canadian subjects, who deserve all our care. The resources of Canada are much beyond what is generally supposed at home. She needs only capital and population to develop her vast natural wealth. I have just seen a letter which describes some large discoveries of gold and silver in Lower Canada. Although she is not in a condition to adopt free trade without reserve, in close proximity with the restrictive policy of the States, she does at least seem to be open to her ports, and increase her commerce, in which she deserves all the help that we can render.

The new magazine, *Temple Bar*, will be published on Monday next, and will probably excite general attention, no less from its bulk (it is sixteen pages larger than the *Courier*) than from the quality of its contents. The editor, Mr. G. A. Sala, contributes the first instalment of his "Travels in Middlesex,"—a district where he is thoroughly at home, and of which his quaint gossip will doubtless be pleasant and interesting. Mr. Ouseford sends a scholarly essay on "The *Skaldic*, the Great Epic Poem of the Poets." and the Rev. J. C. M. Beloe gives a sketch of his travels in the Holy Land, the first portion being "Over the Lebanon to Haifa." The first instalment of a story by a lady author, "Notes on Circumstantial Evidence," "Soldiers and Volunteers," "Criminal Lunacy," a notice of the "French Newspaper Press,"—will also be found in the number, the most noticeable feature in which, however, will perhaps be a review, from early proofs, of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's forthcoming "Biography of Lord Bacon." Nearly 150 pages of such matter for one shilling ought to command a large success in these days of cheap literature.

The candidates for Southwark have divided into one local (Mr. George Secrett, the great wharfinger), and one exchequer (Mr. Everett). The latter is strong blind, from an accident on shooting, after which he became Third Wrangler at Cambridge, and Fellow of Trinity Hall. He is a remarkable man, and a sound politician; and although he would have some difficulty in meeting the *Spencer's eye*; the country might be the better for his services in Parliament. Mr. Layard is in some request, but he has declared against disturbing any candidate on the Liberal side.

In Pembrokeshire I am told that there will be a contest for the seat vacated by Lord Enlyn, called to the Upper House, between Colonel Owen (Liberal), son of the Member for Pembroke, and Mr. Lloyd Phillips (Conservative), brother to the Member for Haverfordwest.

THE MURDERER MULLINS.

UNDER the head, of "Murder," in our No. 18, in describing the circumstances of Mullins's trial, we noticed the prisoner's adroitness, in availing himself of some of the judge's observations on the nature of circumstantial evidence, and, even in his then awful position, most craftily endeavouring to divert the minds of the jury from the damning proofs against him to the accidental and incoherent notions with which he was then getting up in a called, (perhaps) rather overbold. An acute Old Bailey attorney could not more promptly have seen the possible effect of this course—it was to mystify the clear and direct evidence by mixing it up with collateral notions, ill-supported, and tending to confuse the great facts they were intended to corroborate. The cunning with which this chance was seized and acted upon, struck us at the time as absolutely wonderful as an example of human ingenuity, in such a person and in such a situation.

But the impression upon us has been stamped yet more deeply, by reading the statement written by the criminal, and placed in the hands of the Sheriff on his way to execution. It develops the character of the individual in a most remarkable manner; and enables us to look, at in a glass, upon the commission of the murder and all the after proceedings of the murderer. The equivocation is equal to any jousting that could be invented. To the very last of the preceding week he had his utmost to throw dust in the eyes of these humane functionaries. Yet he dared not second the scaffold with a direct lie in his mouth; but he would try to deceive the world and play fast and loose with his Maker. It is an extraordinary paper. It does not deny his guilt though it appears to do so. Again, he overrules his mark; or rather, he does not aim at the mark, which could toll on his behalf. He shows his weakness by contradicting him, "through the most gross and false perjury that was ever given in a court of justice." What witnesses, and to what points? The perfectly immaterial! The story of the old boat, and the account of two men, Bunsant and Mitchell, who believed they saw him on the morning after the murder.

These things were put out of court by the judge in summing up, and did not weigh a feather with the jury. These men did not make his wife a widow nor his children fatherless. Even if they had been perjured, they did not affect the verdict in the least degree. It is also curious to remark the absolute "solicitor's declaration" of Mullins respecting the occupation of his time on Monday, Monday evening, and the night till Tuesday morning; and still more remarkable, his plain reference (as if he knew) to the "murder which has been committed on the night of the 13th of August, at Grove-road," &c. It is true that every particular pointed to this period as that at which the dreadful tragedy was enacted, but it is strange that Mullins should, as it were, casually confess it, seeing how much he relied on the testimony of an imbecile old woman, that she had seen the paper-room occupied by some living being on the Tuesday morning. His belief that Egan was innocent of the murder, is the only redeeming feature in this unparalleled confession; for such it is. The erosion on the brick of the grave has this alone as a symptom of corruption which forced the future. The misdeed and confusion of the day he grouped at once, and he has clung to it to the last. While yet there was a hope from the assertion of innocence, God was invoked to witness that he was innocent. When in communion with his spiritual adviser,

he is warned of his soul's peril, should persist in false accusation and falsehood; his alarm is more terribly awakened, he abandons the poor fellow he had attempted to destroy—he perplexes the evidence to raise a doubt—he charges blank perjury, without a direction to impeach one syllable that told against him—and beyond this he dies and makes no sign. Facing the world to come, he does not deny the cruel murder of Mary Kinsey.

MODERN ARTILLERY.

As we stated awhile ago, the question of supplying war-ships with efficient mail coating is intimately connected with that of the present and future of artillery. Practically the two cannot be separated; hence iron-sided ships having been discussed, we now purpose to deal with guns.

To clear away certain misconceptions which, in the matter of gunnery, have arisen, we fitly noted, once for all, that ordnance and ordnance projectiles, like men, have their specific faculties. The very best ordnance, and ordnance projectiles, when the demolition of stone ships is in question, are in the very worst when the problem arises of demolishing stone walls. A cannon best of all adapted to the specialty of looking down upon the sea from an eminence, and plunging shot and shell directly at an object, may turn out to be a very inefficient gun if planted at the sea-level. Mortars are amongst the most terrible of all war-engines gunpowder nurtured for demolition of fortresses and of towns; but they are of no avail as between ship and ship, or fired from land against a ship; therefore these illustrations—very few out of very many—cause it to appear that any vanishing of any particular gun of Mr. X or Y for a gun of general competence, is pure fallacy and delusion. Referring to this point, we cannot but express our opinion, whether or not rifled ordnance, supposing their manufacture possible up to large dimensions—whether such rifled ordnance would be likely to perform all the necessary functions to which unrifled guns of equal size are competent. It is impossible to read much of the rifle ordnance controversy which has been long going on without becoming convinced of a certain popular belief that rifle cannon (were they possible) would be better for all purposes than any other ordnance. The origin of this popular sentiment is not difficult to arrive at; and at a first glance it is one which seems based on analogy and reason. Undoubtedly a rifled small arm is better than an unrifled small arm for every purpose to which a military small arm can be applied. This is conceded. Then why is not a rifled cannon necessarily better than a smooth-bore cannon? Consider what each has to do and we have our answer. A small-arm rifle-bullet has to go straight at its object, penetrate, and kill. No more is expected of it. A rifled ordnance projectile is expected to do much more; unrifled cannon to accomplish much more; but their rifled antagonists have some shortcomings. And here it must be remarked, once for all, that the projectiles of rifled ordnance are now all elongated. For various reasons balls, properly so called—spherical missiles—are objectionable, and being so, are not employed.

First, then, a rifled-ordnance projectile, for reasons which we illustrated in our last article, alters its position of impact for every angle of elevation. It is all very well to talk of the punching-power of a rifled flat-headed bolt; but a punch can only do the work of a punch when it strikes end foremost. This is one thing that a rifle-bolt will do, cannot do, if the trajectory passes ever be at all considerable an angle to the line of sight. This is the inability of rifle shot or shell to ricochet in a straight line. This is a functional incompetence: in one no way dependent on elongation of projectile, but immediately dependent on the very principle of the rifle-gun. In these days of rifle volunteering, it would be almost an insult to public intelligence were we to explain in what the rifle principle consists. We will take the point for granted that everybody is aware of the following facts, viz.—A rifled bore is a hollow screw, which imparts a rapid rotatory motion on any projectile discharged from it. Being so, we have now to consider the necessary consequence of a projectile rapidly rotating on an axis coincident with the line of flight, falling upon a horizontal plane, grazing that horizontal plane, and again passing on. Until it strikes land or water at the first graze, it never wanders from the vertical plane of its trajectory; but no sooner does it touch land or water than it assumes a lateral deviation in the direction of its rotatory spin. Rising again, it proceeds on a vertical plane, making an angle with the vertical axis which it assumes it will not be deflected; and so for every subsequent graze there is another amount of lateral deviation.

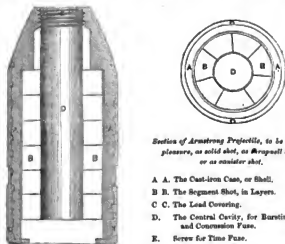
This lateral deviation of ricochet is participated by all rifled guns, and it is a serious disadvantage. On land, no less than at sea, the demolition wrought by shot, and certain varieties of shell, which they discharge, and which the bounds is very great. When, during the progress of a siege, the dismantling of the enemy's guns is sought, the object is obtained by ricochet. When the approach of hostile boats is contested from the coast, the mode of firing generally relied upon is that of ricochet. When two vessels at sea are somewhat uncertain of their mutual range and the weather hazy, ricochet practice is a favourite expedient. In short, whenever the extreme penetrating force of a projectile is not wanted, and when the gunner desires to compensate for any inaccuracy of laying the gun, by the substitution of a moderately accurate grazing flight for one of absolute correctness, the expedient is ricochet practice. Now, rifled projectiles are endowed with no accuracy whatever of ricochet; it is not in them and cannot be got out of them. It is not a question of this man's rifled gun or that man's rifled gun. All rifled guns are similarly circumstanced.

There are certain conditions under which the ability to accomplish straight ricochet firing would be thrown away—when long range is all in all; thus certain coast batteries are so high above the water-line that ricochet practice from them would be impossible. On the power of direct firing they must rely, and that alone. An armament of mortars would be useless; there would be only the remotest probability of hitting a ship with a shell vertically fired. Nevertheless, shells and very heavy shells, seem, as we explained before, the projectiles of greatest promise for accomplishing ship demolition. They must be rifled shells, and for two sufficient reasons. Even were non-rifled shells possible up to the dimensions required, non-rifled guns could not be made of bore large enough to hurl them. Were such guns and shells possible, the accuracy of ricochet to be accomplished by non-rifled ordnance is

so inferior to the accuracy of rifle flight that rifled ordnance must have the preference. Here, then, is a condition altogether in favour of rifled guns.

Can red-hot shot be fired from rifled ordnance? Armstrong's principle clearly does not admit of this practice, for the simple reason that the Armstrong shells are enveloped in lead. Whitworth's principle does admit of it; but then, practically, cannon on Whitworth's system are out of the field, because of their general incompetence. So great is the windage between bore and projectile, that the flight is most inaccurate. Thus at Southport, last summer, nearly one hundred shots being fired from Mr. Whitworth's breech-loading guns, at a target 1,000 yards distant, the target was not once hit; and, more unsatisfactory still, a field-piece muzzle-loader—Mr. Whitworth's latest invention—being tried at Woolwich, not a fortnight ago, failed to hit a target twelve feet square, eight times out of thirteen, though the distance was only 600 yards. The public are under a great misapprehension concerning the Whitworth ordnance. It is commonly assumed that Mr. Whitworth's cannon shot and shell fit the bore accurately, just as the case with the Whitworth small arms. The very reverse is the truth. The fit is very loose; in other words, the windage is enormous. Of late the Prussians have been trying experiments with *paper models* as they call them, rifled shot and shell. The scheme answers moderately well already, and it promises to answer much better. Of course the firing of red-hot shot coated with paper envelopes would be an impossibility; and generally it may be said that red-hot shot must be abandoned if rifled great guns be adopted. We are aware that much stress has been laid of late on a shell-charge of molten iron instead of red-hot shot. Very terrible are projectiles of this sort where the principle can be adopted; but it does not answer well if the mass of iron be not considerable; and whatever the mass, the principle answers best with a spherical, or non-rifled shell. Test the rifled principle fully and dispassionately as we may, the fact at last comes out that a rifled gun is a special arm. It will do one thing better than any other cannon, but only one thing. It will plunge a solid shot or a charged shell plump at an object, more directly and at a longer range than any other cannon; but it will not readily do ought else, and some things it cannot be made to do at all.

We have appended illustrations of the Armstrong and Whitworth shells. Of the latter there is little to be said; but the former is very ingenious.



THE ARMSTRONG SHELL.

This projectile consists of a very thin cast-iron shell, the interior of which is composed of forty-two segment-shaped pieces of iron built up in layers around a cylindrical cavity in the centre, which contains the bursting-charge and the concussion arrangement.

The exterior of the shell is thinly coated with lead, which is applied by placing the shell in a mould, and pouring melted lead around it. The lead is also allowed to percolate among the segments, so as to fill up the interstices, the central cavity being kept open by the insertion of a steel cone. In this state the projectile is so compact that it may be fired through six feet of solid timber without injury; with its resistance to a bursting force is so small that less than an ounce of powder is sufficient to break it in pieces. When this projectile is used simply as a shot, no preparation is necessary; used as a shell, the bursting-tube and concussion arrangement must be inserted together with a time fuse. Everything being properly adjusted, the moment for explosion can be insured with the greatest nicety. It may be made to explode at the mouth of the gun as a "cannon," or at any fixed distance. One of these shells has been burst in a closed chamber, where the pieces were collected, and consisted of 106 pieces of cast iron, 99 pieces of lead, and 12 pieces of fuse, &c.; making in all 217 pieces. It is so uncommon thing for one of these shells to make 100 holes in a column of targets at a distance of 3,000 yards.



THE WHITWORTH SHELL.

Showing the oblique and screw-form cuttings in the surface, by which the revolving motion is obtained.

Theory and experience go to prove that, taking conditions as they are, or rather as they were before iron-mailed ships came on the record, marine war-

structure stood on very unequal terms with land war-structures. Will this disparity hold good in future, accepting the iron system of defence as a reality? Why not defend land batteries with iron too? Is a question to suggest itself. Literally, doubtless, land batteries can be thus defended—will be thus defended, if we have about the sky defence of land fortresses! Except they can be roofed in with bomb-proof iron, there will be no safety against vertical fire—against the attack of mortars. Mortar-firing, be it noted, is of no avail whatever against so small an object as a ship. And now one deduction: whether it be satisfactory, we do not know, but it is safe to conclude that the possibility of sending a shell through one side of an iron-encased vessel, the results would be far more disastrous than were the sides of wood. Many shells fired horizontally go through and through, bursting afterwards. Could their bursting be ensured within a ship, the effects of shell-firing would be more terrible than they are. And this would be the terriblest of iron ships. Shells of present dimensions are harmless against them. The solid shot alone of guns, of the dimensions and power guns now are made, can perforate them, and this only at short ranges. Given shells sufficiently big, and guns competent to launch them, no plate of iron or steel that ship could bear would resist the horrible shock. Given these conditions, wooden walls would come to reign again; except, perhaps, for a few special purposes. It would be the old tale of helm and cuirass repeated. Heavier and heavier they grew up to the point of absolute abandonment. For ourselves we believe iron plate covering will be a reality on shore as a facing for embrasures and a covering for masonry towers, when iron-armed ships shall have become things of the past. And masonry, we believe this for the reason that whereas the requisitions of flotation and steering impose a limit of thickness and of weight for sea uses, there are no land limitations of the sort—nothing sets the limits imposed by the finality of manufacturing skill. Practically we believe masonry towers will be the most efficient and formidable means of coast defence. Built in bulk, and made too heavy to be almost safe against mortar practice. They are invulnerable, they would hold forth rifle shell of dimensions big enough, and of charges heavy enough, to smash to pieces the strongest naval structures.

DRAMATIC STRUCTURE.

SPACIOUS, desirable in all works of art, is indispensable in a drama. A house may be very comfortable, and may even look picturesque, with a crooked wing, a large portico to a mean facade, and heaps of clumsy chimney-stacks, destroying the line of roof. You may be able to dive through a broken perspective of damaged flower-vases. It is possible to forget the peculiarities of *Norah's* form in the bewildering lustre of her eyes, or the brilliancy of her spirits. But nothing can compensate for want of symmetry in a play. The audience are sure to feel the deficiency, even when they are unable to determine exactly where it lies. The dialogue may be close and sparkling, the characters skilfully drawn and strongly contrasted, and the scenes may abound in telling situations; but unless the plot be carefully constructed, so that the dramatic balance is there in the first instance, there is no chance that the play will keep permanent possession of the stage. Shakespeare is our great exemplar in this as in everything else. The structure of his plays is perfect. The plot always takes its spring in the first act, and terminates naturally in the fifth. The only remarkable exception, perhaps, is "*The Merchant of Venice*," where the spring of the action is in the second act, and the conclusion is in the fifth. Of all dramatic writers Shakespeare is the greatest master of the art of action. The plot is always enclosed and equally distributed within the limits of the acts. It always begins and ends upon the stage. *Romeo* falls in love with *Juliet* in the first act, in the presence of the audience. *Macbeth* encounters *Macduff* in the first act. *Macbeth* encounters the *Witches* and *Humbly the Ghost*, in the first act. And so on throughout all the plays, obeying a law by which the vital interest is created and sustained with unvarying effect. Nor is this all. Nothing is considered by Shakespeare to description that can be acted before the eyes of the spectators—one of the subtle secrets of his power over the sympathies and emotions of his audience. Most of his plays would almost bear to be denuded of the dialogue, and reduced to the bare exits, entrances, and stage directions, to be acted in pantomime, so completely is the story told in the actual look of the scenes.

It is curious enough, and a fact that some of our most effective modern plays, in which stage art is supposed, not without reason, to be successfully illustrated, are defeated by conspicuous faults of structure, while inferior pieces, which are not considered to take rank amongst the best examples of art, are seldom distinguished by their structural ingenuity. The modern comedy, or musical, is entirely dependent upon language rather than movement, substitutes isolated effects for continuous action, and disappears in the end the promise of the opening; while the genuine melodrama, where language goes for nothing, and effects are not the exception but the rule, is generally built up with a vigilant attention to the progressive rise of the action, which becomes heightened and intensified at intervals. The comedies of Mrs. Inchbald and the plays of Sheridan Knowles offer striking examples of defective structure. Mrs. Inchbald's comedies invariably open well, but almost invariably fade into weakness and confusion at the close. *Wives as They were* and *Maid as They were* begins with a forcible burst of real life and bright animal spirits, and ends with an abundance of false sentiment and melodramatic extravagance. In Sheridan Knowles's plays, we believe without a single exception, there is always an act too much, first or last, which we may venture to call, without being suspected of a bad joke, an act of supererogation. The plot of *The Wife*, for instance, begins in the second act, and the catastrophe of *Utriqué* takes place in the fourth. Such blunders as these are never to be detected in the "perfect structure" of a lower stratum. Whatever else may be said of pieces like *The Plowers of the Forest* and *The Corsican Brothers*, they have, at least, the merit of being skilfully put together.

The new melodrama at the Lyceum, with the long title of "*Adrienne; or, the Secret of a Life*," partakes, in some measure, of the merits of its own class, and the defects which are more generally found in a higher order of drama. It observes the melodramatic tradition, in so far as it has an interesting story kept in constant motion; but it follows the example of its more respectable prototype by falling into an abyss of obscurity and tediousness

when it comes to the unfolding of its mystery, and the gathering-up of its scattered threads of plot. There is a rich young lady who has a terrible secret on her mind, the conscious shame of which makes her reject the hand of a poor artist who she loves. Another suitor, who was her lover for her wealth, and who knows her secret, threatens her with exposure if she does not consent to marry him. A duel ensues between the rivals. The mercenary suitor is severely wounded, and is just about to declare who the lady is—that being the secret—when she suddenly appears, and, to save her credit, announces that she is his wife. This is the first act, and the situation is one of a complex picturesque character; and the curtain descends upon the first act amidst thunders of applause. In the second act, the lady is living in a lonely castle with her husband, who is still suffering from his wound. He discovers that he has been made the victim of a process of soul poisoning; but he makes the discovery too late to do anything. In the third act, he denounces his wife as his murderer. Here again is a tableau, which finishes act the second upon the improved principle. Up to this point the interest is sustained, and there is no lack of legitimate melodramatic excitement; although it must be owned that the second act is not so neat or compact as the first. But from the moment the curtain rises on the third act to the end of the piece, we are all abroad. The author appears to have been reduced to the last extremity in his efforts to get his characters out of the meshes in which he had involved them; and his salvation of the difficulties bears all the traces of mental desperation. The lady flies to the mountains to escape from the officers of justice, and is made prisoner by the captain of a troop of soldiers, who turns out to be her old lover, the artist, who has evidently entered the army for the purpose of coming in exactly in the nick of time to bring about the conclusion of the play. He has taken prisoner a certain brigand, and this brigand no sooner sees the lady, than he declares a fidelity to her, and attempts to kill the captain. Here again we believe, to the majority of the audience; but which was understood to relieve her mind concerning the secret that had been weighing upon her all throughout. Another individual eludes her of the charge of murder, and immediately afterwards commits suicide. The reader need not be informed that, under these favourable circumstances, the artist offers his hand again, and is not rejected this time.

There would be no objection to these incidents, if they were consistent with the expectations raised by the early part of the piece. They have the true ring of the melodrama. But they do not fall skilfully into their places. They betray a failure of ingenuity on the part of the author, who has been having his friends him up to the second act, suddenly becomes paralyzed in the third. We are not criticising this piece on any grounds but that of structure. The dialogue does not appear to differ in any essential particular from the dialogue of a thousand other stalling plays we have seen and forgotten; except, perhaps, that it is quicker, sharper, and comes more promptly to the point than most of them, which is a merit. And the characters are drafted from old stocks, with which everybody is acquainted, and are none the worse for the transplantation. The mystery, so long as it remains a mystery (which, we admit, it does still for us), is as good as any other mystery in the drama. It is a mystery, and it is a mystery, and it is broken, and his well expressed. The fate of this work ought to be a warning to future playwrights. Whatever they do, let them remember that the one thing to be kept in view, even at the risk of losing everything else, is climax. The best play, animated by the noblest sentiments, the finest poetry, and the most interesting incidents, may be wrecked in sight of land, by drifting in the last scene into an anticlimax.

SKETCHES FROM HUNGARY.—NO. IV.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

THE tour of exploration which I had been induced to make to the shores of the Platten See, had proved so full of interest and agreeable incidents, that I determined to extend my wanderings in Hungary in another direction; and with this object I left Pesth one night afterwards, in a light wagon, for a country house, to which I had been fortunate to receive an invitation, not many hours distant from the capital. Light clouds in forenoon had not dissipated half my journey; and although they did not at a stretch with the same houses as an ordinary stage in Hungary, the room which I had engaged proved unusually airy, and dragged me wearily along muddy roads in a jolting rattle; while the coolness, whose linguistic requirements were confined to a knowledge of his native tongue, seemed carefully to choose the depest rout, and resolutely to object to any necessitation of pace, in spite of my constant repetition of almost the only Hungarian sentence I knew, that I would pay him well if he would go quicker. At last, when thoroughly drenched and tired, obdurate lights shining out of the many windows of an old castle that loomed indistinctly in the darkness, promised a speedy improvement in my circumstances; and, in fact, my recent misadventure in the carnival revels and luxurious life of the capital, was more than made up for me. My kind host had already chafed out a short tour through the Highlands of Hungary, to be performed in his own wagon; and on the following morning we were *en route* behind a better team and under a brighter sky than had fallen to my lot on the previous evening. Our road for the first three hours lay through a flat, well-cultivated country to the curious and eminently characteristic old town of Gyöngös, situated at the foot of the Matra range, and consisting of a long, broad, struggling street of low houses, with here and there the town mansion of a neighbouring proprietor; for, although Gyöngös contains only about 10,000 inhabitants, the vicinity of the vicinity revert to it as the centre of their winter pastimes, and during that season of festivity woe out the echoes of its quiet streets with the sounds of their revelries. Now its principal inn was in a state of repose, and the only interesting information we obtained was the significant fact that two Austrian *regiments* had been sent in their requisition to the Government, apparently afraid of remaining in their unpopular position in the event of a revolutionary movement. Gyöngös contains a purely Magyar population, and is noted for the ultra-national tendencies of its inhabitants. Pursuing over a more undulating country, and through one of the best tobacco districts in Hungary, we looked

with interest on the plain of Kopolin, celebrated as the scene of an important and bloody action during the war of 1849, and rattled towards evening into the picturesque old town of Erlau, our horses clattering along its streets as merrily as though they were just starting on a journey, instead of having accomplished one of sixty miles in eight hours, without turning a hair. Erlau is the seat of an archbishopric, and seemed to contain a population composed principally of ecclesiastics and students. There is a large cathedral which looks like an open house; a spacious college that resembles a manufactory, an archbishop's palace, situated pleasantly in gardens, and a principal street of handsome houses, which are the residences of the canons. It is quiet, dignified, and dull, but Magyar to the backbone. The archbishop is the *l'ère* uncle of Count Reichenberg; and I went into the cathedral during service on purpose to look at the canon, who was the most liberal, and who was now very diligently employed over his natus. The inside of the cathedral is plain and simple, and contains nothing of interest beyond the bones of one or two kings of Hungary, in glass cases.

The Austrian Government, with singular infidelity, has alienated the whole of the Hungarian Roman Catholic clergy, by the Concordat, which deprived the Hungarian Primate of nearly all his power, and divested the Church of its most important privileges. The policy which has been recently pursued towards the Protestants has been equally unfortunate; and, although it has ended in failure, the attempt to transfer the powers of the synod to the Government has had the effect of reconciling the opposing denominations, who now find a common bond of sympathy in their mutual misfortunes.

Immediately above the town rises an abrupt cliff, upon which are the ruins of an old castle, celebrated for the defence which was made against the Turks, in 1549, by Dobo, the Hungarian commander, whose tomb is in a grotto on the hill, and whose monument figure considerably defaced by time, lies side by side with an old Turkish gun, a trophy of the war in which he was so gallantly distinguished himself. In 1849 this gun was painted in the national colours; but they have since been replaced by the black and yellow of Austria. The 20th of August, or St. Stephen's Day, which had, owing to the judicious arrangement of General Benedek, passed off quietly at Pesth, was here signalled by a demonstration, which took the form of a procession to the tomb of Dobo, when one of the ladies of Erlau made a speech, in which she regretted that it was no longer possible for Hungarians to win such glory as that which had crowned the defender of the fort, and recalled to the minds of her auditors the deeds of daring of some of her own ancestors, when a corps of Amazons had been formed, and assisted materially in the gallant defence which had been made. Perhaps it was the remembrance of this episode which induced the fair creature to take so prominent a part in the proceedings of the day. An old roadway leads into the fort, which is now a mass of ruins, and embedded among them are the columns, still standing, of the chapel, and an enormous gun cut out of granite. The greater part of the materials of which the fort had been composed were employed by one of the Emperors, formerly Bishop of Erlau, in the construction of the cathedral, the college, and his own residence. The view from the highest point is extremely beautiful. Below, the little town, consisting chiefly of churches, and handsome buildings, lies snugly cased between low hills, one side alone rising above it precipitately; tall poplars with their church-towers in height, and pretty gardens and orchards clothe the hill-sides. In the background are the Matra, and other mountain ranges, while in a westerly direction the eye rests upon the vast Pannonia, or plains of Low Hungary, which stretch away without an elevation higher than an ant-hill to the banks of the Danube. It happened to be a market-day at Erlau; and in the morning the little market-place was filled with peasant women, in picturesque winter attire; for the day was cold, and they had covered their usually bare legs with red Wellington boots, and their white chemises with sheepskin jackets embroidered and trimmed with fur.

Our road thither had led us along the margin of the Highlands, with Low Hungary, extending like a sea, to our left. From Erlau we turned directly into the mountains, and we were amply compensated for the loss of our good road by the picturesque scenery through which we passed.

Before nightfall we reached the country house of a Magyar of the genuine type, buried among wild hills, which all belonged to him, and surrounded by a village which had been inhabited by the dependants of the family from time immemorial. There was a festive air about the place, which carried one back several centuries, and the homely hospitality of its owner, who despised the incursion of European capital, and lived in a secluded dignity of his own from year's end to year's end upon the ancestral acres, was such as might have characterized the chief of some Highland clan when tourists in Scotland were rarer than they are now.

As in old times in that country the piper was a necessary member of the household, so our evening meal was accompanied by the strains of a gipsy band, who played in the corridor the wild national airs of Hungary. They were the family musicians, and formed part of the establishment. At a later hour the influence of the music made itself felt upon the large party who found themselves assembled in the old hall. It was impossible to sit still under the inspiring tones of the *csárdás*, or national dance; and our host led the way to the lively measure with a step not unlike that of the Scotch reel. The infection soon spread, and although I had never seen the dance before, I was soon jiggling with the utmost ease, and now and then whirling round my partner in the most approved style. As we warmed to the work, the music increased in pace, until at last dancers and musicians were thoroughly exhausted; then the gentlemen sang every popular song which the Hungarian repertory contained; then we danced the *csárdás* again, and now until a late hour did we seek repose from our salutary exertions in distant bedrooms along giant corridors.

The whole of the part of Hungary in which I was now travelling is in the hands of a few old families, who own estates of enormous extent. Formerly the condition of the peasantry partook somewhat of the character of serfdom; now, however, they are as free as the nobles, but the old traditions still cling to them, and they look upon the *Grand Seigneur* as one of the most important personages

in the universe. It was reported that in many of the villages Austrian emissaries had been active, promising the peasants a division of all the landed property in the country, if they were prepared to side with the Government in the event of a revolutionary movement taking place. Whether this was or not, the nobles declared themselves confident that no such bribe would tempt the laboring classes to espouse the anti-national cause. Two days more journeying among the hills brought us back by crossroads to our mountain pastures, where the mountains were wild and uncultivated, where the hills were bare or cut into deep ravines by the mountain torrents, sometimes heavily timbered, or clothed with vines. Villages were few and far between, scarcely straggling places, each with its little church, and cottages dotted about without any apparent design. One day the roads were thronged with peasants in gala dress on their way to church, for it was a festive occasion, and they were in appropriate attire, the men with feathers in their hats or bunches of a light gray grass called "crystal's hair," with which this part of Hungary abounds, and which somewhat resembles the most delicate ostrich-feathers; the women with red headkerchiefs, embroidered jackets, grey-coloured skirts, and high boots.

The highlanders of Hungary differ from their brethren in the low country in their wilder nature and less civilized habits; but they all have the same strong sympathy for the Fatherland, and, except to the initiated, present no striking dissimilarity. Still I wished to see those celebrated Pannons which form one of the most striking features of Hungarian scenery, and a great part of which are inhabited by Magyars of the purest blood. The most thoroughly national part of Hungary is to be found on the Upper Theiss, and its principal towns are Debrecen and Segedin. It was in the latter town that I found myself not long after my return from my last expedition, and contemplated its broad impetuous, irregularly directed, spacious market-place, and scattered houses, with the more compact towns further north. The houses here are seen, as they were, levelled over the plain, are surrounded by gardens and trees, cover an immense area, and present more the appearance of a large and well-substantial encampment than a town; as though the nomadic habits of the original founders had still clung to them, and they were not quite decided when they fixed themselves on this particular spot of the prairie, to remain there always. The streets in winter are sloughs of despond; in summer the passenger is smothered with dust. To reach them he first enters a wood, then traverses a desert plain, then enters another wood, and then the door of his house. In other words the streets are enormously broad, with avenues of trees on each side. A railroad now connects Segedin with Pesth, and one branch continues to Temesvár. As the country is quite flat, and the velocity of the train is not great, the traveler has every facility for observing the scenery, which is altogether unique. This dead level stretching away to the horizon like the sea during a calm, has an imposing effect. There is a solemn grandeur about it which saves it from being monotonous; and although but few objects occur to relieve the prospect, it never becomes wearisome. Now and then large villages appear, covering, as usual, many square acres of ground, consisting of 18,000 or 20,000 individual houses, and villages; sometimes we traverse a waste of grass dotted with flocks and herds, pease, sheep, and cattle, roaming at will over the boundless pasture, which reminded me rather of the prairies of Western Louisiana and the Texas borders than of the steppes of Russia. They are not so undulating as the latter, while the grass is not so long and waving as on a prairie. Occasionally large flocks of swans may be observed stalking over the plain; but they are usually to be found further south, and are seldom visible from the railway. Wild-looking men, with all the habits and characteristics of a class devoted to a single occupation, and leading a life differing in many respects from that common to peasantry generally, feed their herds on these boundless pastures. Sometimes we exchange grazing land for cultivation, and look across seas of Indian corn without a break, except here and there a clump of green groves a village. Meantime the train draws its weary length along, stopping about ten minutes at every station, to let out two passengers and take in one. The guard and stokers get down on the platform and smoke, and a general squally perambulation every body until it is time to start again, when we rumble gently along, so carefully and deliberately that if by chance you missed a train at one station, and were favoured by a good road, you would have no difficulty, with a smart turn of horses, in overtaking it before it reached the next.

I arrived at Temesvár at about two o'clock in the morning, and drove through the deserted streets in a peeling rain, in a vain search for a lodging. At last, in a low tavern, I was offered a bed, which was the permanent property of an Austrian officer, who was away on leave, and not expected to return. I was just encasing myself comfortably between his sheets, and congratulating myself on my good fortune, when, like the unhappy Cox, I was ejected by the devoted Bed, who most hospitably arrived at 3 a.m., and expressed, naturally, some indignation at finding a stranger in possession of the couch upon which his deities had dwelt. I thus found time for some time past. I was thus compelled to humiliate myself to the dust, to the dark passages, chattering and humiliated, and was thankful at last to be accommodated with a shakedown on a table in the coffee-room, which I had scarcely occupied for a couple of hours when I was disturbed by a gentleman in quest of *caff au lait*, and wandered about the passages without a home anywhere until the market-place began to fill, and I found solace and amusement in watching the peasants come in from the country, with their baskets on their heads. There was a greater variety of costume than usual, for the population of Temesvár and its neighbourhood is composed of diverse nationalities. I left the country of the Magyars, and found myself now among Germans, Serbians, and Wallachs. The dress of the latter especially is of a novel and charming character, more brightly patterned ayons of a more varied and delicate material, which reached below the knees, leaving the leg bare, while a long fringe of tassels of the same stuff depended behind, of equal length. The town itself is much more commonplace than that of Magyar construction; it is contained within the walls of the fortress, and consists of a large market-place and regular streets, with substantially-built houses of two or three stories. The view from the ramparts extends

over a great extent of suburb and garden, with the plain stretching southward, and an undulating country in the direction of Arad, a town of some importance, about thirty miles distant to the north. Temesvár is the capital of the Vovodina, which composes a separate government from the rest of Hungary, and is the centre of an independent administration. From hence a line of railway is projected into Transylvania, which is destined ultimately to be prolonged to Bucharest, and thus bring the now distant capital of Wallachia into direct contact with western civilisation.

About two miles out of the town is a large suburb, called the Fabrik, which contains a considerable population, and is connected with the fortress by shady avenues, with walks leading into gardens, where the beauty and fashion of Temesvár assemble on Sundays and Thursdays to listen to the music of an Austrian band. As one of the strongest fortresses in this part of Hungary, and a place of great importance strategically, a large garrison is always maintained here, and the streets are peopled with soldiers and officers in uniform.

I left Temesvár at two o'clock in the morning, to prosecute my journey to the last point, in an eastern direction, which railways have yet reached in Europe, and at daybreak found we were jogging along—far so more rapid epithet can be applied to an Hungarian railway—through more flat country, with peaked hills within view, clothed with vineyards. At Weiskirchen, a town about five miles distant from the Danube, a small branch line has been constructed to the coal-mines of Oranovica, that contain coal of excellent quality, from which the steam-boats of the Austrian Lloyd's Company are chiefly supplied. A line of hills shoots out the Danube from view, until we burst suddenly upon its wide-rolling steeps, and perceive our terminus built under the shadow of a precipitous cliff. A single huge red building, with here a dome, but, and a little church with a tin spire, compose Batschka, a very worthy termination, in so far as cheerfulness of aspect is concerned, of one of the worst lines of railway in Europe. By this time our passengers have dwindled down to a minimum quantity, and about six unwashed nondescript individuals emerge from second and third class carriages, with a very small collection of baggage between them, and wander in a vague uncertain manner into the large building which contains a restaurant, a booking-office, and accommodation for all the officials connected with the railway, and for any unfortunate passengers who may find themselves compelled to take up their temporary abode in it. This seemed likely to be our fate, as the regular steamer to Belgrade had broken down, and we were dependent for the prosecution of our journey upon the chance arrival of a passing boat. A detention of eight hours in a locality so utterly devoid of resources, was a serious trial to the patience of some of my companions, who amused themselves by quarrelling with the Austrian employés. To add to our discomfort, when, towards evening, a steamer did make its appearance, it was accompanied by a tremendous thunder-storm, in the midst of which we scrambled on board, and collected—a moist stamping assemblage of discontented representatives of various nationalities and costumes, in the little saloon, where we were destined to pass the night in our damp clothes, lulled to sleep by the murmurs of a Serbian baby, and the moans of a Greek priest. My wanderings in Hungary had come to an end, and I had already exchanged the Magyar for the Schave.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR D. MAXWELL, BART.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, at Cardross, near Glasgow, N.B., aged 87, Sir David Maxwell, Bart., of Cardross. He was born June 16th, 1773, and succeeded to the title at his father's demise in 1825. Sir David was Vice-Lieutenant William Wallace Stewart of Kircubright, and Honorary Colonel of the Galloway Rifles. He married, in 1800, Georgina, daughter of Samuel Martin, Esq., of the island of Antigua, but, and a little church with a tin spire, compose Batschka, a very worthy termination, in so far as cheerfulness of aspect is concerned, of one of the worst lines of railway in Europe. By this time our passengers have dwindled down to a minimum quantity, and about six unwashed nondescript individuals emerge from second and third class carriages, with a very small collection of baggage between them, and wander in a vague uncertain manner into the large building which contains a restaurant, a booking-office, and accommodation for all the officials connected with the railway, and for any unfortunate passengers who may find themselves compelled to take up their temporary abode in it. This seemed likely to be our fate, as the regular steamer to Belgrade had broken down, and we were dependent for the prosecution of our journey upon the chance arrival of a passing boat. A detention of eight hours in a locality so utterly devoid of resources, was a serious trial to the patience of some of my companions, who amused themselves by quarrelling with the Austrian employés. To add to our discomfort, when, towards evening, a steamer did make its appearance, it was accompanied by a tremendous thunder-storm, in the midst of which we scrambled on board, and collected—a moist stamping assemblage of discontented representatives of various nationalities and costumes, in the little saloon, where we were destined to pass the night in our damp clothes, lulled to sleep by the murmurs of a Serbian baby, and the moans of a Greek priest. My wanderings in Hungary had come to an end, and I had already exchanged the Magyar for the Schave.

THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER.

On Tuesday, the 13th instant, at his seat, Hartley Castle, near Stourport, Worcestershire, in his 78th year, the Right Rev. Henry Peppys, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester. The deceased prelate was the third and youngest son of the late Sir William Peppys, Bart., by the eldest daughter of the Right Hon. William Dowdeswell, and brother of the late Earl of Cottesham, formerly Lord Chancellor of England. He was born in Wimpole-street in 1783. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1801, and was subsequently Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1807, B.D. in 1814, and D.D. in 1840; was Prebendary of Wells from 1836 to 1840, and Rector of Moreton, Essex, from 1822 to 1840, and also Rector of Westhall, Hertfordshire, from 1827 to 1840. In the latter year he was consecrated Bishop of Suder and Mar, and translated to the See of Worcester in 1841, on the death of the Right Rev. Dr. R. J. Carr. He married in 1824 Maria, third daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Buckinghamham, by whom he has left issue two sons, and two daughters. The late bishop was a supporter of liberal opinions in the House of Lords, and of anti-Trinitarian opinions in the Church, though he was popular with men of all parties and schools of thought. His lordship was the 101st incumbent of the See of Worcester (founded A.D. 679). Hartley Castle, which

has been the residence of the bishops of Worcester for several generations, is a handsome but heavy building of the reign of William III., somewhat in the style of Kensington Palace, consisting of a front and two wings, in one of which is the chapel. The old castle, which had been erected by Bishop Gualtup in the fourteenth century, was demolished at the time of the Rebellion.

HON. P. B. DE BLAQUIERE.

The Hon. Peter Boyle de Blaquiere, died at Toronto, Canada, on the 23rd of October, aged 70. He was the fourth son of Lieut.-Col. Sir John de Blaquiere, Bart., K.B., whose wife was married to the peerage of Ireland in 1801, as Lord de Blaquiere, by Elzevir, daughter of Robert Dobson, Esq., of Anne's Grove, co. Cork. He was born April 27th, 1781, and spent his early life as a midshipman under Capt. Bliqh., of the *Jeanty*, and was present at the battle of Camperdown. He subsequently settled on a grant of land in Canada, where he became a member of the Legislative Council of the Province, and was eventually elected Chancellor of the University of Toronto. He was twice married; and had issue seven sons and eight daughters. De Blaquiere came over to England at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes.



HON. C. BUTLER WANDESFORDE.

On Wednesday, the 7th instant, at Mount Jolly, co. Kilkenny, aged 80, the Hon. Charles Harward Butler-Canthwell-Wandesforde. The deceased was the youngest and last surviving son of John, 17th Earl of Ormonde, and brother of the late Marquis of Ormonde, so created in 1821. His mother was the Lady Anne Wandesforde, daughter and sole heiress of Sir John Wandesforde, who died in 1784. By his first wife, Lady Sarah Butler, he had family of two daughters and three sons, of whom the eldest, John, succeeded to the family estates.

CAPTAIN GIBBONS.

On Sunday, October 21st, at Witneyville, Oxfordshire, aged 85, William Gibbons, Esq., Captain R.N., on the retired list. He was the second son of Sir William Gibbons, LL.D., by Rebecca, daughter of Vice-Admiral Watson, and sister of the 1st Sir Charles Watson, Bart., of Wratting Park, co. Cambridge, and grand-niece of the present Sir John Gibbons, Bart., of Stapenwell Place, Middlesex. He was born in 1775. He entered the Navy, in 1789, and commanded the *Queen, Drake, and Joseph*, cutters, in the latter of which he took, September 18th, 1803, *Le Bonaparte*, privateer, of 6 guns, and 52 men. His last employment was, from 1808 to 1811, as commander of the *Alpha* schooner, in the English Channel. He became a retired commander on the junior list in 1831, and on the senior list in 1857.



PRINCE RAFFIHA.

On Monday, November 5th, at Paris, the Prince Raffiha, of Dorevry, in Poland. He married Mary, daughter and co-heir of the late Peter Patton Bold, Esq., of Bold, co. Lancaster,—a family which formerly held large estates in that county.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Mary Lady Von Stiermann, of Norrköping, Sweden, of an English origin, but for many years residing in Sweden, where she died on the 15th of July last, in her 70th year, made her will in 1851, and a codicil to the same in 1852, which have been recently proved in London, by David Morrie Johnston, Esq., of Moor-gate-street, the sole executor for England. The personal property is worth about £5,000. The executors nominated for Sweden are *Baron de H. von Stiermann*, the Hon. Frederic William Von Stiermann, a member of the Swedish House of Lords, and John Moselius, Esq., late British Vice-Consul in Sweden. This lady was thrice married: first, to Colonel Augustus Hamilton, of Marlinton, in Lanarkshire, who fell gloriously at the head of the Scots Greys at Waterloo; secondly, to Captain Edward Payne, of the same regiment, and also present at Waterloo, who died in 1811; and, thirdly, to her surviving husband. Her ladyship, besides an annuity of £150 charged on the Calcutta estate of Marlinton, received for the long term of forty-five years from the British Government, the recognition of Colonel Hamilton's meritorious services, an extra pension of £330, partly from the Waterloo Fund, and partly from the Royal Bounty, and was probably amongst the last recipients of such proof of national gratitude. Her services rendered at and antecedent to Waterloo. It is very much to be regretted that Colonel Hamilton's body, although assiduously sought for on the battle field, was never found. Her ladyship's will is but of moderate length. She bequeaths to her husband property equivalent to £1,400. She then makes specific bequests to two sons, and to a nephew of the late Captain Payne. The residue of her estate she bequeaths to her executor, D. M. Johnston, Esq., but subject as to £1,000 Consols, part thereof, to the contingency of his surviving her husband. She has given directions that her remains, at present entombed in Sweden, shall be disinterred and conveyed to England, and deposited by the side of her second husband, Captain Payne, in the burial ground of Chichester, Sussex.

Henry James Wheeler, Esq., of Doctor's Commons and 27, Hyde Park Gardens, died at his residence on the 16th of October last, leaving property to the amount of £18,000. His will bears date the 25th August, 1849, and a codicil in the same year, and there are two other codicils, dated respectively in 1851 and 1852. The surviving executors appointed by the will are his relict and Llewellyn Wynne, Esq., Solicitor, 56, Lincoln's Inn Fields, to whom probate was granted on the 20th instant by the London Court. The will is of considerable length, and contains a great number of bequests, with annotations. To his relict, who possesses very considerable property under marriage settlement, he bequeaths an immediate legacy of £2,000, together with an annuity of £400, also the furniture, carriages, and other effects. After the payment of all legacies and other necessary expenses, the testator leaves the residue of his estate to be divided equally among his children. To his sisters, his partner, one of his clerks, and to the trustees under the settlement, and to others he has left legacies; and there are also be-



young Princess, and with whom the Duchess corresponded up to the close of her life, in May, 1859, has just published that correspondence * in an unusual but very agreeable form. Following the example of Carlyle in his history of Cromwell, he has connected these letters by biographical details, which give us a complete autobiography of this clever and excellent princess. Politics are excluded from the work, which makes it more acceptable, as we meet with no interruption in the narrative of a life which interests as much by the important events witnessed by the Duchess of Orleans, as by the reflections and observations emanating from her highly intellectual and accomplished mind. Some anecdotes of the revolution of 1848, and of the exile of the Orleans family in England, are here published for the first time.

The lithons of Suet and Egypt have been, and are likely to be again, at no very distant period, the object of discussion between England and France, and the difference of opinion may, perhaps, be successfully served to invigorate the peace of Europe. Every information on that country, therefore, is valuable, and M. Letronne's "Miscellaneous" † bear the weight of science and sagacity combined. M. Letronne, one of the first Hellenists of Europe, had made Egypt the principal subject of his studies, and was publishing very important works on that country when death suddenly cut short his career.

His historical sketch of the lithons of Suet describes, after having stated its physical condition, the various efforts made by the ancients to join the Mediterranean with the Red Sea. Among other remains contained in this work there is a notice on the civilization of Egypt, from the first residence of the Greeks in that country, to the conquest of Alexander. The credulity displayed in this collection has a practical object throughout, and it is written by a man who is eruditely desirous of making knowledge applicable to the social improvement and welfare of mankind.

The history of the Reformation is rarely retrospective for more than half a century before Luther, and few are aware that it actually commenced in the twelfth century. Peter de Bruys, the Luther of the middle ages, and like him also a priest, a heretic, a schismatic, and Arnold of Brescia, are men whose labours and extraordinary lives as Christian reformers, are well worth the careful biography which M. Napoléon Peyron has just published. ‡ His work embraces the greater part of the twelfth century, and closes at the death of St. Bernard and Abelard. The description of the political and social condition of the time intervenes in the narrative, making a very interesting book, of which the title alone is not, perhaps, likely to attract many readers.

In literature the eras of Pericles, of Augustus, of Leo X., and of Louis XIV., stand forward as beacons, whose light serves as a guide to ancient and modern times. It was by no means an easy task to make precision and brevity with elegance and force of language. A lady, however, has made the attempt with success, and her book, † intended only as a rapid survey of four great periods of learning, is become, under her pen, a standard library work.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Boosey's Musical Cabinet is a miracle of cheapness. Of late we have seen a good deal done in this way, but nothing at all comparable to the publication before us. It is a series of shilling books or numbers, in large quarto, each number containing from forty to fifty pages, and each containing as much matter as the ordinary folio page of music. It is beautifully printed on the finest paper, and the text (as we find from a pretty careful examination), is of immaculate correctness. Its contents are of the highest order, and, if continued as it has begun, it will become a library of classical music. In order to estimate its cheapness, let us take the first book, or number, which contains twenty songs by Mendelssohn, with pianoforte accompaniments. Among them we find many of his richest vocal pieces, such as "There be none of Beauty's daughters," "The Winter Song," "By the Silver Arbores," "The First Violon," and others equally beautiful;—and we have them for less expense than they would cost shillings, as published and sold in the ordinary way. Another number contains fifteen songs of Beethoven, including "Adeleide," and the "Quail;" in another we have fourteen songs by Verdi; in another, twelve English duets, by Mendelssohn and other composers; and in another, twenty ballads by popular authors, including some of the best compositions of Edward Lear, Frank Mori, and other favourites of the public. The instrumental series is equally remarkable both for cheapness and quality.

It is impossible to look through the elegant books before us without wondering how they can be given to the public on such terms. We may suppose that, as they consist, generally speaking, of favourite pieces, for which there is a sure demand, the publishers look for remuneration to a very larger circulation, and may sell them much cheaper than unknown music, the success of which is uncertain. This supposition may account for a great deal of the cheap music of the present day, such as Novello's and Cocker's editions of Handel's most favourite compositions, which find purchasers everywhere, and among almost all classes of people. But it seems insufficient to account for such a case as the present, where the price is reduced to less than one-twentieth part of the ordinary amount. There only remain two alternatives,—either the publishers are doing music at a positive loss to themselves, or the general price of music is exorbitant. The first alternative is put out of the question by the known sagacity of the eminent and flourishing firm who are doing this business, and we are reduced to the other explanation, which is doubtless the true one. Works of magnitude, the publication of which involves a considerable expenditure of capital, are probably not sold too dear; but the extravagant prices demanded for the vast quantities of single vocal and instrumental pieces which issue daily from the music-shops, are an injury to the public and the art itself, a nuisance which will be abated only by the multiplication of such cheap publications as the present.

Boosey's edition of the "Sonatas of Beethoven for the Pianoforte" § is not another specimen of cheap printing, but it is an exemplification of a case in which cheap printing, in the present state of music in this country, is eruditely impracticable. It contains, in two handsome folio volumes, the whole of Beethoven's

seven sonatas for the pianoforte, without accompaniments, edited by an able and eminent professor of music, printed with great beauty and remarkable accuracy, and enriched with a prefatory sketch of the life of Beethoven, from the pen of Mr. G. A. Macfarren, a gentleman, who is not only one of the greatest English musicians of the present time, but distinguished for his literary works conjoined with his art. It is embellished, moreover, with a fine portrait of the composer, engraved after a picture of recognized authority. The price of the work is a guinea; and, considering its magnitude, the manner in which it is got up, the large cost of its production, and the necessarily limited extent of its circulation, its price is plainly as low as it could possibly be. For the pianoforte, works of Beethoven, though valuable to the artist and the educated amateur, are, as yet, a sealed book to the thousands in this country, who, really loving music in its simpler and more popular forms, are those who create an "effectual demand" for cheap publications.

The pianoforte sonatas of Beethoven, however, are daily becoming more and more known in our musical society. If we look back only twenty years, the change in this respect is striking. It is now the custom among our most distinguished masters of the instrument, to cultivate the taste as well as the fingers of their pupils—to lay before them what is great and good, and teach them to understand and love it. This progress is aided by the improved quality of our public musical performances, even those frequented by popular audiences. It is no uncommon thing now, in our drawing-rooms, to hear one of Beethoven's sonatas played by a lady with taste and execution, and listened to by a fashionable company with intelligent delight.

There are none of the works of this illustrious maestro—not even his gigantic symphonies—in which his genius shines with greater lustre than in his sonatas and other compositions for the pianoforte. It was evidently the instrument which, from prohibition, he employed in giving expression to his most beautiful, his grandest, his wildest, his most fantastic ideas. In his hands the variety of its powers is unlimited. He can make it, by turns, produce the thunders of the fall orchestra, the gentlest breathings of the flute, or the pæliatic tones and accents of the human voice. There are many great composers for the pianoforte, but no one can gain an entire mastery over the instrument, no one can fully comprehend the extent of its powers and resources, without being thoroughly conversant with the works of Beethoven.

NEVER ALONE.

ALONE? alone? I'm never alone!

Ten thousand spirits walk with me,
Over the street and its flinty stones,
Over the sands of the rolling sea,
Through the quiet woodland battle with birds,
And the purple mist where the plover cries;
Through meadows speck'd with flocks and herds,
By lakes that mirror the evening skies.
High on the mountain's icy crest,
And down, down 'mid the dust below,
Companions come at my soul's behest,
And hover about me where'er I go.

'Tis only in the midst of men,
Their hatreds, meannesses, and spies,
Their sneering scorn, their jostle forth,
Their base, unmanly derisions,
That I feel the weight of Solitude,
And pine for the muscadine leaf and wild,
For the freshening laurus of the pashies wood,
Or the prattle of a little child;—
I long to fly to the ends of the Earth,
Into communion of mine own,
Anywhere out of their dreary mirth,—
Alone—alone—but never alone!

GARIBALDI.

THE wisest ways are wisest still,
The simple are the simple ever;
Too much of strife, too much of will,
Too much of self, too much of e'er;
The soldier mind doth dwell ill,
The master-spirit never.

The steadfast land sometimes may fail,
The right, strong heart may falter;
The firmest foot on highest rail
Awhile its course may alter.
Yet still press on where onwards quail,
Straight up to Freedom's altar.

So, Garibaldi! march thy way,
Deceived, but ne'er deceiving;
Consent that seem to go astray
But sanction our believing;
For Victory no such glorious day
As a glorious retrieving.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

* *Lettres Originelles de Mme. la Duchesse d'Orléans, et Sonneries Biographiques, recueillies par H. de Schœlcher. 1 vol. large in-8. Paris: Magnin. 1860. London: David Nutt.*
† *Mémoires et Ecrits de la Duchesse d'Orléans, par Letronne. 1 vol. in-8. Paris: Duroc.*
London: David Nutt. 1860.

‡ *Les Reformes de la France et de l'Italie au Douzième Siècle. Par S. Peyron. Paris: C. Meryman & Co. 1860. London: David Nutt.*
§ *Les Quatre Soirées d'été, récit de l'histoire de la littérature au Péricle, Auguste, Léon X., et Louis XIV. Par Madame d'Alberville. 1 vol. large in-8. Paris: Duroc.*
London: David Nutt. 1860.

¶ *The Musical Cabinet: A Collection of Standard and Popular Vocal and Pianoforte Music, in Shilling Books. Boosey & Sons.*

§ *The Sonatas of Beethoven for the Pianoforte. Edited by W. Duerell. Boosey & Sons.*

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

REFORM AND REFORMATION IN FRANCE.

TWO singular "feelers" were last week put forth in the French Press by the French Government: the one suggestive of a Political Reform, and the other of a Religious Reformation in France. As is customary under the imperial régime, these announcements were cautiously and non-officially made, with the view of testing public opinion, and preparing the way for future action. In the first case, action followed upon discussion with unexampled rapidity. In the second, the "feeler" still remains a vague speculation, not to be traced to official authority, though doubtless emanating from it, and to be avowed or disavowed hereafter as circumstances may warrant.

In considering, in the first place, the Political Reform, which the Emperor, *ex proprio motu*, and as "a marked proof of his confidence," has designed to bestow upon the French people—the substance of which appeared in the official columns of the *Moniteur* on Sunday last, in the shape of an imperial decree—we must state our conviction, that it is certainly as large an instalment of popular liberty as can reasonably be expected from a sovereign in the peculiar and exceptional position of the Emperor. The first care of the founder or the restorer of a dynasty, must always be the preservation of the dynasty; and if the revolution, of which he is the chief, have been violent or lawless, effected by military, not by legislative action, the strong hand and the powerful will must of necessity be employed to silence and subdue opposition, and to support and consolidate the new system.

With two pretenders to the throne, and a Red Republican party not utterly annihilated, it would have been imprudent in the Emperor, however liberal might have been the bias of his mind, to allow much liberty of discussion, either to the Press or to the Parliament; until he had widened the foundations of his power and popularity, by sufficient proof that he was as able to retain a throne by his wisdom as to win it by his audacity. The English people, looking upon the Emperor too exclusively from an English point of view, have lost sight of the fact that a Frenchman's ideas of liberty are not exactly those which we entertain in this country, and that the daring, and hitherto brilliantly successful, policy of Napoleon III. has given the French nation several things which, for the moment, it values much more highly than the stormy constitutionalism which it suffered, rather than enjoyed, during the Restoration, and in the days of the Citizen King. These things are—material prosperity—military renown—and the first place in European politics. Never at any period did France stand so high in power, influence, and prestige, notwithstanding some errors and mistakes on the part of the Emperor, as she does at the present moment. That prestige is so constantly on the increase, that it is impossible for the most obstinate adherent of Henry V. or the Count of Paris, to deny a fact so palpable, or to attribute it to any other cause than the genius, the courage, and the fortune of the one man whose will has shaped the whole policy of the empire during ten years of unexampled difficulty. At an early period after his assumption of power, the Emperor explicitly stated that his policy would not always be one of repression, but that the day would come when he would be able, without endangering the stability of the edifice which he had raised, to enlarge its bases and admit within its precincts the intellect and the statesmanship of the nation. By his decree of the 25th

November he seems to consider that the promised day has arrived. In affording to the great bodies of the state a more direct participation in the policy of the government; in decreeing that the Senate and the Corps Législatif shall annually vote an address in reply to the speech at the opening of the Chambers, which address is to be discussed in the presence of the Government Commissioners, who, on their parts, will be called on for the necessary explanations on the interior and exterior policy of the Empire; and in taking measures to facilitate to the Corps Législatif the expression of its opinion, and the publicity of its debates—the Emperor has certainly made a liberal and important concession to public opinion. It is easy for professional critics to look "the gift horse in the mouth," and to find fault with its size, or its colour, but sensible men in France, and almost every one in England, will admit that the gift is a good gift, and would have been good though it had been smaller. Even if looked upon as the partial payment of a liability, and not as a gift, it is, under all the circumstances, a very considerable instalment of the debt, enough to encourage, if not wholly to satisfy, any reasonable creditor. Certainly it will be the fault of the French people themselves if they do not turn it to account for the growth and consolidation of their political liberties, and for the removal from their country of the stigma that must attach to any intellectual and high-spirited nation that allows itself to be wholly governed by a military autocracy.

But of still greater significance and importance than this measure of Political Reform is that of the Religious Reformation, which has lately been discussed in the Parisian press, under the title of "Napoleon III.—Pope." The time, perhaps, is not quite ripe for the consummation; but any statesman and publicist, who has carefully watched and studied the Emperor's career, and endeavoured to dive into the secrets of that dark but magnetic mind,—as events great or small have thrown a light into its profundities,—will be quite prepared to believe that Napoleon III. is exactly the man to enact in France the part which Henry VIII. enacted in England. As a temporal Sovereign, the Pope is as much a nuisance to France as he is to Italy; and it seems to follow as a necessary consequence of his approaching deposition by the Italians, that he shall cease to hold in France a power that may be, and very often is, at variance with the rights of the Chief of the State. As alleged by the writer, who has in all probability been put forward by the French Government to initiate this question, the Queen of Great Britain, the King of Prussia, the Emperor of Russia, and the Sultan, are severally the heads of the Church in their respective states, and allow no foreign priest or potentate to meddle in their internal affairs; and why, it is asked, should not the head of the French nation enjoy the same immunity? The yoke of the Papacy has been galling to French statesmen and to French Sovereigns ever since the days of Henry IV. The subject has often been discussed, and as often postponed. And if it have slumbered at any time, it has never died. But within the last two hundred years there has not been a French Sovereign sufficiently firm upon his throne, and of sufficient power of will to dare and do in a matter of such mighty import. Had such a man arisen, there would, ere the present day, have been an end of a system which is alike inconsistent with the liberty of nations and the independence of sovereigns. In the attempt to put an end to the spiritual imperialism in the secular *empire*, Napoleon III. will not only be supported by the cordial good wishes of all educated and intelligent Frenchmen, as well

as of the Protestant people of our own Isles, but of the friends of civil and religious liberty in Roman Catholic Italy, Germany, and even in Austria. In the last named country nothing so damaged the fortunes and tarnished the popularity of the Emperor as his unhappy "Concordat." Napoleon III. seems to be predestined for the work. Let him but carry it to a successful completion, and no name in the great page of European history will occupy a more important or more honourable position than his own.

HOW THE BRITISH LEGION HELPED GARIBALDI.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—The communications which are just now constantly appearing in the daily papers with reference to the conduct of the British Legion at Naples, and the mal-appropriation of the Garibaldian fund, are only confirmatory of facts which I have learned from other sources. As I never regarded the formation of the Legion with a favourable eye, I may perhaps be permitted to call public attention to the inconvenience which must ever arise from the rash intrusion of our sympathies, whether as represented by money, or as embodied in arms, in the internal affairs of foreign countries. If the history of the British-Italian Legion does not "adorn the tale" of Garibaldi's brilliant campaign, it may at any rate "point a moral" which I do not desire should be lost upon my countrymen. The year upon which we are about to enter will in all probability be rife with movements which must enlist the warmest sympathies of Englishmen. Not only in Italy but in Hungary will men rise in the sacred cause of national independence; and it is precisely because that cause is dear to all Englishmen who have at heart the credit and good name of the English nation, that I, for one, must deprecate a course of proceeding which must be alike injurious to both.

One has only to consider the character and antecedents of those who are likely to join in enterprises of this description to perceive that they must always be attended with unsatisfactory results. With very few exceptions, the men who compose the British-Italian Legion are either totally unused to warfare, and have never performed a campaign in their lives, or they are soldiers of fortune, whose military experiences may have been varied and stirring, but are by no means creditable. It is in vain to look in that body for men who know what campaigning is, and who have served elsewhere with honour and distinction. One or two such there may be, but they are swamped in the mass of tyros and adventurers.

A campaign in an enemy's country is attended with hardships such as those who have never tried it are utterly unable to realize beforehand. To sustain a man under them requires a stronger stimulus than mere sympathy, however well placed that sympathy may be. It may safely be said, that there are only two motives which will serve the purpose. These are patriotism or necessity. A man who is fighting for his own liberty and his own country ought to, and we believe every Englishman would, endure everything. A man whose profession is arms, and who is doing "a fair day's work for a fair day's wage," takes his hardships as a matter of course. But the amateur, whose only impulse is a generous sentiment in behalf of a stranger, and whose only hope is, that he may return to his own country with a whole skin, and a certain modicum of glory, finds that three successive nights in the rain on outpost duty cool his ardour. Those who marched with the buoyancy of hope through the streets of some of our English towns in all the bravery of red shirts some months since, found very shortly after their arrival in Naples that the reverse of the medal was very different from that attractive device which had tempted them in England. They complained, and with reason, that the Garibaldini, by whom they had hoped to have been received with open arms, looked upon them with coldness and jealousy. These latter feared, not unreasonably, that the deeds of valour which had marked their progress from Palermo to Naples might be rivalled, if not eclipsed, by the prowess of our countrymen, who, coming in after the burden and heat of the day was over, were burning to distinguish themselves. Some were even ungrateful enough to ask what business it was of ours, and whether the matter of Italy depended upon the exertions of 600 Englishmen? This prejudice excited a corresponding soreness on the part of the brigade, who attributed every inconvenience to which they were subjected to an intentional neglect. I will not do those superior officers of the Garibaldian army, with whom the arrangements for their comfort rested, the injustice to believe that this was so; but there can be no doubt that no adequate measures were taken to provide either for their commissariat or transport.

Italians, fighting for their freedom and their fatherland, may be contented with very short commons; Englishmen, fighting for Italy, will scarcely be satisfied with rations still more limited. Even if they were not so, the habits and requirements of the two peoples are so very different, that the one would consider a luxury the other would deem a privation. Under such pressure a volunteer soon begins to doubt whether, after all, the individuals for whom he is under-

going so much are worth the sacrifice; and when he discovers that while 600 Englishmen went out to fight for Naples, that city, containing a population of half a million, contributed only eighty men to the Garibaldian army, the cause in which he is enlisted begins to assume a different complexion. Thus, pondering as he trudges to the front, without shoes and with an empty stomach, he determines to supply by force the negligences of the Quarter Master General's department. The soldier of sentiment unused to discipline, is encouraged by the soldier of fortune, accustomed to defy it; the example spreads, and the whole brigade begins to plunder right and left. Harsh measures are resorted to in consequence by the superior officers, and a spirit of mutiny and desertion speedily manifests itself. While fighting is actually going on, the British Legion are ordered to the rear; out of 600 men only 200 appear to the muster-roll, and Garibaldi expresses the hope that the British Legion may not again be named in his hearing.

Nor as might be imagined, are the 200 who remain the best men. They are chiefly the adventurers, whose original object in enlisting in the expedition was to make it pay, and who are loath now to throw away their chance of incorporation with the Sardinian army. The ardent and misguided enthusiasts, who were honest sympathisers, finding themselves subject to hardship which they never counted upon, associated with a large portion of the scum of the British army, and sent to the rear in the moment of danger, prefer desertion to the disgrace of their position, and throw themselves penniless upon the streets of Naples. Then follow rows *en masse*, charges of theft, of tempting men to desert, of being drunk and disorderly, and as they have forfeited all claim to British protection, they find themselves at the mercy of a *consiglio di guerra*, composed entirely of Italians prejudiced against them, and from whose sentence there is no appeal. It is no use protesting against being treated like an Italian soldier; when an English gentleman puts himself into the position of one he must take the nations and the justice which are meted to the latter. There is no use asking for a regimental court-martial or a judge advocate, or sending imploring letters to the British Consul, or appealing to the British excursionist who happens to be at Naples. They will answer him that he should have thought of all this before, and that as he has made his bed, so he must lie on it. Even if his character has been irreproachable, he finds himself subjected to a social ostracism by his countrymen, who have learnt to entertain a wholesome dread of being seen in company with a member of the British Legion.

But not merely has this unfortunate body been the means of discrediting the name of an Englishman in Naples. It has proved a source of distinct annoyance and pecuniary loss to the cause it was designed to serve. Those liberal gentlemen who subscribed money, which was sent to Berlioz, and which—even admitting that this Mazzinian applied it as was intended—was a mere drop in the bucket, may have the satisfaction of knowing that Garibaldi was called upon to disburse about £18,000 in behalf of those Volunteers whose name was so distasteful to his ears. First we have one enthusiast handing over the contract for clothing the Legion, at a commission of 5 per cent., to a contractor with sympathies. This individual passes the good thing on to a friend, receiving 10 per cent. The latter hands it over, having levelled the same black mail, to our respected acquaintance the Jew, who does his little bit with Garibaldi after dinner, "for clothes supplied," burdened with 35 per cent. commission. Then we have steamers taken up for 700 men, at £10 a head, only carrying out 400, but getting paid the whole amount of the freight, besides numerous minor transactions which we would rather not specify, but which have caused Garibaldi to regard the British Legion as somewhat an expensive luxury.

I regret that I, or any one else, should have to speak in such terms of an enterprise which was doubtless undertaken from the best of motives, and which had its origin in a generous sentiment which all must share. We only deprecate the lamentable rashness and ignorance of military matters, which betrayed honest men into so foolish an undertaking. Soldiers are not made in a day, nor does a campaign consist entirely of pleasurable excitement. If men wish to be volunteers, let them join that national movement at home which furnishes to every neophyte the noblest and purest stimulus to endure hardship, and submit to discipline when the day of trial comes.

It is sad to think that there is not a Garibaldian who does not regret that the British Legion ever came to Naples—scarcely a member of that Legion who does not wish himself heartily out of it. The whole thing has been a *fiasco*. It is the business of the British people to profit by the lesson which it has taught them.

ONE WHO HAS JUST RETURNED FROM ITALY.

A SCOTCH FOREIGNER!—A Galloway fiddler, whose services had been engaged for a festival occasion, not many years since, persisted in the most malicious efforts to draw from his instrument the religious strains of a great Scottish martyr. At last one of the company ventured to ask him whether he could not possibly oblige the company with something native—"Maggie Lauder," for example, or "Bonny Wee?" The minstrel shook his head, dubiously—"Nae, sir, I'm sair in the Rellies saug."

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXI.

MR. WAGSTAFF'S DISCOURSE ON THE INADVANTAGES OF THE "BLUE SKY,"
AND ON THE ADVANTAGES OF FOG AND MIST.

It is the characteristic of a true Englishman to grumble at the climate, I am not a true Englishman. Fog, and mist, and rain, I love them every one, and maintain that, severally and collectively, they do good, not harm; and that, all things considered, the climate of England is the best and healthiest in the world. Its abundant moisture, of which we ignorantly complain, is, next to our religion and our liberty, the greatest blessing we enjoy. What makes our meadows greener—our men stronger, sturdier, and stender—our women lovelier, than any other, if it be not our moist atmosphere wrapping us in a blanket? In addition to these things, the warm rains which we owe to the great gulf stream from Mexico, that flows lovingly into all our western creeks and harbours, anoints our western hills with verdure and fertility, tempers the wrath of winter, mellifies the iron features of the frost, and gives us better food for the nourishment of our population than can be procured anywhere out of the limits of the British isles. How can good beef or mutton be raised without grass? How can there be perpetual grass without perpetual rain? And is there anything like grass to be seen, except for a brief spring season, and a part of the summer, on the continents of Europe or America? In England and over all our happy isles, the grass is green and succulent under the midwinter snow, and is not only the charm and the beauty of all the seasons, but as faithful to December as to June.

Frenchmen and other foreigners who have never been amongst us as refugees or visitors, have a tradition that the sun is never seen in England—except dimly through a mist; that a Londoner never has a chance of beholding the blue sky until he looks at it from the jetty at Boulogne, or from the middle of the Place de la Concorde—a tradition about as venerable and as well-founded as that which was once current in England, that every Frenchman dined twice a week upon frogs, wore wooden shoes, was polite to the ladies, and was a half-blooded between a monkey and a tiger. Frenchmen still have a vague idea that the month of November (so ignorantly maligned by human parasites, who talk by rote for want of wit, like with such a leaden weight of mist and cloud upon our brains, as to make life intolerable, and cause us to jump off monuments and bridges; to the ourselves up to trees or helopets; to swallow strychnine and arsenic; to send bullets through our brains, and sharp razor-blades through our carotid arteries.

If people in whose ill-furnished noddles these ideas find a lodging without paying any rent for it, would but visit me at Withy Grange any day in any November in any year, I would undertake to show them glories of foliage, of landscape, and of sky, which would prevent them from ever again repeating such abominations either about the month of November, or about the English climate generally.

"*London est laqueus
Metropole du spleen!*"

Such is the description, by a French poet, of the healthiest, as it is the greatest, city in the world; the bad character of which his countrymen persist in extending to the whole island. I grant that a London fog is not pleasant, and that a Manchester or a Glasgow fog is worse; but the unpleasantness is not the fault of the innocent fog, but of the coal smoke that comes from the fire-sides or the cotton-mills of our comfortable and industrious people. For this reason, Paris, that lorna weed, is and is never warm except in the dog-days, has a more agreeable fog than London whenever it is favoured with such a blessing. And if Paris have not the disagreeable fog, neither has it the agreeable indoor comfort, nor the ceaseless manufacturing industry of its dingier cousins. So that, after all, the "balances of heaven are just," in fog, as in everything else. But I do not wish to institute any comparisons between the two cities. My theme is not the climate of London, but that of the British Isles. Paris is all very well, so is Vienna, so is Rome, so is Naples, so are a thousand other places; but London, with all its ugliness, has the advantage over them in health, and in the beauty of its women. Did ever any one meet a pretty girl in Paris? Yes, if she were an Englishwoman. Not else.

No one loves the blue sky more than I do; but what I complain of is the fog of Englishmen, who admire blue skies everywhere else, but refuse to look at them at home. I can but say for myself that when the warm mantle of our British moisture is lifted up, and I am enabled to gaze at the great air-ship through which our globe sails for ever and ever, along with the other ships that form the fleet of Heaven, I see a sky that is not to be surpassed in blueness or in loveliness in any part of the world. But, fortunately for us Englishmen, the blue sky is not always with us. If any one particularly desires to enjoy a very blue sky, let him go to Marseilles, and from Marseilles to Genoa, and from Genoa to Leghorn, and from Leghorn to Civita Vecchia, and from Civita Vecchia to Naples, and from Naples to Corfu, Constantinople, Egypt, and Nubia, and he will find what he seeks. But he will find something that, in his guileless innocence, he never anticipated. He will find a perpetual, irremovable, all-pervading, and eternal *SPLINE*. The word *spleen* is far too weak, pultry, shadowy, and attenuated to express the thorough and substantial meaning. It is *SPINE*—athletic and abledoid—that comes up from the gutters and gully-holes, from the highways and the byways, and seizes the unhappy wayfarer by the nose, and then by the neck, and knocks him down,

asphyxiated and helpless—to rise again, perchance, if his constitution be good, or a doctor be near to relieve him;—but not otherwise. And all from too much blue sky, without rain and fog to clear away the impurities of human and animal life. **THE BLUE SKY!** A little of it is a good thing, but too much of it is poison and death! It is the blue sky that breeds pestilence; and those who doubt have but to travel to the lands of malaria in Europe, and to those of the yellow fever in America, to doubt no longer. Blue sky—beautiful as it is—must be enjoyed in infinitesimal quantities, or it does mischief; and this is one of many reasons why we in England admire it on the rare occasions when we get it, and why we thrive so luxuriantly for want of it. Let the greatest grumbler against fog and mist, the most enthusiastic lover of blue sky answer one question ere he denigrate again; would he like the sky to be cloudless from the 1st of January to the 31st of December? He might if he were a fool, but not if he were a minister of state, or a member of Parliament, or a man largely engaged in business, or a mechanic working for his week's wage, or an unskilled labourer toiling for his daily bread.

Blue sky usually excites the brain, and makes a man rash, impetuous, and impulsive. Where does assassination most prevail? In the lands of the blue sky! In Naples, and Rome, and Spain on this side the globe,—in New Orleans, Mobile, Savannah, and all the yellow-feverish South on the other. Did ever any one hear of a Dante, a Giotto, a Vermeer, a Fleming, a Scotchman, or an Englishman, stabbing a foe in a chance quarrel? Rarely! If the thing occurs it is the exception to the rule. The rule in the land of Fog is to delegate individual vengeance to the Community and the functionaries whom it appoints. Patience, sobriety, calm judgment, order, and low grow out of the fog and the mist. The people who live under a perpetual blue sky take the law into their own hands, and are barbarians. Those who live in the fog delegate the power of the law to responsible officials, and never make themselves the judges in their own cause. Hence their liberty and their civilization, their press and their Parliament! For as mist is a physical, it must, to some extent, be a moral blessing. It is the ballast of the ship of the brain, and keeps the judgment steady in the men of the North, and makes them "canine," prudent, and far-seeing. In lands without mist and fog (to continue the metaphor of the ship), the main carries too much sail, is unduly stimulated by all the vagrant winds of fancy, and tilts over into the great sea of impulse, or into the whirlpool of madness.

Upon the picturesque as well as upon the social and moral aspects of mist and fog I could largely expatiate. Any one who has been upon a British mountain-top upon Suonond or Helvellyn, upon Ben Lomond, Ben Nevis, Ben MacDui, or the noble Goat-Fell in Arran, must, if he have any soul at all, remember with delight the solemn grandeur of the rolling mist beneath his feet, spreading away like a turbulent sea into the far infinitude, ever and anon heaving, and shifting, and changing into countless panoramas of ever varying beauty and magnificence. I know that in more youthful days, when I never caught sight of a distant mountain-top without resolving to place my feet upon it, a resolution which I seldom broke, and never for want of the will, I have shouted with joy, alone or in company, at the sublimity of the spectacle which rewarded me for my toil. I have remained for long hours amid the mists, in positions where to move a few yards to either side was perilous to limb and life, and where each person of the company—

"—seem'd spectral and remote;
A thing of shadows in a shadowy lead;
The mountain top and twenty years ago
The only visible earth, ourselves alone
The earth's subsistence."

And then when the mist was whirled away by a sudden wind, but seemingly by its own volition, and by the strength of its own inward agencies, I have felt overpaid a thousand-fold for all the peril and toil of the adventure, by a glory of glories, as of an unknown but yet familiar world emerging out of chaos, fresh with all the bloom and lustre of a new creation; hills, valleys, towns, rivers, and lakes, and far-off glimpses of the sea. It is not possible for any gorgeous sunset of the East or of the West, any sunrise of the tropics, or any magnificence of Egyptian noon, can surpass, in sublimity of effect the melancholy majesty of the Scottish mountains when their mists are set in motion by an Atlantic wind; and when, in the parlance of the people, "the Bens take off their nightcaps." Glencoe, with the mists upon the rugged steeps on either side of its blood-stained pass, is a scene which will teach respect for mist to any one who has once beheld it in its mountain birthplaces, however strongly he may prefer the more placid beauties of blue sky and green meadows.

It is only to intellectual mist and fog that solid objection can be taken. Misty speeches, misty sermons, misty essays, misty novels, and misty poems, are alike detestable, except to some of the young ladies, to all the simpletons, and to a few of the reviewers of this age. True genius is always as bright as sunshine. There is no fog in Homer, Shakespeare, or Milton. The great minds of literature sit on the highest mountain peaks, in a clear pure atmosphere, far above the regions of the fog, and look at the clear sun by day, and at the clear stars by night. It is only when they come down from their celestial heights, and mix in the ordinary business of the world, that they get into the fog. And being in it, the base world takes advantage of their simplicity and unworldeities, denies bread to its benefactors, and sends them up again to their mountain-tops, and to the contemplation of the blue sky, as specially as may be. Alas, poor Genius! Better would it be for thee if thou couldst understand the foggiest of the world a little better, so as to be able to make thy way through it, and profit by it!

vessels, or the great law-giver Moses, stretching the rock, from which burst forth the living stream to slake the parched tongues of the children of Israel—the fittest and most suggestive, perhaps, of all for a fountain dedicated to the poor: but whatever class of subject is adopted, let us be rid of those puerile animal conceits that are scarcely less offensive to all delicacy of taste than the filthy sporting “manikin.” Brewster’s “manikin” is a good deal better.

Another important consideration, which appears to have been entirely overlooked, is *sanitary*. We cannot think the attacks of hospitals and graveyards proper places for the erection of drinking-fountains. The water flowing from the little Norman structure, the first drinking-fountain erected in London, by Mr. Samuel Gurney, within the walls of St. Dunstons, appears to come from the mouldering graves, by which it is closely backed; and the pump in St. Paul’s Churchyard, to which has been added a drinking-cup, is similarly situated and equally objectionable; whilst the miserable contrivance at the railway terminus of London Bridge, attached to a gas-lamp, is in such close proximity to a repulsive structure, that the water is any degree of thirst can induce the passer-by to drink from such a source. Though it may not always be possible in overcrowded neighbourhoods to surround the fountains with pure air, there can be little difficulty in placing them apart from offensive matters or offensive associations. The enjoyment of a draught of water is increased by the brightness of the cup and the isolation from proximate impurities. The moral condition of the poor is not a little influenced by that which meets the eye. We desire them to drink, then let them do so under the most refreshing circumstances of sweetness and cleanliness, that they may be lured again and again to partake of the blessing that is offered.

The position of the fountain at the Oxford-street circus is better chosen, and offers an example for the placing of others in similar situations, where they might be erected under a covering that would afford shelter from the rain, as well as a place of refuge in the centre of thronged crossings. In our various cities, where we so often need, that it is surprising no attempt has been made to meet this deficiency. Light elegant structures, in ornamental iron, open at the sides, with a glass roof, would afford some protection from the weather, and be a boon to the public, who have so often to abide the peltings of the pitiless storm whilst waiting for a conveyance. In fountain, a shelter might be a work of utility and beauty, and contribute to the adornment of the town. There is so little of ornamental attraction in London streets, that the opportunity of introducing and encouraging it should not be lost. Our public statues can scarcely be said to decorate our highways and squares, but are for the most part a disfigurement and a laughing-stock. Unusually indicators have got possession of our lamp-posts, advertising their supreme ugliness to the passer-by; and ungainly and tasteless structures greet us at every turn. We can understand that, in the early stage of the fountain movement, its promoters would be more solicited to set the fountains on foot, than to consider the architectural excellence or fitness of them. Now that the good work is in active operation, we would earnestly impress upon the estimable gentlemen forming the “Association for the Erection of Public Drinking-Fountains,” the necessity of paying, in future, a little more attention to the choice of situation, propriety of ornament, and beauty of design.

THE HERRING FISHERIES.

Our herring fisheries are of great antiquity, and have always been considered as an important branch of industry; and very deservedly so, inasmuch as they produce a vast supply of food, especially for the poorer classes; give employment to a large population, and to no inconsiderable extent are a nursery for our navy, by continually encouraging and maintaining a hardy race of seamen. This being the case, any intimation of their decline instantly and very naturally suggests the necessity of the strictest and most careful inquiry into the cause. That they have declined in prosperity on the Scotch coasts, we believe, is not only matter of notoriety, but has for some time since been a subject of serious complaint. A question then arises whether this unfavourable change has resulted from natural causes, or been produced by artificial means; and this question is very easily answered—at least, if we are to believe several practical fishermen who have given their evidence upon the subject. They aver that the decrease in the number of herrings is to be traced to the unfair and illegal means which are employed for their capture—and this at a time when the fish are more numerous than ever.

The trawl and the drift-net are the two nets which are generally in use for the capture of herring. The former is illegal, and many contend that it ought on no account to be used at any season of the year: others are of opinion that it may be used only at certain seasons, and that it is the only implement with which the best and bravest fishers can be taken; but these persons would confine its use to the interval between the middle of June and Christmas, and at the same time insist on the meshes being one and a quarter of an inch from knot to knot. Whether these persons are right or wrong in their theory as to the use of the trawl, with the suggested restrictions, we do not pretend to decide; but of one thing we are quite sure, that the use of the trawl is the cause of all the mischief complained of, and if this be the case, it would perhaps be safer if the law were rigidly carried into effect, and its use altogether prevented. It is prohibited by law, but we know that the law is evaded, and that it is constantly used in and out of season, and with such small meshes, that thousands of small fish are captured which are unfit for use. That herrings are a migratory fish, and come from the northern latitudes, from those seas so difficult of access, which are covered for a great part of the year with ice, is a well known fact, and a naturalist makes the following remark as to the causes of their annual migration:—“The quantity of insect food which these seas supply is very great; and in that remote situation, defended by the icy rigour of the climate, they live at ease and multiply almost beyond conception; and from this retreat it is probable they would never depart, but that their numbers compel them to leave it. This mighty army begins to put itself in motion from the icy Sea early in the spring; this vast body is distinguished by that name; for the way to the herring is deemed from the term ‘herring’ an army to express their number, which is so vast, that were all the men in the world to be loaded with herrings, they could not carry the thousandth part away. No sooner is their

army quitted, than millions of enemies collect to thin their *armadas*. We are well aware of the number of enemies by which these fish are pursued, having frequently witnessed the arrival of large shoals of them on different parts of the west coast of Scotland. They begin to appear off the Shetland Islands in April and May; these are merely small shoals compared with the larger ones which arrive in June, during which time is given by the presence and noise of innumerable seagulls, gulls, &c., hovering and screaming over them, and by porpoises following in the rear. The quantities which we have, year after year, witnessed arriving, are so great that it would be difficult to suppose that any kind of fishing implements which could be invented would prove sufficiently destructive to decrease their numbers or thin their ranks; yet it appears by the evidence of competent witnesses, that the trawl with small meshes, when used unscrupulously in and out of season, has had the effect, in particular districts, of seriously injuring the fishing; and to such an extent, that the Lord Advocate has taken the subject into his serious consideration, with a view to further legislation.

The trawl with small meshes, when used during the winter months, not only captures innumerable small fish, which, if not wholesome, are certainly tasteless and of little value, but destroys thousands which are too small to be taken into the boat, and which, if left for a few months, would furnish a very valuable and wholesome food; and, moreover, it is affirmed—and we think with much reason—that the disturbance of the fish in the spawning-beds, and the dispersion of the fry, not only prevents the increase of the herring in the succeeding year, but that it acts upon that wonderful instinct which all living creatures possess, of forsaking those haunts which have become liable to disturbance, and seeking more peaceful and healthy more distant localities, for the deposit of their spawn and the rearing of their young. Self-interest and common sense, one would think, would suggest, even if the law did not insist, that the herring, which constitutes so considerable a source of food and wealth, should not be disturbed during any period of the spawning season; and that individuals who are blind to their interests, and indifferent to those of the public at large, as to commit this wholesale species of havoc, merely for a trifling immediate advantage, surely every exertion ought to be made to bring the strong arm of the law into operation to prevent them. Complaints have long been made, but in vain: the interference of the law is therefore our only resource.

The Scotch Fishery Board has the power of suppressing trawling; but, if several statements which have appeared from time to time in the Scotch papers be true, it has not exerted that power, but, on the contrary, has evinced an amount of supineness which has occasioned the greatest dissatisfaction amongst those who attach that importance to the herring fisheries which really belongs to them. If the trawl be injurious to the breed of herrings, and its use be illegal, why does not the Fishery Board make every exertion to suppress it? They have cutters at their disposition: how does it then happen that those who command them are not authorized by the Fishery Board to prevent trawling by the seizure of the illegal and unlicensed implements? That this is not the case would appear from the following statement, which we extract from an article on the subject in a Glasgow paper:—

“For several years past the trawling system has grown in magnitude, and in the length of time in winter in which it is prosecuted. Both on the east and west coast of Scotland there has arisen a great suppression, and the Scotch Fishery Board, which many seem to suppose had power sufficient to put it down, if it had chosen to employ them, has been very hesitantly handled for not having done so. It has been frequently mentioned to its discredit: that the trawlers have placed their nets under the bow of their officers’ command to stop the work, but because of the want of orders to do so from their superiors the Fishery Board.”

This is rather a strong accusation against the Fishery Board, and, although it has been made publicly, has not received any answer or explanation, which has provoked the further remark “that a watch or cutter not being what is supposed to be its duty is worse than useless, because it becomes a counter-nature and encourager of the wrong doing.”

If the Fishery Board has power legally to interfere and prevent trawling, we shall be glad to be informed why it neglects the performance of its duty? If it has no power, for what purpose is a cutter allowed to be present to give indirect sanction and countenance to an illegal proceeding? certainly the public have a right to be informed on this point.

There can be no question as to the injurious effects of the trawl when used throughout the winter; no one conversant with the subject disputes this; why is it then permitted, and of what use is the Fishery Board, if not either disarmed, or which has not sufficient power to interfere effectively?

If the injury done to the breed of herrings by this illegal mode of fishing were confined exclusively to the loss of a certain amount of food, even then the subject would merit general attention as well as that of the legislature; but the evil is not simply confined to this one evil; it involves a loss of employment to hundreds of our poorer population on the different sea-coasts where the herring-fisheries formerly flourished. It thus inflicts injury on the community at large by checking and discouraging industry which furnished sailors of the best description for the public service. The French Government are well aware of the importance of the herring fisheries in a national point of view; they well know they are a nursery for their navy, and consequently give them all the encouragement in their power, and why should we, under the immediate circumstances of the country, neglect all attention to so important a motive?

HOW TO FIND OUT AN IRISHMAN.—The Rev. Dr. Guthrie, in his late book on Ragged Schools, tells the following amusing anecdote:—“With all its drunkenness, I will not deny my country. I would find that, perhaps, as useless as did an Irishman of my acquaintance, who, when he was asked to give evidence, boldly claimed to be an Englishman, as to silence if not convince us. Unfortunately for him, an Irish lady who lived in our prison in Paris, had not forgotten, though she had resided long in France, the habits of her country. Fixing her green eyes on him one day at the table, she said, ‘I know you are an Irishman, for I have been in his throat by this characteristic, and to the English and Scotch part of the company, most diverting remark, “I know it, sir, by the way you peel your potato!”’

Navy, and shipowners who have made that the pretext for claiming immunities, have been laughed out of the field.

The Navy must now, therefore, if this were not necessary before, be regulated in conformity with the enlightenment of the mass of the population. "Jack" reads the newspapers; he has friends and relations who read them also; he knows what the rewards obtained for other skilled labour; he knows what liberty, what enjoyments, other men have, and he judges of the Royal Navy rather by the occupations of civil life than those of the merchant marine. He can no longer be kept in bondage or treated like a slave. Unnecessary restraints on his personal liberty—cutting him off too much, if not entirely, from the shore and from the society of the other sex, while he has large remuneration—particularly if these restraints be arbitrarily enforced, will no longer be borne. Such restraints were the source of the mutiny on board the *Princess Royal*, and as long as they are continued they will be sources of perpetual discontent.

Cruel punishments, too, such as flogging—which they themselves, in communications to the daily journals, describe as "degrading, demoralizing, detestable, dog-like, worse than slaves"—must be done away with. They are thoroughly at variance with the usages of civilized society, and by continuing flogging in the Navy we exclude from it the classes who are most sought after, and the best adapted to defend the country. On this point the opinions of naval men who cling to flogging as essential to discipline, must be overruled.

We can also venture to assert, that as the merchant marine has ceased to be the mirror in which "Jack" finds the opportunity of leading a life, the necessity has become urgent to reform the merchant marine, and make it more in accordance with improved civil usages. The great recommendation it still possesses is, that the crews are discharged at the end of each voyage. Their servitude is always limited to short periods; but the many complaints which arise at the end of the voyage—the very painful reports we continually read from the police-courts—remain us that our merchant marine is governed by usages and laws incompatible with maintaining our maritime superiority. Very often it experiences great difficulty in getting men, and notoriously is very frequently supplied by crimps with men of the very lowest description.

We must caution the public, too, against supposing that the usages on board American ships, with which our men-of-war are sometimes favourably contrasted, are what they ought to be. The terrible vices of our own mercantile marine derived from arbitrarily treating seamen, have extended to that of the United States. Manumitted partly by negroes, partly by the offences of our own ports, American ships are by no means models of those civil usages to which discipline and order on board ship must, as much as possible, be made to conform. It is the more necessary to draw public attention to this point, because the suggestion of Mr. Lindsay to make desertion from the capitalist shipowner a serious offence, like that of desertion from Her Majesty's service has met the approbation of the Americans. It would add to the degradation of a seafaring life were the rupture of a civil contract with a shipowner to be classed with treasonable offences against the State.

For a maritime population sea-going is not merely a healthy but a cheerful occupation. The dangers excite rather than damp the spirits of enterprising youth. In former times our shipping was manned by a respectable part of the population, who had generally an interest in the vessels, as fishermen now have in their boats; and even the foremost of our people did not disdain to enter for voyages of adventure. As shipping became exclusively a money-making service, and those who actually went to sea only toiled for a master, considerations more exclusively pecuniary guided the conduct of all, and the capitalist, always desiring to best down wages, was served by a class diminishing in respectability. The inevitable tendency to degradation involved in this process, unless under perfect freedom, was strengthened by the practices of the Government. For a long period they drove respectable men away from the sea. They were founded on a very arbitrary principle only too readily followed in the merchant marine. The conduct of the Government has always a vast influence over all the subordinate parts of society; and it is certain that the principles it followed in treating the seamen of the Royal Navy have had a very deleterious effect on the shipowners and on the men engaged to serve them. The merchant marine is now in a low condition, because the principles, hitherto followed in the Royal Navy, and imitated in the merchant service, have been arbitrary and unjust. Instead of looking to the merchant marine as a model for the navy, both, beginning with the latter, require extensive reform.

NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE time is fast approaching when the subject of national education will be fully brought under public discussion, by the appearance of the report of the Royal Commission of Inquiry. Those who happen to know that nearly eighteen months ago the Commissioners announced at the Treasury that they were winding up, that the inquiry was finished, and that the salaries of their assistants might be discontinued, have wondered, of course, of this winding-

up has proved so tedious, and that the report, so anxiously looked for, is still delayed. But those who consider the enormous materials of which the Commission is composed as to opinion, and how much the main questions at issue depend on matters of theory in which opinion is not likely to be swayed by any amount of facts that can be collected, cannot be surprised that it has been found all but impossible to come to any unanimous conclusion as to the "means to be adopted for bringing a good and cheap education within the reach of all classes of the community."

At the very threshold lies the question whether the State ought to meddle at all with the education of the people; and it is well known that there are on the commission those who have always maintained that it ought not. It may be thought that the very fact of the commission implies that a system of national education is to be organized; but the terms of it—"what measures, if any, should be used"—provide for the possibility of the conclusion that the thing cannot or ought not to be attempted. There is little probability of this opinion carrying the day; but the fact of its existence must aggravate the difficulty of each succeeding step in deciding how and to what extent the State ought to busy itself in this matter. Suppose it settled that something ought to be done towards providing education for the people, it must be asked for what classes of them should it provide, that is, to how low an order should it reach, and how high an order should it exclude? Then, ought it to do the work in whole or in part? That is, ought it to make provision for the entire expense, or only a share of it? And if only a share, who is the remissor to be supplied? Further, by what means is the State to raise the money to administer the educational supply? Is it to be done by local taxation and management? And if so, on what class is the burden to fall, and in whose hands is the management to be vested? Or is it to be, as heretofore, by a Parliamentary grant administered from a Government office in London? Supposing all that concerns the ways and means to be agreed upon, there occurs the vexed question about what kind and amount of instruction the State ought to provide. As it regards the secular part, ought it to be wholly intellectual or partly industrial? And ought the intellectual to be merely elementary? Or, must the teachers be qualified to give instruction in grammar, geography, history, mathematics, natural science, drawing, &c.? And ought measures to be taken for inducing or compelling the children to remain long enough at school to avail themselves of the opportunity of acquiring these accomplishments? And suppose all that concerns the subject-matter of secular instruction fully decided, what is to be done about the religious? There are members of the Commission who are understood to be favourable to a merely secular education; but if they cannot prevail, how shall it be settled what kind or amount of religious teaching ought to be communicated? We hope to return to some of these points at a future time, in connection with facts which have been ascertained for their elucidation.

Perhaps, not the least serious of the difficulties attending the subject is, What is to be done with the extensive machinery which is now in operation, if any very different system be adopted? Many years ago our Government, not seeing the way to establish a national system, said to those who were benevolently devoting their energies to the cause of popular education, "We will help you if you will do this work in an efficient manner. If you will build school-houses such as we can approve, we will bear part of the expense; if you will educate a set of intelligent and well-conducted young persons to become teachers, we will pay you for doing it; if you will employ teachers whose qualifications we approve, we will be responsible for part of their salaries; and if you will induce the tolerably regular attendance of a certain number of children, we will contribute towards the various expenses of your schools, in proportion to the number thus induced to attend them." The offer was eagerly accepted, and, on the faith of these promises, between thirty and forty training schools for teachers have been established, and several thousand elementary ones for children. How are they to be dealt with? To drop them at once would seem a grievous breach of faith; to continue supporting them would be a serious hindrance to any new scheme, perhaps in more than pecuniary respects.

So formidable is this difficulty, that some time ago it was generally believed the commission would recommend nothing to supersede the present plan, but only that its provisions might be modified for the extension of its usefulness. Those, however, who, through their official position, are best acquainted with the Privy Council system, have been the most ready to declare that it cannot in the nature of things become a national one. Its fundamental principle is to help those who maintain schools of certain merits for their poorer needy hours. It deals with this voluntary agency, and with this alone, as its medium of access to the poor. Consequently it excludes, and unless completely revolutionized, it must for ever exclude, all those populations which are not so fortunate as to have benefactors rich enough, generous enough, and active enough, to prosecute the undertaking; all those likewise whose benefactors do not choose to involve themselves in the difficulties, and delays, and perplexities, and troubles inseparable from forming and maintaining a connection with the Privy Council. Every one sees, when it is thus put, that though

the present system has done immense good, it can never meet the whole case; that it cannot even with propriety proceed much further. We do not now insist on any of the natural or necessary consequences of its principles; on the fact, for instance—though fact it is—that so far as the Government assists those only whose case has already been taken up by private benevolence, and apportion its grants to the amount of that benevolence, it really gives most aid where least is needed; nor yet on the fact, though it can be proved, that the more it grants for education in each case, the further it places that education out of the reach of the very children for whom it professes to interest itself, namely those who, if neglected, are likely to swell the criminal population of the country. But we desire, in the first instance, to fix public attention on the insufficiency of the principle itself, that voluntary agency should be the indispensable medium of parliamentary grants for the education of the people. It is obvious that as soon as the sum required for maintaining public schools rises to an amount really felt in the taxation, the channels of its distribution should not be dependent on individual caprice. The administration ought to be such that every one belonging to the class for whom the provision is intended should be able to avail himself of that provision, without being indebted to any one's supplementary benevolence, or dependent on any one's personal whims.

The principle of the Privy Council distribution has been triumphantly stated again and again, to be that "it helps those who help themselves." This would be admirable if it were true; but there can be no greater fallacy than that which appears to be conveyed by this statement; for the fact is, that no account whatever is made of any help which the people themselves are disposed to give in support of education for their families. There is, however, a sense in which it is true. If it is considered—as indeed it seems to be—that the persons to be benefited by education are not the parties who receive it, but their secular superiors, who find it for their own interest to have them educated, and their clerical patrons of various denominations, who expect thus to swell the number of their own adherents, then truly the Privy Council does help those who help themselves to compass their own ends. But if the poor man pays his full share of the taxation in proportion to his means, he ought not to be considered a mere serf or chattel of his superiors, to be favoured with education for his children, or excluded from it, just as they may happen to be influenced by a calculation of their own interest. It is on this ground, first and chiefly, that we plead for the present scheme being superseded by a truly national system.

MAGYAR HUNGARY, OR HUNGARIAN HUNGARY I

THE doctrine of "natural frontiers" was first broached towards the end of the eighteenth century by the Abbé Siéyès. His object was to establish a pretext for the annexation of the Rhineland to France. Since then the doctrine has been applied by political theorists to a variety of cases—for instance, to Hungary, which, by the way, can boast of a tolerably clearly-defined natural boundary, if not in the entirety, at least in the greater part of her circumference. There is the Carpathian Wall, and the range of the Transylvanian Alps, towards the north and the east, whilst in the south the broad waters of the Danube or of the Save may be taken as a line of demarcation. In the west, it is true, the frontier is less defined. There we find, in the physical configuration of the soil, a transition somewhat imperceptible from the German to the Hungarian side. However, we are loath to adopt at any price the theory of the Abbé Siéyès. To carry it out would require long and sanguinary wars, during which states at present independent and flourishing would have to disappear before the incroachments of more powerful nations. Belgium and Holland would have to be struck off the map, to give place, the one to French, the other to German supremacy. Portugal would have to be merged into Spain; Switzerland would be partitioned; France and Germany tear each other to pieces, the one declaring that the Rhine was her natural frontier, the other insisting that geographical configuration, history, race, and language, all indicated the Vesges as the proper boundary. In short, there would be quarrels without end, and progress, civilization, and liberty would have to stand still or retrograde.

Side by side with the "natural frontiers" doctrine, another is at present in vogue, viz. the theory of the "Nationality principle." There is more sense in this; but still, care should be taken here too, lest men fly out into vague generalities, for which there is but little basis. If we only look at home, do we not find, in what we fondly call our "right little island," no less than five quasi-nationalities—the English, the Welsh, the Scotch, the Irish, and the French of the Norman Isles? And among the French themselves, have they not, on their soil, the German, the Flemish, the Breton, the Basque, and the Provencal languages, spoken by races most distinct from each other; whilst the French language, it is true, dominates as a superstructure? Has not Switzerland, in the same way, the German, the French, the Italian, and the Romanic languages, within a population of not quite two millions and a half? And are we, in consequence, to advise the dismemberment of that commonwealth to suit the conditions of the

nationality principle? Have not the Italians, otherwise the most united nation as regards "nationality," lost Savoy on the ground of that principle—Savoy, which gives to a powerful military nation the key of the Helvetic Confederacy, as well as that of the Italian peninsula?

But we need not multiply the instances of exception to the nationality theory, and only point to the fact, that whilst it appears desirable that a united and strong Hungary should exist, the materials for constructing such a one are certainly not to be found in any unity of race and language. There is no country on earth, containing, on a soil comparatively so confined, more diversified ramifications of nationality and idiom. If the north has been called by an ancient Gothic writer the *officina gentium*, Hungary might properly be termed an *olla podrida* of the human species. On her soil the Magyar, descended from the Hun, the offspring of the nomadic hordes of Attila, shares the broad acres with the Teutonic settlers, whose sires first immigrated under the early German emperors. The Rouman, who prides himself on classic ancestry, and who speaks a semi-Latin dialect, lives together with the Slavonian, who, by blood and idiom, has an affinity with the Russ. It is, in fact, a remarkable example of the "happy family" *ménage* applied to the nations. A common language for all classes is wanting, unless it is to be found in that receding Ciceronian language known under the name of "Husser's Latin," or in the German tongue, which is understood by a large portion of the more educated and well-to-do classes. Thus Magyar and German, Wallachian and Slavonian, form the Hungarian nationality—the Slavonian branching off into Slavak and Croat, into Raize, Ruthene, Schokaze, Bulgarian, and a host of other tribes, which, though allied to each other by consanguinity, have scarcely yet a common Slavonian idiom. Of Gipsies, Arnauts, and other fragments of races, we will not speak, nor allude more than cursorily to the fact, that, besides the Catholic, Protestant, and Jew religion, the doctrine of the orthodox Greek Church is professed in Hungary by more than two millions of people. There is no lack of variety in this polyglot country.

But it is impossible, for all this, that a united Hungarian kingdom should exist! History has shown the contrary. For a thousand years that country, under the leadership of the Magyar element, has been bound together, with but few intermissions, by political ties; and strong and unquenchable has been the spirit of independence, as well as the aspiration to self-government there. The war of independence of 1848-49 has shown the active energy of populations so diversified in race and tongue. The history of these latter days has proved how tenacious these populations are, in spite of eleven years of despotic terror, and how even their passive force is able to wring concessions from an unwilling and tyrannical ruler. This is certainly evidence of the compact, and, if we may say so, "national" character of these Danubian races; albeit the nationality principle which the propagandists of Paris spout forth for the benefit of their master, the great "Annexander," is certainly nowhere less applicable than in Hungary.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the scheme of constituting an exclusively Magyar Hungary, which has been attempted by Austria, in the true *divide et impera* style, can never be accepted by Hungarian patriots. The Court of Austria, after the overthrow of popular liberty in 1849, cut off from Hungary not only Transylvania, Slavonia, and Croatia, but even the Temesch Banat,—thus surrounding Hungary proper, as it were, with a ring of non-Magyar provinces, in which it was hoped a feeling of jealousy, of antagonism, of hatred, against the Magyars would be fostered. The Magyars were to be neutralized, to be rendered powerless, to be politically stifled. Events have proved that this is rather a hopeless task. Yet, even after the Austrian Government has been compelled by dire necessity to give up its harsh and cruel policy, there is still a desire lurking in the Hofburg to detach the so-called *Partes Aduectæ* from the kingdom of Hungary, and thereby to weaken its political and military strength.

The leaders of the Opposition, we understand, will combat this plan at the forthcoming Conference at Gran. They will insist on the reunion of all those territories which before 1849 formed part, in a more or less strict manner, of the "Hungarian Crown." They are right in doing so. There is no reason why the ancient Danubian confederacy should be dissolved into its several component parts, unless it be for the advantage of a governmental despotism at Vienna, or to further the Pan-Slavistic propaganda carried on by Russia. Everything else speaks only in favour of a strong Hungary, on the large basis of its historical frontiers. We may cite here some passages of a speech Kosuth made on this subject in the United States, at a time when Plonjowski had not yet the influence in European politics which it possesses at present:—

"Permit me," said he, "to speak on the question of Nationalities, a false theory, which plays so mischievous a part in the destinies of Europe. No word has been more misinterpreted than the word nationality, which is become, in the hands of absolutism, a dangerous instrument against liberty."

And again:—

"If language alone makes a nation, then there is no great nation on earth; for there is no country, whose population is counted by millions, but speaks more

than one language. No! it is not language only. Community of interests, of rights, of duties, of history, but chiefly community of institutions, by which a population, varying perhaps in tongue and race, is bound together through daily intercourse in the towns, which are the centres and home of commerce and industry—besides these, the very mountain ranges, the system of rivers and streams; the soil, the dust of which is mingled with the mortal remains of those ancestors who lived on the same field, for the same interests; the common inheritance of glory and of woe, the community of laws and institutions, common freedom or common oppression—all this enters into the complex idea of Nationality."

In this sense Hungary is a nation, and must insist on remaining so, in spite of theories which, while flattering the ear as the most new-fashioned phrase of progress, would in reality lead us back to an ante-historical state of utter barbarity.

THE RATE OF DISCOUNT.

THE Bank of England, on Thursday, reduced the rate of discount from six to five per cent. The efflux of bullion from its own coffers had been arrested; bills were discounted in Lombard-street below the Bank rate; money, instead of coming out of the public securities to supply the demands of commerce, was going into them, showing that commerce did not want it, and the Bank had no alterative but to reduce the rate. Had it followed the suggestion of our Correspondent some weeks ago, and then raised the rate to five per cent., which was required to meet the demands of commerce, it would not have seen itself compelled to raise the rate to six per cent. one week, to lower it to five, for its own convenience, two weeks after, while there have been no similar changes in the relations between capital and commerce. The Bank of England has been hampered by the conduct of the Bank of France; but capital, for the supply of trade, has been uniformly and steadily abundant in the general market.

MEN OF MARK.—No. XI.

THE LATE WALTER COULSON, Q.C.

In reading the name of this gentleman in the ordinary obituary of the daily journals, the public would hardly be aware that a person of very considerable celebrity and great worth had passed from amongst us. Yet those acquainted with the history of Mr. Walter Coulson, Q.C., know that, for many years, he has been "a man of mark" in the business of the nation. The situation he filled, for many years, as Parliamentary Draughtsman or Counsel to the Home Department, made him practically one of our chief legislators. All the measures devised by Government, to be submitted to Parliament, were reduced into form by him, and every one, more or less, felt the influence of his mind. His labours, unlike those of a favourite orator, who never opens his mouth, whether in Parliament or at societies, whether he utter foolishness or wisdom, truth or falsehood, without the public being called on to admire and applaud—were all silent and obscure, and affected the march of events in a manner unknown to the world. Formerly this was still more the case, when Mr. Coulson was a member of the press, one of these anonymous editors, who day by day impress their views on the public mind, bringing about, in time, revolutions at which the unthinking stand and gaze with wonder. It is as one of these—as an illustrious member of the craft in which we are humble participants—that we desire to preserve, as far as we can, the memory of a man so able and so excellent as Walter Coulson.

He was, we believe, a native of Plymouth, and first known in London as a *proofreader* of Mr. Bentham, and a parliamentary reporter for the *Morning Chronicle*. A short time before the death of Mr. Perry, he became attached to that journal, and then there began the friendship between him and the late Mr. John Black, for several years the editor, which was alike honourable to both. With Mr. Bentham, Mr. James Mill (the historian of India), and Mr. Francis Place (the active parolical Westminster Reformer), Mr. Black was closely connected, and with them also Mr. Coulson lived in habits of the closest intimacy and friendship. His labours were not confined to reporting—though, in those days, the task, from the general want of familiarity with the subject, was more difficult than now—and he wrote articles for the *Edinburgh Review*, particularly a notice of Mr. Mill's "History of India," which gained him at the time great credit, and added to his literary and general reputation.

When the *Transfer* and the *Globe* were united about 1829, he was appointed editor, and for some time performed the arduous duties of a reporter for one journal, and of editor for another. As the success of the concern became assured, he gave up his connection with the *Chronicle*, and confined his labours as a journalist to editing the *Globe*. For several years he filled this post, wrote leading articles, and contributed by his wit and his wisdom to forward the great reform which the Liberal party achieved in 1832. Many others contributed to this great end in a similar sphere, who are now as little remembered in this capacity as Mr. Coulson; while some, who rather took advantage of the occasion, then helped to ripen public opinion, are still honoured as the authors of the change.

Mr. Coulson's labours were not confined to the press. He had been called to the bar at an early period, and the reputation he had acquired as a journalist was by no means an impediment to his success as a barrister. Connected with the leaders of the Liberal party, and being a man of remarkably sound judgment, endowed with a capacity readily to acquire knowledge, his friends looked forward to his reaching the highest position in the arduous profession of the law. From a natural reserve, as from an innate hatred of every kind of noisy vulgarity—possessing a refined and truthful intellect, averse from mixing with anything false, harsh, and

duff, abhorring the arts by which sharp practitioners and noisy declaimers win their way in law-courts and in the favour of the multitude,—he never practised that pleading in public which makes every barrister a public man. He was an acute, well-instructed, profound lawyer, a fearless logician, a witty and a jocund and a sarcastic talker; but he was not an orator. Hence he was far less known to the world than many a man in every way his inferior.

The Whigs, however, to which party he belonged, and especially Lord Brougham, knew Mr. Coulson's worth, and when the great change was made in the administration of Indian affairs, the post of collecting information on the laws of India, and drawing up a code for the country (which was afterwards filled by the late Lord Macaulay), was first, we believe, offered to Mr. Coulson, and declined. He was then gaining wealth and distinction at home, and he wisely avoided the risk of shortening his life by the anxieties of such an office in India, merely in order to accumulate a large fortune with greater rapidity.

The branch of the profession which he selected was that of a conveyancer, and in this he became very eminent. He was much employed, especially by the late Mr. Morrison, of the well-known firm of Morrison, Dillon, & Co., and acquired considerable wealth. Fortunately he was not amiable; and, though the highest places in the Government were within his reach, he contented himself with a position higher in the scale of social enjoyment than of political renown. He loved society; he loved conversation; he lived with his friends, and was, as the world goes, what must be considered, a happy man. He could assist those he loved, and to him, more than to any other individual, was his former chief and friend, Mr. Black, indebted for the comfort in which the last few years of a very laborious literary life were passed.

The situation Mr. Coulson held is one of great responsibility, and he filled it carefully, performing with little a diligent performance of duty in silence to demand the notice and approbation of a not very discerning public. But for these few words of well-deserved eulogium he might probably have passed away wholly unremembered, for his name does not even appear in that account of the fourth estate which was compiled only a few years ago, by one of its members, to give an accurate history of the distinguished writers for the press. The few facts here noticed are stated from the personal recollections of one who laboured with him on the same journal and in the same cause.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The news by the last China mail breaks off at a most tantalizing point. It is not merely the anxiety felt for the officers, civilians, and chroniclers of this interesting crisis brought under the very walls of Peking, that occupies our minds, but there is also the uncertainty that was over the progress of the negotiations. There is no doubt that the capture of so many gentlemen, whose assistance was so essential at such a moment, must greatly embarrass Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, and there is too much reason to fear that the Chinese, who know the value of their prize, may be puffed up by this chance success, and protract the settlement, which Lord Elgin is evidently so anxious to bring to a close. There have been three Cabinet Councils held, and one Cabinet dinner at the Chancellor's house, since the arrival of the despatches, and the Queen herself is most anxious for further intelligence. I cannot help taking an augur view myself, and I still cling to the belief that the final settlement is certain to come soon, and that the pacification is only deferred for a very short time. But the dangerous and very costly.

The regiments left at Tien-Tsin have gone to reinforce the main army in the front, and their place has been taken by the marines, who have been handed to garrison that fort, which is, as it were, the base of our operations, and between which and Tung-Tsueh it is necessary to keep open, and to protect, the water-communication. The delay at the commencement, caused by waiting for the French, is now severely felt, and our Allies, after all, are behind as generally in all the forces necessary to bring the war to a speedy end. It was to be expected that they would not have had anything like a proportionate naval force; but they have no horses, and their Infantry is not two-thirds of ours. Still the force is first rate—though small in comparison with the Chinese—and I have no fear of the result in fighting, so long as we are not cajoled by deceptive attempts at negotiation.

The Italian news is considered good. Things are progressing in the right direction. It will take some time to settle, but in the mean time it is satisfactory to see that the army and the navy of Italy are thoroughly cared for by the government of the King. It may still be hoped that the great struggle, which is threatened in the spring, may be averted, and I think it will. If Austria be wise, she may yet avert the storms that threaten her on every side; and if she can keep out of the *middle*, there will really be no choice left to the Pope but to make friends with the King and the people of Italy. I have some strong information, however, that the Hungarian estates are busy; and that the people of Hungary, Croatia, and Transylvania are prepared to rise in revolt. Nothing but wisdom and courage can save Austria from a revolt of some of her best provinces, and Europe from a general war. We are well prepared—and at the same time with every desire to prevent so dire a calamity.

At home we are prosperous and content, in spite of the undoubted loss from the worst season on record; the only disturbance in trade is feared from the other side of the Atlantic. Commercial interests are proverbially sensitive. Sidney Smith said that nothing was so capricious as the Three-per-Cents. The moneyed people are not at ease, although the Bank has reduced the rate of interest again. But all well-informed politicians at this end of the town look upon the noise made by the Southern States party in America as so much stage trick to influence the policy of the new President, who is not a man to be deterred from the exigencies of the great position to which he has been called by

the public voice of his countrymen. When the late Mr. O'Connell was engaged in his latest and noisiest agitation, a friend of mine designated his proceedings as totally free from danger—nothing more than "Irish Dialectics." I suspect there is much of this which the Americans, in one of their own significant slang phrases designate as "Buncombe." Our commercial friends need not fear. The Election squabbles in the States will settle down before the 4th of March, and Mr. Buchanan will keep the White House at Washington safe and sound for his worthy and successful successor.

The Attorney-General has proceeded, as I told you a couple of weeks back, in his visit *ad solium imperatorum* in the case of the mysterious death of the child at Road. The Court of Queen's Bench naturally took the case into consideration, but a rule nisi in the first instance, in order to enable the coroner to be heard, who is to some extent, though not criminally, implicated in the inquiry. The delay has arisen from the necessity of sending down a writ of *certiorari*, to bring the inquisition into court. The rule served on the coroner is not returnable until the first day of the January term; and although the judges declined to grant an absolute rule in the first instance, enough has transpired to make it sure that they will do so, when the proper time arrives. The inquiry will be intrusted to a commission, consisting of barristers and officers of the court, and the public will have the satisfaction of a full and searching investigation, whatever may be the result.

The Metropolitan Police Authorities are loud in their complaints of the want of assistance on the part of the local constabulary, and, indeed, the coroner and the jury must be said to have been particularly careless in their investigation of this affair.

There are some curious cases set down for hearing in London within the next day or two. In one of these, a queen's counsel has taken the unusual course of disposing of his leaving property to the relations of a deceased person, who had previously left it to himself. Another is an action for false imprisonment, brought by a young female against the heads of Kensington University, in pursuance of the custody of the proctors, now so generally condemned. Whatever way the case goes, it will probably be the death-blow of a tyranny which is no longer fit for modern times.

The notices given in the *London Gazette* for Private Bills in the evening Session are more numerous than any since the memorable year of 1815. Several of these relate to the metropolis. Of these the two most important and interesting are the one for the "Thames Embankment" and that for the Courts and offices of the law between Lincoln's Inn and Fleet-street, and the Strand. The first is promoted by the Office of Works, and will probably be carried out by the Special Commission, although the Metropolitan Board are trying hard to get the job. The second will be ably seconded by the Attorney-General, who is anxious, on the part of the profession now scattered across the town, to promote this most desirable improvement, the consolidation of all the offices of the courts. There are ample funds in hand in the Fee Funds of Chancery and the other Courts. The public, too, will be vast gainers in the architectural improvement of so central a neighbourhood, and in the removal of some wretched and crowded courts and houses, and not least in the destruction of that most unightly and incongruous structure, Temple Bar. The Metropolitan members ought to stir themselves in support of these great improvements of our streets and thoroughfares.

There is an admirable plan to connect the City and West-end by a branch railway from the Charing Cross and South Eastern line, to cross the river to the back of the Mansion House.

There are several projects also for large hotels on the American model. One is to face the Strand, and to destroy Holywell and Wyck-street, running back to Lyon's-Inn and New-Inn. Another, more promising still, is to face the river, with no embankment, on the east of the new Westminster Bridge on the Millbank side, to match the Houses of Parliament, taking away Manchester-building, Cannon-row, &c., with another front in Parliament-street. This is a most favourable position for a great enterprise of the kind.

There is a project for a new bridge from Millbank to Lambeth, but it is embarrassed by provisions for taking tolls. There ought to be no more toll bridges in the metropolis, and there ought to be a public, open bridge on the site of the old Hersey-bridge. Mr. Paine's beautiful and commodious new bridge at Westminster will be finished next year, and some means should be provided to sit him on the erection of another where it is so much wanted by the inhabitants on both sides of the water. The Marquis of Westminster and the Archbishop of Canterbury ought to join heartily in promoting this good work.

There is not much new this week in the theatrical world. The latest novelty is a lively *Spanish dancer*, at the St. James's, who is a complete success.

Madame Doche has continued to fill the *Edgewood Theatre* in the Haymarket, spite of the dull season. It is inexcusable why the Lord Chamberlain will not allow her to appear in her best part, the *Dance aux Canailles*, which surely might be produced in French, as well as in Italian.

Mr. E. T. Smith has been playing with his audience by announcing Mr. Sims Reeves, and substituting Mr. George Fennell, at which the audience express their indignation in no measured terms. There is an English singer, a Mr. Swift, substituted for the formidable Giuglini in *Italian opera*.

THE POST-OFFICE.

The Post-office is one of the most important official branches of the Government. Its business may truly be said to come home to everybody's door. So vast, and yet running into such minute details, its management requires great comprehension, and the discharge of its duties infinite particularity. In both ways it is intimately connected with the broadest principles of policy and equity, the wisest rules of just government, the most accurate yet liberal views of financial science, and administrative powers at once efficient and humane. That there are shortcomings in some of these requirements we pointed out in our

third number, and followed the subject up with a few further remarks on the ensuing week. Having by this means attracted public and official attention to it, having bronzed the inquiry, and stated certain striking facts, and suggested possible improvements, it seems to be peculiarly incumbent upon "THE LONDON REVIEW" not to suffer the subject to drop.

The Rev. Ordinary of Newgate, Mr. John Davis, makes, *ex officio*, an annual report on the gaol to the Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen. An individual of clear good sense, true humanity, and great experience, it has gratified us to observe that in his recent report for this year he has not only endorsed and enlarged upon our statements, but warmly adopted our views; and brought his singular knowledge of the statistics of crime and punishment, of the character of the prisoners, the nature of their antecedents, and of the just measure and effects of their sentences, to bear upon this question. The Rev. Reporter notices that the delinquencies in the Post-office seem to continue with unabated perseverance, and (well-informed as he is) observes that "the remedies against this species of dishonesty are not to be looked for in the prison, nor in the sentences passed upon offenders; for no better-behaved men can be found in any of the prisons, and the sentences are out of all proportion severe, compared with such an act of dishonesty committed by a carrier's servant."

We are not of those who fall into one of the prevalent, and by no means innocuous, fallacies of our time, and join in the mania for whitewashing every criminal, especially the most atrocious; re-trying them without judge or jury, and endeavouring to shield them from whatever retribution the law has awarded. On the contrary, we deem the now over-operating desire to reverse the verdicts of juries, and obtain a second, irresponsible, irregular, secret, and, of necessity, imperfect consideration of every case, to be most injurious to the righteous ministering of justice, and dangerous to the public weal. It is as great an encouragement to murder, poisoning, and lesser felonies, as can be imagined, and Mr. Davis is well aware of its fatal influence.

But we do deprecate the Post-office system of inefficient pay for excessive toil, leading to the dishonesty of the clerks, and the consequent great and probable consequences cited in letters, and the demand for vindictive punishment. We formerly cited the case of a first officer after eighteen years' service—we are not excusing the robber—but eighteen years, without a chance or prospect of promotion or improved circumstances to cheer him on, a wife and six children, and only a thin bit of paper between him and relief from want, is some temptation; and becomes cruel, when purposely placed in the man's way. In such cases as these it will not do for the rich and untempted to lift up their hands, and wonder how poor men can commit such offences. The wonder would be if they did not commit them.

In trivial mistakes, the Post-office functionaries are no pretences, as to be almost chronically busy with their small proceedings. They are penny-wise but, in these really important affairs, they appear to be more than pound-foolish. The costs of the prosecutions are enormous; the habits of espionage, thoughtfulness, and inaccuracy is increasing, in spite of the present precautions and penalties. Surely some remedy should be tried. We ventured to suggest that money orders under £1 should be granted for one penny, and thus the enclosure of bills be discontinued. Mr. Davis offers his opinion, that "very much good would be done if the Post-office either positively refused (could they without an Act of Parliament) to convey bills in letters, or made the price of a Post-office Order for sums not exceeding ten shillings, one penny." We would go to the point, but it would be something to know half-crown or five-shilling pieces out of weak paper envelopes, at the charge of registry on a money letter, or the more usual risk of posting without any cover whatever. We believe it would get rid of one half of the existing temptations, and save many a wrench from ruin.

We have reason to believe that the Post-office authorities have entered upon the investigation of the evils we have brought under their and the public notice; and we shall be well contented if our movement in the cause leads to the application of the needful reforms.

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. I.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

It is impossible to over-estimate the importance of woman's influence. Beginning before birth it ends only with death, during life pervading the whole moral and social spheres in its quality of light or darkness—with the blessing of love or the curse of sin. As mother, wife, and mother, woman is always the chief power of a man's life; the hand by which he is shaped to nobleness and virtue, or warped to evil deeds and deformity of soul. Not as the graceful ornaments of society, nor as the ideals of human beauty, nor as the sources whence flow art and poetry, nor yet as the sharers of his love and the dear companions of his home, are they of this supreme importance to man, but as the guardians of private virtue, as the watchmen over the standard of public morality, as the ultimate arbiters of good and ill, who, if they hold the lower way, drag all the world down to the baseness of their level. When women are bad, men are vile; when women wander into evil-paths, men respect no markings of law or nature. It is useless labour to seek to elevate men while women creep in the lowly range, careless of all progress, and defiant of most virtues; for, though God has given the thews and sinews which work and do to the one, He has given the spiritual force which stimulates and excites to the other, and, unless that force can first be roused, the thews and sinews will never do more than hollown work. The instinct which, under unworthy conditions, is the most ignoble of all influences, becomes, when nobly born, the unswerving of the highest efforts and the source of the deepest virtues in man; and it is for this reason, that what manner of woman has borne him, and what manner of woman he loves, and with what love he loves her, make or mar his spiritual conduct for life.

There must be some special reason for the peculiar regard paid to female reputation by all nations and eras. It is not only man's strength, his self-reliance, nor the tyranny of a jealous love, which demands this singular purity and steadfast adherence to the highest morality; nor is it only for

the preservation of direct lineage, and the rightful transmission of property. No great noble truths rest on such shifting foundations as these. Though the wholesome wheat may get mixed up with chaff and straw, it has always within itself the divine grain of life—always is useful food for the human family. We cannot make our daily bread of wheat. What, then, is the hidden meaning of our large regard for women?—of our tender regret, or our fierce abhorrence, at any departure from the higher law made manifest among them? Why is the indulgence which is so readily shown to the male prodigals, so rarely extended, even to mercy, for the female wanderer? Truly there may be some reason for this in pride, and the evil disposition of society; in the instinct, so large with some, to crush the weaker; in the disallowing of equality in action to women; and the many other small social injustices under which they labour. But behind and deeper than all this, lies the indelustrable need which the world has of a high living standard of purity, and the fact that to women is bestowed the sublime and sublime substance by example. On this ground, then, of influence, the national character and position of women is of vital national importance; it is the concrete expression of public morality; the wave-line which marks the height of the tide, and shows how far the sterile sands extend, and where the rich growth of God's best blessing begins. Where stands that wave-line with us! Have we redeemed something of the sterile rock, or have we suffered the salt waters to steal onwards over banks where once grew sweet flowers, and healing herbs, and the heavy weight of fruit raining beauty and richness on the ground beneath? Perhaps we have done both. Perhaps we have rescued from salt and lapidation the land, but have not sown the seed of life on the other; planted gardens where lately were but long lines of worthless woad, and seen the hedgegrove and fruit-trees of old time swept down by the advancing waves of a new and tyrannous evil. Relief in the absolute value of the past is a folly; if no worse, for the divine law of life is progress and the infinite elevation of humanity. We cannot go back. But if progress is not always regular; civilisation never comes in a straight line, without sideways and deviation; and so with our modern womanhood. Where it stands in the front ranks here, it has fallen back among the bellows elsewhere, making the line a long flat waver with compensating rises in the rear, but always in the rear. The line of the future. To save the stakes planted farther afield may well excuse the partial losses. To save the slack rope swings back, and the wind drives the cord sharp from the poles. To know that women, as a race, are better educated, more refined, more self-reliant, fitter to uphold the truth, and bedazzled to see what is truth than formerly, is a gross gain; it is far greater gain than the losses suffered by the fashionable follies, of which I shall soon have to speak. Yet inasmuch as to woman is given the charge of the sacred fire, it is needful that she keep her vestal garments pure from all stain, that she never slackens in her work, and never lets the flame burn down to blackened ashes. The world's best teachers of what is good—if they offer evil in its stead, but little hope is left to humanity.

Everything comes from them. The child's first prayer is taught by a woman; the man's noblest deed has ever the influence and the love of woman in it, else it is not of the noblest; the high-bred gentleman learns his gentleness and chivalry from his mother; the higher education, the poet's deeper insight into nature and the human heart, half the progress of conscience is made for her exclusive needs; and without woman to refine him, man would soon sink into barbarism and insensible coarseness. It is the true motive force of society, the firm which sets all that mighty machinery in action. It is because woman is the truest saint, and her office of perpetually looking upward, that we resent all vice and vulgarity in her so much more strongly than in man, and lament over her moral delinquencies with the passionate lamentation as for a great life destroyed. Her petty meannesses, her small jealousies, her want of judgment, her slanders, and gossip, and reckless expenditures, and shallow intellect, and all the other shortcomings of her lower nature, we pursue pitilessly; not from evil nature or want of the truest reverence and love, but rather with the writhing sorrow of those who have been wronged falsely, and now see in the idol overthrown but scoured rage and painted wood, where once they believed stood an angel from heaven. It will be no good sign when woman's sins and follies are accepted as of course, and meet with only a scornful indulgence, as who should look for ought else! This, too, is the reason why the world is so bitter against all so-called *maternalism* when made on the woman's side. We forgive the youth who marries his mother's maid, but bar our doors for ever against the girl who runs off with her father's money. The maid, by virtue of her womanhood and the grace of sex, may be fashioned into the possible semblance of a gentleman; the coachman will never be a gentleman, for his mother's hand shaped him from the beginning, and that impression can never be lost. Our lady girl who marries him must sink to his level; she cannot raise him to hers, and he will be a coachman to the end of his life. From her, but not for retrogression—because she has failed in her appointed service as spiritual leader and social refiner—that we cast her out, and refuse to her the pardon our coarser sex has little trouble to obtain. Very unjust, doubtless, to the individual; oftentimes very cruel, very heartless, and a shameful sacrifice of the higher good; but the human race progresses frequently unward event is, after all, but the recognition of her higher worth and natural office, and thus is not, in its origin, all a social beseness or a moral crime. Thus, too, is there a great truth in the ambition so characteristic of women; it is not only woman and self-love, but, like all else, has its deeper inner meaning, which rebukes it from within, and is wiser than folly. Still, the casting-off of girls who marry their father's coachman, or who do worse even than this, must not be advocated as a rule of right; only it is good sometimes to remind the rulers why this cruel thing is done, and show them where the wholesome root lies deeper than the poisonous flower. Neither must that characteristic ambition be encouraged till it broadens into worldliness and heartless pride—the real is forgotten in the seeming.

High-minded, noble, delicate, trusting to her instincts, and not ashamed of the feminine quality of her brain, nor anxious to be that something less than man which is the sad sign of unwomanly women—glad to live in her affections—glad to be the recipient of stress and the gift of purity—grateful for the gracious duties of her home—grateful for the precious burdens of maternity—grateful that her path lies in the sheltered ways, and that the keen winds do not blow and the sharp struggle is unseen—loving, giving,

self-devoted—commanding by an unseen influence—guiding with a silken rein as light as it is firm, as elastic as it is true—moulding body and soul, and giving shape and laws to a world, as the future generations hang upon her breasts for life, and take from her lips those first great lessons on which all the rest rests—builder of the ark where peace and trust and love and the revival of man's wearied strength overshadow, as with angel's wings, the mercy-seat of home;—what is there in a woman's lot, when rightly taken, which should seem scant and poor to herself, and rouse up a host of friends to cry out on its injustice? It is the fullest and most beautiful of all upon this earth, where we love reverence, and love to be reverenced, and worship as the divine mystery of loveliness whom we dare not approach too near, and fear to sully even while we love;—wife, who stands by our side as the helpmate sent from God, without whom the world were blank, and life too hard a toil—friend, counsellor, beloved;—mother, whose love makes our young heaven, and the memory of whose virtuous shames like our guiding star in woe, through the outside storms and bear our part in the great fight of souls, teacher of all good, our first, best friend of noble life, faithful and wise when the days of our own influence have come, and we seek anxiously for direction how best to direct; oh! would you did you know this triple crown of gold for the soiled head of unsexed youth, the peace and scars of many strife! Has Love no throne for you? has Love no place of rest? does life mean only strong outward action, and is there no grace of service, no gift of love, no appointed work, or sweet office of charity and help in the portion which God and Nature have allotted you? Believe me, sisters, the rich-natured woman can and her husband as her own soul, and fill him with the peace and high up-lifted that not an idle moment shall be left for weary complainings. It is not nature, nor yet society which impoverishes the life of woman—it is her own blindness—as to her real duties, her own ignorance of what is her best happiness, her own waywardness in tramping under foot that which she has, and her selfishness as her own soul, and fill him with the peace and high up-lifted that not an idle moment shall be left for weary complainings. It is not nature, nor yet society which impoverishes the life of woman—it is her own blindness—as to her real duties, her own ignorance of what is her best happiness, her own waywardness in tramping under foot that which she has, and her selfishness as her own soul, and fill him with the peace and high up-lifted that not an idle moment shall be left for weary complainings. It is not nature, nor yet society which impoverishes the life of woman—it is her own blindness—as to her real duties, her own ignorance of what is her best happiness, her own waywardness in tramping under foot that which she has, and her selfishness as her own soul, and fill him with the peace and high up-lifted that not an idle moment shall be left for weary complainings.

And now my question is with our modern English womanhood, and how far she fulfils its divinely appointed duties, and whether its office of ennobling spiritual leadership is being maintained, or whether it is being lost. There are many sharply-defined characters among us—typical women, in fact,—to describe whom is to describe so many distinct moral and social phases, so many distinct faces, and the rulers and governors thereof; and by them we shall see why some fail and others succeed, and what are the spots and stains which shame that beautiful white robe which ought not to bear the slightest shade upon its glory.

SPIRITUALISM—ELIZABETHAN AND VICTORIAN.

[FIRST ARTICLE.]

THE age has been truly termed an age of revivals. Of these revivals by far the most curious and exciting is Spiritualism. By many it is regarded in the light of a celestial novelty; but if there really be anything new under the sun, most assuredly it is not the doctrine of spirits now so fashionable among people of all ages and of all complexions. Spiritualism, indeed, corresponds closely to the demonism of ancient times. Thousands of years since we meet with it on the banks of the Jordan and of the Nile, in the seven-billed city, and in the classic land of Greece. We find it in mediæval Europe. To go no further back in our own history than three hundred years, we find it flourishing in the neighbourhood of London, with a man of undoubted genius and great learning for its expounder and chief priest, and princes, peers, and other fashionable folk amongst its firmest partisans. Now, while the public are discussing the claims of the spiritualists, and the objections of their opponents, it strikes us that a quiet glance at some of the main points of resemblance, as well as of difference, between the spiritualism of the sixteenth and that of the nineteenth century, will be the means of dispelling some ignorance, will furnish matter for much interesting speculation, and be otherwise productive of useful results. And first for a few words respecting Dr. Dee, the leading spiritualist of Elizabeth's time.

"A very considerable fellow-member of the body politique governed under the scepter royal of our earthly supreme head (Queen Elizabeth), and a lively sympathetic and truly symmetrical fellow-member of that holy and mystical body antithetically extended and placed (wheresoever) on the earth," such is Dr. Dee's opinion of himself in his "Letter Apologetic" sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1594-5.

From the full, accurate, and interesting account of Dr. Dee in "Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions," we find that he was born in London in 1577; that in early youth his habits were those of a bad student; that through his passion for alchemy and astrology he got suspected of sorcery at Cambridge; that making his way thence to Louvain, he devoted himself still further to the study of the occult sciences; that returning to England at the age of twenty-four he set up in London as an astrologer, and "lived by casting nativities, telling fortunes, and pointing out lucky and unlucky days;" that after some time he was elected with Henry, and with attempting the life of Queen Mary by his incantations; and that, escaping the deadly perils of those days, his prospects were improved considerably on the accession of Elizabeth, who actually sent the Earl of Leicester "to know the most suspicious day for her coronation," and afterwards bestowed upon the doctor a few proofs of her confidence and respect. In the year 1588, the mysteries of the Talmud and in the sacred annals of the Esotericism, Dee had long affirmed that it was possible for a man to enjoy personal communication with the angels, and to be able to "summon these kindly spirits at will." Dr. Dee's account of his first interview with the angel "Uriel," and his results, have been given with some accuracy by the author of the work before cited, and that we gladly avail ourselves of the passage:—

"By dint of continually brooding upon the subject, his [Dee's] imagination became so disordered, that he at last persuaded himself that an angel appeared to him and promised to be his friend and companion as long as he lived. He relates that one day in November, 1582, while he was engaged in fervent

prayer, the window of his museum looking towards the west suddenly glowed with a dazzling light, in the midst of which, in all his glory, stood the great angel Uriel. Awe and wonder rendered him speechless but the angel, smiling graciously upon him, gave him a crystal of a convex form, and told him that whenever he wished to hold converse with the beings of another sphere, he had only to gaze intently upon it, and they would appear in the crystal and reveal to him all the secrets of futurity. Thus saying, the angel disappeared. Dee found from experience that it was necessary that all the faculties of his soul should be concentrated upon it, otherwise the spirits did not appear. He also found that he could never recollect the conversations he had with the angels. He therefore determined to communicate the secret to another person who might converse with the spirits, while he (Dee) sat in another part of the room, and took down in writing the revelations which they made."

Edward Kelly, formerly an apothecary at Worcester, was the person selected by Dee for his confidant and assistant.

The "crystal globe," or "show-stone," as it is indifferently called by Dee, has after travelling about the considerable portion of Europe, and passing through various hands, at length found a permanent abode in the Department of Antiquities, British Museum, where the reader will find it snugly deposited in a glass case, through which fair spiritualists, we are told, are in the habit of gazing at it for hours at a time. Here is a representation of the "show-stone," diminished as to size. Its bulk is about that of a goose-egg.

In many books this stone is declared to be composed of "polished canal coal." In reality it is made of brown quartz. The name given by its adepts, once in the possession of Dr. Dee, and afterwards of Horace Walpole, is composed of obsidian, or volcanic glass.

We proceed to point out the most striking resemblances between the spiritualism of to-day and that of the sixteenth century, as also between the implements and mode of action employed by the spiritualists of each century. We have—

1. *The Magic Mirror and Crystal Globe.*—After what we have written it is needless to do more here than remind the reader of the magic mirrors in which certain of the leading spiritualists are represented as beholding such strange sights.

2. *The Spirit of Malina.*—Here Mr. Home, Mrs. Marshall, and others, have their counterparts in Dr. Dee and Edward Kelly.

3. *Knockings, Rappings, Vocal Sounds, &c.*—As regards those knockings, rattlings, crackings, vocal sounds, &c., in the supernatural nature of which so many estimable people have such unflinching faith, if we turn to the records of what took place in the "crystal globe," we shall find that the spirits conjured up by Dee are fully equal to producing the sounds produced by the spirits invoked by our modern mediums—may, far surpass them in variety and compass. First, we have the winds making themselves heard from the interior of the show-stone. Then Zephyr is whispering in softest murmurs. Anon rule Boreas holds forth with such tempestuous violence that you cannot help trembling for the fate of ships far out at sea. Their ceaseless murmur is presently you are startled by a terrible clattering and thumping, and other sounds which, in ordinary circumstances, would justify you in apprehending a tremendous breach of the peace. At other seasons you hear weeping and wailing, and roaring and shouting; and persons howling like dogs. Then you have sounds as of people who are reckoning money. After that a tremendous crash as of mountains falling, &c. &c. As to this point of noises, therefore, we are justified in contending that our modern spiritualists are beaten hollow by their English prototypes.

As for musical sounds, we find that those accordeons which figure so conspicuously at spiritual sittings, have their counterparts in certain angelic "pipes." Subjoined is an engraving of this instrument, taken from a sketch of the original by Dr. Dee, as it appeared to him in the show-stone, and which is now to be seen in the Sloane Collection of Manuscripts in the British Museum.

With the melody drawn forth by seven angelic performers from this curiously-shaped instrument, and six others of a similar make, the men of Dr. Dee and his assistants were regaled about an hour after midday on the 19th of November, 1582. The doctor gives us no idea as to the nature of the tunes with which he was favoured. We are informed, however, that these "pipes," or "anastases" as they are called, were occasionally from their artful labours. After such pauses, "they bobbed one another, and then played again."

4. *Romping Tables, Hollicking Chairs, &c.*—Now as to objects which are generally set down as inanimate. The searcher after coincidences will here be richly rewarded. For the chairs which truly, and the dining-tables which rear like wild horses in the spacious mansions of Belgium, he will meet in the show-stone with four-legged tables which have a trick of standing occasionally on two legs, and chairs which rise from the ground into the air and then vanish aloft. His organ of wonder will be still more strongly appealed to. He will meet with astonishing gold plates, which make up their own wings, and, like the angels who are called,—"and, with peripatetic pillars, which are changed eventually into vast and stormy seas." We place before the reader a sketch of one of the interesting and highly intelligent tables alluded to. It is taken from a cut in that very scarce book, "A True and Faithful Relation of what passed between J. Dee and some Spirits," &c. &c. published in 1659, and edited by Meric Casaubon, D.D.



Dr. Dee's "Crystall Globe" or "show-stone."

In the squares of this table certain letters and characters appeared.

"They," writes Dee, "by the true images of God his spiritual creatures." These letters and hieroglyphics, we learn, were copied on paper by Kelly.

5. *Spectral Hands, Arms, &c.*—As for those spectral hands and arms, which, appearing in darkened Occidental drawing-rooms, busy themselves in geranium-blossoms to the company, in turning over the leaves of books, or in removing books out of sight, we meet with phenomena quite as wonderful in the magic globe. In it spectral figures come into view, and spread themselves out so as to spell sentences by means of spectral letters attached, one to each finger; spectral hands, too, present themselves, and take the greatest possible liberties. Amongst other freaks, they snatch the book that he is writing in out of the hands of Dr. Dee. Nay, they even carry off the show-stone itself, but soon after return it to its place. Then there are spectral legs and spectral hands, and—but we feel that we need summe up more apparitions to prove our case.

6. *Medical Advice, Ghostly Counsel, a New Religious Revelation, &c.*—Here again we have resemblances of the most startling kind. In illustration of these we are presented just now, by a grant of space, from referring to more than the following example. In "Doctoree De Mysterium Libri Quinque" the Doctor addresses the spirit Murfi in behalf of a woman named Isabel Lister, "whom the wicked enemy hath soe afflicted with dangerous temptations, and hath brought her knives to destroy herself withall." Murfi at once prescribes the "Magic Lamin," of which we subjoin an engraving.

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The Fore Part of the "Magic Lamin."



The Back Part of the "Magic Lamin."

This "Lamin," or plate, was of lead. The figures on it represent the letters which go to form certain names, including those of the spirit Murfi and the afflicted woman. We are not told to what spot the plate was to be applied. The directions are simply to "use it on the body molested."

But not only do we note such astonishing resemblances as we have indicated between the spiritualism of to-day and that of the sixteenth century; we note also that the parties into which the public are divided on this question, had their corresponding parties in Elizabeth's time. There, too, we find earnest disciples, who believe firmly that the "manifestations" are from God; and others who believe that they are the workings of evil spirits. And there also are the unbelievers, who laugh derisively at the whole affair, as juggle and imposture from beginning to end. Nay, the very terms of abuse which are now scattered about so lavishly—"conjurer," "impostor," "infidel," "atheist," "Sadducee," and so forth, bed about and bed service then. Truly there is little that is totally new under the sun, and the nineteenth is not in all things so far ahead of the sixteenth century, as in our overweening vanity we are in the habit of assesting.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE REV. DR. CROLY.

On Saturday, the 24th ult., from a sudden attack of disease of the heart, the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., for twenty-six years Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. Dr. Croly was a native of Dublin, and was born about 1784. He received his early education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated. He came to London in the beginning of the present century, and devoted himself, especially in early manhood, and more or less throughout his later life, to literary pursuits, chiefly in the department of dramatic poetry. His earliest attempt, we believe, was a satire entitled "The Times," which was published about 1810. His romance of "Salathiel," which is founded on the story of the Wandering Jew, is usually quoted as the best exemplification of his powers in that line. He also wrote a "Life of Edmund Burke," and was a frequent contributor to the periodical literature of his time, principally in the pages of Blackwood, in which he wrote at its first starting. He was also for some time editor of the *Universal Magazine*, and his name is well-known as the author of some of the ablest leading articles in the Britannica, in its palmy days of Toryism and Protectionism. Among his other voluminous writings we ought to mention his "Catalina," a tragedy; his "Pride shall have a Fall," a comedy; and also a volume on the Apocalypse; besides sundry sermons, tracts, and pamphlets on theological controversy, and the religious questions of the day. A selected edition of his poems was published by Messrs. Blackwood some years since.

Dr. Croly's first presentation was to Boddleigh, a parish on the skirts of Exmoor, in Devon; but on going there he was so dissatisfied with the place, on account of its wildness and desolation, that he never returned on his duties, and it was not until he was upwards of 50 years of age that he succeeded to the living of St. Stephen's, with which he was presented by Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, it is said, on the urgent recommendation of Lord Brougham. Of necessity almost, from the position as actor of the century, he was identified with the protracted pious squabble in which Alderman Gibbs took so

memorable and conspicuous a part. Of late years his reputation as a literary man was, to a considerable extent, merged in that of a preacher, and numbers of strangers used to frequent the fine church of St. Stephen's to listen to his sermons, the last of which he delivered so recently as Sunday week. It may be remembered that one of Dr. Grey's sons, an officer in the East-India Company's service, of more than ordinary promise, fell gloriously in the campaign against the Sikhs about fourteen years ago.

THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.

On Sunday, the 25th ult., at Arundel Castle, Sussex, aged 45, after an illness of several weeks, from enlargement of the liver, his Grace the Duke of Norfolk. The deceased peer, the Most Noble Henry Granville Fitz-Alan Howard, 14th Duke of Norfolk, Premier Duke and Earl in the peerage of England, Earl of Arundel, Surrey, and Norfolk, and Baron Fitz-Alan, Clm, Oswaldston, and Malvern, Hertfordshire, Earl-Marshal and Chief Butler of England, was the eldest son of Henry Charles, 13th Duke of Norfolk, K.G., by the Lady Charlotte Leveson-Gower, eldest daughter of George Granville, Marquis of Stafford, who was eventually raised, in 1833, to the dukedom of Rutland, and died the same year. He was born in Great St. Martin's-street, London, on the 7th of November, 1815. Although a Roman Catholic by profession, he was sent to Eton, and passed thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he completed his education. He entered the army as cornet in the Royal Horse Guards, but retired soon after attaining the rank of captain, and entered parliament in the general election consequent on the death of the late King in July, 1837, as M.P. in the Liberal interest for the family borough of Arundel, which he represented without intermission (while bearing the courtesy titles of Lord Fitz-Alan and Earl of Arundel and Surrey) down to the year 1851, when, finding that his sentiments on the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill were not in accordance with those of the "patron" of the constituency, his father, the late duke—he accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and was immediately returned by the electors of Limerick, Mr. John O'Connor being the Chiltern Hundreds in his favour. He retired from the House of Commons at the dissolution of 1852. The Earl of Arundel and Surrey succeeded to the honours and representation of the noble house of Howard on the death of his father, the late duke, on the 14th of February, 1856, the same year, when, finding that the dukedom of somewhat less than five years. The late duke was a magistrate for the counties of Middlesex and Sussex, and enjoyed the entire patronage of the College of Arms (better known to the public under the name of the Herald's College), and was of extensive living in the Strand Church, the late duke married in June, 1839, Augusta Mary Minna Catharine, second daughter of the late Admiral Lord Lyons, G.C.B., by whom, who survive him, he has left a family of two sons and six daughters, besides two children who died in infancy. The eldest son, Henry Fitz-Alan Howard, Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who succeeds his father, was born on the 27th of December, 1847, so that he is now on the eve of completing his thirteenth year. The duke also leaves two sisters, Lady Foley and Lady Adeline Mansers, and also a brother, Lord Edward Henry M.P. for Arundel, and a daughter, Lady Catherine, the wife of Hon. Thomas, who is married to Miss Augusta Talbot, cousin of the late Earl of Shrewsbury.

COLONEL TYNTE.

On Friday, the 23rd ult., at Hallowell House, Somerset, aged 82, Colonel Charles Kemys Tynnt, formerly M.P. for Bridgwater. The deceased gentleman, who was the head and representative of one of our most ancient county families, was the son of the late Colonel Tynnt, of the 1st Foot Guards, who was Groom of the Bedchamber to George IV. whilst Prince of Wales, and nephew and heir of the late Sir Charles Kemys Tynnt, formerly M.P. for Bridgwater. He was born in 1778, and was for some time in the army, and for many years Colonel Commandant of the West Somerset Yeomanry Cavalry. He sat in Parliament for Bridgwater in the Liberal interest from 1820 to 1827, when he retired from public life, and was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Somerset, Glamorgan, and Monmouth, in each of which counties he held large landed property, including some valuable church preferments. Whilst in Parliament he voted for the Reform Bill of 1832, and for Catholic Emancipation, but against the Ballot Bill. He was re-elected for Bridgwater in 1837, and was again returned in 1841, Lewis, Esq., of St. Pierre, co. Monmouth. He is succeeded in his large estates by his only son, Charles John Kemys Tynnt, Esq., M.P. for Bridgwater, Colonel of the Royal Glamorgan Militia, and Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons in Monmouthshire, who was M.P. for West Somerset from 1852 to 1857. The late Colonel Tynnt was declared by the House of Lords, in 1816, a peer to the barony of Wharton, and he was also a coheritor to the barony of Grey de Wilton. The present Colonel Tynnt is well known in the world of letters as the author of a "Sketch of the History of the Revolution of 1830." He has been twice married, 1st, to Elizabeth, 3rd daughter and coheir of Thomas Swinerton, Esq., of Butterton Hall, co. Stafford, and secondly, to Vincenza, daughter of Wallop Brinsford, Esq., of Bath House, co. Lincoln, Ireland.

J. A. WARRE, ESQ.

On Sunday, the 18th ult., at West Cliff, near Ramsgate, aged 73, John Ashley Warre, Esq., M.P. for Ripon. His death was the result of a cold caught in returning from church at Ramsgate, on the previous Sunday. Mr. Warre, who was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Kent, was born in 1787, and was educated at Harrow, and at Christchurch, Oxford. He entered Parliament in 1815, and represented Lord Russell's disaffectedshire, Taunton, and Hastings, in various Parliaments in the unreformed House of Commons, and he held a seat in the first reformed Parliament. He had not taken any public part in politics since the dissolution of December, 1834, until the last general election, when he was returned as M.P. for Ripon in the Liberal interest, in conjunction with Mr. Greenwood, the Conservative candidate, Mr. A. Richards, being "nowhere" at the close of the poll. The borough had previously returned a succession of Tory

members, but the accession of the present Earl de Grey to the Yorkshire property of his father, the late Earl of Ripon, turned the balance of the constituency the other way most decidedly. Mr. Warre married, in 1830, Caroline, daughter of the late Prince George, Earl, and daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, Esq., Dr. Fox, President by whom he left issue. His second son, Arthur, Esq., married in February last, to Laura Frances, eldest daughter of Edward J. Cooper, Esq., of Marckoe Castle, co. Sligo.

SIR E. McDONNELL.

On Friday, the 23rd ult., at his residence in Merrion-square, Dublin, aged 54, Sir Edward McDonnell. The deceased was a native of Dublin, and was born in 1806, and was for some years a Magistrate and Alderman, and ultimately (in 1854) Lord Mayor of Dublin. He was an extensive paper-manufacturer in Ireland, and was also connected with trade and commercial interests. He received the honour of knighthood, in 1849, from the Earl of Clarendon, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, on the opening of the Great Western and Southern Railway of Ireland, of which company he was chairman. The following testimony is borne to his character by the deceased knight by the Dublin *Mercantile Advertiser*:—"Sir Edward was one of our most respected and useful citizens, and his loss will be deeply and generally regretted. He has been for several years the chairman of the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, and in that and other positions has rendered great service to the company and to the country." Sir Edward married, in 1832, Catharine, daughter of Sylvester Costigan, Esq.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Jonathan Bullock, Esq., of Faulkbourne Hall, near Witham, Essex, and of 2, Brynmore-street, London, died on the 27th of November last, leaving as his will on the 3rd of December, 1859, appointing his wife and his son-in-law, the Rev. John F. Bullock, M.A., Rural Dean, Rector of Radwinter, Essex, the executors. The personalty was sworn under £12,000. This venerable gentleman, who reached the great age of 87, was the captain of the 1st Dragoon Guards, was a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Essex, and high sheriff for the county in 1837. His name was originally Watson, but his father succeeding to the estates of an uncle—Colonel Bullock, M.P. for Essex—he adopted, in the year 1800, the name of Bullock. The estate of the testator was divided into three children—giving each on the option of purchase; and from the proceeds thereof to pay certain annuities and charges to his four daughters, and the residue to his wife for her life, and, on her decease, to pay to his daughter Elizabeth Ann Bullock, the wife of his second son, the residue of the testator's personalty. The residue of his personalty he bequeathed to his wife. The testator particularly directs that the furniture, fixtures, paintings, and the household effects, together with his collection of curiosities, and specimens of natural history, are to be consigned to Sir Edward in the family, and not to be removed from the family domain of Faulkbourne Hall.

The Reverend Thomas Henry Heathcote, of M.A., Rural Dean, Vicar of Leek, Stafford, and Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Macclesfield, died on his vicarage on the 16th of September last, leaving made his will on the 26th of June preceding, appointing his relict and four gentlemen executors, namely, W. Shuttleworth, Esq., Town Clerk of Liverpool, Colonel Harper, Francis Falkner, Esq., of Bath, and E. Harvey, Esq., of Liverpool. Probate of the will was taken out in the London Court on the 22nd of November, and the personalty was sworn under £25,000. This gentleman held the vicarage of Leek for the period of thirty-eight years, to which he was presented by the Earl of Macclesfield, to whom he was Domestic Chaplain, the value of the preferment is stated to be £170 per annum, to which is added a pastoral residence. He was twice married, but left no issue by either marriage. To his relict he leaves an annuity of £500, also an immediate legacy of £500, together with the furniture, plate, carriage, and other household effects. To his niece, Mary Ellen Bullock, an annuity of £40, and a legacy of £200. There are several legacies left to other members of his family. The residue of his estate, both real and personal, he has directed to be divided equally between seven of his nieces. All legacies, annuities, &c. are directed to be paid in full, and to be free of legacy-duty.

The Right Hon. Christophera Barones Downes, of Bort House, near Athy, Kildare, Binsted, Isle of Wight; and of 19, Grafton-street, Piccadilly; who died on the 18th of October last, aged 61, was the wife of General Lord Downes, Dnyases de Burgh, G.C.B., a representative peer of Ireland, and noble and gallant soldier, who was distinguished by the fact that he has received several foreign orders and distinctions under the late Duke of Wellington; viz. K.T.S. of Portugal, and K.A.S. of Russia. The Baroness possessed in her own right a power of disposition over her property amounting to £100,000, which she was frequently entirely amongst the members of her family by her first marriage with her late husband, John Willis Fleming, Esq., M.P. for Hants. Her ladyship has bequeathed to her daughter Christophera a variety of diamonds and other jewellery; and to her daughter Henrietta, wife of Colonel Vassall, of the Coldstream Guards, she leaves her library; and to her other children and to grandchildren there are several bequests of jewellery. The remainder of her property to her son Arthur, who is appointed residuary legatee, and is also an executor with his sister Christophera. Her ladyship's effects were sworn under £5,000.

General Thackeray, C.B., Colonel Commandant Royal Engineers, died on the 18th of August preceding, at the Cedars, Witleton, Surrey. His will, made on the 13th of August preceding, was proved by the Hon. John Jervis Carnegie, of Fair Oak, near Petersfield, one of the executors. The personalty was sworn under £8,000. The widow takes the whole of the property, both real and personal, for her life; and on her decease the general has directed that it shall be equally divided among his two sons and his four daughters. This gallant veteran, who attained the patriarchal age of 85, began his career as a subaltern in the Royal Engineers, and rose by progressive steps, and meritorious active military services, to the rank and honours he so well deserved.

Lady Fisher, the widow of the late Sir George Fisher, Bart., of Woolrich, died on Thursday, Kent, on the 27th of September last. She made her will on the 26th of June, 1859, appointing, as executors, W. F. Beadon, Esq., of Stratford-place, G. A. K. Homan, Esq., of Sojourners' Inn, Fleet-street, and H. W. Fisher,

comfortable mansions for those who had assisted him when he was a boy and in distress. He not only did not forget himself, but he would not allow others to treat him as if he had ever forgotten the meanness of his condition and the humility of his early life.

FAIRY LAND.*

THREE is a very interesting story connected with the compilation of this little book. The late Thomas Hood was a child, when the toils of the day were over, of sitting with his wife and children, and their meeting for them, according to the mood of the moment, some tale, or ballad, or history. The ballads, we may suppose, were either his own composition or recited from memory; the history, it is to be imagined, was some striking passage that he had met with in that day's reading; and the tales, most probably, most captivations suited to the capacity of the majority of his listeners. The tales so told by Thomas Hood "in the dim twilight, by the flickering fire," are unfortunately lost. All that can now be stated with respect to them is cautiously sketched in the following words:—

"Of most of these, alas! after so many years of change, the very faintest memories have faded, and the few we have preserved here are all that remain, being necessarily but imperfect copies."

The loss of fairy tales, as Thomas Hood actually told them to his own children, or as he could have composed and written them for the purpose of being told to, or read by children of others, is greatly to be deplored. A "fairy tale" is like a ballad? it must be either a genuine *source* of antiquity, or it must be the composition both of a true and of a great genius. The "fairy tale" like the "ballad," must speak with the voice of ages long since passed away. It must be either a genuine narrative told by one who believed in the potency of fairies, and the malignant powers of wizards, or it must be the creation of a Shakespearean mind that can breathe upon its own idea the substance of a reality, and impart to it facilities such as will win the attention and command the sympathies of the young, for whose amusement it is easily to be invented.

A ready rhyme-fancie it is easy to jot down lines in rude verse, like "The Battle of Otterburn," or "Sir Peveril's Epics," and a smart paragraph suppose he has only to sit down and he can throw off, with perfect ease, a child's "story-book," or a "fairy tale." But when other experience has been used, it almost universally proves to be a failure. The first will be found deficient in those qualities which are at the same time the charm and the strength of the ancient ballad. It will not be possible to apply to the modern imitation those words which are so descriptive of the characteristics of the genuine and the antique ballad—"The inconceivable, equally present in their force and their weakness, is the magic power which dissolves the most refined criticism, and thrills the nerves of strong and hard men." And so it is with "the fairy tale." Its *simplicity*, its quaintness, combined with its apparently effortless production of marvelous incidents, such as the old and true fairy tale develops, baffle the efforts of the modern imitator who is not gifted with genius of the first order. The imitation will not please either grown up men or boys, or women or children. It will sound upon the ear like a bad piece of music, rendered still more disagreeable by being played out of tune.

In this volume we have a well-told genuine old "fairy tale," and of a new or modern fairy tale that is spotted in the telling. The first is "The Grateful Animals," a Hungarian legend. The incidents in it are old—they are more than three thousand years—they may be found in many other stories—the tale itself is utterly improbable, and yet there is the ring of the genuine simile in every sentence. The other, "The Three Great Giants," was originally a fairy tale by Thomas Hood, but manifestly a most "imperfect version," for it is told in such a manner as to be incomprehensible to ninety out of every hundred children in whose hands it might be put. It is full of wit, humor, and irony; but the wit will not be appreciated, nor the humor relished, by those for whom it was composed, whilst as to the fancy displayed, a child will not be astonished by it, although he will probably, with that shrewdness to be found in many children, inquire for what purpose it was exhibited.

There are, however, many things in the volume with which children will be greatly pleased. There are pretty rhymes, and more than one good story; but those that will, we expect, be the most popular, are the verses and stories, published as the composition, of Jane Hood. For the sake of the living and the dead we shall rejoice to hear that "Fairy Land" has found many purchasers during the Christmas holidays.

SCARTH ON THE CHINESE.

MR. JOHN SCARTH has been twelve years in China, and having made a good deal with the people, claims to be an authority on questions concerning them. His two works, particularly the second, treat of political questions; but we refer only to that part of them which concerns the manners of the Chinese. This people are the most interesting amongst the nations of the earth for a continuous and almost undisturbed existence. From the beginning of their annals, so remote at least as those of any other people ever known, they have enjoyed great prosperity with few vicissitudes. They are said to have no history, from having suffered few changes. Their existence far surpassing that of any other people, they seem now, from an insurrection having its basis in religion, and from coming into conflict with the governments of Europe, likely to break to pieces and supply the elements of some new political combinations. Neither of these things can we easily imagine, but some new condition will ensue. We have no inclination to follow Mr. Scarth into the mysteries of the triplets and his relation to Christianity, about which there are many differences of opinion, we confine ourselves to the more secular effect illustrated by this example, that religion has at all times had much to do with the changes in the world. It does not itself remain unchanged, its first form is nominal, and its practice, but substantially, like everything earthly, is in continually undergoing changes, if they are silent, and at the time unobserved. Westminster Abbey has stood for many ages; but the religion in which it has been devoted was different, under the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Georges, and the Victorias, from what it now is. Within a very short period it has undergone, and is now undergoing, great changes, and it seems only where this inevitable law of change is attempted to be controverted, as in Rome and in China, that serious disturbances ensue. Our petty assemblies, at St. Omer in the East, under one name to improve, contracted with the violence going on in Italy and China illustrated.

* *Fairy Land*, or, Recreation for the Young Generation. By the late Thomas and Jane Hood, formerly of St. Paul's Churchyard. 1861.

† Twelve Years in China. By a Gentleman. Edinburgh: Edmonstone & Douglas. British People in China. In our War with the Tartars of the Chinese? By John Scarth, author of "Twelve Years in China." London: Smith, Elder, & Co.

One of the most remarkable features in the Chinese character, and which is at once the basis of the stability of their empire and of their continual growth, is the great respect they have ever shown for industry, the means by which life is sustained. Throughout Europe, for the early ages, as we know, the renowned empires of antiquity, industry or labour was performed by slaves, and, till very modern times, was connected with ideas of disgrace and ignominy. To trade, was peddling; to toil, slavery. In China, the Emperor has ever been proud to hold the plough, and yearly sends the commands to his people, of honoring that first grade of mechanical labor. The Government has also been careful to encourage and impress on all the people the same sentiment. In Greece, Rome, and medieval Europe, in Egypt too, and probably in Persia and Assyria, and especially in India, war was more honored than the industry practised by a degraded class of slaves, the key to the continued prosperity of the empire continued increase of the Chinese. They appear to have recognized from the first the great natural law, that man must eat bread by the sweat of his brow. Their soil is fertile, but they long ago discovered and acted on the great principle, that labour is the source of all wealth. They were rewarded by ages of domestic prosperity.

It might be inferred from this leading fact, if we did not know it from the meagre annals of the Chinese which we possess, that though their Government has been corrupted, they and their country have never been reduced to personal slavery. They grew in domestic peace to be a more numerous and more homogeneous people than any other known. Other great states fought their way into power, and by their own warlike passions and the similar passions of their neighbours, were destroyed. They fell victims to each other in turn, and were all in time reduced to desolation. The history of China is a moral lesson on a grand scale. The nation has flourished continuously, from avoiding war and its consequences—slavery. Labour has been free, and in the interior of China trade seems to have been free.

Their present condition reflects light on their past condition. They are at once amazingly numerous and amazingly industrious. They do not possess the peculiar skill of Europeans, but they have great skill of their own. For ages they have been successful navigators and successful agriculturists, and the powers of the magnet and turned it to use before it was discovered in Europe. Ages ago they built their vessels in water-tight compartments, one of our boasted modern improvements. Before canals were made in Europe they had constructed one more than that which alone has been the cause of the great increase of their power. They invented and used paper money long before it was known in Europe, where to this day, neither governments nor people are acquainted with the laws which govern it, nor are they, except in a few instances, familiar with its use. They have been for centuries acquainted with many explosive substances, including gunpowder. They are excellent agriculturists, florists, and fashers, and in all the useful arts might give lessons to most Europeans. Their agriculture is not, perhaps, equal to our own; they do not yet use much machinery—but ours is only lately improved; and if we except Lombardy and Tuscany, all the best modern agriculture in the northern part of France, and some portions of Germany, the agriculture generally of China, though carried on by few instruments, is far superior to the agriculture of the greater part of Europe. Compared with that of Hungary or Poland it is in perfection. Our most horticultural countries, such as the Netherlands, are not so richly and so tastefully adorned with the flowers cultivated by the Chinese. Their industry has not, in fact, been confined to procuring subsistence; it has extended to adorning their lives. It pervades their whole existence. At an early period they acted on the chief principle of political economy, and made the most judicious use of their having discovered, and carried further than any other people. Nay there are even amongst many clever men, who darken knowledge by words, and still preach that there is something superior to labour and its free development, and more generous to man's capacities.

They have followed nature, too, in being prodigal of life. She produces it and destroys it so plentifully, that those who have no other light but hers are likely to be careless of it too. To torture criminals and others was common throughout the Pacific Islands, and the Tartar countries contrary to the laws of nature, but the Chinese do not appear, though regardless of life, to be prone to inflict torture. They are a mixture of cowardice and fortitude; they succumb to an accident like the fall of a mast, and give themselves up to death, while in battle they will blow up the vessel rather than be taken. Like other civilized people they think disgrace worse than death, and say with the German poet, "The highest good of life is not life itself." To get a favourable idea of the Chinese, such as we have outlined from Mr. Scarth's book, it should be read.

GOLD VEINS AND GOLD DEPOSITS.*

THE discovery of gold in Australia was an epoch vitally important to the various colonies of that continent, not only because of the value of the gold itself, but perhaps even more than that, because its discovery caused rapid immigration. Whether, therefore, it be looked on in the light of the vast mineral wealth following in its train, or as so large an addition to the means of the means of commerce in civilized countries, there can be no doubt that Mr. Hargraves, the reputed discoverer, deserved well of his country; and his companion, Mr. Davidson, may, with great propriety and justice, claim a hearing. The latter gentleman, however, has not been able to make a satisfactory statement of his theory.

We desire, in perfect fairness and good feeling, to consider both these. The grievance seems to be, that Mr. Hargraves, whom he had accompanied to California previous to 1851, with whom he had frequent conversation concerning the gold mines, and who he had communicated his impressions that gold must exist in certain parts of Australia, did not give to his friend and associate, the author of this volume, a fair and sufficient share of the credit he himself obtained in the various colonies for the good work he had initiated.

The credit due to discoverers like that of Mr. Hargraves and Mr. Davidson, must, we believe, always be estimated by the result. It is certain that gold had been found in the rivers of California, when that country was first discovered by the Spaniards. A convict, in Australia, as long ago as in 1798 or 1799, is said to have found a gold mine, but he had found a gold mine, but the man was flogged because he could not verify his statement, in other words, because he was unsuccessful in prospecting. In 1811, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, a resident clergyman and a highly intelligent and instructed geologist of the old school, secondarily of the new, and a man of great energy, and of great enterprise, the fact should be kept secret. The difference was, that Mr. Hargraves not only discovered gold, but that, as a direct consequence of his discovery, others followed on the investigation, so that large and rich deposits were found, and a completely new life given to the Australian colonies, more immigration taking place, and

* The Discovery and Location of Gold Deposits in Australia, with comparisons and accounts of the gold fields in California, Russia, India, Brazil, &c.; including a philosophical description of the origin of gold in Placer-deposits and Quartz-creeks. By Thomas Davidson, 1 vol. 8vo. London: Longmans. 1860.

greater commercial movement being induced in a year, than had before occurred in twenty. It may be said that Mr. Davison was better informed, and better able to lead discovery than Mr. Hargraves, but it is certain that the latter was the one who did it, and he alone must have the credit. Nothing can be more simple than the account given of himself by Mr. Hargraves, and quoted in Mr. Davison's book, and with the extract we must dismiss the subject of his private life. He immediately tested by geological appearances, gold must exist in Australia as well as in California, it acted on that persuasion, and at the very first trial discovered the existence of gold where it had been supposed to be. He was the first to discover gold in Australia, and he immediately communicated the discovery to the Colonial Government and the public generally, the immediate result of which was the opening out and working of mines of enormous productiveness in various parts of the country."—p. 267.

Mr. Davison is at issue with established authorities both at home and abroad in his view of the origin of gold in what are called placer-deposits. Such deposits are by far the most abundant sources of gold in most of the larger and richer gold districts, and to them we owe at least nine-tenths of the vast supplies of the last twelve years. They consist of stones, often angular and sometimes rounded, of various sizes, irregularly mixed with mud, clay, and sand, and often two, three, or more such rough beds, all containing gold, are found, one lying over another. Under all other circumstances no doubt Mr. Davison would agree that these are local drifts, resembling what in England is called *builder clay*; and we have the authority of some of the geologists sent out to survey these districts that they are just such beds, and that they belong to various geological periods. They are clearly due to the action of water flowing over the surface. In all places the same general character prevails, and the gold is very irregularly deposited; some of it in very small detached grains and scales, some in moderate-sized lumps up to the size of a pea, and some occupying the whole of the surface. Occasionally huge masses of the precious metal are found scarcely more than spotted with rock and earthy impurities.* No wonder that the fortunate finders of such tangible wealth are tempted occasionally to speculate that no common or familiar natural cause can have produced so much gold.

Mr. Davison's theory shall be stated in his own words:—“Alluvial or placer-deposit gold has been distributed and deposited horizontally by means of an igneous liquid or perissable lava, and that quartz veins, as well as some other veins traversing districts, and some veins of quartz, and some veins of copper, supported by a series of propositions, which may be thus briefly stated:—(1) The gold in nuggets is ragged and angular; (2) it is found in positions where no merely mechanical force could have placed it; (3) it is found in existing water-courses which have undergone little change since the deposit of the gold; (4) it is found near ancient volcanic (?) disturbances, e.g., where, schists, and granites (these being the constants above alluded to); and (5) it is found in quartz, and quartz veins are due to matter in a fluid or vaporous state (1).”

We believe that most of these propositions confirm the more recognised geological view of the origin of placers. The gold has been formed in crevices in the altered rocks (not volcanic in any case, nor strictly heat-formed of certain localities, just as under other circumstances, ore of lead, copper, silver, tin, and other metals have been formed, but gold, not being ductile, and not readily combined with oxygen or sulphur as ordinary, or even high temperature, is deposited, or separated out, in a state either pure or alloyed only with other metals. Formed in this way, the veins or rocks containing it have been subject to the action of water, and have been worn away; but the gold, being much heavier than any other mineral, has been left behind, or carried to some new position, and is carried far. Collected in hollows, the larger fragments at the bottom, with more or less stone adhering to them, are often preserved unaltered, being soon covered up; but very much is broken into smaller particles or carried to some new position in the washing-bowl. Like all metals, gold has certain minerals with which it is generally mixed, and quartz, with some particular kinds of slate (those containing magnesia), are its common associates. Mr. Davison is evidently an intelligent and instructed gold-digger, and we can recommend his personal narrative as pleasant and useful reading; but we think the remaining part of his volume might with advantage have been left unpublished.

EVIDENCES OF CHRISTIANITY.†

This first edition of this work was issued for private circulation. It is now— in its second edition—placed before the public, for the first time, with a view to its general circulation. It is the work, not of a clergyman, but a layman, and, avoiding all discussion upon doctrinal points, it aims at showing the credibility of Christianity independent of the Bible. It seeks for the evidence of Christianity, not within, but outside the pale of Christianity itself. The apostle Julian is summoned as a witness—the Jew Josephus is forced to give his testimony, and avowed Pagans, such as Suetonius, Tacitus, Pliny, and Celsus, are made to prove the truth of that which they were either ignorant, or when submitted to them incapable of comprehending.

Such, in brief, is the aim of this little book. It is a popular treatise on a most important subject. It is a religious book, without the slightest taint of sectarianism; and therefore can be read, not only without offence but with advantage, by all persons, of all creeds, and we may add, of all ages.

TEMPLE BAR—A LONDON MAGAZINE.—No. 1.

The publication of the first number of the *Temple Bar* magazine, is an event in periodical literature. The price is one shilling, for which small volume is given 144 octavo pages, and no *Temple Bar* owes its claims to be the cheapest of all the monthly publications. There is an abundance of material; but as all-important question in these days of economisation and sharp criticism is this: what is the quality of the material? Is it good, indifferent, or bad? Such is the main consideration with purchasers, for the purpose of adding them in arriving at a just conclusion, it is necessary to take a glance at the principal articles of which the first number is composed.

The *Temple Bar* wisely assigns any grave dissertation for its opening article. The poet of honour, who has been given to the world, is a venture for public favour, is judiciously given to a tale, entitled, “For Better, For Worse.” The reader's sympathies are awakened by being placed, at once, in the society of a noble-hearted brother and sister, who are consulting together how they may best be able to sustain and help on in the world, the children of their father by a

* In 1867 a nugget was found, about 120 miles from Melbourne, measuring 1½ feet 4 inches in length and 1½ inches in width at the ends, and weighing 1½ lbs. It was the largest and richest yet known. It was found at Ballarat, in June 1868.

† An Introduction to the Evidences of Christianity. By J. O. Halliwell, Esq., F.R.S. Second edition. London: Longman, Green, Longman, & Roberts, 1860.

second marriage. The characters are drawn by a master hand; and then there is the beginning of a fine domestic story, with which the heroic brother and sister are but remotely connected; and so ends, in the first number, the fourth chapter of what is called “a romance,” but will inevitably turn out to be a novel of the present day—so well told as to secure, by itself alone, eager readers of *Temple Bar* for many months to come. The second article is a review of Mr. Hephworth Dixon's vindication of the character of Lord Bacon, and the following sentence will show that the reviewer coincides in the sentiments of the author upon whose work he is commenting:—

“To discover with patience and much toil the true history and worth of great men who are so many, is a more difficult and more important task than the history of a mighty nation reader must acceptably there thanksgiving to those fathers who were in the old time before them, and from whom they have inherited wisdom and strength.”

This is quite true; but then it sometimes happens that the vindicator of a great, or, it may be, only a very good man's memory, excites anxiety against himself, by the controversy which he provokes; and in such cases but little justice and scant mercy are meted out to him. This has happened before now, even in matters in which Mr. Hephworth Dixon has taken a part. “A word to the wise is enough.” The third prose article, “The Father of French Press,” is a lively bit of writing, not made up in a manner much to be approved of; for all its facts respecting Theophile Renaudot are taken from an authority to which the slightest possible reference is made—namely, Eugène Hatin's lately published “Political and Literary History of the French Press.” The fourth article is by Mr. John Greenleaf, on “the Kalevala, the long epic, which is to the mythology and traditional lore of the Finns what the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* of Homer are to the heroic story of ancient Greece.” The paper is learned—very learned—a capital article for a quarterly review, but so heavy for a monthly magazine, that it is almost enough to swamp the periodical in which it appears. The fifth article, “Gold and Drama,” is in itself a literary “sugar” for there is to be found in it, both the rich material of a good story and, intermingled with the pure ore, so small share of earthy and comparatively worthless matter. The selection of the tale composed perfectly with the title. And now we come to the great feature of the *Temple Bar* magazine, the contribution of its editor. The position of George Augustus Sala as a popular writer is established. His powers are recognised; and it is sufficient to say that the first number in the County of Middlesex is worthy of his reputation. It abounds in original thought, in shrewd observations, in quaint fancies, in pleasant jokes, and, occasionally, in the expression of sound thoughts, conveyed in pure and epigrammatic English. “Notes on Circumstantial Evidence,” “Criminal Lunacy,” “The Rev. J. C. Ball's ‘Over the Leaburn to Balliol,’” are severally excellent and readable papers.

ITHURIEL.

THURIEL the wide world he goes,
Surrounded but by few,
And sees each ancient falsehood where it lives;
He strikes them with his spear,
And, lo! in daylight clear,
They bring full-armed, and struggle for their lives.
He call on kings and laws
To their sacred oaths and vows,
On Church with its anathemas to ban—
For duels and for stakes,
Or wheel, his limbs to break,—
A mournful fate is his—Ithuriel!—yet a man!

No costly monsters hid
In grove or pyramid,
Though robed as angels to deceive his eyes,
Can hide them from his glance,
Or puncture of the lance,
With which he strips them of their false disguise.
Sad hero! must malign'd
And wronged of human kind,
Because he scorns the falsehoods we revere,
Why should he earn their hate?
The world's a Fane of Fate,
And Fate must reap the corn. Ithuriel! break thy spear!

COMPOSITE BLOCKS FOR PAVEMENT.—A patent has been taken out recently for what are called “patent composite blocks.” The novelty of the invention consists in the combination together of both wood and stone; and the cement by which both materials are thus united together is described as being impervious to water; whilst the materials themselves are rendered less liable to abrasion by ordinary traffic. It is notorious to all persons living in London, that wood and stone pavements are liable to two great objections—the wood in wet weather being dangerous to horses, and the stone causing great annoyance from the incessant noise of carriages rolling over granite blocks. It is supposed that a combination of wood and stone—such as has been effected in the construction of the “composite blocks”—will present these three advantages—cleanliness, safety to horses, and comparative freedom from noise. An experiment has been already made with the “composite blocks.” Three years ago a specimen was laid down at the Hibernian end of Little Queen-street, the great thoroughfare from Holborn to Covent Garden. This specimen has been examined by Mr. Braidwaite, a civil engineer, and Mr. Treboarne, surveyor to the Board of Works in the district, and both express the opinion, that having withstood the traffic to which it was exposed for thirty-three months without requiring repair, its general adoption would be advantageous to the public. The persons who have taken out a patent for the “composite blocks” are endeavouring to establish a company, and to induce the public to give them that support which they require, they maintain that the “composite blocks” are “not only better than granite blocks, or broken granite, on the Macadam principle, but that they also can be manufactured at much less expense.”

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At the present moment a knot of persons in both of these regions are exhibiting themselves before the world, and discharging the recognised and possibly wholesome functions allotted to them, of stirring up the muddy pool of politics, and troubling the sleep of sensitive and quiet people by angry and minatory clamours. South Carolina, a poor, small, and but half-civilized state, threatens to secede from the great American confederacy; and Ireland, if she be represented by the person styled "The O'Donoghue," threatens, in a similar manner, to throw off her allegiance to the British Government, and to live independently of the tyrant *Sausmarch*. But the South Carolinians, foolish as they may be, are in one respect entitled to greater deference than the Irish under Mr. O'Donoghue. They are really alarmed and thoroughly in earnest, whereas the Irish cry is a shout from beginning to end,—as were a quart of ungovernable animal spirits and innate love of a row for a row's sake, as any whoop of defiance in a shebeen shop, or any flourishing of a shillelagh that ever cracked a skull at Donnybrook fair.

Every one knows the policy that will be pursued by the British Government in the case of the Irish malcontents—the great and wise policy of "LAISSEZ FAIRE." The Irish Roman Catholics do not know that they enjoy freedom, and are, consequently, not thankful for the blessing. All that can be done with them, or for them, is to let them talk till they become the world's laughing-stock, as they assuredly will be, if no one interferes with them. They prate about "nationality" as if there were any such thing in Europe as an unmixt nationality except that of the Jews, and as if nationality were in itself a cry that would or ought to rouse any nation to revolt, irrespective of grievous oppression, or denial of personal rights and civil and religious liberty. Their acts, too, are as senseless as their words. With fine phrases of liberty, independence, and nationality in their mouths, they despatch a thousand necessary poor wretches to aid the Pope and the Cardinals in depriving the Italians of Central Italy of every right of self-government. The Liberty that Irish patriots enjoy without knowing it, is not to be enjoyed by Italians of the Legations. Independence is declared to be a good thing for the people of Dublin, but not for those of Rome; while nationality, with "MacMahon, Roi d'Irlande," is in the estimation of all the O'Donoghues (for we suppose there must be more than one of the name), a proper thing on the western shores of St. George's Channel, but an improper thing between the Mediterranean and the Adriatic, with "Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy."

An agitation likely to be formidable to any Government must have some common sense and reason in it, and must be founded on a tangible grievance. But as Mr. O'Donoghue, and the silly people who support him, have no grievance, unless it be in the fact that they cannot destroy the Protestant Church; and as they exhibit as little wit as wisdom in the statement of their case, all that can be done with them is to let them alone. They prove, alike by the madness of their antics and their immunity from molestation, the strength of the Government under which they live, and the completeness of the liberty which they enjoy. A weak or tyrannical Government would have done the late Daniel O'Connell the honour of political martyrdom. It would certainly not have granted its contemptuous pardon to poor Mr. Smith O'Brien; and would just as certainly lay violent hands upon Mr. O'Donoghue of the Glen, or any other as outrageous a patriot.

The Federal Government of the United States will have a more difficult game to play with the discontented slave-owners of South Carolina, and of other States which may be inclined to join in the movement for secession. It must not be forgotten that the people of Charleston, even in the quietest times, live in a state of chronic alarm; and heads of families in that city, and elsewhere farther south, habitually sleep with revolvers under their pillows, to be prepared to defend themselves in what they consider the not improbable case of a rising of the slave population. All these alarms, the growth of their own pet institution, have been exasperated and intensified by the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency—unbattered, moreover, by the approaching loss of that political ascendancy which the pro-slavery Democrats have so long enjoyed and misused.

But as time wears on, and long before Mr. Buchanan shall have finally vacated the White House, and disrobed himself of the uneasy splendours that attend its occupancy, the Carolinians and all the states that now rave and bluster about the establishment of a Southern Confederacy, will have discovered, to the great tranquillization of their minds, that Mr. Lincoln is not so very black a Republican as he has been painted, and that a rising of the Slaves is nothing more than the discomfited dream of their own consciences, and if attempted, would be put down by the North as vigorously as by the South. Mr. Buchanan is no greater friend of the stability of the Union than Mr. Lincoln, and Mr. Lincoln is no less its friend than Mr. Buchanan; and neither of those men will do anything to imperil the glorious fabric;—glorious in spite of slavery, and destined, there can be little doubt, to last for ages after negro slavery shall have become as much a tradition of past times as the feudal system of Great Britain. It is natural that the South should feel alarmed; it is not unnatural, under the circumstances, that it should talk of Disunion; but it will be most unnatural and most pernicious to the whole Confederation, but most seriously so to the South, if the talk should assume the form of action.

Mr. Buchanan's policy while in office, and Mr. Lincoln's policy, when he, in his turn, shall seat himself in the Presidential chair, will be alike the policy of "masterly inactivity." Far better to let Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans sulk or talk sedition for a while, than to treat their discontent and terror as if they were crimes against the state, and invoke the power of the Federal law and authority against them. As in the case of Great Britain against the Irish repealers and disunionists, the wisest course is

the easiest; and it would be as cruel in a strong man to deny a weak woman the use of her tears or her tongue, or the relief of a hysterical fit, when fate, fortune, and circumstance go against her, as it would be in the strong North and West to deny the feeble and impatient South the necessary relief of angry words and bitter recriminations in so sad a reverse of political fortune. The fit of passion will subside if the Federal Government will simply trust to time, and do nothing; and the South, agreeably surprised a few months hence at finding all its alarms to be groundless, will fight with tongue and pen for the integrity of the Union as vehemently as it now attempts to assail it. LAISSEZ-FAIRE will save the Union, and the wisest men of both parties are quite aware of the fact.

THE NEW FRENCH TREATY.

THE commercial treaty with France was concluded, after eleven months' arduous and continued negotiations, on the 30th ult., and published in the *London Gazette* on the 1st inst. With its principal features the public are already acquainted. It enables the French to obtain our coal, iron, and machinery at an easy rate; and it enables them to send lighter wine at a very low rate of duty, and silks, millinery, fruits, &c., free of all duty. The latter part of the treaty now completed consists of the many regulations which the French Government has made for imposing duties on our manufactures when imported. None of them are above 30 per cent. *ad valorem*, and the majority of them are 15 per cent., and several only 10. Many are specific duties framed on these bases, the exact relation of which to the value of the articles, can only be estimated by our manufacturers themselves. In general they are well suited with the rates; and as these are either a great reduction of former rates, or in many cases the substitution of rates lower than in most other countries for previous prohibitions, this result of the treaty is to place the trade of the two countries on a comparatively free footing.

All such treaties are to be considered under two aspects—one in relation to perfectly free trade, the other in relation to much-restricted trade. It is now well known and generally acknowledged, that there is no essential difference between the trade carried on among the inhabitants of the same political community—such as that of Great Britain and Ireland, and that carried on between them and the inhabitants of another political community, such as France. Industry is everywhere subject to the same laws, and all exchange everywhere depends on division of labour, on individual, territorial, and climatic peculiarities, which are common to the whole family of man. The very same circumstances which lead to the exchange of Berkshire cattle for Norfolk barley, lead to the exchange of English coal for French wine. Exchange, in truth, is natural to human society, and it is equally natural that it should be perfectly free, or carried on without any impediment from political or fiscal regulations. Under this aspect every commercial treaty, which, if it lessen or remove many restrictions, necessarily impairs some, is condemned by some writers and some thinkers. On this ground chiefly, but also because the treaty compels us to substitute direct for indirect taxation, Mr. McCulloch and others condemn it. It really imposes many restrictions on natural freedom. It hampers us by binding us to the regulations of France, and a dim view of this principle has induced several persons, who are not free-traders, to censure the treaty.

The treaty must, however, be considered in relation to the much-restricted trade for which it is substituted, not in relation to perfectly free-trade, which has not hitherto been permitted between political communities. Under this aspect, when the wines and silks of France were burdened with heavy duties in England, and when the cutlery and cotton and earthenware of England were burdened with heavy duties in France, or totally prohibited, a commercial treaty which reciprocally lowers these duties, or abolishes these prohibitions is mutually extremely advantageous.

Under the former aspect, all the equivalent duties which diplomats have devised, are only sorrowful means of lessening the advantages which are conferred by nature on all mankind, by giving them in different places different means of production. They are all restrictions and adverse to free-trade. The diplomatists who have taken a great deal of pains to adjust the multifarious duties, and reconcile the rival claims of the manufacturers in both countries, have only troubled themselves to inflict mischief on their mutual trade. Under the latter aspect these great labours and these multifarious and really vexatious regulations are the only means by which a better system can be introduced; and the negotiators deserve all the praise bestowed on them. The time will probably come, though it yet seems far off, when the interchange between Manchester and Bordeaux shall be as unembarrassed by fiscal restrictions as the interchange between Glasgow and London; and till then we must be thankful for every diminution of restrictions now known to be merely inimical to social welfare.

It is clearly in the power of either State to lower its customs duties and abolish its prohibitions, without consulting the other; and as we know from experience that this is greatly for the benefit of the State that does it, whatever other states may do, it is generally considered

wise to do it, without consulting any other state. But our relations with France are very peculiar. We are allies, and yet we are mutually suspicious. It is therefore of great importance that the peaceful relations of the two states should be increased by a mutual treaty, by which the commercial relations of the two peoples will be extended, their substantial interests become more nearly identical, and suspicion dispelled. If all policy be not wholly void of foundation, it could surely aim at no more noble objects than these; and therefore the commercial treaty is to be praised for its political tendencies, even if it be obnoxious to the principles of abstract free-trade.

Such a consequence throws all mere preliminary advantages into the shade, and it seems idle and vain to declaim, after the manner of some of our contemporaries, against the superior advantages which the treaty will confer on France. We believe that it will confer much greater advantages on that country than on England, inasmuch as it is for a great step towards free trade, and for us a very small one. It only opens to us, who at present have the run of the markets of the world, a little additional market to France: in opening our markets it opens indirectly all other markets. Our people may sell a few more yards of woollen and cotton, a few more knives and razors, a few more cups and saucers; but, for the sale of all these things, they will have to compete with the manufacturers of France and the other producers of Europe, and we do not calculate on a very great increase of our exports to France from having the French for our customers. But they will acquire a great many new conveniences which will stimulate their industry and produce amongst them great improvements. To produce nearly all the manufactures we produce, they labour under no positive disability; to produce some, they have more facilities than we have; and we see no reason why they should not, after a season, produce for themselves many of those things which, in the first instance, we shall supply them with. Our coal, and perhaps our iron, their wines and olives and silks, are peculiar advantages of each, the exchange of which, though mutually advantageous, seems likely to open out for France greater facilities for future production than for England. She will send to us articles of luxury for consumption, and we shall send to her articles that aid production. As she produces more, though it be of articles with which we expect to supply her, she will be sure to become on the whole a better and more opulent customer.

It must not be supposed, as Mr. Monckton Milnes strangely asserted a short time ago, that we have hitherto had no trade with France. The total value of our trade with her, exclusive of the exchange of the precious metals, which is large, was in 1859 upwards of £26,000,000, our trade with her exceeding that with any other country of the world except the United States and India. In ten months of the present year the imports from France of wine have increased nearly one per cent, while of wheat they have fallen off to one-fourth, and of flour to nearly one-half. The change is partly due to the season, but as our demand for wine extends, and as the manufacturing interests in France expand, she will require a larger proportion of her own wheat and flour to feed her own people, and we shall not again, probably, ever receive from her in two successive years more grain of all kinds than from any other country. The trade between the two countries will undoubtedly increase much in consequence of the treaty, adding much to the wealth and happiness of both people, and strengthening the many bonds of peace that already exist between them; but probably its direction will be altered even more than it will increase. The more freedom industry enjoys the more it will use with skill the powers of nature, and the more delightful and profitable it will become.

TRUE—BUT INCREDIBLE.

WITH all the safeguards for personal liberty which are the Englishman's right, we occasionally note an occurrence which warns us of the imperfection of even the most wisely-devised institutions. Justice sometimes errs. The blind goddess, false to time, draws a prize for the criminal in the shape of impunity, and we are content to stroke our mental plumes, and exclaim, that it is better many guilty should escape, than one innocent man suffer. But when she draws a blank for the innocent, she is too apt to prove herself not blind only, but also deaf. The language which covers her eyes, stops her ears to all appeal less loud than the voice of public reprobation. Justice sober will listen to no appeal from justice drunk. A case is now before us, so repulsive in its features, that if the wrong, at length exposed, be not speedily redressed, we fear that an institution valuable in itself, and founded with the most benevolent objects, will suffer from the mistake of a petty judge, and the unreason, to use no harsher term, of its officers.

The case we refer to is that of Robert Stephenson, a poor boy, who has been now for two years a prisoner in the *Asker* reformatory ship, at Liverpool. His offence was the being found, with nine or ten other boys, sleeping in a boiler-house one cold December night. That when all very properly conveyed to the Bridewell for the night, and brought the next day before the magistrate, who dismissed all

but this one lad, eleven years of age, to their homes. He was remanded for seven days, then for fourteen, to Bridewell, and at last sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the *Albion*. He is the only surviving son of Scotch parents, poor but honest and industrious folk. At the time of their son's imprisonment, they were both on a sick bed; the mother suffering from a lingering illness, the father from temporary blindness, arising from an accident in the family he is still employed in. The boy had been brought up with all the care that the Scotch, more than other people, bestow upon the education of their children. He had received testimonials of good conduct, and prizes at the schools he had attended, and, at the age of eleven, was already earning six shillings a week in the service of the Cunard Company.

The sentence which the magistrate, appropriately named Raffles, drew out of his urn as the fitting punishment for the offence of seeking the warmth of a brazier-house in a cold winter's night, was imprisonment for five years. No other offence has been alleged against him, and the poor child has now nearly completed the second year of his punishment, in the degrading and corrupting society of the young felons to whose companionship he was condemned. In vain have his bereaved parents addressed themselves to the local authorities; equally vain have been their appeals to the Home Office. Poor Robert Stephenson has no redress to hope for, no escape from his misery, but through an appeal to public opinion, aroused by the Press. This may snatch him from the tender mercies of the law, but it is probably too late to save him from the fatal consequences of the lessons he must have learned from the idle life and vicious associates he has been forced among. Criminals may come out of a reformatory amended, but it is not a baptism which restores innocence. The innocent can only learn lessons of vice from their fellows and of rebellion from their masters. In those, as in all things, the poor boy has been unlucky. The governor of the convict-ship in which he is confined, though acknowledging that he ought never to have been sent there, shows no inclination to relax his grasp. Captain Fenwick is an excellent officer, no doubt an experienced captain of a jail, but his humanity knows but one receipt—the real—as a correction for boys' foibles. Like St. John's blistering fluid, it is sovereign in all diseases, and an admirable preventive in health. The boy is, or was, a lad of spirit. He revolts against the injustice of which he is the victim, and he is under the lash. These are crimes of insubordination more heinous in the captain's eyes, because committed against himself, than the peccadilloes of a felonious clown which consigned his other subjects to his care. The avowedly innocent prisoner is treated with greater rigour than the criminals.

The little indulgences which, by the rules of the establishment, may be provided by parents are withheld from him. The cheese and cakes which the mother from her poverty provides for him, are returned mildewed and worthless at the end of a month; and her attempt to smuggle them to him through another boy is still more savagely punished. She receives a letter from the Rev. Mr. Hankin, the chaplain, bitterly reproaching her with her infringement of rules, and admonishing to her, forty-eight hours beforehand, the severe caning he destined for her son on the Monday morning following. Not being able, in the present state of the law, to flog herself, this minister of the Gospel visits her breach of his commandments with the "fearful punishment" of her child. By Captain Fenwick's admission, the boy, who was a good boy and an industrious when he was sent to the *Albion*, is now at least an idler and a liar. His innocence revolted at being confounded with guilt; the governor punished the revolt, though convinced of the boy's innocence, and the chaplain adds gall to the bitterness. If justice and mercy go hand in hand, we see that justice and inhumanity are also fellows. If the regimen of the *Albion* succeeds in reforming vice, it is still more evidently calculated to corrupt innocence. It has been demonstrated that severity is not the fitting means for reforming adult criminals, and it has been long discarded in our schools. The employment of severity towards youth is attended with danger even in the sanctuary of home; it must be fatal when applied to the reformation of boys whose vicious propensities have been already developed. It can at best only make them hypocrites and liars. They may escape from Mr. Hankin's fustle to walk through life unconvicted, unscathed through slavish fear, not from good principle; but the greater number of his patients will relapse into worse ways than those out of which he hopes to flog them. But whether right or wrong in ordinary cases, there can be no doubt that such treatment was scandalously wrong in that of Robert Stephenson. If it was not the part of his governors or jailors to solicit his release, it was at least their imperative duty to soothe his wounded feelings by kindness, to master him by indulgence, and to atone to him by kindly, careful training for the injustice or stupidity of his judge.

PREVENTION OF MINE EXPLOSIONS.

A TERRIBLE disaster has occurred at Risa, South Wales, a few miles from Newport. An explosion in a mine, by what means caused we have yet to learn, has hurried upwards of one hundred and twenty human beings out of existence, and spread heartrending

anguish through a greater number of families. It will remind the public, already pained and dismayed by the frequency of such accidents, that a great deal is required to be done to prevent them. It is a sound to science that they ever take place; and till they be prevented they will be a scandal to our civilisation. Can they be prevented? We believe they can. We now see vast reservoirs in every town of a gas made from coal, which is nearly akin to the explosive air generated in coal-mines. We know that it only requires to be mixed with a certain quantity of atmospheric air to be equally dangerous, and yet we see it carefully kept under control, distributed over many miles, conveyed in the end to millions of burners, and there not merely harmlessly consumed, but consumed to the production of an artificial day which may almost be said to double our existence. The very substance—or gas so closely akin to it as scarcely to be distinguished from it—which below ground, untamed, unmanaged, destroys life in the most fearful manner, above ground illuminates our houses and our streets. It is like fire, which, properly controlled, is our ablest servant, and uncontrolled is the most terrible of our masters. "Wohlthatig," says Schiller,—

"Wohlthatig ist des Feuers Macht,
Wenn der Mensch beständig bewacht;
Ist es erlöst, was er schaffet,
Verdrückt er dieser Himmelskraft.
Durch Furchen wird die Himmelskraft,
Wenn sie der Fessel sich entrafft."

Why, then, is not this fearful agent in our mines put into chains, and made useful to us like fire, instead of being destructive? Why is it not collected in mines where it is naturally generated, and led in pipes to the pit's mouth and burnt there, lighting factories or setting steam machinery at work, or burnt in the case of the multitudes of ways in which coal gas is now so usefully employed? There is no difficulty known to theory in the way of accomplishing such a work, and the destruction now caused by gas, or fire-damp, not being judiciously employed or judiciously got rid of, is a strong admonition from Nature as to employ it, and so lessen labour, and save time, money, and lives.

Though it is too early to say from what cause this explosion occurred, it is well known that the dread of being blown up cannot make miners prudent. They will readily uncover a lamp to light a pipe; they need often more light than a "Davy" gives, and they impatiently procure it. No scheme of ventilating mines would be perfectly safe which does not prevent miners from coming with their lamps into contact with choke-damp. The question, then, for scientific and practical men is, Can it be collected as it is generated, and conveyed from the spot where it is generated, in pipes, beyond the reach of the miner to the mouth of the pit and the surface of the earth? It is a good principle to apply mechanism wherever it can be applied as a substitute for human agency; then we enlist the unerring powers of Nature on our side, and have no occasion to fear the want of discretion in any of the persons employed. A self-acting apparatus, constructed on the principle of the relative gravity of gases as affected by temperature, is the thing wanted; and this scientific men should teach miners how to construct, or their knowledge will be thought of little worth.

If it be not, however, possible, as we believe it is, to collect the gas naturally given out in coal-mines, and conduct it in one stream to the surface, at least there is no natural impediment to ventilating every mine effectually. The art of ventilating is fully known, and it is only necessary that it should be properly carried out. No cost can for one moment be permitted to stand in the way of such necessary work. There is not a family in the kingdom which, while it enjoys the conveniences and comforts of a coal fire, and is sensible of the wealth and strength the country derives from its collieries, which would not, most willingly, pay sixpence or one shilling a ton more for coals, in order to ensure the safety of the colliers. It would not willingly purchase its own enjoyments by sacrificing their lives; and whenever the mine-owners allege, as an excuse for neglecting the duty of saving the lives of the colliers, the expense of the necessary works, they will be answered by an indignant outcry of the pecuniary means from every family in the empire.

But this is not necessary. The coal-owners obtain enormous wealth by the mines secured to them as property by the public, and they are not justified in taking a sixpence for their own use, till the safety of the colliers is amply provided for. The public will willingly pay a tax for the purpose if necessary. It pays enormous taxes to obtain much less advantages. But as long as the owners of mines obtain immense wealth from them, it will hold them inexorable for neglecting a single precaution to secure the safety of the hard-working ill-faring colliers. No class of men is more serviceable to the community; no class undergoes greater privation, and the very least the public can do for them, is to insist that the owners to whom it concedes the property of the mines, should cherish the lives of the colliers as they cherish their own.

Not only from the example of what is done above ground with gas, but from what is done under ground in several mines and pits both on the Continent and in England, it is clearly demonstrated that these terrible accidents are preventable, and the mine-owners are bound to prevent them. They are confirmed in the possession of the mines by

the public in order that they may be worked for the public advantage. Every one now knows that this is always best secured by each seeking his own advantage; but the mine-owners and every one else must be firmly held to all the responsibilities which this principle imposes on them. The mine-owner must not by the support of the public grasp at wealth to the destruction of life; and the law which gives him the ownership should make him pay or recompense, as far as he can, every person in the least degree injured by his neglect. Railway companies some time ago used the privileges conferred on them by the Legislature with great negligence, to the infliction of much injury; and when they were made responsible in their purses, railway accidents were not so numerous. This example should encourage us to enforce very stringently on mine-owners the responsibility which they incur.

We do not advert further to the particular case which has called forth these remarks. The Government has taken on itself some responsibility for the collier's safety, by appointing inspectors and interfering in the management of mines, and we shall consider it blameworthy if it do not enforce on the mine-owners in every part of the empire the obligation of preventing all such accidents. If they can be avoided, the mine-owner who permits them is little better than a murderer; while the Government which supinely acquiesces in his negligence will be an accessory before the fact.

THE IRISH "EXODUS."

IRELAND is prospering, the cultivation of its lands extending, the amount of its produce increasing, its material wealth accumulating, various branches of industry developing, the remunerative prices of labour rising, and yet, its peasantry are emigrating—emigrating in such vast numbers as to excite the astonishment of the least observant spectator.

Why is there this constant tide of emigration pouring out of Ireland? and why, to use the words of an Irish journal, has "the tide of emigration become a torrent?"

The question is surely one of interest, not merely to the dweller in Ireland, but to the people of England.

If we look to the causes of this emigration, and endeavour briefly and accurately to describe them, we are forced to have recourse to two French terms, by declaring that the incidents of late years, and the laws enacted, have combined to elevate the Irish *bourgeoisie*, and to depress the *proletariat*.

The only exception that can be made to this general remark is the rise in wages consequent upon the decrease of population. Apart from this rise nothing has been done to attach the peasantry to the soil, whilst several circumstances have occurred calculated to induce them to abandon their native land. Old habits have been broken through; the ancient mode of living has been discontinued; unkindness, nay, even cruelty, has been exhibited in the time of direst distress; temptations to expatriation have been employed; the perpetuation of peasant holdings has been discouraged; these in whom the Irish peasantry reposed their confidence have disappeared, or have shown themselves to be "false prophets," and "the speculations," social and political, which such persons encouraged, have proved to be "delusions," and the hopes that were thus nurtured have had no other ending than blank disappointment, or absolute despair.

When men express their surprise at the menacing flow of emigration from Ireland, let us see what has become of the peasant-holdings in that country.

At the same time that there is a diminution in the number of farms in Ireland, there is an extension in the breadth of land available for agricultural purposes. We observe how as the means of feeding men have been enlarged, the number of small farmers and cottiers' holdings has lessened. A few figures will make these facts more comprehensible than any elaborated statement.

In 1841 the number of acres of arable land in Ireland was 13,461,300, and in 1851 it was 14,802,581. In 1841 the number of acres of uncultivated land in Ireland was 6,295,735, and in 1851 that number was reduced to 5,023,984 acres. Much more than this has been done in the way of improvement. The gradual reclamation of the estuaries of rivers, bog margins, and waste land, as well as the drainage of marshes, have increased the arable land from 13,461,300 acres in 1841 to 15,278,720 acres in 1858.

Let us now see what, at the same time, has become of the holdings of the small farmers—the peasantry of Ireland. In 1841 there were 310,375 farm holdings above 1 acre and not exceeding 5 acres; and in 1858 there were but 83,219 such holdings. There were in 1841, 252,778 holdings above 5 acres and not exceeding 15 acres, and in 1858 there were but 181,267 such holdings.

We wish, at once, to remark that we do not enter into the disputed question as to the desirability of having "large" in preference to "small" farms. What we are dealing with is the emigration of the peasantry from Ireland, and "the causes" of that emigration.

One great peculiarity of that emigration is its "nationality,"—that is, the manner in which it has most deeply affected those parts of

Ireland which are, beyond all others, purely Celtic. It is curious to find that the districts of Ireland that have been the most depopulated, whether by famine or emigration, are those in which the Irish language is most universally spoken. These are Clare, Cork, Donegal, Galway, Kerry, Limerick, and Sligo. The general total of emigration from all the Irish ports from 1851 to 1858 is 998,198 persons! Nearly one million of the Queen's subjects, in the prime of life, lost to the British islands!

There have been national migrations in former times—men, with arms in their hands, accompanied by wives and children, and led by their warrior kings, have sought to win or to settle the possession of lands more fertile, and the enjoyment of climate more genial than their own. But here we see a peaceful population abandoning civilization, their relatives, the birthplace of their sires, to seek for subsistence in wild forests, in bleak countries, or in inhospitable foreign cities, contaminated by vices of which their old fatherland was completely free. "Who," says Tacitus, "would ever seek an abiding home in Germany—uncultivated, miserable-looking, bleak Germany—if it were not the country in which he had been born?"—"Inqui sit patria sit!" But the Irish have emigrated, by hundreds of thousands, from Ireland; they have left its green soil to live amid the snows of New-England, and they have repudiated the protection of English law to expose themselves to the rude passions and murderous weapons of ruffian gold-seekers in California. They are scattered over the face of the globe, and yet have never settled down in a land as productive or as beautiful as their own.

What has urged on this "national" emigration from Ireland? Many things have done so, and we shall endeavour shortly and candidly to explain them.

Previous to the failure of the potato crop, the system almost universally adopted throughout Ireland with respect to small farmers and labourers was to allocate to them a small portion of land—used by the occupant for the production of vegetables, and, above all other purposes, for the growth of potatoes, the staple food of the poor man and his family. According to the circumstances of the farmer or labourer, this piece of land was either barely sufficient for a potato-crop, or it was sufficient to raise an additional quantity of potatoes to feed a pig; or it was, moreover, sufficient to grow a cow, and perhaps to have a smutty crew of oats. Attached to the scrap of land was a cabin, built, not by the landlord but the tenant, and upon both a high rent was placed—enormously high, considering the wretched condition of the land when first let to the cottier. This high rent was very seldom to be paid in money. The rent was calculated at so many days' labour, and by the small wages awarded to each day, the rent was expected to be discharged. No money passed between the landlord and such tenants. The only mode of procuring clothing and other necessities was by the sale of the pig or poultry, or oats or butter. In some parts of Ireland the dealings between farmers, labourers, and shopkeepers was by barter, a very small amount of coin circulating amongst the population.

In point of fact, previous to the potato-rot, the condition of the cottier—the small farmer and labourer—was like to the serfdom of the middle ages, but without the ameliorating spirit of the olden time; for it could not be said of them they were "paricidas ad opera et censea medicos hominis obstricti;" and never in Ireland did a humane law make this provision respecting them: "*pro nimia paupertate non servient neque adiant.*"

A society so constituted was overwhelmed by the failure of the potato-crop. The miserable population had no resource from starvation in the workhouse.

And here we come to a point very painful to dwell upon. Never did the generous and humane spirit of the English people more nobly manifest itself than during the great Irish famine. Public subscriptions, private donations, and magnificent grants from the Treasury, were calculated—if they had been wisely administered—to avert the horrors of starvation. But, as the British army was slain by maladministration in the Crimea, so were the Irish poor slaughtered by maladministration in Ireland. As Balaklava afforded the proof how, with abundance of food and clothing, a whole army, a few miles distant, could be decimated by hunger and cold, so did the managers of British generosity in Ireland contrive to misemploy the funds confided to them, and yet leave, as the proof of their incompetency, authenticated deaths, from sheer starvation, of no less than 21,770 persons. Taking into account those whose constitutions had been broken down by previous insufficiency of food, and so fell victims to fever, cholera, dysentery, and diarrhoea, the deaths caused by maladministration in Ireland amounted to 114,343!

We are well aware that it is the practice in Ireland to throw the whole responsibility of such an awful waste of human life upon English officials. Such an accusation is unjust and untrue. We do not for excuse English officials, because in such circumstances they were incompetent or negligent; but we maintain that the heaviest portion of the burden rests upon the shoulders of the Irish themselves, and upon the landlord class in particular. The Irish landlords were either directly themselves, or indirectly through their agents and dependents, the administrators of relief; and the manner in which they conducted

costs only about one-fourth of the money charged for the cattle compounds. There remain only the condiments or stimulants, which may perhaps be of use to working horses or weakly animals, but can scarcely be worth the vast sums paid for them in the "cattle food."

Finally, Mr. Lawes gives the results of the practical trial of the food on a lot of pigs. He put up two lots of three each. One lot he fed on nine parts of barley-meal and one part bran. The other lot received nine parts barley-meal, one part bran, and two parts manufactured food. In twenty-eight days the three pigs fed without the compound, consumed 547 lbs. of food, and increased 139 lbs. in weight. The other three, which received the same food, with two parts of the manufactured compound in addition, consumed 556 lbs. of food, and made precisely the same increase of weight, i.e. 139 lbs. Here we find the cost of the compound wholly thrown away. This would seem to be conclusive.

These compounds seem to consist of some of the ordinary substances used for feeding stock, reduced to a very fine powder, the agency of heat and machinery, to which are added condiments and stimulants in small proportions. Packed in imposing cases, and advertised and peddled without stint, they no doubt improve, in some instances, the condition of their manufacturers, whatever may be their effect on the stock of such farmers as are induced to buy them.

There is one thing, however, which farmers may learn, perhaps have learnt, from these food-manufacturers, which is, that occasional variety and some mixture of food for fattening stock are rather beneficial, and, especially when animals have been feeding for some time, tend to promote the health of their stock. The limits of such benefits are, however, very narrow, though in these days of farming competition, not to be altogether overlooked. Something of this sort was tried last year amongst the horses of a great public metropolitan company; the corn on which they were for some time fed, consisted of a mixture of oats, barley, and maize, instead of the same weight of oats—the barley and maize forming a small proportion of the whole—and the horses were found to be in better condition, and to have increased in condition, as when fed on oats alone, while, at the then relative prices of the several grains, a slight saving was effected.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

THE news from Italy has somewhat flagged in interest, but in real importance has not at all diminished. The consolidation of the new Kingdom of Italy goes heavily on. Victor Emmanuel has been most warmly received by the Sicilians, who seem to enjoy their long dream of a reunion with the House of Savoy, of which they were deprived in 1849, just as their hopes seemed to be on the eve of being realized. The salutes of the English ships as was their monarch left the Bay of Naples sounded most gratefully on the ears of the Italians, who regarded them as the death-knell of many a tyranny, lay and clerical. The ex-King of Naples still holds out at Gaeta, trusting to the doctrine of chances, but has sent away all his baggage and treasure, ready for a start.

Bonzo was the only Neapolitan general who made light against Garibaldi in the open field (at Melazzo). He has been rather foolish in consequence. He gave his word not to fight against Garibaldi, when he was allowed to depart in a parole. He left Naples in the same manner with distinguished Englishmen for Genoa. He went on shore at Civita Vecchia, where the Donais endeavoured to persuade him to return to Gaeta. They urged that, although he might not fight for Francis the Second, he might advise him. But he remained true to his word. He was deaf to the cautions of the priests, but his vanity has not been proof against the allurement of the Faubourg Saint Germain, and he is now at Gaeta, awaiting a more humiliating end of his crusade against liberty than even that of Lamoricière himself. The Bourbons are all assembling at Home. When Napoleon III. shows his confederate Victor Emmanuel, to dictate terms to the Garibaldis, he will be able to throw his net over a considerable number of his personal enemies in the Holy City.

In the mean time everything looks menacing for Austria in the coming spring. The Hungarians (under Klapka, the defender of Comorn), the Poles, and even the Greeks are joining foreign legions at Genoa, where the raw material of Garibaldi's force was first organized. It is not likely that the Austrians can look with unconcern upon all these preparations, and the organisation and increase of the army and navy of united Italy.

I have received strong confirmation of my statement of last week, of the activity of the Hungarian exiles, and of the sympathy and support they have received from quarters, able to give force to their opinions in favour of the restoration of the rights and privileges of the old Hungarian kingdom. The provinces on the Danube are all astir, and the Greeks are alive to the chances of strengthening the political importance of their race.

These are amongst the signs of the times, which it would be well for the Russians neither to disregard, and which Austria in particular should bear in mind in the settlement of the Venetian question.

The latest news from New York, where they must know the proper value to be placed upon the noise and bluster of the South, shows that the slave-owners have not succeeded in destroying the credit of New York, in intimidating the non-friends of Mr. Lincoln, or even in making any strong impression upon the non-interference of Mr. Buchanan. It is necessary to view these matters calmly, in order that our own moneyed interests may not suffer by a panic which is evidently got up.

The Emperor Eugénie has been received throughout Scotland and England, not only with respect, but with the delicacy due to her recent sorrows. The notice of the *Moniteur* shows how sensitive the Emperor is to public opinion in England. While describing, with evident satisfaction, the very cordial reception of the Empress by all classes of Englishmen, the official paper has a somewhat unnecessary and unbecoming attack upon the Press. It is difficult to make the French understand our perfect freedom of discussion, and the latitude with which

we assail not only the policy of our own rulers, but even the personal character of our public men. We may not approve the policy of the French Emperor in all things, nor be content with his secret designs, which only keep Europe in hot water; but that is quite consistent with admiration of the Empress, and hospitality to himself.

Although we are sorry to lose Count Persigny, when we look upon as the most honest and the most disinterested of the friends of the Bonaparte dynasty, we are glad to see him in the Home-office in France, because his presence there is an indication of greater freedom of discussion. The appointment of the Ministry, and the appointment of Ministers without a portfolio, specially commissioned to take part in the debates, is a vast improvement upon the spurious system of semi-official pamphlets, as indicating the imperial policy. The new system is more constitutional and satisfactory in every way, besides that it may lead to the restoration of discussions during the sittings, as well as at the opening of the session. We are informed that M. Fould was in favour of advancing farther, instead of being opposed, like M. De Morny, to the reform, even so far as it goes. The Ministry is improved by the change, and contains the men most favourable to further advances in commercial freedom.

The necessity of reinforcing Sir Crosswell Crosswell becomes more apparent every day. He ought to have an assistant Judge for Probate, and another for Divorce. If the House of Commons is parsimonious in small matters, the increasing business will produce enough of fee to pay the two assistant judges. As yet the court has not gone beyond the probate cases remaining for trial. The rehearing of the *Sheldon* case occupied twelve days, the great scandal of Dent and Denham three days. During the hearing of this last case, the notorious Dr. Smedley was in constant attendance.

The new copper coinage is issued. The delay has occurred from the inferior quality of the coin, and not from any controversy about the two T's in Brit, the inscription for Britanniarum. The repetition of the two last consonants was common on the Roman coins, and has been frequently used on our own. It is the formula in many Latin abbreviations, such as MSS., Cons. for Consul, L.L.D. for Doctor legens, &c. The new coin has one advantage—lightness—over the old. But it is meagre in design, and faulty in execution. It is not dark brown, but a mixture of copper and zinc, in which the copper predominates. The issue must be a great gain in weight of metal to the Government, or more likely to the contractors. It is probably a Birmingham job. The issue is a disgrace to the authorities, who have kept it back so long.

Those who dreaded the greater scandal from the cases of divorce, may see that the probate causes are not very fit to meet the public eye. I wonder what will be the lessons of Lincoln's law say to Mr. Justice.

The cruelty of the Cambridge proctors has received a blow from which it will not recover. Public opinion will not tolerate the brutal punishment of young female of humble rank, whilst their sex-called superiors of the other sex are allowed to go root-free. We trust Mr. Edwin James will extend the blessings of the *Habes Corpus* to the twenty-three cells of the Spinning House, as well as to the prisons of Italy.

The Southwark Election, fixed for Monday, has become more interesting than it promised at first. It was seen from the beginning that a political notoriety would have a good chance against any merely local notoriety. Whether Mr. Layard was the best man to win the county, he would be the disadvantage of being late in the field, and had also said that he would not interfere to divide the Liberal party. But he has been very active, and has made great way. The manner in which Mr. Fawcett has been received by the working men of Southwark, is highly to their credit. His infirmity has excited sympathy, instead of being regarded as a disqualification. He has been able to prove himself a very gifted and intellectual young man. There is a very able paper of his in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* on "Darwin's Origin of Species." If he goes to the poll, it is evident that he will receive a very considerable share of support.

THE LATE EARL OF CAMBRIA. The unexpected loss of this nobleman (says a personal acquaintance) at his seat Stockpole Court, Pembrokeshire, furnishes a source of extreme regret to his acquaintance and neighbourhood. With an agreeable person, prepossessing countenance, cheerful manners, and more of a youthful gaiety than common at his years, he won the esteem and good will of all with whom he associated. He was well read; had lived a good deal with literary men of repute, such as Rogers, Moore, and others of similar stamp, of whom he took some amusing anecdotes—and the present writer is obliged to him for pointing out some useful passages for biographical reference, in turning over several of the volumes in his well-stored library. For Rogers he had much regard; and, as a poet, thought of him highly. In company with Moore, he and two or three familiar friends, visited De Ville, in the Strand, to inquire their philosophical developments. All were unknown to the sage; and Moore's benevolence, upon examination, such as his dispassionate, furnished no evidence of being a sinner in poetry, but rather a tendency to mathematics! The adventure gave them some amusement in the walk home. Without even claiming the ear of the House of Lords, he was one of those practical men who, when there was business to be done, could do it diligently and well. He was often on committees. In conversation on this subject, he once remarked—"Laborious and commonly uncoloured as such duties are, I deem it matter of serious public duty to perform them conscientiously." By great presence of mind, he carried through an important business, the establishment of the "High School" to English Courts of Justice. He likewise carried, amid many obstructions, a bill for the better management of roads in South Wales, which had become a serious taxation on the agricultural classes. In political opinions, his tendency was towards a Whig about twenty years ago, however, when the ardour of change appeared to be pushing opinions to doubtful practical results, he joined in their support. The writer remembers to have heard him then express to an acquaintance in something of a jocular style—"A Whig. What I am now I can scarcely venture to designate, otherwise I should be liable to a direct rebuff to all the existing institutions of my country." It is said that at one of his seats—Gibben Grove, Carmarthenshire—there is an extensive collection of Welsh penological manuscripts, culled to throw light upon the pedigrees of various families in that country.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—NO. XXII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE BLOWS HIS BLAST AGAINST TOBACCO.

I AM glad to see that Sir Benjamin Brodie and others, competent to speak on the question, have raised a warning voice against the evils likely to befall our civilisation from the rapidly-increasing passion for tobacco. I hail these men as converts to my doctrine. Ten years ago I, John Wagstaffe, broached the subject in print, though my incursions met the fate of those of all other too early reformers, and fell under the blighting influence of the great Poon Poon. I find my theory on the subject of tobacco—and that, I am glad to see, of Sir Benjamin Brodie and Dr. Copland also—in the following lines of a poem by a friend of mine, published more than a year ago:—

"Deterioration of the human race,
Steaming of stature, drying up of brain,
Shrivelling of beauty, and decrease of years,
All from tobacco, and its sensuous use."

And I assert that my friend is right, and that all these, and a thousand other evils, spring from the insatiable passion for tobacco, and leave from a tree Tobacco-smoking is my favourite aversion. I find it expedient that the hatred which is in me should find a legitimate vent, lest it should breed disease in my moral system,—and that vent is the Tobacco-phobia, from which not King James himself, of learned memory, suffered in a greater degree than I do. I may

"Composed for me I am inclined to,
By denouncing those who have no mind to."

But I shall not tell the world my sin; suffice it to say, that tobacco is my æneid-poem. I believe I should be too happy in this world were it not for the miseries inflicted upon me by the spectacle of the mad lore for the deleterious weed in which my fellow-creatures indulge. I am in good health, were it not for an occasional twinge of that GOUT which I am endeavouring to subdue; I have not been jilted by woman, or insulted or deceived by man. I neither crave money, power, nor honour from a human being; I have more money than I want, and far more than I can spend, except in charity; though, to be truly charitable, and to discriminate between rogery and misfortune is no easy matter, and a business by itself, as most millionaires, if they happen to have good hearts (a rare thing), doubtless can testify.

As for honours, I would rather be plain John Wagstaffe, than Sir John or Viscount Wagstaffe, or the Duke de Wagstaffe. The garter for Wagstaffe? Wagstaffe has two, but wears socks, and does not need them. A star for Wagstaffe? Wagstaffe has as much enjoyment of the stars, and of the sun and moon besides, as the Emperor of China. And as for power, where is the mighty monarch, whether he live in Bliflemen, Lilliput, France, or Turkey, who does not find power a burthen, of which he would now and then be gladly rid, if we could only get at the truth that sleeps in the deep recesses of his heart? As for me, I am persecuted by my fellow-creatures, whom I love; I am the martyr to a social nuisance; I am the victim of my over-sensitive nose. Civilized men have entered into a conspiracy to poison the air, my property as much as it is theirs. They smoke tobacco, and make furnaces of their jaws. "They feed upon ashes, and cannot deliver their souls." They chew or masticate the poison, and turn their mouths into abominations. They grind it into a powder, and make dust-holes of their nostrils. I, and the women and the children, and all the birds of the air, and all the beasts of the field (a clear and very decided majority of the creation), are assaulted, and distressed, and poisoned by this daily-increasing evil. It is not only men, petricians and plebeians, monks and monksini, law-makers and law-breakers, head-workers and hand-workers, and fellows who never work at all, but abominable boys in their teens, who indulge in the filthy habit! I must confess that I never see a boy smoking without feeling a strong impulse in my toe, urging it towards a part of his person that shall be nameless. Some day or other I am sure that I shall indulge my toe in the luxury it covets, and shall cheerfully resign myself to the consequences, which cannot be worse than a newspaper paragraph, with my respectable name in it, headed, "Savage Assault by the Gouty Philosopher," and a fine of forty shillings, or may be five pounds, inflicted by some staid Solon of a London police district. In my house a smoker never enters. I would discharge the best footman that ever wore plush, if he dared even to take a pinch of snuff within my gates. I would immolate my estimable butler—he is sixty-five years of age, and has been forty-five in the service of the Wagstaffes, *père et fils*, and has a head white as the driven snow. Yes! I would immolate even that good man with a just retribution if I discovered him with a pipe in his mouth.

It has been said that there must be some virtue in tobacco, of which people who hate it are unaware, when we find it such a favourite among men in all climates and latitudes—among men civilized, semi-civilized, and barbarous—among men of all religions and modes of thought—among men who agree in nothing but their love of it. Of course I do not deny that smokers find an enjoyment in their habit. I admit and deplore it. Multitudes of men and women in Europe and America find an enjoyment in drinking, to excess, of gin, whisky, rum, and brandy; other multitudes, still more dense, in Asia, find an enjoyment, equally fierce, in drinking ludanum and eating opium: but are we to defend the gin-drinker, the whisky-swiller, or the opium-eater, because he is not alone in his inanity, and because he has the countenance of the society in which he moves for his beastly indulgence? Let me retract the offensive epithet, O ye forlorned beasts! Ye live according to the laws of nature, and only eat and drink what she has pre-

scribed for you. No animal except man indulges in intoxication, whether of tobacco, of alcohol, or of opium. The pig, it is true, has been known to get drunk, when man took advantage of his ignorance and placed the brewer's wash in his way; and the goose has also been observed to become slightly intoxicated, when betrayed into it by man; but even pig and goose revolt indignantly against tobacco. No temptation can make them tolerate smoke for an instant.

Boileau has said, that,—

"Tous les hommes sont fous, et mangent tous leurs sens;
Ne diffèrent entre eux, que du plus ou du moins."

And Pope after him has repeated that nature can do no more than tell us we are fools. If proof were needed to confirm the dicta of these poetical philosophers, the passion for tobacco would of itself be sufficient. Disguise it as we will, tobacco is poison: poison to the nose, poison to the palate, poison to the lungs, and poison to the stomach. In the form of smoke it is doubly poisonous, for it not only poisons the smoker himself, but the harmless inhaler of the common atmosphere who has the misfortune to be in the same room, or in the same railway carriage with him. Good results may spring from a poison if administered medicinally. Were tobacco only taken by men as prussic acid is, in obedience to the prescription of a skilful physician, I should cheerfully acknowledge that, like prussic acid, or any other respectable poison created by an all-wise and all-beneficent Providence, it had its uses. But men do not use tobacco as a medicine; they abuse it as a luxury. They love it for its unwholesome effects. When the nerves are unduly excited by the competitions, struggles, sorrows, or excesses of a worldly life, they must be soothed, naturally or unnaturally. The natural mode is to discontinue the causes of the excitement, and to live temperately, moderately, and contentedly. The unnatural mode is to deaden and stupefy the nerves; and tobacco is the medium for accomplishing it. If a man is starving with hunger, or with cold, tobacco relieves him; but he would be relieved much better by a good dinner and a warm bed.

Every argument employed in favour of tobacco is an argument for alcohol and opium. If tobacco be found useful as a stimulant or a narcotic, so are other poisons; and if stimulants and narcotics are so good, so necessary, and so delightful, why should we confine ourselves to the one poison, when all the poisons of all-homocent Nature are before us? Why do we leave opium to the Chinese only? The strength temporarily given by laudanum to weak and nervous people, who addict themselves to it, is quite as great as that afforded by tobacco; and the bright visions that may be conjured up in the diseased brain of him who eats opium, are far greater than any that dawn upon the mind of the tobacco-smoker; but we think we shall escape the penalty more easily with tobacco than with either of them. But all such borrowings from Nature are ultimately injurious. Nature is inexorable. She exacts a penalty for all transgressions. She is filled with benevolence, but she never pardons a wrong done against the majesty of her laws. Nature cannot forgive a wrong against Nature. She punishes the use of tobacco, in all its forms of smoking, snuffing, and chewing, and has decreed that its abuse shall destroy the stomach and emaciate the frame; that it shall first soothe, then flatter, then destroy the nervous system. She has also decreed that it shall make the teeth black or yellow, cause the breath to become offensive, and that it shall disorder and impair the intellect. Doubtless it will be said that these are the results of the abuse of tobacco. But the smallest use of that which is not wholesome or necessary is an abuse. Let any one, who denies, appeal to all the doctors and all the philosophers of the world, and take their answer. If, after he has got it, he continues to smoke habitually, his punishment be on his own head. He will have doubly deserved it, for he will have sinned with his eyes open.

I once drew up the plan of a great work, in which I proposed to treat the subject of tobacco in all its bearings and under-bearings, in all its ramifications and sub-ramifications, historical and philosophical, political and religious, social and anti-social, public and domestic, national and individual, with a whole host of minor subdivisions branching one out of the other like the progeny of the polyp. The headings of my chapters threatened to become infinite. Unlike the author who, in 1797, circulated proposals for publishing by subscription a history of snuff and tobacco in two volumes, I did not intend to circumscribe the fair boundaries of this subject into any such compass. His proposal related almost entirely to snuff and to snuff-boxes, with the relative subjects of sneezing and pocket-handkerchiefs, and did not enter at all into the great and paramount evil of smoking. My subject on the contrary was of larger scope. There was, first of all, to be a chapter upon the influence of tobacco—including smoking, snuffing, and chewing—upon the wealth of nations and the fortunes of individuals. Then, again, there was to be a chapter on the influence of meerschaums upon the political and social progress of the Germans, and upon the probable obscuration of their national intellect by smoking. Cloudy metaphysics and clouds of tobacco-smoke would have been illustrative one of the other; or might have been proved to hold the relationship of effect and cause. Following out this line of thought, I should have had a chapter on the influence of cigars on the intellectual and moral condition of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and Italians, as well as on Asiatics and Americans. This would have led to an inquiry into the domestic consequences of smoking, and to a calculation of the number of women and homes made wretched by the insane passion. I was also prepared to prove that tobacco-smoking diminished the fecundity of the human race, and caused loss

of strength in the male children, and premature loss of beauty in the female after the second generation. I had also to moralize upon the vast amount of drunkenness which is directly and indirectly fostered; and to consider, at the same time, its effects on the human brain in relation to intellectual beauty, and to the Fine Arts, which had their origin in a love of intellectual and physical beauty combined. This was a most prolific vein to hit upon. I had a theory, though I soon abandoned it, that no man who snuffed, smoked, or chewed tobacco, ever did, could, or would, write a great poem, model a fine statue, paint a fine picture, or compose a beautiful piece of music. I gave this up, however, as regarded smoking and snuffing. The names were too many against me. Nevertheless I drew the line at chewing, and maintained, as I do still, that no man, Yankee or no Yankee, who chews tobacco, ever did or ever will, or ever can model, depict, or express physical or spiritual loveliness in any shape or mode whatsoever. I held out for a long time upon snuffing; but was driven into a corner by a friend who cited the names of many snufflers who had greatly distinguished themselves in every branch of the Fine Arts. I made a stand, however, against the snuff-takers on one great and essential point; and asserted that no snuff-taker ever enjoyed or could enjoy the delicious perfume of flowers—God's daily blessings and beauties showered upon us—with a tittle of the intensity of the man who never polluted his nostrils with the abomination. I asked triumphantly—and there was none to answer—whether any habitual inhaler of nupce could inhale satisfactorily and completely the delightful fragrance of the mix of the valley? Or, whether any man who indulged in Prince's snuff or Irish blackguard, could do so as I do upon the rose and the eglantine, the meadow-sweet or the orange-blossom?

Another and widely-extending branch of my subject was to state fairly and content triumphantly all the arguments that had been adduced in favour of tobacco, such as its soothing effects upon the nerves, its relief to the overburdened brain of the tolling student, its sociability, the kindness of disposition it engendered, and the friendships that were formed in asking for a light, or proffering the box, with many others of the same force or weakness. The subject at length grew so rapidly upon my hands, that I became scared at its magnitude. I had no idea of being the author of a book in twenty-five volumes; and, besides, I greatly doubted whether any enterprising publisher would have enterprise sufficient to take the money risk of such an adventure, even although I contributed, as I would have done, all my labour for the love of the cause. So I gave it up, after due cogitation. I recommended it, however, to aspiring youths who desire to immortalize their names, and only hope some great bibliopole will deal liberally by the author who shall accomplish it, and that after-ages will erect a respectable monument to his memory.

The derivation of the word tobacco has always been a puzzle. Some are of opinion that it comes from the name of the island of Tobago. Heriot, the mathematician, who was sent out to Virginia by Sir Walter Raleigh, to aid in colonizing the country, gives an amusing account of the pretended virtues of the plant, which, he says, was called Uppowoc, by the aboriginal Virginians. The passage is quoted from Hakluyt, by Mr. Fraser Tytler, in his life of Raleigh. The etymology, however, is of no consequence. Poison is poison, by whatever name we call it; and tobacco, whether derived from Tobago, or from Uppowoc, or from the Greek *baccia* (insanity), is neither more nor less a weed, given to the world by Providence for some good purpose as yet undiscovered, and in the mean time perverted to evil purpose by the love of intoxication so prevalent among men. Tobacco, alcohol, opium—the man that loves the one, only wants opportunity to love the others. They are all of the same detestable family—but by men into their mouths to steal away their brains—with this addition of evil in the case of tobacco, that it not only steals the brains through the mouth, like opium and brandy, but through the nose.

But the whole thing is baldi. I verily believe, if it were the custom of society that men should put a pungent powder in the eye for the sake of producing an excitement, that men, and boys also, would blind themselves with the same cheerfulness and good feeling with which they now smoke, or stuff their nostrils. Let the non-smokers rejoice. At all events can keep the roses on their cheeks, and bloom on to seventy. But the smoker withers away. The non-smoker is fresh as the apple on the tree; the smoker is the apple dried up into a Normandy pippin. In fact, the use of tobacco is drying up the very bowels of the French and the Americans, and fast destroying the fecundity of the European and the Anglo-Saxon race. The Americans are old men before they are fifty; and the loveliness of their women, the daughters of such men, withers away ere thirty. The same thing has happened in Germany and in Spain, and will happen in England in the next, if not in the present generation.

I may be asked, in conclusion, if I cannot say one good word for tobacco? To which I answer, yes, one, and one only. Were it not for the passion that Englishmen and English boys have conceived for it, the national revenue, from indirect taxation, would be less by about five millions sterling per annum. And that sum would have to be provided for by direct taxation in the shape of an increased Property and Income Tax. Therefore the people who smoke, and snuff, and chew tobacco, in these realms, diminish the amount of my income tax by at least five-pence in the pound. So I sate a round sum annually from that cause alone. That is the only good thing John Wagstaffe knows about tobacco.

THE MORAL OF THE PRINCE'S VISIT TO CANADA.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT AT QUEBEC.)

THE heir-apparent to the throne of England has now seen republicans America, and a British colony. But he has seen these under circumstances not well calculated to afford a just idea of the normal condition of this country, through the provinces was a scene of confusion. Since he saw the people had laid aside their ordinary avocations to do honour to their Prince and the occasion; his advent was everywhere the signal for holiday, and the single thought in every city, town or hamlet (not even excepting Kingston and Belleville) was how to make the reception most complimentary—how most fully to demonstrate their own loyalty and devotion. Thus some mistakes have occurred can hardly be a matter of surprise, but as far as regards the people of Upper Canada, these were of the head, not of the heart. Other parties were undoubtedly to blame besides those who were ostensibly the delinquents. Much as has been said respecting the arch rascal, who was undoubtedly expressed was calculated to inspire.

True, there followed the unseasonably (as unseasonably the people) Upper Canada holding the pen would write a much stronger word, but let that pass—the unseasonably kicking about a picture of His Royal Highness—mounted and in the attitude as generally portrayed of the Prince of Orange—followed. One great authority scored, the lower end dissembled, and licked the dirt from the dical bone. The latter disgust of all Upper Canada was written by the Duke of Newcastle upon the propriety of avoiding religious or party distinctions; yet his grace made no remonstrance when the Anglican Bishop of Quebec was forced to appear at the landing of the Prince untended by his clergy, because the Roman Catholic hierarchy insisted upon precedence. The difficulty was compounded by the fact that the Prince had to walk with the Roman bishop, the Roman Catholic clergy following: the Anglican clergy not being present. Considering this to have occurred in a British colony, and in the presence of the future Protestant King of England, it cannot, when coupled with the very unfortunate *contemps* in the Western Province, be without its significance to eye-witnesses whatever it may appear at the end of the vista of 3,000 miles, and that, moreover, despite his grace's repudiations of religious distinctions.

The Prince of Wales, however, has accomplished his tour, and the colonists of the Saxon race are pleased to have had the opportunity of showing how strong are the attachments to their mother country, and to the time-honoured institutions which have made England great, and her sons the freest people of the earth. But the gratification has not been without its alloy. Many loyal hearts have been sorely hurt. These remember how, years ago, when Britain's hands were full, the grasp she held upon her American colonies was anything but mild. They well could, and also might, have been angry at that occasion. Again, at a later day, when treason endangered British retention of the country, a small but noble band confounded the traitors, and sent them skulking into exile. Where the traitors now are, and how the faithful were rewarded, those who live in Canada can tell. It is a pity that incidents should have been during the Prince's visit, which would bring to the remembrance. That such have occurred there can be no question. The popular feeling in the Upper Provinces is that Protestantism has been smothered; that Imperial policy, as affecting the Canadas, is not a British policy, but a policy the effect of which is to make the more populous and valuable section of these provinces subservient to the anti-British Roman minority.

Few events are without their moral; and it would be strange indeed if one so important as the visit of the Prince of Wales to one of the first dependencies of the crown of Britain, should not afford deductions more or less affecting the future relationship of the North-American Colonies to the mother country. However crude the speculations upon the future may be, it is at least safe to say that the royal visit has not prolonged by one half-hour the connection it is so much the interest of all to perpetuate. The danger to this connection is seen and felt; why must it not be fearlessly expressed every day? There is no reason why it should be in a frigid ignorance of a well-known evil? No one explains the obscurity of the King's name in Orangeism; but every intelligent elector of Western Canada knows that, if the present union is continued, the predominance of Romanism or Protestantism must, at no distant day, have a very practical and most definite settlement. Let us look at the thing in this face. Canadian has a double house of representatives, not "a union in practice," but a partition in fact, a Siamese-twain legislature, which, when the one half says no, and the other yes, each half goes in for the spoils, and the expenditure is doubled. This is the pith of the "corruption," which the intuition or five days' experience of the *Tinian* correspondent failed to discover.

A better acquaintance with Canadian grievances would also have pointed out the east of penumbrous government—a Rebellion *Loose* Bill, which enriched men for being traitors, and made the loyal and faithful find the means; it would have directed attention to the sterling million paid by Upper Canada for the abolition of antiquated French feudalism over the soil of a Lower Canada—land and simple present of the *seignior*—the purchase money paid by the country to the seigniors. Will any one in his senses believe that such a scheme would be the voluntary act of the people of Upper Canada. But this is not the place for a catalogue of the differences of the eastern and western sections. It is the fashion, and a convenient one with many, to place every difference at the door of "the one and creed." But is this the true issue? It is true so far only as it affects the political status. Did men not seek to perpetuate a distinctive community—did it not seek to foster a nationality antagonistic to the spirit of liberal and progressive institutions—did it not nurture disaffection—did it not cherish the hope of future latent yet visible provocation of a conquered people, we could then believe that it inherited no hostility to the rule to which it owes so large a portion of gratitude. Private conversations with individuals, it may be said, are not to be taken as the manifestations of the popular mind. This may either be true or false. If the expressions of discontent by one of the workmen of a strike were to be taken as a proof of a general disaffection.

fection, the deduction might well be false; but if repeated conversations and mixing with the people of Naples had taught us to believe in the prevailing sentiment, our intercourse with the people would have led us to a similar conclusion.

We cannot but remember that the affairs of Europe were—as they still are—in the early part of last summer, most unsettled. About this period arose alarming conjectures respecting the Anglo-French alliance, the almost certain of a rupture, and the instant invasion of England. It is no exaggeration of the fact, nor is it any libel—except as truth may be so upon the French of Lower Canada to say, that to very many this critical conjuncture was a source of exultation and hope, not silently indulged, but openly expressed. To state that their aspirations are to see Canada reconquered by the French is neither to belie nor to exaggerate the "new"—or if it be the one or the other, this affirmation of their desire is not first in the field. M. Barthe, their compatriot, and recently a candidate for a seat in the Legislative Council, published, more than three years since, his "Canada reconquis." M. Barthe was on a visit to Paris, and, for reasons best known to himself, though possessing a press in his own Quebec, published his book there. About the same time a French ship of war was sent to Canada. The commander, M. Beloise, had instructions to make the agreeable, and see what he could. The following year a French consul was sent out, and is still resident at Quebec. No French merchant ship has, however, entered the port since his arrival; in fact, there is no direct commerce between the countries. The use of a resident consul in the person of a French baron is, therefore, to the unsophisticated people is supposed to honour something of an enigma; while to the astute magician of the Tuileries nothing can be more simply demonstrative.

The moral effect of the untoward incidents of the royal visit upon minds already influenced by circumstances, which these incidents have and tend to soften, will be a more full determination to resist the foreign element. That this will take a practical shape at the elections of the next summer, can be little doubted. These, again, or rather their advent will materially increase the majesty of the winter's session. What the opinion of the masses may be a few months' patient observation will discover. It is an opinion that has to be fought out, and, like most inevitable things, the sooner the unpleasant business is assailed the better.

CHANCERY AND TEMPLE BAR.

THE announcement that, of all the powers and bodies of this world, the Court of Chancery is destined to ride the metropolis of Temple Bar, has singularly delighted us. The relief comes from the quarter least likely to have given it. The old, obstructive, never-moving, or slowly-moving, Court of Chancery—the court that is trusted round and walled in by traditions, that narrow the path, and shut all sorts of gates against the progress of every thing and every man that had the misfortune to get into it—this great immovability, that hasty and hasty movement by the Court of Chancery into calling an anomaly and a nuisance, is the agent that is to destroy it, a full of obstruction in many respects resembling itself. "Like cures like," is an old medical maxim; but never will there have been a more accurate illustration of its truth, than the day when Equity, in full wig and robe, shall take the corner of Chancery-lane, and marching deliberately westward, level Temple Bar with its base.

It will not be the first edifice by any means that Chancery has laid in ruin; but in this case the public will hail its withering hand as that of a benefactor. The destruction of Temple Bar will be to the Court of Chancery like the "one deed she did" of the which Syracuse. For a single good action, done in despite of her nature, "they would not take her life." True it is, that Chancery will knock down Temple Bar for its own accommodation, not purposely for the public convenience; but the benefit will not be the loss. It will be a set-off on the good side of a long, a complex, and heart-breaking account. Some visible advantage will come out of the Fee Fund of the suitors in Equity at last. The Corporation of London, the Board of Works, commissioners of all kinds, who have power enough to turn our streets upside down, and make their back as if an earthquake had passed along every thoroughfare of the metropolis—none of these could or would touch Temple Bar; and now the Court of Chancery and its Fee Fund comes to deliver us!

Before leaving the structure to Lord Campbell and its fate, we would add a few words on the allusion to it in the new magazine that bears its name, and we hope will outlive it. In a recent article we said that Temple Bar was, as an edifice, "heavy, ugly, and hybrid." It is not the only ancient or historical association to compare with its incongruity. To this, or a similar assertion made by others, Mr. Sala, in his "Middlesex Travels"—the best paper in the number—thus alludes: "They sneer and say, there are no historical memories connected with there." And to prove there are some, yea, Macaulay's "Grand Ballad of Naseby Fight." Sergeant Obadiah, of Eton's regiment, does certainly not the "cavalier heads" of the cavaliers as "predestined to rot on Temple Bar." But Obadiah on Naseby field must have thought of the old city gate, not the present bar. The belief that the existing nondescript building is of venerable antiquity is rooted in the public mind, like a superstition; neither Mr. Tins or Mr. Cunningham—even the date carved on the stone—can shake the superstitious prejudice. As the belief proceeds undisturbed for the modern imposture, we wish to destroy the idea that the Lord Chancellor may demolish it without being accused of something next to sacrilege. The "old and original" Temple-bar was, like most of the city, constructed of wood; it was burned down in the great fire, and the existing masonry was one of the few failures of Sir Christopher Wren; it was not completed till 1671, more than a generation after Sergeant Obadiah, if he escaped the perils of Naseby fight, had gone, we hope, to a peaceful grave. The ballad, by Macaulay, is no authority for the antiquity of Temple-bar; say, the great historian may, in poetry, have cast into the general error, but he often had to correct it. Mr. Sala says:—"No memories, O Bar! Wren thus formed the background to Hogarth's crowning tableau to Butler's 'Hudibras,'—Burning Rump at Temple-bar." The winter is a more unfortunate witness to character than the poet. The "rump" of the Long Parliament had been turned out of the House of Commons many a good year before 1663, when Butler wrote his

satire—slaying the slain for the amusement of the restored King and his Cavaliers.

In placing his "crowning tableau" in front of the existing Temple-Bar, Hogarth committed an anachronism, quite unworthy of the "alde edifice" of this better-read age. No, we repeat it, Temple Bar is neither ancient nor respectable for its associations. The only "memories" it possesses are of an evil time, when it was the pedestal of a belated exhibition of human leads and limbs; political vengeance carried beyond death, by a display almost too horrible for African savages. This is not a "memory" that ought to save a nuisance from destruction. But the belief in Temple Bar is a strange proof of the obstinacy of a popular impression. No one ever imagines St. Paul's to be the old cathedral of London; but thousands are convinced that Temple Bar, the unhappy work of the same architect, is the ancient city gate!

There is one other little slip of Mr. Sala's pen that we cannot avoid correcting. Hamlet's fellow-student and friend, Horatio, does not perform the Japanese "happy dispatch" in the last scene of the tragedy that, Voltaire says, ends only because "everybody is dead." But Hamlet is the one exception. He lives, by Hamlet's particular desire, to explain matters, lest a "wounded lion" should "live behind him." The Prince's last words to Horatio are:—

"Alas! that from felicity awhile,
And in this hard world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story."

It is only eminent French writers who can be allowed to misquote and pervert Shakespeare uncorrected, they do so so completely, and with such a courageous ignorance.

MEN OF MARK.—NO. XI.

THE RIGHT HON. SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON, BART., M.P.

SIR E. BULWER-LYTTON is the Burke of the Conservative benches. His speeches are essays of political philosophy, abounding in law, antithesis, and the whole artillery of eloquence. He reserves himself for great occasions. When the Senate is deeply stirred upon some question, a rumour runs round the benches that "Bulwer-Lytton will address the House." Every seat is filled, and the listeners resign themselves to what is after all, however, only a chequered enjoyment. The orator's seat, in Opposition or in office, is on the front bench, usually next to Mr. Disraeli. The stranger in the gallery sees a tall, thin, attenuated figure come to the table. The face is pale, the eye speaking and intelligent, the hair abundant, on head, lips, and chin, but neither artistically arranged nor carefully tended; the attire careless, not to say shabby—*anatomia mensura ab infamia*, the "glass of fashion and mould of form," the youth of thirty years ago! The features are eminently aristocratic and intellectual. The hearty cheer that greets him is succeeded by respectful silence and strained attention, the reason for which is soon seen. Nature, so beautiful to him in oratorical gifts, has denied him the faculty of clear and distinct utterance. Now you miss a word, then a sentence. Sometimes those whom he catches a happy allusion, which is scarcely understood by those at whom the shaft is aimed, but who are separated from him by the speaker's table. Whether the defect be one of palate, or tongue, or lips, it would be no easy task to say; but those who say not opposite to him at public banquets, when he has harangued large audiences, have found it impossible to follow him throughout, although sitting in front of him at a distance of only five or six feet. To listen to Bulwer-Lytton is therefore one of the most tantalizing of oratorical enjoyments. All that is heard sharpens the rest to hear more. Of so carefully-considered and highly-elaborated an oration, you would not willingly miss one word. In moments of venation, with which admiration is largely intermingled, you ask yourself whether a Deosthenic regimen of pulchres and washes ought not to have been prescribed for the young politician? If any is heard, why not all? The singer who sings his words is made to practice with a cork between his lips. Why are inarticulate sounds so provokingly mixed up by this orator with subtle words of weight and wisdom which "give us pause," even when they do not carry conviction. His guests confirm you in the belief that this versatile genius never thought it worth his while to go through the drudgery of preparation for parliamentary and political life. He often gesticulates with his spine, makes low salutes to the door, and will neither learn grace from Disraeli nor dignity from Gladstone. Yet all these defects are swallowed up and lost in the pleasure which his brilliant sallies and pointed apostrophes produce.

A quaint old author says:—"The works of Xenius, Polyseus, and Phidias were much beloved by the fore-conceived opinion of the great skill these artificers had." See *Maritima Terrene Descent*. "This softness of passion of our sense," with Plutarch, "doth not alike move our mind when it is not accompanied by an opinion that the work is well and studiously performed." This vantage-ground our "Man of Mark" undeniably occupies. The Conservatives are proud of their most thoughtful and accomplished orator—the Liberals listen with generous sympathy and the disposition to admire. Sir Edward's greatest party-speeches were delivered, first, in defence of the Derby Reform Bill, and a year afterwards in opposition to that of Lord John Russell. On both occasions the House presented a strangely excited scene. His attacks upon political opponents (never exceeding the limits of fair parliamentary warfare) were eagerly caught up, and enthusiastically cheered. Nor were the crowded benches quite unimpressed by the value of certain admissions which so candid and enlightened a politician is sure to make; for Bulwer-Lytton remembers Charles James Fox and the Holland family in stating the arguments of his political opponents with so much force that it appears difficult, if not impossible, to answer them. Thus few speeches are made after him in debate which do not contain some allusion to the "magnificent oration of the right hon. gentleman the member for Herefordshire." They sit opposite are proud to break a lance with so renowned a knight; while his allies are glad to shelter themselves under the wings of his authority.

One of the happiest allusions in his Reform Bill speech of 1859 derived additional

force from the presence of the youthful Comte de Paris in the Diplomatist's Gallery. Sir Edward was quoting a sentiment of Mirabeau's, who said,—"In destroying an aristocracy of land you have made an aristocracy of money, which of all aristocracies is the most timid; you have made a democracy of large towns, which of all democracies is the most feeble." Every eye was turned to the loquacious figure of the French peer, and the expectation it may well be believed, that nothing of its effect from the presence of the youthful victim of a timid aristocracy and feeble democracy, who listened with lively interest and emotion. When the orator resumed his seat, he was rewarded by a cheer, frequently taken up and renewed after momentary intervals. Disraeli, the most generous and least envious of politicians, could not conceal his delight. He first thanked his brother novelist and brother minister, and then, unable to conceal his admiration, turned to his supporters on the benches behind to exchange his praise and congratulation with them. Sir Edward's speech last session on the Reform Bill of the present Cabinet secured the home quite as deeply, and won for the successful rhetorician increased fame.

Candour, however, has its disadvantages in party warfare, and Bulwer-Lytton's antagonists sometimes successfully join issue with him upon his own propositions conveyed in his own language. Thus in the debate on the Derby Reform Bill of 1859, or more accurately upon Lord John Russell's amendment, Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton put the issue in these words:—"Has the time come when it is safe to accept the principle that political power should begin to descend to the lower classes?" Sir James Graham, who followed in the debate, gave a frank answer.

"So challenged (he replied) I do not, for a moment hesitate to say that the time has come when political power should begin to descend to the lower classes." Liberal radicals turned the question and answer to good account at the next general election, perhaps without due attention to the context, for the Derby Reform Bill in its longer clauses and saving-bank qualifications had recognized the propriety of admitting the more intelligent and provident working classes to the franchise. An unfriendly note was also made of the right hon. gentleman's protest last Session against handing over political power to "poverty and passion," under which epithet he was held unjustly to stigmatize Lord John's £10 householders in boroughs. The germ of this speech will be found in "Bismarck." Speaking of the multitude, the author in his Notes says—"Their own passions are the real despots they should subdue, their own reason the true regulator of abuses."

Some critics, who we may be sure was inferior both in breadth and extent of knowledge to Bulwer-Lytton, having complained that he was superficial, it was well remarked that the industry which had made his learning so extensive might as easily have made it deep and profound had he chosen to restrict himself to one branch of study. This industry found ample employment when his Majesty intrusted the seals of the Colonial office to Sir Edward. A more painstaking, business-like, and indefatigable minister never entered Downing-street. The brilliant novelist shrank from no toil, and indeed undertook a good deal of drudgery which former ministers have been content to leave to subordinates. Our smaller colonies have long laboured under the conviction that they are handed over simply to some clerk or other in the Colonial office who "does" for them, and who being practically unknown and irresponsible, and making himself chiefly felt by a wanton interference with their desire to manage their own affairs, naturally comes to be regarded as a concealed prig. Lord Derby's Colonial Secretary manifested such a passion for work, and such an appetite for details, that he made himself cognizant of all that was going on in the smaller as well as more important dependencies of the Crown. Our colonies were already becoming conscious that a master-mind was at work, making its influence felt in every niche and cranny of the Colonial office, when a change of government occurred which diminished the zealous and assiduous Secretary of State to his literary pursuits.

Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton inaugurated a new social as well as administrative epoch in his dealings with the colonists. The laxest neglect and languor with which gentlemen holding high official positions in some of our most important colonies have been treated by some recent Colonial Ministers, would scarcely be believed. The Whig Hercules, who bled their seats in a Whig Cabinet through some fortunate relationship or intermarriage, are, in the House of Commons, humility itself. How deferentially they behave to opposition leaders, as who should say, "Do not make me the target for your arrows. See how modest and diffident I am—how unwilling to offend, how desirous to please!" See them turn aside to Mr. Bright, and the Liberals below the gangway! How gratified they are for the faintest cheer—how anxious to conciliate the Dagon of Radicalism! But your Whig Hercules, when he crossed the threshold of the Colonial Office, threw off all his humility, and with it the observance of social usages, may, even the forms of common politeness. Canadian ministers and Australian senators complained that they could not only obtain no social recognition from the Colonial Minister, but that they could not even get an interview to tell him that which it behooved him to know. Letters were unanswered—colonists of rank and standing were allowed to cool their heels in the ante-chambers of the Colonial Office, while the great man manifested the most contemptuous disregard for their time and convenience. It is impossible to describe the indignation engendered in the minds of gentlemen of standing and influence by this treatment, which can only be explained by a fear, on the part of the minister, lest the colonists should discover how very little he knew of the dependencies he had to administer. Sir Edward gave the coup de grâce to this halting system of rudeness and insult. He reformed it a privilege to learn all that a colonist of influence and position could teach him. Some Canadian ministers and high officials who happened to be in this country soon after his arrival, were received with marked *empressement*. The doors of the Colonial Office were open to them. When the minister could spare a few hours' leisure, the hospitalities of Kensington were dispensed with winning ease and cordiality. These gentlemen returned to Canada charmed with their accomplished host, and disposed, it need scarcely be added, to put the most favourable construction upon the acts of a minister whose intelligence, fairness, and candour, they had themselves had an opportunity of sounding,

in the unreservedness of social and friendly intercourse. Let no one deem these courtesies unimportant. In periods of emergency, a colony might be preserved or lost, as some influential official arrived fresh from the urbanity and hospitality of a Bulwer-Lytton, or smarting under the superciliousness of a Labouchere—in both Houses of Parliament, the mildest-mannered, and most deprecating of men.

Dr. Johnson said of some one, that he was "a satisfactory concomb." Such was the Pelham of our youth, and such were those who dressed themselves in his guise, and aped his versatility. Most men who are worth anything pass through a stage of dandyism, which, in the young man, often indicates neatness, precision, cleanliness, and self-respect, run a little to excess, if you will, like mint in the housewife's garden. Right wisdom, philosophic observation, enlarged experience succeed, and then it becomes the most natural thing in the world for the pencil that dashed off "Pelham," with his foppishness and affectations, to paint the calmer and more enduring pleasures of home and the delights of learned leisure as we find them portrayed in "The Customs" and "My Niece." The difference is great, but not greater than that which separates the impulsive Cambridge student from the grave statesman and the successful minister. The charm had been bridged over by a series of ardent and pious of rare architectural beauty. First he gave the world the fashionable novel, then the romantic and incidental, then the sentimental, and then the historical. The transition, lastly, to the domestic novel, was both natural and consistent.

But, while the novelist has been growing wiser, has not the world progressed somewhat? In 1847 he said, in "Alice, or the Mysteries"—"If a man is called a genius, it means that he is to be feared out of all the good things in his life. He is not fit for anything but a game." Put a *genius* into office! make a *genius* a bishop! or a Lord Chancellor!—the world would be turned topsy-turvy! You see that you are quite astonished that a genius can be even a county magistrate, and know the difference between a spade and a poker! In fact, a genius is supposed to be the most ignorant, impetuous, good-for-nothing, do-nothing sort of thing that ever walked upon two legs. The world is so fond of that drab habit the hare and the tortoise, it really believes that because (I suppose the fable to be true) a tortoise once beat a hare, that all tortoises are much better runners than hares can possibly be. Medicine men have the monopoly of the knives and fisher; and even when talent does rise in life, it is a talent that only differs from mediocrity by being more energetic and bolder." The public of the present day have seen a Cabinet of which two men of genius were not the least honoured and influential members; while the author of "Alice" may be felicitated upon having shown his countrymen that a man of genius may be something higher than a county magistrate, may, indeed, discharge the loftiest functions with as much assiduity as the meanest pedagogue, and may aspire to fill the highest offices in the State.

If in this brief sketch we attempted to estimate Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton's rank among his contemporaries, we should be tempted to adopt Lord Byron's high eulogium upon Sheridan—"Walter Sheridan has done, or close upon it, has been, *par excellence*, always the best of his kind. He has written the best comedy ('School for Scandal'), the best drama, the best farce ('The Critic')—it is only too good for a farce, the best address (Monologue on Garrick), and, to crown all, delivered the very best oration (the famous Begum Speech) ever conceived or heard in this country." Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton has exhibited accomplishments and excellences infinitely more versatile and scarcely lower in degree. He has written not simply the best novel of the nineteenth century, but half-a-dozen of the best, and of a character the most variously contrasted. He has written the best political satire of his day (the "New Timon"). If there is any more favorite modern drama than the "Lady of Lyons," or a play containing a more effective stage situation than "Richard III." we have yet to learn its name. He has written the best political pamphlet of the century. He has given us the best translations of many of Goethe's poems. If we do not, indeed, accord him a high place on Parnassus, it is not that he is deficient in "the vision and the faculty divine." He has imagination, fancy, invention; but Nature has cruelly denied him a true musical ear, and the natural defect is as little to be overcome as the imperfect and capricious utterance that condemns in indistinctness some of his noblest declamations in the senate. "To crown all," in the words of Byron, it will scarcely be questioned that he has delivered two of the very best orations that have been heard in the House of Commons since he returned to it in 1852. The minds of Sheridan and Bulwer-Lytton may differ as widely as the brilliant diamond and the glowing and iridescent opal. But the parallelism between the two men in their successes is not, we venture to think, ill-sustained, the advantage in the Goethe faculty of many-sidedness being wholly with the great novelist.

In estimating both the intellectual character and writings of Bulwer-Lytton, we must take Byron for a more accurate comparison. It has been truly said—although some years have elapsed since the criticism was penned—that "even the circumstances of their private lives are strikingly similar." Their relationship, however, their great dependence, in early years, upon a mother, their unfortunate matrimonial connection; their attachment to a daughter, in both cases, though from different causes, frustrated; their personal vanity, warm temper, and egotism; even their noisiness in Parliament [the writer must have forgotten Bulwer-Lytton's exertions in favour of dramatic copyright, and the reduction of the newspaper stamp to one penny, effected by his instrumentality]; also, sundry high and generous qualities and feelings which have modestly distinguished them both. And those peculiarities of life and disposition have tinged the prose of the one and the poetry of the other. Each has shown a morbid desire to put on a student, and be the hero of poem or tale. ("Childe Harold," "The Rival Poets," &c., are vehicles for the personal conceits of their authors; "Pelham," "The Student," &c., are self-indulgences of their author. This habit is incompatible with attaining the high highest step which poetry is entitled to reach. Byron was cut off before he became wise; but, as Johnson said of Goldsmith, we predict that Bulwer-Lytton is "coming right, for Lis works seem to be acquiring that breadth and depth which can make them worthy of coming from a great master

of the English tongue." The critical faculty was not at fault in this prophecy.

The self-imposed devotion and perseverance which have accomplished such mighty tasks, may not be accurately estimated unless we remember the gnawing cares and bitter humiliations which have been of late years heaped upon him. Domestic affections, poisoned in their source, the chalice of gall and wormwood, continually commended to his lips, have been the bitter drink of him who, in happier times, thus described, in "Allen," the use and glory of the afflictions:—"The men who are most happy at home are the most active abroad. The animal spirits are necessary to beautiful action; and dejection and the sense of solitude will turn the stoutest into dreamers. The hermit is the antipodes of the citizen; and *an gola antedrae* and *inspire us like the Loves*." How Bulwer-Lytton's household gods have frowned and looked askance as the Muses have smiled benignantly upon their votary, none require to be told.

Novelist of three decades, poet, dramatist, pamphleteer, satirist, magazine-editor, political philosopher, orator, minister of state! Who of living men can match the career of our "Man of Mark"? or how can we more fully dismiss him to the balmy air of the southern isle which he has chosen for his winter home than by quoting that noble and elevating passage in "Ernest Maltravers," in which the man who has done, written, thought, and suffered so much has given us a glimpse at the future state of ever-renewed progress and activity towards which his own thoughts and aspirations characteristically tend?

"The home of a spirit is wherever spreads the universal presence of God; and to what numerous states of being, what pads, what states, what active and glorious tasks in other worlds may yet be reserved? Perhaps he knows and shares them together, and mounts as often after age higher in the scale of being. For surely in heaven there is no pause or torpor; we do not lie down in calm and unimprovable repose. Movement and progress will remain the law and condition of existence; and there will be efforts and duties for us above as there have been below."

THE ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

THE INDO-GERMANIC THEORY.

At the Ethnological Society on Wednesday night, Mr. Crawford, the late Governor of Singapore, read an elaborate and most ingenious paper on the Indo-Germanic or Aryan theory, in which he endeavored to show that the enthusiastic scholars who have in our own times founded the science of comparative philology, intoxicated with the partial success of their inquiries, have mistaken wild hypotheses, the mere creation of their fancy, for scientific truths, elaborated by sound inductive research.

Varied and profound as is the scholarship necessary to prosecute original investigation in the field of philology, one of the most eminent living writers on the subject asserts, that any one attempting the ordinary acquirements of a cultivated Englishman, may, by the perusal of the works of Bopp, Benzen, or Max Müller, convince himself, without much labour, that the startling announcements made by recent scholars concerning the common origin of the Indo-Germanic languages, and of the Greek, Scandinavian, and Hindoo mythologies, regarding the identity of the various peoples and domestic animals were made subservient to the uses of man, and regarding the habits of the Aryans, an early people who were the common ancestors of the leading races of Europe and India, are based upon well-ascertained facts, which render the conclusions of philology as certain as the most generally-admitted truths of astronomical or geological science.

In Europe, within the historical epoch, new languages have grown out of forms of speech from which they widely differ. The Italian, Spanish, French, and Wallesian have been formed from the Latin, while English and the modern German and Scandinavian dialects have sprung from older Teutonic forms of speech. Knowing something of the parent tongues in both cases, we have thus means of examining languages which have undergone great changes within a well-known period, for the purpose of ascertaining their laws of formation, development, and decay. Just as the geologist has studied the changes that are taking place in our own epoch, and explained their aid the phenomena of the geological past, so the philologist has traced the crumb of the globe, so the philologist has interpreted the phenomena presented by old deposits of language. By means, indeed, of the general rules arrived at from the careful study of European tongues, dead and living, wonderful results have been achieved. We know the modern speech of Persia, we are acquainted with the Sanskrit which it speaks, and the remote and widely-distant epochs in the same geographical area. Given the modern languages and these fragments, a problem placed before philologists was to reconstruct the old dialects by the laws of inductive linguistic research; to invent their grammar and write their dictionary, and so to obtain a key to illegible old texts and inscriptions. How the problem was solved we need not say. The reconstruction of the old languages of Persia, is one of the greatest triumphs of the age. When these languages were proved in this way to grow out of each other, when their resemblance to Sanskrit, the old Indian dialect, was perceived, and when European scholars came to compare the older forms of the Germanic, Slavonic, and Lithuanian languages with the ancient Aryan dialects, they ascribed an inextinguishable *lume* that they all bore to each other resemblances akin to those which the languages of southern Europe bear to Latin. The inference of course was, that they all spring from a common source. They were described as the Indo-Germanic languages—while the speculation which attributes to them a common origin, received the name of the Aryan theory. Now to this hypothesis, Mr. Crawford is altogether opposed. Those who maintain it, he says, hold that when such domestic relations, as those of fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, and such visible bodies as moon, air, sky, water, and earth, are referred to by really cognate words, an affinity between the several languages is strongly indicated. He entertains a very different opinion.

"My own experience," he said on Wednesday, "of the few languages to which my inquiries have extended, has led me to the conclusion the very reverse of that arrived at by the advocates of the Aryan theory; and I am satisfied that the words which a rude people borrow from a civilized one with which it holds intercourse, are naturally and necessarily those expressing the most familiar ideas. I am

convinced, indeed," he added, "that this is generally the source of that agreement in words which is genuine and not fanciful, and on which the theory of a common language and a common race has been founded."

There are two words which are generally thrust forward into the first rank of the Aryan theory. These are "father" and "mother," terms which, in every tongue, are essentially the same.

"In their earliest stage," Mr. Crawford observed, "they are always monosyllables containing a initial for a consonant, and the simplest breathing for a vowel, the consonants being m, p, b, v, f, and the vowel a. This arises from the perfection of the infant's lips for the purpose of intonation indispensable to its life, while the action of the ordinary muscles of voluntary motion connected with functions that are not indigenous to the human structure does not enter into the period when the Hindu religion was introduced among the natives.

"The most cultivated of the insular languages," he said, "contain a considerable portion of it, and this with very slender corruptions, and by no means in the dubious form in which it is attempted to identify words of the languages of ancient and modern Europe with a dead language of Central Asia or India. Many of these Sanskrit words express the most familiar ideas of man, and although they generally appear, along with native terms, are often of more frequent use than the latter; in some cases, indeed, even superseding them altogether."

No one has thence inferred that the Malay languages have been developed from the Aryan tongue, and Mr. Crawford's conclusion, therefore, is that the Indo-Germanic theory is utterly groundless, the mere dream of very learned men." Yet no one inferred that the subject of the paper were an interesting discussion into which the essayist entered, regarding the extent to which language should be accepted in ethnology as a criterion of descent, and incidental remarks, in which he showed that many words in the Celtic languages, supposed to be of principal Aryan origin, may have come directly from the Latin. We need not, however, follow him in his arguments on the subject, the conclusions to which they lead being generally adopted by the soundest philologists; who, although familiar with the phenomenon of language superseding language, without race superseding race, as in the district of Galloway, in Scotland, and ready to admit that the Celtic deposit of speech is Teutonic rather than Indo-Germanic, and long anterior in formation to Sanskrit or any European tongue; yet hold that a great chain of cognate languages extend from Spain to Bengal, which bear to each other a relationship akin to that subsisting between the English, Dutch, Danish, Icelandic, and German.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

THE ANTARCTIC REGION.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society held last week, Captain Maury, the distinguished superintendent of the National Observatory at Washington, delivered an interesting address on the subject of the Antarctic region, with the clearness and felicity of illustration which characterize his printed works, explained what may be inferred from well-ascertained scientific data concerning the natural phenomena of the unexplored area surrounding the south pole. "Why," he asked, "should a part of the earth's surface, so vast in extent, be so long reserved to a country in the interior of one of Jupiter's satellites?" The question reminds us of an answer given to an enthusiastic naturalist under somewhat similar circumstances. At a time when geology was a young science, this gentleman undertook to prepare a section of the strata in a northern country. He asked, in the course of his investigations, for permission to descend into a coalmine, but, to his surprise, the application was refused. "It is of no use," said the manager of the colliery, "you may conceive it all. Imagine your own coal-cellar lengthened into a vista, with a few chimney-sweeps sitting before farthing candles at the far end, and you have a perfect idea of what is to be seen underground. What more could you desire?" A very similar reply was made to Captain Maury, by those who should know better, when he urged the importance of antarctic exploration. "The phenomena of the south polar regions," they say, "are simply the phenomena of frost and snow. Things are the same at the south and at the north pole, for the same causes must produce the same effects at the opposite ends of the globe. 'This being the case, why affront the dangers of exploration amid icebergs, glaciers, and snow-fields, which merely repeat the scenes so familiar to us in the arctic regions?' Now the geologist who wished to descend into the coal-pit, had objects in view, not dreamed of in the philosophy of his practical friend the coal merchant, but with Captain Maury's case, he has descended into a coalmine, further exploration, little known to the general public, and in his address to the Geographical Society he explained these. Speaking to the members of a learned society, he necessarily assumed in his hearers an amount of geographical knowledge greater than that possessed by most of our readers, and in endeavouring to popularize his views, we shall therefore be our own language and illustrations."

On examining a terrestrial globe, we may see at a glance that all the great masses of land lie in the northern hemisphere, while a great expanse of waters covers that half of the earth's surface which lies south of the equator. In the old maps and globes an attempt was made to represent the unknown parts of the south polar pole and the arctic circle. It is not so, however. A continent or an archipelago exists within this area. The darkened surface in the centre of the annexed chart exhibits the space which has not yet been explored. Its superficial extent in round numbers is 9,000,000 of square miles. The superficial extent of Europe is only 3,700,000 of square miles. These parts of the line of farthest exploration, which are coast, and whose which are merely the edge of pack-ice, or open sea, will be best distinguished by a brief indication of the chief attempts made to penetrate into the mysterious regions beyond the antarctic circle. The exploration of the antarctic sea may be said to have begun with M. de Kerguelen in 1772. This French officer attempted to land on the island which still bears his name, but did not effect his purpose, in consequence of the tempestuous character of the weather. Returning to Europe, he announced the discovery of land in 50° S. lat., which he did not hesitate to describe as part of a great continent overreaching the whole of the antarctic zone. In the following year Captain Cook descended towards

troop in upon the startled sight as thick as the crowds at Charing-cross on Lord Mayor's Day. Most of these spirits are evidently frank and fearless. They come in broad daylight, and, indeed, seem to prefer paying visits in the forenoon. How unlike the diabolical spirits of our time, who insist on a chamber's being reduced to utter darkness before they will condescend to begin their performances!

As regards these spirits Dr. Dee is exceedingly circumstantial, and occasionally exhibits pictorial powers of a remarkably kind. Modern mediums, when introducing spirits to our notice, most frequently appeal to the ear alone. At times they attempt also to satisfy the senses of touch, and to win belief through the eye. But the doctor gives us clear notions of the faces, forms, voices, dress, deportment, character, &c., of his visitors. You have spirits black, white, and grey; spirits fair and spirits foul; spirits "fast" and spirits "slow"; eating spirits and drinking spirits; spirits with three faces, like the famed Gorgon, and spirits who, like the old Mercury, have wings attached to their heads, and feet, and shoulders; there are spirits who are dressed up in the height of the fashion, and spirits as innocent of clothing as Adam and Eve before the Fall; there are child-spirits in long clothes of white silk, and pretty young ladies in gowns of green and red, and poor forlorn old maids in scarlet "petticoats"; there are gentlemen spirits in "short coats," gentlemen spirits in black velvet robes, and gentlemen spirits in rags; there are spirits who assume in succession all the colours of the rainbow; there is one notable female spirit who occasionally turns herself into a table, or a three-legged stool, and soon after returns again to the form of a divine; there is a male spirit, who after feigning himself by dancing, applies water to his head, and neck, and arms, when, lo! and behold! he is straightway transformed into a fair lady; and lastly, there is the most wonderful spirit, which moves about within the head of Edward Kelly as he is seen by the following passage from Dr. Dee's diary:—

"Edward Kelly yesterday had a show of a little thing as big as a pease of fire as it were in the stone going about by the brinks. And because it was in shape human, he of purpose would not declare it to me, and so I have noted it as no show. This he told me on Tuesday night (that was yesterday), upon occasion of a great stir and moving in his brains very sensible and distinct, as of a creature of human shape and lineaments going up and down to and fro in his brains, and within his skull, sometimes seeming to sit down, sometimes to put his head out of his ear."

The spirits who move about in the show-stone converse freely with Dee and Kelly. Many of them exhibit much refinement of manner. There are not a few, however, whose your fine fashionable folk would pronounce to be utterly unrepresentable in a drawing-room. With respect to educational acquirements, you find that many of the spirits, both male and female, possess some knowledge of geography and history, and that several have a smattering of Latin. And there is one pretty spirit maiden amongst them, who is learning Syriac and Greek. On the whole, however, your vanity is largely ministered to by the conviction that these angelic beings of the age of Elizabeth are not so greatly superior in ability, learning, or breeding, to the spirits of the present time, and the late contemporaries of the days of Victoria, who so obligingly return to earth in order to rap out names by a letter at a time, to the true lovers' knots under round tables, to administer ghostly counsel to sick maids, to prescribe chamomile tea for disordered bodies, to denounce unbelievers, logic, and pork-chops.

Of the spirits who appear in the show-stone, between twenty and thirty are introduced to us by name. Of the female spirits, the most remarkable are "Ath," "Finis," and "Madini." The male spirits number amongst them such celebrated spirits as the Archangel Michael, and the angels Uriel and Gabriel. Thus there is one spirit with the simple appellation, "Ben," another who answers to the name of "Jam," and a third bearing the uncouth designation of "Lundrungruffa." The female spirits, we feel bound to say, are, beyond comparison, the sprightliest. Ath is described as having on "a red kirtle, and above that a white garment, like an Irish mantle, or her head a round thing like a garland, graven and carved and set with the round, precious stones on her breast and back." On Dee's making some reference to the precious stones, this lady smartly exclaims, "What! do you think I am a jeweller's wife by my apparel?" With Dee the spirit Finis has a stout controversy about the character and position of women. The Doctor goes on saying of Trithemius that, "never any good angel was read of to have appeared *forma mulieris*." Upon this Finis fires up vehemently, and learnedly declares that, "as in both you read *Homo*, so in both you find one and the selfsame dignity in internal matter all one." She clinches the point by reminding Dee that "true wisdom is always painted with a woman's garment." The Doctor, however, is silenced.

But of all the spirits commended us to pretty little Madini, whom we beg to introduce to the reader as she appeared in the conjuring room.

"Suddenly, there seemed to come out of my Oratory, a *Spiritual creature*, like a pretty girl of 7 or 9 years of age, attired on her head with her hair rolled up before, and hanging down very long behind, with a gown of grey . . . changeable in green and red, and with a train she seemed to play up and down . . . like, and seemed to go in and out behind my books, bring me books, and suggest . . . as she should ever go between them, the books seemed to give place sufficiently . . . one heap from the other, while she passed between them. And so I considered and . . . the diverse reports which E. K. made unto me of this pretty maid and . . .

"A. I said . . . Whose maid are you?"

"Sh. Whose man are you?"

"A. Verily. You shall be beaten if you tell."

"Am not I a fine maid? Shall I leave to play in your house, my Mother told me she would come and dwell here."

"A. She went up and down with most lively gestures of a young girl playing by herself and diverse times another spoke to her from the corner of my study by a great Trithemius, but none saying of Trithemius, she herself."

"Shall I? I will [speaking to one in the asforesaid corner]."

"A. Tell me who are you?"

"I pray you let me play with you a little, and I will tell you who I am. . . .



A Gentleman Kelly is in a "Short Coat," from a sketch by Dr. Dee.

I am a poor little maid, Madini, I am the last but one of my mother's children, I have little baby children at home.

"A. Where is your home?"

"Ma. I dare not tell you where I dwell, I shall be beaten."

"A. You shall not be beaten for telling the truth to them that love the truth, to the eternal truth all creatures must be obedient."

"Ma. I warrant you I will be obedient. My sisters say they must all come and dwell with you."

"A. Your eldest sister her name is Esmedil."

"Ma. My sister is not so short as you made her."

"A. O! I cry you mercy. She is to be pronounced Esmedil."

Amongst the most regular male visitors is the Archangel Michael. On his first appearance he is altogether wingless; but his nether limbs, we are told, are covered with feathers. After a time, however, his shoulders display the usual angelic appendages. The Archangel seems to have a sense of the value of gymnastics. He is represented as amusing himself occasionally by flinging golden trenchers up into the air, somewhat after the manner of modern street jugglers. Once he strips a man of his clothes, and "leaves him, as it were, only in his shirt." As a consequence, probably, of all this vigorous exercise, Michael sometimes appears before you in a profuse sudation. He is very loquacious in the Archangel, very commonplace at times, like most of us mortals, and occasionally, we must say it, exceedingly obscure.

However, he makes Dr. Dee present of the magic ring, "where-with all miracles and divine works and wonders were wrought by Solomon."

The ring is of gold. The letters on its seal, P, E, L, E, form one of the names of a dread supernatural being.

The angel Uriel, who presented Dr. Dee with the "Crystall Globe," is also a frequent visitor. Amongst other valuable services, this angel reveals to the great Medium the evil designs of the bad spirit Lundrungruffa, who, it seems, has been planning the destruction of Dee, his wife and children. (Discharge him [Lundrungruffa] to-morrow with brimstone!") Such is the fiery advice of Uriel. But by to-morrow the friendly angel has made up his mind to take the business into his own hands. How Uriel decided to act in this matter, and all that he did, is it not written in the handwriting of Dr. John Dee, in "Doctoris Dee Mysterium Libri Quinque," in the Sloane Collection of Manuscripts, in the library of the British Museum?

For the gratification and enlightenment of the eager reader, we transcribe these most interesting details:—

"1582, Martii 11.

"Bonday, a Monday here & circiter.

"A. Uriel being called by E. T., there appeared one clothed with a long robe of purple all spangled with gold, and on his head a garland or wreath of gold: his eyes sparkling . . .

"A. Are you Uriel?"

"Then presently came in one and threw the brave spirit down by the shoulder and beat him mightily with a whip; and took all his robes and apparel off him, and there he remained all hairy and ugly, and still the spirit was beaten of him. And that spirit which he beat him said to the hearing of my scribe (or none), so thus the wicked occurred."

"A. Are you Uriel who speaketh that?"

"UR. I am I, write down and mark this for it is worthy of the noting."

"This was that persecutor Lundrungruffa. I brought him hither to let thee see how God hath punished thy enemy."

"E. T. He drew the wicked spirit away by the legs and threw him into a great pit, and washed his hands, as it were, with the sweat of his own hand for he beat me all in a sweat."

"After these particulars, the reader will not dislike a peep at the "Governor," not only of Lundrungruffa, but of "all enchanters, conjurers, witches, and evil spirits."

The engraving is from a sketch by Dr. Dee himself.

Soon after the horwshiping of Lundrungruffa, the confederates, Dee and Kelly, contrived to turn their dealings with the spirits to practical account. In 1583, it happens that a certain Count Albert Laske, a Polish nobleman of large property, visited England for the purpose of beholding the glory and magnificence of the court of Queen Elizabeth. Having heard much of Dee's wonderful colloquies with the "spiritual creatures," Laske was anxious to make the acquaintance of the Doctor. He was introduced to the great alchemist and conjurer, who asked him to dinner, and excited his curiosity to an amazing extent with narratives of the sayings and doings in the "crystall globe." In Dee's diary for the 25th of May, 1583, we find the following curious entry:—"I [John Dee] and E. K. [Edward Kelly] went together, reversing of that noble Polonian, Albertus Laske, his great honour here with us obtained, and of his great liking among all sorts of people."

"No doubt," remarks the author of "Extraordinary Popular Delusions," on this sentence,—"they were discussing how they might make the most of the



The "Governor" of the "Evil Spirits" from the drawing in "Laske's Quinquage."

noble Poleman." The speedy success of their plans is thus told in the book referred to:—

"With such tales as these they lived on the Pole from day to day, and at last persuaded him to be a witness of their mysteries. Whether they played off any optical delusions upon him, or whether by the force of a strong imagination, he deluded himself, does not appear; but certain it is that he became a complete tool in their hands, and consented to do whatever they wished him. Kelly, at these interviews, placed himself at a certain distance from the wondrous crystal, and gazed intently upon it, while Dee took his place in a corner, ready to set down the prophecies as they were uttered by the spirits. In this manner they prophesied to the Pole that he should become the fortunate possessor of the philosopher's stone; that he should reign for centuries, and be chosen king of Poland, in which capacity he should gain many great victories over the Saracens, and make his name illustrious over all the earth. For this purpose it was necessary, however, that Laski should leave England, and take them with him, together with their wives and families, that he should treat them all sumptuously and allow them to waste for nothing. Laski at once consented, and very shortly afterwards they were all on the road to Poland."

THE WEATHER IN NOVEMBER.

The weather during the month of November was dull and gloomy; the sky was generally overcast, the temperature low, and the air very humid. The following are the particulars of each element:—

The barometrical reading, at the level of the sea, on the 1st day was 30.01 in.; it increased to the highest reading in the month (30.54 in.) on the 7th; it then decreased, day by day, to the lowest, 29.28 in., by the 17th, and continued varying about the point 29.5 in. till the end of the month.

The mean for the month was 29.88 in., and which is 0.06 in. below the average for November.

The thermometer, in the shade, attained its highest point (55°) on the 1st day, and its lowest point (28½°) on the 3rd day.

The mean highest day temperature was 46½°, and of low night temperature was 35¼°; and both these elements were 2½° below their averages, and therefore both the days and nights in November were cold.

The mean daily temperature of the air reached its average on five days only, and was deficient on twenty-five days, frequently at the beginning of the month to 4°, 5°, and 6°.

The mean temperature of the air for the month was 40½°, which is 2½° below the average of the same month in forty-three years.

The degree of humidity of the air was seldom below 90°, and was often as high as 95°, and on some days reached 100°, representing complete saturation. Indeed, throughout the month the atmosphere was loaded with moisture. The mean degree amounting to 93½°, exceeding the average by 4°.

The proportion of wind was N. 6, E. 13, S. 5, and W. 5. By Robinson's anemometer, the horizontal movement of the air was about 180 miles daily. There were no strong winds during the month.

Rain fell on eleven days to the amount of 2½ inches, being 1.10th of an inch above the average for the month. The fall of rain in this year amounts to 29½ inches.

JAMES GLAISHER.

ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA IN DECEMBER.

DURING the whole of this month there will not be any particularly interesting phenomena. There will be no eclipses of the sun or moon; no occultation of large stars, nor any particularly interesting position of planets.

The Sun rises at about 8 o'clock, and sets before 4, therefore the days are less than eight hours in length.

The Moon will be new on the 12th, and full on the 26th; and in her monthly course she will be near the planet Mars on the 19th; which planet will be due west at 26 minutes after 5 in the evening, and about four minutes afterwards the Moon will pass the meridian.

On the 21st, at 1h. 51m. p.m., the Sun enters Capricorn and winter commences.

On the morning of the last day, the Sun will be at the least distance from the earth during the year.

During the month Venus is a morning star; Mars is an evening star, and visible till about 11h. p.m.; and Jupiter rises, on the first day, at 10h. p.m., and on the last day, at 7h. 58m. p.m., and at proportional intermediate times between those days, and afterwards is visible throughout the night. On the last day this planet and the Moon are near together.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

BARON DE BUNSEN.

On Wednesday, the 26th ult., at his residence, Bonn, his Excellency Baron de Bunsen, late Prussian Minister at the Court of St. James, in his 70th year. The deceased Baron was one of those learned men who have been enabled, by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances, to join together the pursuits of literature with the duties of a busy and active life, and what is more, a person who owed his advancement, reputation, and wide influence to his own exertions. He was of humble extraction, and was born at Gorbach, in the small German Principality of Waldeck, in August, 1791. Having studied under Heyne, at Göttingen, and obtained a name for his good scholarship, which was increased by the publication, in 1813, of an essay "De Jure Hierosolymitano apud Athenienses," he went to Paris, and thence to Rome, with the view of perfecting himself in Sanskrit and Eastern literature. Whilst there he attracted the attention of Niebuhr (then Secretary of the Prussian legation in the Eternal City), to whom he became private secretary, and whom he eventually succeeded in his official post. He now gave great weight to the pursuits of literature, his first work being one on the "Topography and Antiquities of Jerusalem." He also interested himself in the hieroglyphical researches of Champollion, and was mainly instrumental in inducing the *savants* of Berlin to follow up that branch of study, and more particularly in

directing towards it the rising talents of the great Egyptologist, Lepsius. In 1822 the then king of Prussia became personally acquainted with the merits and ability of his minister, and from that time forth he continued to be his firmest friend. As Prussian Minister at Rome, Bunsen took an active part in the establishment of Protestant worship there. In 1839 he resigned his diplomatic post, on a difference arising between the Court of Berlin and the Vatican, upon a question of ecclesiastical right in the Prussian States. After a visit to Munich and to England he was again sent on diplomatic employ in 1839 as ambassador to the Swiss Confederation; and in 1841 he was sent to London as accredited representative of his sovereign at the Court of St. James's, where he remained until the approach of the outbreak of the war with Russia forced him to retire. In London, and indeed all over England, he mixed much in society, and made his influence widely felt in the highest circles, and even with Royalty. As one of the most distinguished and able of philosophic thought, and as one of the most enlightened and far-seeing of statesmen of the day, his name will long live in England, more than one of his children have permanently made their home. One of his sons, having graduated at an English university, became tutor in the family of the Duke of Sutherland, who presented him, a few years since, to the valuable rectory of Littlehampton, near Newport, Shropshire; and one of his daughters is married to J. H. Batterley, Esq., of Stoke Park, near Bristol, late High Sheriff of Cardiganshire. During the six years which have passed since his retirement from public duties Bunsen lived at Bonn, devoting himself to his favourite studies, to the Catalogue of his works will be found in the new edition of the "English Cyclopædia," the most important and the best-known of them are, "Hypotyposis and his Age," "The Life and Letters of B. G. Niebuhr," "The Epistles of Ignatius, with annotations," "The Basilicas of Rome viewed in Connection with their Architecture and History," "The Constitution of the Church of the Future," "Christianity and Mankind," and "Egypt's Place in Universal History."

COLONEL CHARLES FRANCIS ROWLEY LASCELLES.

On Sunday, the 18th ult., in Grosvenor-street, aged 64, Colonel Charles Francis Rowley Lascelles, formerly of the Grenadier Guards. He was the son of the late Rowley Lascelles, Esq., by Elizabeth, second daughter of the late Sir Charles Gould Morgan, Bart., M.P., and aunt of Lord Tredgower. He was born in 1797, and entered the army in 1812, and served with the 1st regiment of Guards in the Peninsula in the campaigns of 1813-14, and has received the one medal and two clasps for the battles of Sivilla and the Nive. He served also in the campaign of 1816, including the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo, and the taking of Paris. Colonel Lascelles, who represented a branch of the family of the Earls of Harrowood, lived and died unmarried.



RICHARD RICHARDS, ESQ.

On Tuesday, the 27th ult., at Ceyrebeck, Merionethshire, aged 78, Richard Richards, Esq., late M.P. for the county of Merioneth. He was the eldest and last surviving son of the late Right Hon. Sir Richard Richards, formerly Chief Baron of the Exchequer, by Katharine, daughter and heir of Robert Vaughan Humphreys, Esq., of Ceyrebeck. He was born in 1782, and educated at Westminster and Christ Church, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1810, and proceeded M.A. in 1812. In the same year he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. In 1820 he was appointed Accountant-General of the Court of Exchequer, and one of the Masters in the High Court of Chancery in 1841. Mr. Richards was a magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Merionethshire, and represented that county in the Conservative interest from the month of April, 1848, till he finally retired from political life at the dissolution of 1852, when his place was supplied by Mr. W. W. E. Wynne. He was very popular, both in the House of Commons and in legal circles, where he was generally known by the familiar sobriquet of "Double Dick." It is allusion, not to his nature, but to his name. According to the "County Families," Mr. Richards married, in 1814, Harriet, daughter of Jonathan Denon, Esq., by of whom he has one son, and one daughter. His eldest son, is Mr. Richard Richards, barrister-at-law, and formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford, who was born in 1821, and married in 1845, Elizabeth Emma, daughter of William Benett, Esq., of Faringdon House, Berks.



DOWAGER LADY TRIMLESTON.

On Sunday, the 24th ult., aged 87, at Stanton Place, near Ludlow, Alicia, Dowager Lady Trimleston. Her ladyship was the second daughter of Lieutenant-General Charles Eustace, of Dublin, and sister of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Wm. Cornwallis Eustace, K.C.H., C.B., and of Major-General Sir John Rowland Eustace, K.H., of Ballymore, county Kildare, formerly high sheriff of that county. In 1797 she became the second wife of Nicholas, 14th Lord Trimleston, in the peerage of Ireland, who had her a widow at his death, in 1813. She married, secondly, Lieutenant-General Sir Ryan Lloyd, K.C.H., of Ferry Hill, county Salop, by whom she had a son, and a daughter, the latter, formerly captain of the Royal Dragoons, and also two daughters, viz., Alicia, married, first, to the late Wm. Oakley, Esq., of Oakley, county Salop, and, secondly, to Henry J. Sheldon, Esq., of Brinsley, county Warwick; and Louisa, married to the late Sir W. Willoughby Druce, Bart., of Baworth Park, county Leicestershire. Lady Trimleston represented a branch of the knightly house of Harrowood, of Concompton, county Wexham, the head of which is now Sir Reginald Darwell, Bart. It should be added, that the Rev. Charles Eustace, the eldest brother of the lady, petitioned the Crown in 1830 for the acknowledgment of his title as Viscount of Bellingham, and the Right Hon. M. Brady, at that time Attorney-General for Ireland, reported on it, concluding thus:—"I am of opinion that the petitioner has shown sufficient evidence



(who died in 1846) she had issue a son, and a daughter, the latter, formerly captain of the Royal Dragoons, and also two daughters, viz., Alicia, married, first, to the late Wm. Oakley, Esq., of Oakley, county Salop, and, secondly, to Henry J. Sheldon, Esq., of Brinsley, county Warwick; and Louisa, married to the late Sir W. Willoughby Druce, Bart., of Baworth Park, county Leicestershire. Lady Trimleston represented a branch of the knightly house of Harrowood, of Concompton, county Wexham, the head of which is now Sir Reginald Darwell, Bart. It should be added, that the Rev. Charles Eustace, the eldest brother of the lady, petitioned the Crown in 1830 for the acknowledgment of his title as Viscount of Bellingham, and the Right Hon. M. Brady, at that time Attorney-General for Ireland, reported on it, concluding thus:—"I am of opinion that the petitioner has shown sufficient evidence

it must be "accurate." It must indulge in no imaginative theory; it must take its facts from contemporary writers, and must not ascribe to real personages words they never uttered, nor give them credit for ideas they never expressed. It must abide by the text it professes to quote, neither subtracting from nor adding to the original. Such is "the accurate" style of writing a history; and to that Mr. Hallist, to his honour, has rigidly adhered.

The thoughts of all politicians in Europe—its way be added, of the world—at this moment fixed upon Venice. None think it of a marvellous substantiality—a city of dazzling marble palaces reposing upon the surface of the clear, blue waves of the Adriatic—somehow more extraordinary than the Imperial Rome of old, and which, as it was well said in the old Latin epigram, when compared with Venice, appeared as if it had been built by the hands of men, whilst Venetia was a structure that could only have emanated from the might and majesty of the Deity itself.

"—Thierin prägen condere, Urnes aplice struere;
Illum homines dices, hanc promissa Deo."

It is of the varying fortunes of this glorious city, with its justly celebrated Republic, that Mr. Hallist writes; and as the history of England may be briefly told by dwelling upon sought but his leading points, the invasion of the Romans, the invasion of the Saracens, the invasion of the Normans, the Reformation, and the Revolution which secured the throne to the house of Hanover; so the history of Venice may be briefly glanced at by pointing to the various changes, or rather developments, of those simple principles of self-government on which it was originally based.

The Venetians themselves considered that their free and Christian republic started into existence upon the 25th March, in the year 421, when the refugees nominated three consuls to rule over the Rialto, then declared to be a place or city of refuge. The consuls, it may be observed, were in 457 supplanted by tribunes. The real and purely historical commencement of Venice must, however, be dated from the month of March, 607, when the people, acting under the advice of their ecclesiastical superior, freed themselves from tyrannical and the incapacity of their tribunes, and elected as their chief Pope Lucio Anafosto, and invested him with supreme power as their civil, military, and ecclesiastical chief. The form of government then established continued to the time of Ziani, in 1172-3, and the last considerable change was made in 1296, followed by the Republic, and that, with few modifications, may be considered as continuing to the time of Napoleon Bonaparte, the perfidious destroyer of the ancient and illustrious aristocratic Commonwealth of Venice.

This briefly and imperfectly may be glanced at "the constitutional history of Venice, told so fully, so elaborately, and so clearly, by Mr. Hallist. It is a history alike interesting and instructive—interesting to the people of England, and instructive to all other nations of Europe, that have been so long and so vainly seeking to secure freedom for themselves. That persons have always hitherto failed, because, unlike the Venice and to England in their endeavor to establish what they called "constitutional government," they were indulging in theories and making experiments, instead of carrying into effect reforms graded upon the ancient institutions of their country. They have not perceived that reforms, to be lasting, must be the work of the long-established and powerful, and be congenial to the habits of the communities on which they are imposed.

The duration of the Venetian republic is attributable to the fact, that from its first origin to its final violent destruction by exterior force, it proceeded upon ancient customs, making only slight and almost unperceptible changes from time to time, such changes and modifications as new circumstance, new inconveniences, or unforeseen necessities, rendered feasible or polite, to have effected. In this consists the wisdom of statesmen, as contradistinguished from the vanity of political charlatans, who, by the least and most unimportant change, the Patriarch of Grado, in the seventh century, and of an Abbé Sèvres in the eighteenth. An enlightened and highly-gifted Italian writer, when referring to changes to be effected in an existing form of government, has made an observation, the wisdom and sagacity of which is worthy of the Venice of old England and Venice. "It is necessary," says the Italian philosopher, "that those who take upon themselves the responsibility of effecting such changes, should carry them out in such a manner as to what is new will chime in perfectly with the old, and that the changes themselves fit into the indentations that have been left by the first founders of the constitution."

"—corvise attendera a farci, se la cosa nuova, si avvegna bene alle antiche, o si contenga all'addellato lacerto da' primi fondatori."

This work will be interesting to Englishmen on account of the able manner in which it traces out and details the political progress of Venice, both in its internal development and its foreign relations; but it will also be peculiarly interesting from the close relationship which it demonstrates to have existed for a long time between England and Venice, and their intimate commercial connection with each other. Taken as whole, "Hallist's History of the Venetian Republic" is an important contribution to the history of the Venetian Commonwealth, and that the author's labours are not yet brought to a close. We look forward to the continuation of his labours with the sincere wish that what is yet to do may be equal, as we feel confident it will, to what has been already accomplished.

Mr. Hallist's history will certainly take its place as a standard work on the subject to which it is devoted; and therefore do we recommend him to look again to the first portion of the chapter (pp. 6, 6, especially) with which he begins. In the hurry of composition he has fallen into a mistake when he affirms that Julius Cæsar made an expedition to the Venetian Coast, and that he certainly upon people that were called "Yenni," but those "Yenni" were the inhabitants of Venice in Britain, whose descendants are now to be found in the Département du Morbihan.

The first time this mention is made of the "Yenni" in Cæsar is in the seventh chapter of the third book, "De Bello Gallico," and the origin of the military and naval operations that then took place is narrated by him in the following manner. He states that Cæsar was then (i.e. 58 B.C., 56) wintering in the duchy of Angou (Andunum), and that he was surprised by the Venetians, who sent him and military tribunes to look for provisions of transport ships. The T. Terentius, who went to the Euzubii; M. Trebinius Gallus, to the people of Corvea (Curostobian), that is in the Côtes du Nord; and Q. Velantius, with T. Silius, to the people of Vannes (in Venetia). The consent of the Romans, ambassadors by the Britons led to the war which Mr. Hallist supposes was carried on against the Venetians.

Both the inhabitants of Vannes and of Venice were called "Yenni"; the city of both was styled "Yennia." (See Cæsar, Bell. Gal. lib. ii., c. 9, and Liry, lib. i., c. 1, lib. ii., c. 18, lib. iii., c. 22.) It is a point noted by Mr. Hallist with British antiquaries whether the "Yennia" mentioned by Cæsar, that is Durocor, the capital of the ancient people of Vannes, was situated where is now the modern City of Vannes, or at Locmariaquer. The similarity of names has led to a mistake, which, with inferences drawn from it, can, with little trouble, be corrected in a future edition.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

This autobiography of a man, requested by an unknown sculptor to sit for "Olympian Jove," called by Walter Scott, "Juglar Carrick," the greatest demigod I ever saw," a jovial companion, a favorite of both men and women, filling an important place in the Presbyterian Church at the beginning of the reign of George III. and living till 1865, who mixed all his life in the best literary society of Edinburgh, and who, as a writer, and as a man, and as a Presbyterian minister, travelled through several parts of England and Scotland, is exceedingly interesting. The author was present at the battle of Preston Pans, and saw the Pretender; he was a Volunteer on the right side in 1746, and encouraged the Volunteers only a year afterwards to arm themselves with muskets and bayonets, and as military courage, for he was one of the first Presbyterian clergymen who avowed himself a card-player and frequented theatre; he was an author of considerable pretensions, and a leader in the assemblies of the Church, and gives us information on many subjects.

The book contains a notice of almost every memorable man in the early part of the long period, and a running commentary on the more remarkable events. Unfortunately it was not long till late in life, and only a small part of it was left, imperfect and incomplete. The editor, Mr. Hill Burton, has performed his duty well; supplied a short tale to a little lead, gives many explanatory notes, but the body, existing only in Dr. Carlyle's consciousness, is lost for ever. Only this inspires us with any regret, for as far as the work goes it is clever and agreeable. If we cannot say that it is as ragy as the memoirs of Horace Walpole, extending over the same period, it is much more candid. The disappointed courtier is a satirist and a snorer, the clergyman is a bold honest speaker and a careful observer. His life of labour was also a life of enjoyment. He was jovial "within the limits of decent joviality," and gives a cheerful yet faithful portrait of the great men of his time, and of the great events of his age, and of his own life, and his good taste; and we only wish, as we come to the end, that he had loved to write more, and clear away the repetitions which the editor has not liked to delete.

We are astonished at the number of historical characters of whom Dr. Carlyle, from personal knowledge, tells us something new. Two Dukes of Argyll, John and Archibald; the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh (Adam Smith's amiable duke); Lord Bute, attending at his levee bored and spurred, that he might have an excuse for hurrying away; Charles Fox, the great orator, and a more than a speaker of his time, a meteor glancing through the social sky; Clive, with the two sides of his face extremely lively, morose, mooping, and melancholy; Charteris, satirized by Pope, because he was a runner of Walpole's; Colonel Gardiner, the enthusiast, whose conversion from raku is a modern miracle; Lord Grange, a brother of Earl Mar, made a judge, as a century before Shaftesbury and others were made chancellors, not because they were good lawyers, but politicians; and had political connections; Wedderburn, going circuit without a brief; Wilkes, the politician, who attracted the notice of the great men of his time; Townshend, by whom he was outdone in conversation; Littleton and Sherstone, Franklin, Adam Smith, David Hume, Home, the author of "Douglas," Robertson the historian, Lord Mansfield, Lord Camden, with many others, pass before us in this autobiography, and we are enabled to see the real character of many of our countrymen, the leading men of Edinburgh, who have something new and worth remembering. Adam Smith, the precursor and tutor to the Duke of Buccleugh, who did honour to his master, was so shy and so little a man of the world, that he was not able to do so in the society of his friends, the leading men of Edinburgh, who have something new and worth remembering. Adam Smith, the precursor and tutor to the Duke of Buccleugh, who did honour to his master, was so shy and so little a man of the world, that he was not able to do so in the society of his friends, the leading men of Edinburgh, who have something new and worth remembering. Adam Smith, the precursor and tutor to the Duke of Buccleugh, who did honour to his master, was so shy and so little a man of the world, that he was not able to do so in the society of his friends, the leading men of Edinburgh, who have something new and worth remembering. 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"Claremont and the Princess Charlotte," and the translation of Torquato Tasso's "Father of a Family."

"The Intellectual Governance of Man and Woman," by James M'Grigor Allan, London: T. C. Newby, 80, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square.—A useful, and, in some respects, a new, and, in others, an old, view of the human society, many young, and, indeed, many old, persons, are, it is said, disinclined to marriage. The author is particularly severe on that class of gentlemen generally known by the designation of "fast young ladies." He describes them as "a class of persons who are not only without any religious principle, but who are also without any moral principle." He says that: "these animated dolls—these human butterflies, fluttering away their little span of life without a thought of the old age or the immortality of the soul, are the most dangerous and the most numerous of the elements that there is a remedy for the evils that now exist, and it is one at the same time simple and easy of execution." "Much," he says, "of this great evil might be remedied if the young ladies were taken to make home happy, and the domestic circle more cheerful."

"Burford Cottage and its Robin Redbreast." New edition, edited by Mrs. R. Valentine. London; William Tegg.—This is a new edition of an old story, long established as a favourite with young persons. The work was originally written by Mr. Kendal, with the intention of conveying to the youthful mind accurate notions upon such subjects as astronomy, geography, science, and philosophy. The discoveries that have been made since the book was first written, have rendered some alterations necessary; and these have been effected in a spirit worthy of the original author. The volume is a small, neat, and beautiful book, of pleasing and instructive volume, and well adapted as a small price-book in schools.

"Patience." By Perseverance. E. C. Sparrow, New Bedford street.—We are not about to speak of a virtuous quality, in the language of the Apostle, gives a man the possession of his own soul, but of a game of cards which bears the same name. The quantity of harmless amusement derived by many from placing cards in particular positions, and bringing them into some peculiar order, is almost incalculable. It is a pastime which is free from all the tediousness and delicate or half-occupied moods, pass many evening hours in playing Patience; and Perseverance has done them a good turn by collecting and publishing a description of a great number of modes, perhaps inventing some new ones of playing the game. The little book is a model of neatness and good taste, and is so little troubled by care that they can pass their time in playing Patience.

"The British Almanac, for 1861, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge." London: Knight & Co, 90, Fleet-street.—"Companion to the Almanac; or, Year-book of General Information for 1861." London: Knight & Co, 90, Fleet-street.—The *Almanac* is published separately, and is still, as they are in point of fact issued by the same publisher, and contains the same parties, it is but fitting both should be in the same time noticed. The *Almanac* of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge contains every thing that is useful, and is in fact, in its nature, the most useful of all the works most useful to persons in trades or professions. As the peculiar attractions of the "Companion to the Almanac" are not so well known, and consequently not so universally recognized as the distinctive features of the Society's *Almanac*, we must, therefore, to give a more complete notice of it, divide it into two parts, and these two parts are divided into minor sections or chapters, and these again into smaller subdivisions. In each part there are eight sections. The first part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*, 2, *General History*, 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The second part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The third part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The fourth part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The fifth part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The sixth part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The seventh part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*. The eighth part contains the following sections:—1, *General Information*; 2, *General History*; 3, *Natural history, chronology, geography, the fine arts, political economy, &c.* Of this part the following are the minor sections:—1, Localized handbills in north—land agricultural districts; 2, Recent practical applications in meteorology; 3, *General history*; 4, *General geography*; 5, *General chronology*; 6, *General history*; 7, *General history*; 8, *General history*.

"Let's Diary," ed. Mills De Buck, and an Almanac for 1961." Letts, Son, & Co., London, E.C. This very useful book gives in a few pages a mass of information, indispensable for every one who has anything to do, to be acquainted with, or to write about, the various professions, occupations, trades, etc., published with a view of uniting all persons; and that there is a variety of the "Let's Diary" for distinct classes. There is, for instance, a "Let's Diary" for "the medical profession," another for "the legal profession," another for "solicitors and the legal profession," for "students, teachers, professors, and lecturers," for "the army and navy," for "merchants, bankers, engineers," for "travellers," for "farmers, and agriculturists," and, lastly, a "Let's Diary" for "all persons," which contains lists of names, addresses, and telephone numbers, responding prices, and all affording the means to each class of persons for duly registering their name, keeping their money accounts in order, and attending to

THE OLD GREEK EMPIRE. Mr. Finlay, in his valuable work, *"A History of the Byzantine Empire,"* gives the following account of the old Greek court, the people, church and rulers:—"The Court of Constantinople," he says, "was no more than a place of business, where the Emperor, the Patriarch, the Ministers, the nobles, the great officers of State, the army, the navy, the treasury knew no law but law and private interest; and no crime was so venial as successful ambition." As to the people, he declares they were "careless of the rights of justice, and of the laws of God and man; and the only object of examination of its annals, 'What the Greek Church has generally been a servile instrument either of the sovereign power or of the aristocracy, and has contributed to the maintenance of the despotic system, and the perpetuation of the abuses which were alone concerned.' With respect to the Byzantine emperors this is his opinion, 'All the powers the emperor had taken from others, was accumulated in his own person; nothing was done to confer any rights on the people, nor to secure them from the caprice of the monarch.'"

CONSOLATION.

Thrust' art down, low down, poor heart,—
At bottom of the hill,
The prudent friends who knew thee
When Fortune seemed to woo thee,
Are true to Fortune still.
So deeply art thou fallen,
Who once didst soar so high,
That beggars of thy bounty
Look proud, and pass thee by;
And former boon companions
Whisper thy name and frown,—
"The ways of Heaven are righteous,
—So kick him—he is down!"

And yet thou dost down, poor heart,
This consolation's thine,—
Thy Conscience still befriends thee,
And kindly message sends thee,
To bear, and not repine.

The sun that lights the ocean,
Shines also on the sea;
The mole-hill and the mountain
Alike receive its fire,
The humblest dewy daisy
That blossoms on the sod,
May point like the pine-tree skyward,
And drink the light of God.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

FROM NOVEMBER 29th to DECEMBER 6th.

[illegible][illegible]

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE

Messrs. J. W. Parker & Co. announce "The Pilgrim: a Dialogue on the Life and Actions of King Henry VIII.," by William Thomas, clerk of the Council to Edward VI., with notes from the Archives at Paris and Brussels, by Mr. J. A. E.

MRs. J. H. & James Parker have in the press "A Manual of Monumental Brasses," comprising an introduction to the study of these memorials, and a list of those remaining in the British isles, with 200 illustrations, by the Rev. Herbert Haines; and a "Memoir of the late Joshua Watson," by the Venerable Archdeacon Churton.

by Mr. Charles Dickens, reprinted from *All the Year Round*. Mr. Charles W. Ilfton's book, which is to be published during the present month, by the same firm, is entitled "The Threshold of Chemistry," and not "The Fireside of Chemistry," as has been erroneously stated in a contemporary journal.

Messrs. Macmillan have in preparation "A Life of Blake," the artist, to be copiously illustrated from his own productions; also "Lives of the Sheridans," from the graceful pen of the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who is a granddaughter of the famous Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The same publishers announce Professor

NEW BOOKS,

PUBLISHED BY

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., AVE MARIA LANE, LONDON.

In the Press, and will shortly be Published,

EFFIE VERNON; OR, LIFE AND ITS LESSONS.

By JULIA ADDISON, Author of "Evelyn Laucelle," "Sister Kate," &c.

Just Published, neatly bound in cloth, gilt edges, price 2s. 6d.,

THE BLACKWELL PRIZE ESSAY FOR 1860:

"ON THE CAUSES THAT HAVE RETARDED THE PROGRESS OF THE REFORMATION."

By the Rev. WILLIAM MACKENZIE, A.M., Author of *Prize Essay*, "On the Effect of the Reformation in Civil Society in Europe," &c. &c.

Just Published, in Two handsome volumes, price 21s.,

AUNT DOROTHY'S WILL.

By CYCLA, Author of "Passing Clouds," "Warfare and Work," &c. &c.

"It is quite a treat to get hold of so clever and agreeable a book as 'Aunt Dorothy's Will.' The author's style is pure, elegant, and to the point. Her people are consistent. It would not be easy to come among the streets of the season a pleasant book."—*Morning Post*.

"There are higher qualities which we can prize in Cycla's work, and there are a sustained interest, and in producing diversity of character, and originality of thought. The author is equally as finished in her writing as she is agreeable and clever."—*Cont. Journal*.

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THE LAST NEWS FROM CHINA.

PUBLIC attention, so capricious in its objects of interest, is at this moment riveted, and not without reason, upon the operations of our arms and diplomacy in China. Each mail, as it arrives, not only brings us intelligence of thrilling incidents that have occurred, but stops, like an exciting tale in a periodical, at the most critical moment, condemning us to a fortnight of intense suspense and vague conjecture. Speculation as to what is to happen next is varied with dogmatic assertion as to what we ought to do. And we remark that the most decided opinions are expressed upon the subject by those who have had no personal experience either of the country or the people, whose acts and probable policy they discuss.

It is only natural that this should be the case. Those who are familiar with the Chinese know how impossible it is to predicate anything of so eccentric and incomprehensible a race, and wisely abstain from committing themselves to any decided view as to the best policy for Lord Elgin to pursue in the very difficult position in which he is placed. It will be easier for us to point out these difficulties than to show him the way out of them; safer to advert to the different courses open to the Chinese diplomatists, than to prophesy which they will adopt.

There can be no doubt that it was not Lord Elgin's original intention to take Peking; the experience of the first expedition in '58 had convinced him that a rapid advance on the capital would frighten away the Emperor, and involve a most embarrassing situation. He therefore entertained the proposals of Kweiliang at Tien-tsin. Knowing that they would end in nothing, never intending that they should stop him there, but desirous of showing the Emperor that he was more anxious to treat than to capture Peking. The delays on the march from Taku to Tung-chow, apart from being necessary for transport purposes, produced the desired effect, and the Emperor still remained at Peking, when the commissioners Iai and I were sent with full powers to meet the ambassadors. It was arranged that negotiations should take place outside the walls, and that the ambassadors should afterwards pay a visit to the Emperor, accompanied by an escort of 2,000 men. These plans were foiled by the rashness and folly of Sang-Kolinsin, who, probably acting without orders, as he has always done hitherto, thwarted the policy of the commissioners by massing his troops in the neighbourhood of the proposed camping-ground, with a view, doubtless, to a sudden attack upon our troops. Hostilities were unfortunately precipitated by the untoward incident of the French officer and his mule, at the very moment when Mr. Parkes and his comrades were cut off from retreat by the battle which was raging between them and their own camp.

By the treacherous course of the Tartar general, which, we believe, he took partly upon his own responsibility, and partly by the advice of the war party in Peking, the hopes of the Chinese Commissioners to avert the capture of the city and the flight of the Emperor were defeated, and Lord Elgin found that he was compelled to involve himself in the difficulties he had foreseen by an act of violence, which it had been his object up to that moment to avoid.

It is all very well for a jangling contemporary to talk of substituting the Ming for the Tartar dynasty, as though a change of dynasty in China was effected as easily as a change of government here. These changes have frequently taken place in the history of China, but have always been preceded by half a century of anarchy and con-

fusion. Four hundred millions of people don't all agree to submit to the rule of the new comers without expressing their own views on the subject. Nor will the Tartars see their authority slip from their grasp, even though the revolution is attempted to be effected under the auspices of a few Europeans. If Lord Elgin is going to superintend a change of dynasty in China, as has been kindly proposed for him, with the aid of twelve men who speak the language, and six thousand allies to keep order until he has put the Canton shopkeeper who heads the rebellion into the Imperial yellow, we do not envy him his task.

If, on the other hand, he entices the Emperor back to Peking by a speedy evacuation, his own movement on Tientsin will be considered a retreat, and the Emperor's return be regarded as a triumph. The occupation of Peking during the winter is the alternative decided upon; we cannot venture an opinion of its expediency. We see all the objections; perhaps, were we on the spot, we should perceive more clearly the advantages. The objections appear to be,—first, that an occupation of Peking may force upon the Chinese Government a permanent change of capital, inaccessible to our troops, and from the recesses of which the Government may pursue its old dogged and obstinate policy with impunity; secondly, that the occupation of Peking implies a continuation of hostilities; for the Chinese are not likely to sign a treaty which contains as a stipulation the military occupation of their capital. The garrison must therefore make up its mind to stand a siege by the whole available fighting population of Tartary throughout the entire winter. We do not pretend at this distance to judge of the capabilities of our army, or of the advantages of their position for resistance. We presume they will scarcely depend for supplies upon a line of communication 120 miles long, when the thermometer is at 20° below zero, and the Peiho frozen four feet thick.

The flight of all the authorities is an invariable result of the capture of a Chinese town. In addition, therefore, to maintaining themselves in Peking, the allies will find themselves compelled to institute some description of municipal government, or else see the city given up to pillage by the lower orders. There are at this moment three Englishmen conversant with the Chinese language with the army. The task of governing a city of 2,000,000 of inhabitants, not one of whom knows any language but his own, with only three interpreters; of establishing the necessary tribunals, police, prisons, &c., will be found difficult. These are a few of the objections. The advantages are to be found in the moral effect which the occupation of Peking will have upon the whole of China, and the probability that if we hold out till spring, we shall make a better treaty than we could now, always supposing that in the meantime neither the dynasty nor the capital are destroyed.

The Emperor may either sulk at Yehol, his present retreat, and refuse to treat, hoping to worry us out; or he may pretend to treat, hoping to take us in; or he may really treat, seeing that his only chance is to make the best of it. But the basis of any negotiation which is likely to last will probably be the evacuation of Peking before winter. That settled, all the other points would be conceded; one of these should be the occupation of Tien-tsin, as a material guarantee. We should have little fear of our resident minister being treated with disrespect, with a British force in permanent garrison at Tien-tsin, which is connected by a short line of communication with the sea, and affords a strong natural military position,

The distance to Takoo is only thirty-six miles, the country is a dead level, and where it is under water during the rains a causeway is already made. If we are very desirous of spending some more money on China, we have only to lay down a railway to Tientsin, and we should do more towards forcing good faith upon the Chinese Government than by any number of troops. The unusual interval which has elapsed between the arrival of the telegram and the full details has compelled us rather to start conjectures than to lay down theories, we trust that the mail now hourly expected may relieve our minds of some of those forebodings which have been excited by the telegraph.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

THE Parisian journals do not seem to have received with any fervour of gratitude, if with any gratitude at all, the instalment of freedom which the Emperor, by a sudden *coup d'état*, and by his own volition, has just bestowed upon them. With few exceptions they either sink in silence, or attempt to undervalue the concession, not because it is not good so far as it goes, but because it is not so large as they would like. But as impartial spectators, we, in this country, cannot refrain from thinking that our brethren of the French press are in the wrong, and that the boon is not only of great present and still greater proximate value in itself, but in the manner in which it has been accorded by the Emperor, and supported by his new Minister.

French journalists do not appear exactly to understand their own position or that of the Emperor, or the real social condition of the country. On all those points they might, if they would but study it attentively, find enlightenment in the admirable circular of M. de Persigny to the prefects of the Départments. Lucid, logical and comprehensive, the circular shows that M. de Persigny has not lived in vain among the English people, that he has been no careless student of our manners or of our liberty, and that he knows how to draw from the written lessons of past history the necessary guidance for acting the history of the future. There need, in fact, be no mistake on the part of the leaders of public opinion about the degree of liberty of discussion which the Emperor can with safety permit, if they will carefully study the exposition of English freedom of the press, which the new Minister of the Interior has placed before them for their instruction. And if they do not turn this instalment of liberty to profitable account, both for journalism and for the country, they will but prove once again what has often been proved before, that France, with all its enlightenment and its intellectual vitality, is not ripe enough either to comprehend true liberty, or to enjoy it.

There can be no true liberty without some degree of restraint. Liberty without law is simply licentiousness and anarchy. It has been said that a Frenchman's idea of liberty is, that he, A, or B, should do as he pleases; but that C, or D, or any one else, should not enjoy the same privilege. But taking a more favourable view of the French character in this respect, it may nevertheless be said that French writers are too theoretical to be practical, and too impatient of existing circumstances that do not fit precisely into their ideal, to tolerate, as they ought to do, the great world of facts that lies around them. "I am afraid the French will never be a free people," said the poet Béranger, to an English poet who breakfasted with him at Passy. "They are far too impatient. You Englishmen are slow, cautious, and tolerant. By patient labour you have built up the house of your liberty—putting in a door here, and a window there; adding a chimney or a wing, or a spare bedroom, as circumstances dictated at the time; and paying no regard to the symmetry of the edifice. If at any time a chimney was blown down, or a window-frame shattered by a storm, you rebuilt the chimney and mended the window; and made the house weather-tight as before. Not so, we Frenchmen. Our edifice of liberty must be geometrical and mathematical. If there be the least defect in it, we do not remedy the defect as you do, but pull the whole house down and build up another on a different model. We are such utter theorists that we fight with facts, instead of making friends with them; and for these and other reasons I much fear that many years must pass before we are fit for any other form of government than a military autocracy." This was said in January 1848, and the events of the last twelve years have singularly verified the sagacity of the speaker.

We have only to reflect a little on the past and present history of France and the French, to be convinced that it is utterly impossible, and that if it were possible, it would be suicidally foolish, for the Emperor to let go his hold over the French press, and to allow it to discuss such a topic, for example, as his own right to the throne, subject to no other control than the prosecution of the offender, and his trial before a jury of his countrymen. This is what a portion of the Parisian press would like; but it is a degree of liberty, or rather of licentiousness, which could not be tolerated in England at the present day, and which, as M. De Persigny shows in his admirable circular, was not tolerated at any period of English history.

When a dynasty is not thoroughly established and secured upon the throne—when there are rival claimants to supreme power,

supported by powerful parties in the State, and founding their claims upon their legitimacy, or the illegality of the revolution that overthrew them—the man in possession, whoever he may be, cannot, and ought not, to permit the press to discuss his title. That is the position of the Emperor; and it is a proof of his wisdom, as well as of his power, that he has seen fit to relax in any degree at all, the stringency of his grasp over the journalism of Paris, and permit it to discuss freely the acts and policy of his government. He has reinstated France in the high European position which it held under his uncle. He has silenced the voice of unreasoning factions. He has given the country breathing-time for material progress; and, whatever his other faults may have been, he has atoned to the bulk of the people for all mistakes or shortcomings, by the simple fact, so intelligible and so dear to all Frenchmen,—that he has lifted the French flag from the mire in which it was cast at Waterloo; and from which neither Louis XVIII., Charles X., or Louis Philippe had the power, even if they had the will, to raise it. "*Il a relevé notre drapeau!*" Such is the exclamation and feeling of the people; and having by this means strengthened his position, his throne, his dynasty, and his system, he has done well to invite the press to break the silence originally enforced upon it, for the prevention of civil war, and to discuss, public affairs, and the whole action of the Government, as the English press does, and has long been accustomed to do, within limits compatible with the existence of the throne, and the personal respect due to its occupant.

We cannot think this a small concession. We cannot think our Parisian contemporaries right in sulking at, or refusing to take advantage of it. If any attempt, to excite sedition or to propagate treason be still reserved for the Minister to deal with, and not for discussion before a jury, a justification is to be found in the fact that France is yet in a state of chronic revolution, that there is a party of Red Republicans, silent but not extinct; a party of Legitimists, backed by priestly and aristocratic influence; and a party of Orangists, too recently dispossessed of power to be altogether friendless. It is evident, if all these factions and parties were allowed to speak as they please on the character and pretensions of the actual chief of the state, that a bloody civil war might speedily be the issue of the liberty which they abused.

There may not always be ministers in France so pure and so upright as M. de Persigny; and if the writers for the Parisian press have not the ordinary common sense and worldly sagacity to understand the value and importance of the movement in favour of free discussion which the Emperor has made, and which a minister like M. de Persigny has been charged to carry into effect, they will only prove once more, and perhaps more disastrously than ever, that the chiefs of journalism are even less liberal than the military chief of the State, and that the real interests of liberty are to be sacrificed for barren and pedantic theories, impossible of realization.

A "STATE TRIAL" AT BERLIN.

WHEN Prince William of Prussia assumed the regency a few years ago, he declared that his intention was "to make moral conquests in Germany." To judge from the result of the recent trial at Berlin, this resolution of his has been attended with very indifferent success. All Germany is at this moment loud in its indignation, not only at the spectacle of utter depravity which has been revealed in the management of the Prussian police, but still more at the removal from his post of that man who, in his capacity of Procureur du Roi, had undertaken to stand forth and unmask this system of villany. It had been expected that this trial would end with the overthrow and punishment of the hated Director of Police, Stieber, to whose charge the Procureur Schwarck had laid not ten, not twenty, not a hundred, but several hundred cases of the most shameful arbitrary interference with the personal liberty of the subject,—this monstrous accumulation of lawless acts being by no means a complete record of Stieber's criminal career, but merely a chapter embracing the events of a few months, taken at random by the Attorney-General to serve as an illustration.

But instead of Stieber suffering the penalty of the law for offences which remind us of the worst times of the tyranny and the *delictors* system of the imperial era of Rome, he is triumphantly acquitted—and, what is more abominable still, Schwarck, the representative of justice, is forthwith removed from his official position! Yes, incredible as it may sound, the acquittal of the hated leader of police involves is followed in less than twenty-four hours by the dismissal of the magistrate who had ventured to arraign him. For the sake of appearances, it is true, Stieber, subsequently to the fall of the Procureur, receives "leave of absence from the performance of his duties for a time," though, of course, with no loss of pay and pension. The great fact, however, remains, that justice, in her struggle against the brutal encroachments of the police, has had to succumb; and that the mouthpiece of Justice has been made to suffer for his tenacity in endeavouring to restore a legal state of things. With grief and anger honest liberals of all classes regret this miserable sight. "As it in

this way," they exclaim, "that the Regent intends making *moral conquests* in Germany!"

It is well worth while to study somewhat more closely the genesis of the terrible revelations which have come out during this recent trial, on the Manteuffel and Hinckeldey system, as well as on the pleasing peculiarities of the present *régime* in Prussia. In May of this year, the Director of the Police, together with another functionary *ejusdem farinae*, was accused before the Stadt-Gericht, of a criminal employment of official power. They were charged with having extorted money by violent threats from various persons, whom, in their capacity as functionaries of the police, they had arrested and kept in confinement for weeks, in defiance of the provisions of the law on personal freedom. The case was made out clearly enough, at least as regards the infringement on the rights of personal security. But here the Director of the Police insisted, as a main point of his defence, that the Minister of Justice,—nay, the Attorney-General himself, had sanctioned those illegal procedures. "There have been cases," he said, "when the Minister of Justice, with the avowed knowledge of the Ober-Staatsanwalt Schwark, has kept persons politically suspected, during weeks, nay, months, in provisional imprisonment, without any judicial order being given or asked for, and without those persons having undergone any inquiry before a judge. Again, those persons have been released equally without inquiry or accusation being instituted against them. Now, if the Ministry of Justice itself has paid so little respect to the special laws of the case, is it reasonable to charge the police in excess of severity?"

These allegations, if true, would show Prussia to have been ruled according to a pattern hitherto supposed to be only in vogue in the most despotic states—such as Russia or the Naples of the late King Bomba. Unfortunately, in spite of the worthlessness of the witness in this case, we can have no doubt that he spoke the truth. If he himself was a vile tool of tyranny, but he was right in declaring that there were other such tools in the higher regions of Government. He had done a good share of the dirty work of those famous "Saviours of Society," who, in November 1848, overthrew the constitution, gagged the press, drove into exile some of the most moderate defenders of the law, and restored at Berlin the right divine of the King to govern wrong. But for all that, it must be acknowledged, that guilty as he himself was, and fully deserving, as he did, an exemplary punishment, the former officer was somewhat higher up than in the bureau of the Director of Police.

The first trial of Stieber, before the Stadt-Gericht, ended with his acquittal—a monstrous judicial decision, which scandalized the country. It ought to be stated here, that besides the charges of abuse of power, extortion of money, and so forth, brought against him officially, there is scarcely a crime, in a social sense, of which the public voice, and even the non-Prussian press, has not accused him of being guilty. On this point we refrain, however, from offering any opinion, confining ourselves to the circumstances connected with his second trial, which, like its predecessor, has resulted in another triumph of the guilty party. On being acquitted by the Stadt-Gericht, he was prosecuted, in the second instance, before the Kammer-Gericht, the Procureur du Roi making use of the time elapsing between May and November, to get up a register of cases of violence and illegal acts committed by Stieber. Armed with those documents, the Crown Attorney came forth to the attack, in the halls of justice, with an emphatic retrospective review of the *régime* of Manteuffel and his police president Hinckeldey, which latter, it will be remembered, ended his career in a duel some few years since, having ventured to meddle as firmly with the vices of the aristocracy as he was wont tyrannically to infringe on the rights of the rest of the population. This review of the Staatsanwalt Schwark, embracing as it does also the more recent role of the police president Von Zedlitz, remains a monument of contemporary history, such as is seldom found in judicial annals. If a Prussian benefactor desires to expose the iniquity from which his country has suffered—and it may be added still suffers—he has only to point to the incidents of this notorious "State Trial" of Justice versus the Police. There it will be seen, in spite of the verdict of "not proven" given by a slavish magistrature, that Prussia, in appearance a country with representative institutions, has still the canker of irresponsible government eating into her very core. And this impression will certainly not be weakened when the fact is added that the Procureur, who officially revealed to the world these hideous blots of political morality, was forthwith diagnosed by the Regent.

This Berlin trial, coupled with the one still going on at Vienna in the affair of Riebler, and the suicide of Bruck and Eysnatten, brings to recollection a series of similar trials and horrible occurrences in high life, which heralded in at Paris the catastrophe of 1848. It is an ominous sign in the life of States when the police conscience has just influence enough to bring about such ugly revelations, without any corresponding power on the part of the people to cause the proper reward to be meted out to the guilty parties. A strong despotic Government, which can annul the truth, may save itself for a time from the consequences of its own misdeeds. On the other hand, a nation with free institutions, into which some foul elements

may have crept, can still purify, without danger, the political atmosphere by the aid of publicity, and the even-handed dealing out of justice to the offenders. But a country where there is just enough publicity to rouse the anger of the people against those that outrage the law, but which yet lacks sufficient popular strength to ensure their punishment—such a country, indeed, is in a chronic state of irritation, and any crisis from abroad may shake its political fabric to the base.

RAILWAY PROPERTY.

IT appears that, in the ensuing Session of Parliament, no less than 302 bills will be brought forward to extend or improve existing lines of railway. Should these projects be all judicious and well considered, we should hail the announcement with much satisfaction, for railways have been amazingly beneficial, and much undoubtedly is required to be done to extend and complete the great work. Every town and village must either have its railway, or be within a convenient distance from a station, to equalize the markets, and the advantages of communication to all. For new works the time seems favourable, as none of any consequence now promise to provide employment for the ever-increasing multitudes.

A continual increase of the classes which can live without labour, is one of the features of modern society. Productive power being increased by knowledge and skill, the subsistence and necessities required are every year obtained by the labour of a smaller proportion of the community. On this account new enterprises must be continually undertaken to preserve peace and continue progress, and probably, at present, a large portion of the spare capital and labour which are always accruing—for they go together—cannot be more beneficially employed, than in extending and improving railway communication.

Putting aside all fancy schemes, the new enterprises required are indicated by high prices and high profits. Railways have led to a great increase in the demand for the produce of land, and in farmer's profits. From all quarters of the kingdom accordingly, even from backward Dorsetshire, we learn that within the last few years cultivation has been more rapidly improved than ever before. The present prices of corn, cattle, and every kind of farm produce, call on the farmer to increase the supplies of food, but the power to increase them from the same area is very limited; and the want of them indicates the propriety of bringing a larger area into closer contiguity with the centres of consumption. At the same time railway proprietors and the projectors of new lines are excited to make additional exertions, by the dividends on the principal lines being now continually on the increase, and by the price of railway shares having now generally an upward tendency.

Thus, taking the London and North-Western as an example: the dividends in 1858 were £1 a share; in 1859 £2.15s.; and in the first half of the present year £2.10s.; while the traffic is continually increasing, promising for the whole of 1860 at least a £5 dividend. This is by no means the most flattering example of the increase of railway dividends; but it is the safest and the soundest, and admits of no doubt as to its having been fully earned. Of some other companies it may be doubted whether they keep up their rolling stock and their plant to the fullest efficiency, and allow no necessary part of it to deteriorate. Their dividends are, perhaps, not always paid out of earnings. But this is undoubtedly not the case with this great company, which has raised no less a sum than £36,400,000.

When we consult the market price of shares, we find the following figures:—

| | PRICE OF SHARES. | |
|---|---------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| | Week ending Dec. 10th, 1860. | Week ending Dec. 9th, 1860. |
| London and North-Western | 98½ | 101 |
| Lancashire and Yorkshire | 90½ | 120½ |
| Midland | 106½ | 104 |
| London, Brighton, and South-Coast | 114 | 116½ |
| Canals | 95½ ex d. | 94 |

The general fact indicated by these returns is a considerable increase in the value of railway property since this time last year. We have placed Canals in the list as the best criterion of the value of money at the two periods, and according to them it was higher-priced in December, 1860, than in December, 1859. In fact, the bank minimum rate of discount was 2½ per cent. last year, and now it is 5. Consistently with this, Canals are now nearly 3 per cent. worse than they were then, while the worst of the railways quoted is 2 per cent. better. In the twelve months, then, railway property has become more and the public funds less valuable. Of course there are exceptions to the rise in railway property, and we are slow to believe that the great rise in Lancashire and Yorkshire and Midland shares is entirely justified by the condition of these railways. The London and South-Western shares, for example, were at this time last year 98 and are now 95. But, on the whole, railway property, in relation to funded property, has increased considerably in value in the year. We see these facts with great satisfaction. Of course, the dividends on the debt remain unaltered, while the dividends on the property

feeder; and though the butcher may prefer such an animal when fat to a more kindly-feeding beast, the farmer who has grazed the two knows well enough that for every shilling which in this form goes into the butcher's pocket, two or three shillings have left his own, through the increase of time and food consumed by the slow-feeding beast in coming to maturity.

The sheep in Baker-street are quite as remarkable for size, form, and early maturity as the cattle—Leicester and Cotswolds of long-wooled, and Sumner, West-country, and Hampshire Downs, of short-wooled breeds, all show at twenty and twenty-one months old, such developments, such quantities and qualities of mutton, as must "excite the envy and admiration of the world." Then there are the pigs; who shall describe the competitors for the pig prizes? They number in their ranks persons of every degree, from the Prince Consort to the little farmer and the miller. Besides His Royal Highness we find the Countess of Chesterfield, Mr. Benyon, M.P., Mr. Walter, M.P., Mr. E. Macanaghten, of the Indian Council, and Mr. de la Rue, the great paper manufacturer, with a great number of farmers and agricultural squires, feeding pigs for the Smithfield Club Show, and feeding them, in most instances, so fat that how the animals contrive to carry their fat and breathe must be a study for the physiologist. Yet here we have only exaggerated pork and bacon, indicating the breeds by means of which estate pork and prime bacon may be most quickly and cheaply raised. No notices of the Smithfield Club Show would be complete without a reference to the agricultural implements, machinery, seeds, and roots which the galleries contain. These are in themselves a study to the observant economist or politician, and form the source of most lively interest to agricultural and general visitors. The capital employed in manufacturing agricultural implements in this country is enormous, and it is increasing and will increase, for not only are our own and the Irish farmers yearly becoming larger buyers of such articles, but the export trade is every day assuming larger proportions. The opening of the trade with France is fully appreciated by our implement-makers, who are looking for large accessions of business from a French demand.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Pall Mall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

The greatest anxiety fills the public mind, in the absence of the details of the late transactions under the walls of Peking, and it is not surprising that vague and alarming rumours take the place of facts. This is one of the effects of the telegraph, which necessarily conveys the news in a brief and very imperfect manner. In fact, so, the public would not like to be without it, such as it is.

As usual, the city is the great source of alarming reports. It has been said even that Government were in possession of discreditable news respecting the late prisoners in the hands of the Chinese. But I am able to inform you that such is not the case, and that the heads of the Government are at this moment awaiting the arrival of the mails with as much, or more anxiety than other people.

The Calcutta Mail, which brings the Chinese letters, via Singapore, has not yet arrived in Marseilles, and as the journey from Marseilles to London takes from thirty to thirty-five hours, the accounts of what actually took place, up to October 22nd, will not be read in London, fully before Saturday morning. As the time is so near when our anxieties will be relieved, it seems useless to speculate. Had some reinforcements been needed, they would have been sent from India, where the news of the attack upon Peking, and the probability of being obliged to occupy that city and Tien-Tsin, would have been received long before it reached us.

Every preparation, however, has been made to send out supplies and stores, and ammunition, and, if necessary, reinforcements. But our naval strength is very large in the Chinese waters, and will be able to render any necessary aid to the land forces. The French want all sorts of reinforcements much more than we do, and we believe are much more prepared to send them in due time to such a distance.

The letters therefore cannot come to land before Saturday. Summonses have been issued for a Cabinet Council for Tuesday next, the 18th, which will give time for the consideration of the despatches, and for the arrival of those ministers who are out of town.

There will be a Chapter of the Order of the Garter held at Windsor on Monday next, the 17th, for the purpose of the election of the Duke of Newcastle to the stall vacant by the death of the Duke of Richmond. Several of the Ministers will be in attendance. It is doubtful whether the Junior Knight, Lord Derby, will be able to attend. The new knight is introduced, on his election, by the two junior knights present, and Lord Derby, who has not attended since his election to the regular vacancy caused by the death of Earl de Grey, would, no doubt, be glad to assist in the high reward conferred upon the Duke of Newcastle.

I am sorry to hear that the last attack of gout under which Lord Derby has suffered, has been more severe than usual, and the recovery has been much more slow. The apprehension of the disease, which is flying about, reaching the head, has caused much uneasiness in the many friends of the ex-Premier, and he has been compelled to refrain from business, or any pursuit of an exciting or harassing description.

The rank of the British resident at St. Petersburg, as well as at Vienna, has been restored to its ancient position of Ambassador, and Lord Napier has found in Russia a fitting theatre for the diplomatic ability which he has displayed in so many other places—at Naples, Constantinople, Washington, &c. Baron Brunow, too, resumes his old position of Ambassador to the Court of St. James's which he was first appointed to fill at the period of the Russian troubles, when M. Thiers was baffled by Lord Palmerston at the head of the diplomacy of Europe.

There is evidently great significance in these changes, or, rather, restorations of a more important union with the Northern Courts. These Courts have been in their good behaviour of late, reforming at home, and interfering less in the affairs of other countries.

It is manifestly not to the interest of Europe that a great central state like Austria should be destroyed or dismembered altogether, and we trust that wiser councils at home, and the good advice of her Allies, will be able to restore her to a more liberal policy than she has pursued for some time past, and to preserve her influence in Europe if wielded in a right direction.

The Emperor of the French seems inclined not to be behind-hand in progressive reforms of the mode of government in France. Count Persigny has commenced well with the press, and with the elections. We are sorry to lose him from London, but his presence seems absolutely required in France to inaugurate the improvements which are certainly on the right side, although they deal with the executive and administrative reforms in the constitution. The appointment of Count Flahault to the London Embassy is due, we presume, more to his connection with Count de Montigny than to any other assignable reason. He is an eminent and experienced man, with very high English connections; but he has been reckoned too much of an Orleanist, having served Louis Philippe in office, and been treated by the family ever since their retirement from France.

But it is to be presumed that the Emperor knows what he is about, and, amongst other things, must be anxious to conciliate as many of the adherents of the Orleans dynasty as possible.

The ex-King still holds on at Gaeta, like grim death, and seems resolved to appear to yield to force, and to compel the Sardinians to the final attack by sea and land. He is likely to be gratified in his wishes, for Napoleon has taken away the interdiction, and has informed France of Bourbon that the fleet of France was there to ensure a safe retreat, and not by any means to encourage a hopeless resistance, or to prolong a struggle between parties so soon to be united under one Government.

The election at Southwark has gone decisively for Mr. Layard, which seemed ordered from the retirement of Mr. Fawcett on Saturday last. I thought from the first that a political notability would defeat a merely local candidate. Mr. Scovell appears to be a most respectable gentleman, but he was no match for the activity of his opponent, who is not over-scrupulous against those who stand in his way. Mr. Layard made good use of Mr. Scovell's hesitation about the use of the lark, which is a theme not to be thrown away against a candidate for the suffrages of Barclay and Perkins's draymen.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXIII.

MR. WAGSTAFFE EXPLAINS WHY HE HATES UGLY PEOPLE.

I KNOW that the general reader, and other foolish people, will accuse me of hard-heartedness, when I make the assertion, as I hereby do, that no human creature has a right to be ugly, and that it is not possible to love or even to respect an ugly person. If there be any opponent of this dogma, let him listen to what I have to say, before he proceeds to demand. Perhaps I may be able to convince him before I have shown that no one need be ugly unless he likes, and that ugliness is an offence, and not to be tolerated.

In the first place it is clear that there is no such thing as an ugly mathematical figure, an ugly flower, an ugly tree, an ugly herb, an ugly mineral, or an ugly elementary substance. There cannot be an ugly square, an ugly circle, or an ugly triangle. These forms are always beautiful, and every one, who thinks, must admit that it is impossible they can ever be otherwise. In the same manner, there cannot be an ugly tune, because, if it be a tune at all, it must conform to the laws of melody, and all conformity to law is beautiful in its degree. The vegetable world of herb, tree, and flower, is governed by the same rules. Oak, beech, cedar, elm, and poplar—rose, lily, violet, primrose, daisy—blade of grass and sea-weed—all these things are beautiful. As one star differs from another star in glory, so one flower, or one tree, may be more or less beautiful than some other in colour or in form, in scent or in fruitfulness, or in some quality that commends itself to the senses of mankind; but the essence of beauty is in them all.

But there are, as we can all see, if we use our eyes, many ugly men, ugly women, ugly children, ugly beasts, ugly birds, fishes, and insects. How is this? Simply that ugliness is not a physical arrangement, but a physical and moral disarrangement and contravention of Harmony and Law. A parallelogram or a circle is perfect, and therefore cannot be ugly. It cannot deviate from the laws of its nature, and has nothing in it that can offend a nature different from its own. Thus I may define ugliness to be a deviation from law in general, and from the especial moral nature of him who beholds it. To a hyena a hyena may not be ugly, because it may not outrage the senses of other hyenas, or break any law implanted in the nature of those animals; but to a man a hyena is an intensely ugly creature—not on account of its shape, but on account of its ferocity, gluttony, and untameability, and of that hideous laughter, too like and too unlike that of a man to be pleasant when proceeding from a beast. A cow or a horse is not ugly, for it ministers to the uses of men without offending any of their senses; while a pig on a dunghill is to some extent ugly because, though it ministers to man's uses, it offends his sense of proportion by its obesity, but still more his love of cleanliness by its filthiness. In like manner a bug is much uglier than a pig, because it not only ministers to no use, but offends the sense of smell as well as that of sight, and suggests a disgusting imagery.

As man's life is three-fold, it is three times more easy for him to be ugly, than it is for an individual of a lower species, whose life is (I cannot say mindful but) uniform. Three several orders and degrees of beauty unite in man and woman—the physical, the moral, and the intellectual. Trees,

flowers, grasses, land-weeds, and sea weeds enjoy only the life physical, and cannot therefore be ugly. And here a new definition of ugliness seems to loom upon the mind and vision of the inquirer, and to link it in some way with a woman; for nothing that does not eat, is or can be ugly, unless it be a pictorial or other representation of something that does. Another exception may be taken as regards architectural erections, which offend the laws of proportion,—or seem to offend those of gravitation.

Beside, and all the lower order of animated beings, have the life physical, and a portion, however infinitesimal, of the life moral, and may be ugly in their relations towards men, if their moral life, as seen from man's point of view, be bad, and impair the melody and the harmony of the physical nature.

A snarling, snapping, cantankerous dog cannot be beautiful, whatever his conformation of snout and ears, loins and tail, haunches and legs, but is, out of the very necessity of his savageness, an ugly dog. Nothing can make him beautiful, but cheerfulness, docility, and good conduct toward dogs and men. Without these he is little better than a wolf, and just about as ugly.

Men or women, whatever their physical deformities may be, cannot be utterly ugly, except from moral and intellectual causes. And this brings me to my starting-point; that neither men nor women has any right to be ugly, and that if either be so, it is his or her fault, misdeeds, or crime; and that being ugly, they cannot expect the love of their fellow-creatures. No man can love an ugly woman; no woman can love an ugly man; and if fathers and mothers can love an ugly child, it is a very sore struggle, and may be ugly after all, and not love.

To have lost one's nose or eye, to squint, or to have a hunch-back, are certainly misfortunes, deteriorations of the beauty of the human form, and impairments of its high ideal; but if all these calamities were centred in one unhappy person, they would not make him positively ugly, if he were wise, witty, amiable, benevolent, just, and generous, and passed his life in deeds of kindness and charity.

Milton has not endowed his sublime fiend with the horns, dragon's tail, and other vulgar uglinesses of popular superstition. He was too great a poet and philosopher to fall into such error. The physical beauty of his Satan was originally as great as that of the Angels who had not fallen, in all outward attributes; but the hideousness was in the Mind, and the Mind moulded the body to its own character; and Satan, though he was, as Sidney Smith said, "a fine fellow" in one sense, was terribly ugly in another; sublimely horrible, and infinitely more fearful to think of than the grotesque compound of Ishtar and Dragon whom we owe to the exuberant fancy and bad taste of the monks of the middle ages.

A truly ugly person may originally have had a well-developed nose and regular features; he may be six feet high, and shapely as the Apollo Belvedere, and the evil spirit that is in him has set the indescribable but palpable seal of a bad mind upon all his physical lineaments. He bears the brand of criminality upon his forehead as Cain did, and carries a mark of the divine displeasure stamped upon his face, shaded in his aspect, toned in his voice, telegraphed into his looks and gestures. By these means he is pointed out to his fellow-creatures as one who has sinned against the moral government of the universe, so that all who see him may know him, and take warning by his misdeeds. All that is morally good is physically beautiful. All that is morally bad is physically ugly; *ergo*, every man and woman may be beautiful if they like, and no man or woman has a right to be ugly.—Q.E.D.

Take the case of my excellent friend Mr. Towers. Look at his nose, and his nose only—at that nose, rubicund and Bartholinian, out of all proportion with any ordinary face; a nose pimpled and freckled, bearing blossoms like a tree, and of the colour of the penny, and judge him by that only and you shall, at a casual glance pronounce him ugly. But Mr. Towers is not ugly. The physical deformity is, no doubt, obvious enough, and suggests ugliness to the passer-by. But hear him talk. Listen to his wit. Let him unloose in your presence the abundant stores of his learning. See him take a brick of wisdom here and another there. See him ransack all the trick-knicks of the ancients and the moderns, and watch the house of Fancy or of Learning that he will build with them. Go with him into private life and see what a joyous companion he is, what a good friend he is, what a good husband he is, what a kind father he is, what a pure-minded citizen he is, and in the light of his moral and intellectual excellence, you will look at his ugly nose and admit that the face is beautiful, ay, that the nose itself is more beautiful than many a nose that Phidias or Praxiteles delighted to model, but which belonged to a countenance that was not interpermeated with and moulded by these noble qualities.

Take Trimmies, another man I know, and look at him as he walks along the street—small, spare, and with a hunchback; and at the first glance you shall call him ugly. But you will be in error if you do. Physically he may seem to be ugly, but his mind is a melody and a harmony. He is a logician who could argue with Euclid. He sees daylight in the darkest corners of disputation with a mental eye, over which there is no film or darkness. He talks with eloquent tongue, and neither woman nor man can resist the fascination of his company. How can such a person be called ugly! In spite of his small stature and his hunch, Trimmies is handsomer than silly Captain Fitz-Mortimer of the Rifles, who has a straight back, a Roman nose, and a beard that Methusalem might envy.

Then take the case of Theodosia Perkins—fresh, fair, twenty-three, and passively rich. She has a face and a form that a sculptor might love to

imitate. But she is pert—she flirts—she has a bad opinion of her own sex and of the other—she has no education of the heart or of the mind—she has no taste for colour, for time, for property; she is "fast"—she is "loud"—she is eaten up with vanity and conceit, and thinks herself the very cream and quintessence of the world. In one word, she is ugly in spite of her face and form. To look at her is sufficient to know that she will find no one to marry her, except for her money; and to prophesy that after she is married her husband will detect her.

Take also the case of young Master Wigram. He was born a pretty child, and might have grown up to be a beautiful boy; but he is intensely ugly. He has been humoured and fondled without reason one day, and punished without reason the next; he has been indulged in all his caprices in the morning, and denied his just and natural requirements in the evening. He has been coaxed and petted, coerced and punished, equally without justification; and the result is that he is the plague of every one who comes near him. He is built up of evil passion. There is not a good thing about him. He is a slave one minute, and a tyrant the next; niggardly and extravagant, element and cruel. Though but fifteen years of age, he is ugly in the extreme, because he has not a single moral or intellectual quality to keep his physical qualities in good countenance.

It comes to this,—that whatever physical nature may have done, or may have neglected to do for us, the power of being beautiful remains with ourselves. There are moral appliances that are better than physical robes and poudres to make man or woman lovely and lovable. It is mind that creates face; and that makes little David, strong in the Lord's grace, handsomer than great Goliath, who is only strong in the Devil's favour.

And the superiority of this kind of beauty over all others is this, that the older we grow the more beautiful we may become. "There is one beauty of the stars, and another of the moon." There is one beauty of youth, another of maturity, and another of old age. Excellent are they all; but from its completeness as well as from its rarity, the beauty of old age is the divinest of the three—crown and completion of all the rest. Youth is beautiful for its physical, maturity for its physical and moral, but old age is the happy union of the physical, the moral, and the intellectual qualities, that generally command love, respect, and homage. I know an old woman, of seventy-three years of age, of a beauty as much superior to that of seventeen as that of snowy Mont Blanc to verdant Primrose Hill. Lovely are the snow-white locks, neatly parted over her serene forehead; lovely are the accents of her soft voice, that speaks loving-kindness and forgiveness; lovely is the smile that comes from her eyes, comes to her lips, and lights up all her countenance when she fondles a child, or gives counsel of wisdom to young men at sea; lovely is she even in her mild reproach of a wrong-doer;—so mild and gentle—so more than half-divine—that he or she who relapses afterwards into wickedness, is reckless and hardened indeed.

I dislike ugly people. I said so at first. I say so now. No one has a right to be ugly; and if men and women choose to be ugly, it is their own fault, and they must pay the penalty.

SCOTCH SALMON-FISHERIES.

In the House of Lords, on the 3rd of May last, it was resolved that a select Committee be appointed to inquire into the state of salmon-fishing on the sea-coast and in rivers and estuaries in Scotland. (On the 15th of May the committee commenced its functions; and on a careful perusal of all the evidence which was brought before it, we have no hesitation in stating, that the inquiry was fully justified, and that a vast amount of valuable and important information has been elicited, as to the present deteriorated condition of the Scotch salmon fisheries. The causes of the change have been ascertained, and the remedies for the same are suggested. The Committee terminated its labours on the 29th of June. The best and fairest course for the investigation of the truth was pursued by the examination of numerous witnesses on either side of the question, who came under discussion, as lightly up all there was the following clause: "Et defraudat domum Regis, ne preestant piscari, ad salmones vel salmonibus, temporibus prohibitis super antiquum penam;" and in the 4th section of a statute of James II. 1457, there is the following passage: "That no man in smolt time set veschelles, creilles, weires, or any other engines, to let the smolts to pass to the sea under the paine of £10 in the kirk; and that the schiereff of the land destroy them that are maid."

In fact, from the earliest times down to the commencement of the present century, salmon have been properly cared for and duly attended to; it is only within the last fifty years that the wholesale destruction of them has been brought fully into play, so as almost to threaten their annihilation. There were fixed engines undisturbed for many days in entire view of the mouths of rivers, but to a limited extent; they did not entirely occupy the channel leading to the mouths of the rivers. The greediness and rapacity which induce those who either legally possess, or illegally usurp, the right of fishing on the sea-coast in the present day, to extend their lag-nets to one mile in length, so as to monopolize all the fish to themselves, were unknown to less civilized times, and were reserved for these days of progress; in fact,

those of vanishing proportions which, when they shade her forehead, leave her chin exposed, and when they shade her chin, the forehead lurns in fact for her and her alone are created the vagaries of fashion, which she on her part exaggerates, and so caricatures a caricature. No fast young lady has good taste: the two things are incompatible; can know keep pure and frozen in the midst of fire!

Indifferent to the pleasures and depreciative of even healthy sentiment, the fast young lady is by no means indifferent to the charms of a good marriage, or ignorant of the blessings to be found among the flourish of an advantageous settlement. Money represents to her the one supreme goal of her life; the sinews of her way against delinquency and womanhood; and no Stock Exchange broker is more alive to the value of scrip and shares than this the rollicking girl who seems too wild and wide for the simplest calculation.

Luckily for the more sober part of mankind, the tribe, as a tribe, is husbandless, which at least avoids the disaster of perpetuation by descent. A few, indeed, every now and then, storm through the vestry door and sign their names nobly on the parish church-door, but these are exceptions to the rule—scattered links which hold the two diverging sections together, and prevent the total expulsion of the tribe from the ranks of true womanhood. As a rule, the fast young lady blooms and fades a flower ungathered: it is thought that the cultivation of so rank a grower would be hardly worth the trouble. When a man chooses a mother for their children, they think of something else besides scarlet petticoats, and well-fitting Belsham boots; and the qualities which make it so pleasant for cousin Jack to go blackberry-hunting are not always those which ensure the comfort and respectability of a home, or tend to the refinement and noble nurture of a family.

The summings-up of the fast young lady may be made in one word, vulgarity. She is not necessarily bad-hearted, nor necessarily less than pure and chaste; but she is essentially and in inmost grain vulgar—vulgar in speech, vulgar in habits, vulgar in mind; peer or commoner, rich or needy, inident with the insolence of worldly success, or bold and defiant in the midst of worldly degradation, she is always the same—vulgar. It does not matter what the difference in the outside wrappings. Her language is a jargon of slang, which, indeed, is the Shibboleth of her order, the pass-word that reveals her to her brotherhood; her dress is the tawdry finery of a savage, violent in colour and ungoverned in form; her manners are the manners of a horse-jockey, who speaks with the artificial polish of conventional society; and all that is held most dear and beautiful in womanhood, she wants in exact proportion to her acquirements in the art of "fastness." It is needful that these harsh truths be told her, and that she would learn to look into a mirror that does not flatter, for she has young sisters growing up about her, and it is of even national importance that the disease should be checked before it has spread farther. One of these young sisters is already "fast" on her own account; but she has adopted literature and social life in place of fun and bell-shaped petticoats; she has taken her stand as a staid, single-minded woman, and made her sister lectures on the degradation of her natural condition. She speaks at soirées with the artificial polish of a profile in a marked one—indeed as marked as her sister's—and will make a good photograph. The fast young lady and the single-minded woman are twins, born on the same day, and nourished with the same food, but one chaste and quiet and the other hidden grey; one took to woman's right to be despised and vilified for a day, and the other for a lifetime. The remaining profile is a marked one—indeed as marked as her sister's—and will make a good photograph. I know them both, and deprecate both as fair examples of our English womanhood.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

DIRECT ROUTES FROM INDIA INTO CHINA.

The continent of Asia, as every reader knows, is crossed by a great desert, extending from the Caspian almost to the gates of Peking and the Yellow Sea. To the south of this wilderness lies a region divided into northern and southern parts by the great chain of the Himalayas, and the lofty Nanling mountains, which run from its eastern extremity to the shores of the Pacific, opposite the island of Formosa. To the north of this mountain-wall are Tibet and China, separated by the Yangtze-Kiang mountains; to the south of the same barrier are the plains of Hindostan and the valleys of the Indo-Chinese countries, these two geographical zones being separated by the hills of Arnoo. Beyond the Trans-Gangetic peninsula there is a third region—the Malay archipelago. The character of each of these five areas, and the relations in which they stand to each other, must be clearly apprehended by any one who would understand the subjects discussed by the Geographical Society on Monday night. We shall not spend more than a few lines on making a few remarks concerning each. The first of the countries to which we referred was Tibet. It is a vast expanse of plains, hills, and valleys, rising from a table-land of 15,000 feet in elevation; as lofty, indeed, as the summit of Mount Blanc. Thrown up, in a mass, within a very recent geological epoch, by some stupendous volcanic force, we find embedded in its soil the remains of animals which still exist in the tepid plains of India. Surrounded on all sides by vast mountain-bulwarks, its lowest elevation seems to be at its south-eastern corner—at the point, in short, where it joins the Indo-Chinese countries, and whence they expand in long mountain-ranges, which spread out like the ribs of a fan to the Pacific. The mountain-system of the Trans-Gangetic peninsula is indeed a remarkable one. It is, perhaps, better explained by comparing it to an outstretched hand, of which the thumb represents the hills of Arnoo, the fore-finger the ridge which terminates in Malacca, the little finger the Nanling chain, running through Southern China north of Canton; and the wrist, the depressed edge of the table-land of Tibet, from which its waters are poured down into the Pacific, through valleys corresponding to the openings of the outstretched palm.

The Malay Islands lie beyond this region and form the third link in the chain of countries which separate China and India. Now Tibet is a desert of parched and frozen highlands, and the Malay Islands are a land of an ever hot and moist climate, in which the very exuberance of vegetable life has prevented the formation of civilized societies or a numerous population; while the intermediate countries in the south resemble the Malay Islands on the extreme north of the Tibetan highlands. From the depressed edge of the Tibetan plateau, the rivers which have come to the fore in the course of an outstretched hand, the river Irrawaddy descends on the west into the highly-cultivated and populous plain of Hindostan, studded with historical cities,

such as Benares, Delhi, and Calcutta. From the eastern side of the same neck of land there runs in the opposite direction the Yangtze-Kiang, through a broad alluvial valley, expanding into the plain of China, the richest, the best-cultivated, and the most densely-peopled region of the globe. A celebrated geographer, impressed with the vast importance of commerce as an agent of civilization, has shown the close connection subsisting between the extent of enclosed sea in each country, and its rank in the scale of nations. In our days, however, inland navigation by steam threatens to subvert his doctrine. We must now judge of countries by their permeability, rivers having acquired more than all the advantages of sea-coasts. What the Mediterranean and the Red Sea are to Southern Europe and Eastern Africa, the Brahmapootra and Yangtze-Kiang may be said to be to India and China. These rivers are seas rather than streams. "When we think of the Brahmapootra," said an eloquent speaker on Monday night, "the image present to the mind must not be that of an English stream, but that of Southampton Water or the Thames at Sheerness." No less gigantic is the flood of the Yangtze-Kiang, which is navigable, according to Captain Spry, by junks of fifty tons, up to the great bend, where it turns eastward. There is, then, an inland sea leading through the heart of Hindostan, and another inland sea leading through the heart of China, to an isthmus which may be compared to Suez or Panama. The possibility of constructing a route between these two rivers formed the subject of a paper read by Dr. McCosh to the Geographical Society, on Monday, in which he proved that such a route, if practicable, would be no less important as a line of traffic than the railway which connects the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. "Why should we," he says, "construct a great railway from Shanghai into the desert, when we could have a route which would open up a direct communication between the two most populous regions on the surface of the globe?" At present, however the information we have regarding the wild ravines through which the great Indian rivers plunge into the deep parallel furrows which lead from the Himalayas to the sea-board, is so contradictory and uncertain, that it is to be feared that the chance of a route being opened in this direction. There are, however, five lines of communication now existing, among which Dr. McCosh gave the preference to that by Munipuri. He advocated the formation of a scientific commission to survey and report upon these tracks, with the view to the selection of the best, and the prevention of intercourse between India and China, we are deeply interested in opening a direct route into Western China from the Bay of Bengal. A slight examination of the maps will show why. China proper is bounded on the north by the highlands and deserts of Mongolia; on the south by the snow-clad Nanling chain. On all sides it is enclosed by stupendous mountain barriers, excepting to the west, where no lofty chain, according to Captain Spry, separates its great bend from the Indo-Chinese countries; and to the east, where its great rivers cut the sea. Till very recently, the whole traffic between China and England was carried on at Canton, which is to all intents and purposes an Indo-Chinese port, by consequence of the interior character of the interior of the country. Mountains, while the traffic between the same central regions and Russia was conducted at Kiachta, a place equally remote, it being beyond the I-schan mountains and the desert of Schamo. More recently the eastern end of the great valley of the Yangtze-Kiang has been opened up, and the absence of steam, has penetrated but a small way up the Yangtze-Kiang. Its influence does not ascend farther than Han-Kow, where Lord Elgin's memorable expedition up the river stopped short. Now in the upper basin of the Yangtze-Kiang lie some of the finest provinces of China. Such is the case with the Abbe Hue, he says, "is such that the produce of a single harvest could not be consumed in ten years. On the hills are fine plantations of tea, of which all the most exquisite kinds are kept for the epicures of the province—the coarser sorts being sent to the people of Tibet and Turkistan." The western provinces of China have a population of upward of a hundred and twenty millions, with whom, at present, we maintain no intercourse.

The question of a direct route into these countries is, then, one of the deepest interest. But there are political as well as commercial advantages to be gained by driving a great highway into Western China from the Bay of Bengal. It has been shown by Captain Osborne, in an able address to the Geographical Society, that in the event of war with France, and of an alliance between that country and Russia, or even Spain, the enemy's cruisers could destroy our merchantmen among the narrow channels and reefs of the Eastern Archipelago, and thereby completely destroy our trade with China, in spite of the fact that the latter could block up their ports and provide coyness. Indeed, the importance of a western route into China is generally conceded. The question remains, however, whether it is practicable or not. This formed the subject of the paper of Monday evening, read by the Geographical Society by Captain John Spry. The speaker, in an exhibit of the map of the Indo-Chinese countries, from which he showed that the extremity of our territory in Pegu is within two hundred and fifty miles of Esmak, a town on the Chinese frontier. He proposes to construct a railway, or high road, along the banks of the Salween to the neighbourhood of Mon, and thence to join an existing line, which is already under construction, from the same point, thence to the coast, where both native and European, along the whole route, but these he did not read. They show, he assures us, however, that no engineering difficulties would interfere with the formation of a great road from Rangoon to Esmak, and from Esmak to the Yangtze-Kiang. Yunnan, the southern province of China, is, in fact, by quotation from Dr. Hable and Williams' "Middle Kingdom," an American work of the most valuable character, to be a rich mineral country rising towards the north into a wild mountain region, but sloping to the south into a country of rich pastures and open plains.

At present it appears that a great traffic exists over this tract between China and the Shan States, the Siam State, and Burman Shan States of Lim-mai Mon, conducted by great caravans of ponies, mules, and donkeys. This caravan trade Captain Spry probably considered conclusive evidence, without his itineraries, that the road and water communications through the province of Yunnan to Esmak must be good. Mr. John Campbell, however, continues to maintain that Yunnan is the poorest province of China, a land of mountains and floods, of banditti and savages, of everything that could impede and put a stop to traffic. He admitted that in an

important work on China, generally understood to be by him, in three volumes octavo, he had described it as a perfect paradise. Captain Spry read the passages in which his antagonist expressed opinions diametrically opposed to those now advocated by him in opposition to the proposed route. The contradiction was manifest. Mr. Crawford, however, extricated himself from this dilemma, with a dignity worthy of Sir John Falstaff. It was not he, said he, who wrote the work. His name was no doubt on the title page, but he was only the author of a small part of the book. The real author was an old clerk of his, one Peter Gordon, whose imagination had grown "rank" in the tropics. Why has Mr. Crawford not repudiated this work before? he stood toward Mr. Peter Gordon only in the relation in which the Chinese stand to the other, why has he not said so ere now? Can we now rely upon the Embassies to Burma, Siam, and Cochin China?

Mr. Crawford objects to Captain Spry's scheme as quite chimerical. The country over which the route passes must be a desert. "Why otherwise," he asks, would the Chinese emigrate to Australia, the United States, and the deserts of Tartary? This is no argument. As we might a Pekin geographer prove, that the Turkish empire is naturally sterile by showing that the Germans and English emigrate to America and Australia. "But what beasts of burden," asks Mr. Crawford triumphantly, are to be employed in these caravans? The Burmese horses are 13 hands high, the Burmese oxen are brutes even more degraded than English donkeys, and the Burmese mules are just what their fathers and mothers are. It would take, he adds, two donkeys and a half to carry one bale of Manchester or Glasgow goods. The simple answer to all this is, that our manufacturers must make smaller bales, just as they now do for the Lyons in South America, an animal with which Mr. Crawford is well acquainted. If the inhabitants of the interior of China have hitherto sent their goods on men's backs to Canton over the Meiling Pass, and in the same way to Kichou over the deserts of Shamo, they will have no difficulty in transporting them over the hills which divide the great level of the Yang-tse-Kiang, into the basin of the Salween. If this route had not been practicable, we do not believe that Captain Spry would have spoken so confidently of his information regarding it, and we anxiously await a second paper from him, in which he may embody those parts of his essay of Monday night, which describe the country lying along the route of the trade, from the Yang-tse-Kiang to the coast of India, derived from native travellers and the English officers, who have been in the immediate neighbourhood of Ennack.

PHOTOGRAPHY FROM A COMMERCIAL POINT OF VIEW.

Just one hundred years ago, Tiphaigne de la Roche penned one of the most remarkable forebodings of a modern discovery which the world has yet seen. In a singular book entitled "Giphantie à Balyone,"* he relates the wonders which were revealed to him in a vision by the chief of the geni of the elements. If there recounts how the attending geni would contrive to fix the fleeting images which were seen reflected in liquid water or painted on the retina of the eye; and after some details he describes how they at last succeeded in discovering a subtle adhesive liquid quickly drying, and capable, when poured on to a flat surface, of fixing there permanently, and in the twinkling of an eye, whatever nature the scene was presented before it. Awakening from his vision, Tiphaigne propounds three problems, which had been suggested to him by the geni, for the sagacity of mundane philosophers to unravel. The nature of the glutinous liquid, the method of preparation and best means of employing it, and the rationale of the action which was effected upon it by light. Never before, in modern ages, have we known of so clear an instance of a prophecy and its fulfilment. The account given by the geni is almost, to its minute details, the present system of collodion photography; whilst Tiphaigne's three problems, important as they have since become, are still very far from a satisfactory settlement.

Writing in 1760 the above could only be looked upon as a fanciful dream—the creation of an exuberant imagination. In 1860 we find it a sober unvarnished account of one of the most wonderful conquests which the human intellect has made even in this age of mental progress. Give the "subtle, adhesive, quick-drying liquid" of the old writer the modern name of "collodion," and employ glass or paper instead of Tiphaigne's woven fabric, and we have neither more nor less than that art which is at the present time brought so obviously before our eyes at every street-corner. Of the art itself in its present state of development, we shall hereafter speak; and now confine ourselves to the commercial revolution which it is quickly but surely effecting in some important branches of manufacture.

We all know what firm root photography has taken in its onward and visible manifestations; how our fashionable thoroughfares are gradually succumbing to its influence, while quarters apparently changing to crystal palaces, as far as the eye is concerned, and picture-galleries as regards their private doors. How royalty, statesmen, philosophers, and actresses are to be seen, à la carte de visite, in every shop window; to how utterly degraded a level the practice of photography has sunk in the estimation of some sections; how contumaciously Cornhill writers speak of the alacrity in sinking which the advent of a "cheap and obtrusive photography" occasions in a shabby-genteel lermee; and how other writers, class, having one's boots cleaned, eating a penny ice, and being photographed, as the three things which are in this modern age most honorably required of a man in the streets of London. How, on the other hand, no great devaluation, meeting, or economy can be allowed to come and go without photography being called in to perpetuate, as it were, a tangible, transmissible, memory of the occurrence; and lastly, how, on the occasion of the recent solar eclipse, the whole scientific world was looking with anxiety for the testimony of the photograph, which, it was universally admitted, was to set at rest questions and doubts with respect to the physical constitution of the sun, which might otherwise remain for ever unanswered.

The public cannot fail to give a passing thought to photography when brought so pointedly before them as in these cases, and some little interest is generally evinced when the account of any particular photographic tour de force finds its way into the newspapers. A short time ago it was proposed to

employ the powers of photography in the production of facsimiles of wills, settlements, deeds, conveyances, and other important legal documents. These were to be reduced to a microscopic minuteness (for instance we have seen one side of the Times reduced in this manner to the eighth of an inch square, still retaining perfect legibility under the microscope), and duplicate copies lodged in the most secure places of safeguard, to mitigate in the most effectual manner the inconvenience and loss which would be occasioned by a destruction by fire or otherwise of the original document.

The unimpeachable evidence of the photograph has likewise been on more than one occasion of service in our law courts; an inspection of its infallible record placing any case at once at its own standard, and thus saving the possibility of the contradictory evidence of a dozen human witnesses, each with a bias in a different direction.

The suggestion has also been made to employ this power of microscopic reduction in the arts of warfare. Suppose, for example, that two portions of the extreme line of an army met at a distance of one mile apart, and the communication being cut off by the enemy. A very simple arrangement would enable the fullest despatches to pass from one side to the other, without risk, and almost with the rapidity of electricity. The despatch is written, and a micro-photograph taken, which reduces it within the limits—if a long one—of a square inch. This is placed inside a hollow conical bullet, and the end closed with lead. The loading of a given signal would announce that a messenger was about to be forwarded; and with the accuracy which now distinguishes our rides, a commander might have his despatches delivered with a speed and punctuality to which no post-office has yet attained. In the case of a battle, the order of battle might be sent to the rear, between its inhabitants and an army approaching to relieve it, might be invaluable. In the same manner it has been suggested that micro-photographs of the most democratic article in the Times, or the most material woodcut in Punch, could be easily let slip deep into the jewelled bracelet of a British duchess, and thus smuggled through the best-guarded frontier of Europe.

And when accounts are received of a sanguine tourist having succeeded in photographing an execution with the head in the act of falling; or of another skilful experimentalist seeing a breaking wave on the beach and fixing it on his plate, with the cresting of the billows, and the spray of the sea, and when we hear of a shell being arrested in its flight and made to imprint its image as it issues from the monster 36-inch mortar, it is impossible to withhold our admiration for the marvellous powers of this physico-chemical art. At a whisper, too, of successful photographic forgery of bank-notes, some small excitement is caused in Threadneedle street; and on the other hand, when accounts are heard of £10,000 being annually saved in a Government department by employing photography instead of hand labour in the reduction of ordnance maps, the public are very ready to admit that the Sun is capable of more deeds than that of face-mapping; but few look beyond the surface and trace the revolution which is being effected in the power in the arts, manufacture, and commerce of the empire. In the first place, then, let us see what influence it exerts upon our current literature. In this kingdom alone, there are no less than six separate and independent periodicals, weekly, fortnightly, monthly, and quarterly, solely devoted to the publication of the written or printed words of the photographic world, and each well filled with advertisements addressed to its own circle of readers.

The aggregate number of the latter it would be impossible to estimate with any degree of certainty; but for several reasons we judge that they would be under-estimated at 10,000. The societies, or rather gossiping-clubs, as in every matter more appropriately be called, which are now so numerous, occupy not a few pages of these several journals, next claim our attention. One, at least, is to be met with in nearly every town of importance in the kingdom, the metropolis rejecting in no less than six, each having its president and officers, its periodical days of meeting, annual exhibition, and full dress affair.

Such being the amount and importance of what we may consider as merely ministering to the luxury of the art, how shall we find its necessities cared for. The manufacture of Tiphaigne's "volatile adhesive liquid" (collodion), given at the present time constant employment to some thousands, and has in the last few years more than quadrupled the demand for the chemicals employed in its preparation. The manufacture of the glass plates, which form the foundation for the popular and cheap positives, finds occupation for several glass works, where they are turned out by the thousand gross and ton-weight at a time, whilst other large manufacturers are constantly engaged in the considerable branch of consumer has fallen under our notice—those, like, gutta percha, earthenware, and paper. The apparently trivial article of no small importance, considering that one house in a single order has asked for a thousand gross. And quite recently, the germ of what must soon become another considerable branch of manufacture has fallen under our notice—that of photographic shirt-studs and waistcoat-buttons ornamented with microscopic miniatures. These are now being daily produced in countless numbers at the button-manufactories in Prussia; portraits of popular persons, Garibaldi for instance, being ordered by the hundred thousand at a time. To some taste-makers and clever manufacturers, the idea of photographing buttons has been the pretty fancy which some of these buttons contain, and we have heard amusing accounts of the flutter which has been created owing to the sudden demand for this latter commodity in the manufactures of these trinkets.

A consideration of the silver passing through the photographer's hands is, however, of far more importance than any of the preceding, if we think for a moment of the enormous amount which is thus consumed. From reliable data we estimate the amount of this precious metal used by photographers as not less than twenty tons weight per annum. The whole of this may be considered as withdrawn from commerce, and a great part of it is irretrievably lost to the world; for, in spite of the attempts on the part of some operators to collect the valuable residues, at least one-half finds its way down the sink, thence to the sewers, and ultimately to the sea, where it is likely to remain, unless the silver which is gradually precipitated upon the copper bottoms of ships may be considered as part of the contributions of extravagant photographers to the treasure of the deep.

As a medium for illustrating books the photograph has not hitherto met with the success which it deserves, the length of time required in printing, and consequently the expensive nature of this kind of embellishment, being

* Giphantie à Balyone. 12mo. 1760.

such as to prevent its general adoption. If, however, there be any truth in the accounts recently received of an American invention, by means of which photographs are to be printed at the rate of 12,000 per hour, another important revolution will be effected by the sun's agency, and we shall ere long see our illustrated newspapers adorned with photographs of the scenes for which they now have to depend upon the skill of the wood-engraver.

BALFE'S NEW OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

In this opera, *La Danseuse, la Breuvée*, Balfe appears in a somewhat new aspect. Hitherto his "line" has chiefly been the Opera Comique, and his music has generally been gay, light, and airy. His new work betrays; rather to the ground serious opera, or what the French call lyrical tragedy; and, in an entire absence of any of the style of which Balfe traces appear in his previous works. He has said aside to the French, and has turned himself to Meyerbeer. For our clever and popular countryman, with many merits, has not the merit of a distinctly-formed style and individuality of his own. He is a good singer, and his music is full of grace, beauty, and polish, readiness of thinking, and admirable skill in close imitation of the French style, and in the nature of the chameleon. His hues are bright, but they are variable and reflected from external objects; the external objects being the peculiarities of the composers whose works for the time engage his attention. This detracts a little from the grandeur of his style, and prevents him from standing in the full of his claim to a place among the great masters of the art.

With the view of this change of style Mr. Balfe has sought suitable materials to work upon, but he has not, we think, been entirely successful. He has found, with the help of Mr. Palgrave Simpson, a drama of the same large proportions and imposing aspect as the pieces produced on the stage of the Grand Opera. But its real tragic power and the amount of interest which it excites, are not in proportion to its pretensions; and the music-suffers, because, not being borne up by the strength of the subject, it seems exaggerated, and fails to make the designed impression. The occasional heaviness thus produced is the chief fault of the opera, though it is redeemed by great and numerous beauties.

The libretto is based on a forgotten melodrama of the once celebrated Monk Lewis, called "Rugantino, or the Bravo of Venice"; a piece which was popular in the day when Mr. Anne Radcliffe's romances were in fashion. The things are out of date now; our taste is changed, both literary and dramatic; and the story, which is a very good one, is not likely to find fitting audiences, they must be transported to the Surrey side of the river, or the regions of the Far East. The tediousness of this particular tale we shall not burden upon our readers; a slight indication of the subject will suffice. The Duke of Milan has a certain prince of Ferrara, between whom and the daughter of the Duke of Milan there is a love affair, and the Duke of Milan, a romantic gentleman—a male *Lepin Lupton*—who has no relish for a plain, prosaic wedding, but must have his nuptials seasoned with a sufficient quantity of difficulties and adventures, all of his own seeking. Accordingly, he sends his daughter to the court of the Duke of Ferrara, and then the story of a brigand chief, the terror of the country. Having contrived to satisfy his mistress, and expose her to needless danger of her life, only that he may rescue her from it; and having (which is really something worth while) brought about a conspiracy against the Duke, he thinks he has done enough, and brings about the death of the Duke. The Duke of Ferrara, who has been an adventurer or bravo, but the Prince of Ferrara, the *faisel* of the princess,

In all this there is nothing natural or real; nothing but a string of stage artifices and conventionalities. Our attention may be kept alive by a rapid series of incidents—we may enjoy the beauty of the music, the talent of the actors, and the brilliancy of the *apparatus*; but no deep interest is excited in behalf of any of the persons or events represented, inasmuch as they which express their passions and emotions, is deprived of its main strength, the strength which it derives from the sympathetic feelings of the audience. Look at "Norman," the "Sonnambula," the "Huguenots," say, "Ernani" or the "Foscari," and you will find the same weakness. The English composers exercise little judgment: they seem unable to discriminate between good and bad; and this defect, rather than the inferiority of musical talent, keeps them, even in the opinion of their countrymen, below their proper time.

Notwithstanding, however, the disadvantages under which Mr. Balfe has laboured, he has produced an opera which is not only successful, but deserves its success. His great experience, knowledge of the means of musical effect, and his happy choice of his art, have enabled him to adopt a style which, though not entirely new, is yet so judiciously adapted to the circumstances, that it is a most successful one. The music is full of rounded periods, resonant harmonies, and large masses of sound, have an imposing grandeur, of which there is little in his previous works; and his concerted pieces, full of dramatic action, are constructed with a masterly skill and effect. As in all Mr. Balfe's works, there are some of the most beautiful airs and ballads. Those which are likely to be popular are "My childhood's days," and "Twice my only thought," two charming ballads sung by Miss Louisa Pyne; a brilliant and impassioned song, "I may see him once again," also sung by her; an air, "The song of the nightingale," and a most animated song and choros, "Glorious wine," sung by Mr. Harrison.

If Mr. Balfe has not been altogether happy in the subject of his Opera, he has been completely so in its performance. Miss Pym and Mr. Harrison exert their whole powers, and the other principal parts are admirably sustained by Miss Threlwell (a delightful light comedian, as well as an accomplished singer), Mr. St. Albans, Mr. Laurence, and Mrs. Wharton. The libretto is nearly identical with those of the Royal Italian Opera, but never been so excellently executed there, and the scenery, decorations, dancing,—everything which belongs to the *grottesco*—are such as are seen only on the boards of Covent Garden.

GEORGE III.'S SAYING OF SCOTCHMEN AND IRISHMEN.—"I never knew," said George III. to an eminent statesman, "one Scotchman speak ill of another, unless he had a reason for it; and I never knew one Irishman speak well of another unless he had a reason for it."

PEKIN AND ITS ENVIRONS

The Great rivers in northern China are the Yang-tze-Kiang, the Hoang-ho, and the Pei-ho, which, descending from the highlands of Central Asia towards the same point on the shores of the Pacific, have formed a vast delta, extending in length 700 miles from the neighbourhood of the Great Wall southwards to the northern slopes of the Nanking chain, which forms a great barrier between the southern seaboard and the central provinces of the empire. This plain varies in width from 150 miles in the latitude of Peking, to 500 in the latitude of Nankin. It contains an area of 210,000 square miles, that is to say, it is seven times as extensive as the plain of Lombardy. It is traversed in its whole length by the imperial canal, a great work, connecting the three rivers above mentioned, which, constructed so early as the seventh century, has contributed to the greatness of the empire, in which it passes the most populous on the globe. The population of the Chinese empire is comparatively trifling; in fact, the area it covers, is no less than 170 millions; that is to say, nearly equal to one-third of the population of Europe.

In the south, the plain is traversed by the Yang-tze-Kiang and the Hoangho, the fertile alluvial soil abounds with fine trees, and produces magnificent crops of wheat, cotton, rice, and tobacco. It becomes more sandy and poor as it approaches Pekin; but, even in its northern parts, it is rich and luxuriant, and produces wheat and millet in the greatest abundance. The Great Wall, which separates the Map from the Plain, is a very extraordinary structure, to protect the fertile region we have just described from the incursions of the Tartar hordes, who wandered thence as they wander now, over the great desert of Central Asia. It is formed principally of earth, faced on each side with brick or masonry, and paved on the top with tiles. Its thickness at the base is twenty-five feet, its height from fifteen to thirty feet. The city of Pekin is, as appears from the Map, not more than thirty miles from the Great Wall. It is completely surrounded with walls forty feet high, and surmounted by a parapet deeply crenellated, so that the walls resemble the battlements of a castle. At the top, where the parapet is built, they slope inwards at some places by embankments, upon which horsemen can ascend to the edge, and ride along the wide surface at the top, which forms a roadway. Outside the wall are, at short distances, huge square towers. There are sixteen gates leading through it into the town. Over each of them is a water-tower nine stories high, and in each story are port-holes for cannon. The appearance of the city from the plain is very singular. The roofs of the numerous walled cities of Yangtsze, with their roofs, which, covered, however, with yellow, blue, and red tiles, or richly gilded, glitter brightly in the sun.

Pekin is divided into two great parts—the *Tartar city* and the *Chinese city*. In the heart of the former lies the Imperial Palace, or "prohibited city," and the pleasure-grounds surrounding it. The grounds within its inclosure are raised in artificial hills, on which great palaces are built. They are surrounded with canals and lakes, in which are small islands surrounded with kiosks and pavilions glittering among magnificent alder and poplar trees. The "prohibited city" is more minutely and systematically described by Father d'Almeida, one of the foreign Europeans who have seen it. The population of the "prohibited city" is very small. Outside of it is another inclosure, the "imperial city," to which admission is only accorded to persons known to the court. It is two square miles in extent, and is surrounded by what is called the *Imperial or Yellow wall*. In this and the preceding inclosure there are upwards of 200 palaces, all of great size. The *Tartar city*, properly so called, lies beyond the Imperial city. Near its southern end is the principal government office, and the residence of the *Chinese* and *Mongol* rulers of the *Manchu Empire*. On the wall, at the south-east corner stands the observatory, and near it the hall for literary examinations.

The "Outer, or Chinese city" lies to the south of the Tatar city. There are also two enclosures within the citadel, surrounding temples to Heaven and to Agriculture. The streets of Peking run in straight lines. Those of the greatest importance are from 140 to 300 feet in width and three miles in length. They are well aired, clean, and cheerful. The houses are of one story and are used in all the principal streets as shops, being adorned with wooden pillars, painted or gilt, behind which the goods are tastefully displayed. The houses crowd at all times along the thoroughfares. The streets are constantly thickened with brooms and wheelbarrows belonging to mechanics. A space, however, is left in the middle along which carts and strings of dromedaries, laden with coals, and funeral processions, are constantly passing and repassing. The private houses are never imposing externally, and do not open into the streets, but are reached by lanes, which run into the great thoroughfares, and which are locked up at night. The great majority of the people are very poor, and the government always has had great difficulty in quelling the mob, which is said to be very turbulent. The climate being severely cold in winter, the Chinese are very fond of warm food, and the fan is very rarely used, and the inhabitants therefore trust more to thick garments than to broad coats as the means of withstanding its effects. The population is estimated at 2,600,000.

THE TREATMENT OF THE BRITISH LEGION

To the Editor of "The London Review,"

SIR,—As in the infancy of the Legion you inserted in "THE LONDON REVIEW" an article which manifested a generous conception of its patriotic object, the remarks of your correspondent of last week are entitled to some notice on the part of promoters of the Legion, who necessarily limit themselves to replying to official mis-statements affecting its reputation, it being impossible, and undesirable if possible, to reply to all attacks upon it which political prepossession and ignorance of the history of the Legion may incite.

Your correspondent, "One who has just returned from Italy," must have enjoyed peculiar means of not knowing the truth. He is not aware of what took place on the field of Melazzo. English arms were wanted to turn the fortunes of

of the day, and well those who were there acquitted themselves. In many then-expected battles, Italy would have been proud of British aid, and grateful for it. If happily that day, when it came, was little required, let us not undertake the heroism which required it. Examine the unity of Italy have spoken gratefully of the design of the Legion; but let us note that the men did not go expecting their praise. No good is ever done which is not defamed by some one. He who desires a noble project on that ground will never stimulate the loftier sentiments of his race.

"One who has just returned from Italy" quite mistakes the facts of the career of the Legion. Consigned to one utterly incompetent to command, who had a military secretary quite as disastrously constituted, the Legionists were demoralized, starved, and goaded into disorganization. This was an accident that cannot happen always. Col. Poard refused a commissariat for the men. This monstrous fact, which accounts for anything ruinous, is not recognized, and seems unknown to your correspondent. The men expected hardships in the course of military duty; but they were not led to expect betrayal to absolute starvation, wanton and reckless abandonment to hunger, by one of their own officers and countrymen. Considering their treatment, the behaviour of the men has been admirable. Every officer who returns home, and has been an observer of what has taken place, testifies to the admirable qualities of the Volunteers, and with what ease ordinary good management would have secured the most satisfactory results. The heroic reticence of the men is not filling English newspapers with complaints in proof of their high qualities. The complaining has been done by correspondents gratuitously.

Dr. Bertani applied the money sent to him as Garibaldi sanctioned. To find fault with Bertani's disposition of funds is to find fault with the conquest of the Sicilies by Garibaldi; for, without the serene hopes which Bertani organized, and Mazzini found heroic men to constitute, there would have been no liberation of the Two Sicilies. Not sixpence of the money of the Legion ever went through Bertani's hands. Not £18,000, as your correspondent states, but £14,000, was the whole cost of the Legion to the Sardinian Government: which was incurred not by England but by Garibaldi's agents, and which the Garibaldi Special Fund Committee in London are endeavouring to raise subscriptions to repay. Mr. Isaac, who is harshly traduced as a Jew, acted throughout in an honourable manner. He did not seek the contracts. He did not make them. He accepted them on solicitation, when others were unable to fulfil them; and his application for payment was sanctioned by the London Committee, and was not made as represented. But I do not pursue these details. The remarks upon the cost of transport are utterly erroneous, and made in entire ignorance of the terms of the contract. No true Garibaldian regrets that the Legion went to Naples; he only regrets that it fell, owing to the inexperience of Lord Seymour (Colonel Poard's military secretary), under disastrous command. Every wise Garibaldian foresees the day when the British Legion will be needed again, and deplores the nervous and unjust tone taken with regard to it.

LONDON PRÆTOR.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LORD ROSSMORE.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., at Rosmore House, county Monaghan, the Right Hon. Henry Robert Westmore, 3rd Lord Rosmore, in the 66th year of his age. The deceased nobleman was the eldest son of Warner William, second peer, by his first wife, Maria Anne, 2nd daughter of Charles Walsh, Esq., of Walsh Park, county Tipperary, and was born in August 1792. He was a Deputy-Lieutenant for Buteshire, and Lord-Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of county Monaghan, and represented that county in the Liberal interest. From 1820, with slight intermissions, till he succeeded to the title in 1842, on the death of his father, who had been created at Her Majesty's coronation a peer also of the United Kingdom. Lord Rosmore was twice married: in 1820, to Miss Ann Douglas Hamilton, a natural daughter of the 5th Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who died in 1844 without issue. He married, secondly, in 1846, Julia Ellen Josephine, 2nd daughter of Henry Lloyd, Esq., of Parinore, co. Tipperary, by whom he had four daughters and four sons. He succeeded in the title and estate by his eldest son Mr. Henry Cairine Westmore, now 4th Lord Rosmore, who was born in 1851. The family of Westmore is of ancient extraction in Holland, and the first of his lordship's ancestors settled in Ireland, was Warner Westmore, Esq., who was a freeholder by act of Parliament, A.D. 1662. The Irish peerage of Rosmore was bestowed in 1798, on the Hon. Robert Cunningham, a General in the army, and Colonel of the 6th Dragoons, with remainder to his wife's nephew, the father of the nobleman so recently deceased.

LIEUT.-COL. HAMERTON, C.B.

On Friday, the 23rd ult., at 22, Lansdowne-place, Chelsea, aged 71, after a lingering illness, Lieut.-Col. John M. Hamerton, a gallant Peninsular officer. He was nephew, and the son of a friend, of the late Sir Wm. Hamerton, with the family of Earl Manservant. A brave soldier never served in the British army. He entered the service in 1806, joined the 95th regiment as second Lieutenant, and in that regiment when it formed part of Sir John Moore's celebrated division. He was taken prisoner at the battle of Corunna, and was sent to the 7th Fusiliers, with which regiment he landed at Lissien in April, and served through the campaigns of 1809 and 1810, and at the battles of Talavera and Buena Vista. He took part in the battles of Vittoria and Pampeluna, and in the Pyrenees, where he was wounded, and returned to England. He rejoined his regiment in 1815, and landed with it just two days too late to take part in the glorious and crowning battle of Waterloo. Colonel Hamerton was present at the Lines of Torres Vedras, at the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo, and took part in the affair of Roncesvalles, in every instance acquiring himself as a brave and gallant soldier. He was also present at the capture of Paris; and on the breaking up of the Army

of Occupation, in 1816, got the rank of Brevet-Major; but shortly after retired on half-pay; became Lieut.-Colonel in succession, and sold out altogether a few years back. For the above services, Colonel Hamerton received the silver medal with seven clasps.

SIR H. MARSH, BART.

On Saturday, the 1st inst., at his residence in Dublin, at an advanced age, Sir Henry Marsh, Bart., M.D., M.R.I.A., Physician in Ordinary to Her Majesty in Ireland. The deceased Baronet was the only surviving son of the late Rev. Robert Marsh, rector of Killyman, co. Galway; his mother was daughter of the Rev. Wm. Wolsey, and granddaughter of Sir Richard Wolsey, Bart., of Mount Wolsey, co. Cork; by Alice his wife, daughter of the famous Sir Thomas Molyneux, Bart., of Castle Dillan, co. Armagh, Physician-General to the army in Ireland. His great-grandfather, who was Archbishop of Dublin, and married a daughter of the learned and eloquent Bishop Jeremy Taylor, represented an old settled at Edgeworth, in that county, the baronetcy in 1838. He married, first, Anne, daughter of Thomas Crowe, Esq., of Ennis, co. Clare, and widow of William Arthur, Esq., by whom (who died in 1816) he had a son, Henry, major in the 3rd Dragoon Guards, who now succeeds to the title. Sir Henry married, secondly, in 1856, Mary, only daughter of the Rev. Robert Jolly of Portlanning, and widow of Thomas Kemmis, Esq., of Sharn House, Queen's co., Ireland. Sir Henry Marsh traced his descent up to the brother of Archbishop Chicheley, and to the sister of William of Wykeham, and consequently enjoyed the privileges of a "Founders' Kin" at All Souls' and New Colleges, Oxford.

LADY A. MURRAY.

On Thursday, the 6th inst., at Ochertyre, Perthshire, aged 48, the Lady Adelaide Augusta Lavina Keith Murray, wife of Sir William Keith Murray, Bart. Her Ladyship was the youngest of the four daughters of Francis, Earl of Mar, afterwards Marquis of Rockingham, of the earldom of India, by Flora, Countess of Loudoun, in her own right, and sister of the late Marchioness of Bute, Lady Selina C. Henry, and the late Lady Lady Flora. Her Ladyship was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Her Ladyship, in July 1854, became the second wife of Sir William Keith Murray, seventh and present Baronet, of Ochertyre, the eldest son of the late Sir Patrick Murray, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland.

LADY HERBERT.

On Thursday the 29th ult., at Florence, Lady Herbert, widow of the late Sir C. L. Herbert, Bart., in the 76th year of her age. Her Ladyship was Anne, daughter of the late Humphrey Henry Vane, Esq., of the city of Bristol, and married in 1812, Sir Charles Lyon Herbert, M.D., who was knighted in 1836, and died in 1855, at Florence, where he had lived for many years after retiring from his wide and extensive practice as a fashionable physician at the West End of London.

HON. MRS. FOLEY.

On Sunday, the 2nd inst., at Prestwood, near Stourbridge, aged 36, the Hon. Mrs. Henry T. Wentworth Foley. The deceased lady was the Hon. Jane Frances Anne, daughter of the late General Sir Richard Henry Vivian, G.C.B., afterwards Lord Vivian, by Eliza, daughter of Philip Champion de Crespigny, Esq., of Alborough, Norfolk. She was born in May 1824, and married in December, 1851, Henry John Wentworth Foley, Esq., M.P. for South Staffordshire, only son of J. H. Hodgkiss Foley, Esq., M.P. for East Worcestershire, cousin of Lord Foley, by whom she has left issue a son, Paul, born December, 1857.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Claude Joseph Alexandre Marquis de Brachet, de Peyrussac, de Fioresse, residing in Rue Neuve des Mathurins, in the city of Paris, Knight of the Royal and Military Order of St. Louis, having died possessed of property and securities in this country to the amount of £15,000 personally, became necessary to prove his will in the London Probate Court, and the testamentary documents bearing date respectively 1844, 1850, 1857, and 1859, were thereupon translated from the French language into the English, and were administered to on the 10th of the present month. The marquis has disposed of his property in the following manner: His late nephew, Count de Brachet, who was the principal legatee, having died previous to the testator, he has bequeathed the "usufruct" to the Countess de Brachet, the widow of his nephew; she takes the great as the mother and guardian of his, the testator's, grand-nephew and grand-niece, to whom the marquis has left the ultimate residue of his property. There are several legacies and annuities to his friends and to his dependents. The will is in the marquis's own handwriting, and there is a very remarkable circumstance alluded to by him with reference to premature interment, which is thus stated—"My uncle having been nearly buried alive, was several times discovered by my father to have resumed his senses, and lived for fifteen years afterwards. Believing that many persons are so interred, I request that I may be watched until the seventh day, then an incision to be made in my left chest, and my body opened without delay; and if I am found to be dead, my body being observed, I direct the sum of 2,000 fr. be given to the poor of the parish."

William Franks, Esq., F.R.S., of Woodhill, near Hatfield, Herts, died at Brighton, on the 14th of November last, aged 72, having made his will on the 1st of September, 1855, with a codicil in 1859, and another in 1860, appointing as his executors the Rev. Edward Francis Hodgson, M.A., rector of Stilton, with Bickering Lincoln, the testator's nephew, and William Franks, Esq., the testator's eldest son, to whom probate was granted by the London court, on the 8th of the present month. The personal property was sworn under £30,000. To his eldest son he has devised his real estates, subject to certain annuities and

Rebels of Books.

THE ASIAN MYSTERY.*

charges thereon, and has appointed him residuary legatee of his personality, he also receives a sum of £15,000 under a marriage settlement, in which the testator took a life interest, having survived his wife five years. To his son, the Rev. Edward Robert Francis, rector of Downham Market, Norfolk, he leaves the sum of £4,000, and the right of presentation to the living of Downham Market, annual value exceeding £400; he has also bequeathed to him several articles of plate, his bronzes, gips, and other specific bequests. To his daughter, Jane Caroline, he bequeaths the legacy of £1,000, in addition to £5,000 already bequeathed, and he also left many specific bequests. There are liberal bequests to his servants. This gentleman, who maintained an elevated position in society, had graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and took the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He was also a magistrate for the county of Hertford. His son and heir, William Francis, Esq., married a daughter of the late Major-General John T. Jones, Bart., K.C.H., was called to the bar in 1846, is also a magistrate for Hertford, and for Middlesex.

Baron Dickinson Webster, Esq., of Penna, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire, died on the 4th of August last, at the age of 42. He will leave about the 25th of December last, and a codicil in January, 1860, which were proved in the London court on the 27th of last month, by two of the executors and trustees, Henry Fox Britton, Esq., and Charles Cooper, surveyor, of Sutton Coldfield; to the latter he leaves, for the period of three years, the annual sum of £50, and £30 a year for the following ten years, for the trouble he will have in managing the estate. The other executors appointed are the relict and Peter Charles L. Webster, Esq., the testator's brother; to Mr. Webster and to Mr. Britton he leaves each the sum of 50 guineas to purchase some token of remembrance of him. The personality was sworn under £12,000, which amount is exclusive of freehold. He leaves to his relict an immediate legacy of £300, together with certain annuities and contingent legacies, and a residuary estate, and a codicil, and other effects, for her own use absolutely, and a life-interest in the library of books and the plate, and in the annual proceeds arising from the residue of his real and personal estate. The testator directs that the sums of £5,000 and £2,000, and is to be invested for the benefit of his children and his daughter until they are of age, and to his daughter he has left the rest of the jewellery. On the demise of the widow, the residuary estate is to be divided, under certain stipulations, amongst all his children. The testator was Deputy-Lieutenant for the county of Warwick, also a magistrate for that county and for Staffordshire, and held the rank of captain in the Staffordshire Yeomanry.

General Sir Henry Wyndham, K.C.B., M.P., of Cockermouth Castle, Cumberland, died possessed of personal property to the amount of £700,000. He had made his will on the 17th of July, 1859, and in it he made his only son his adopted daughter, Georgiana Paula, wife of Charles Wyndham, Lieutenant 9th Bengal Light Cavalry, as well as all his personal estate, to her and her heirs, &c., absolutely, and appointed her sole executrix. This lady, the sole legatee, died in 1858, and no other will having been discovered, the administration of her estate was granted, annexed, were granted to Sir Henry's relict, Elizabeth Lady Wyndham, the estate having to be divided under the statute of Distributions. Sir Henry entered the army at the early age of 16, served during the memorable campaign in the Peninsula, and at Waterloo. The last portion of his life he represented Cockermouth and West Cumberland in Parliament.

David Jardine, Esq., one of the Magistrates of Bow-street Police-office, of Cumberland-road, Hyde Park, died on the 13th of September last, at his country residence, Weybridge, Surrey. His will was proved in the London court on the 27th of last month, by the executors are his wife and the Rev. John Gryll Lonsdale, M.A., Canon of Lichfield; the latter also has taken the grant of probate, the wife having died previous to the testator. The will is short, and entirely in Mr. Jardine's own handwriting. He devised his real estate to his wife, bequeathing to her also his personal property; the latter estimated for probate duty at £14,000. Mr. Jardine made no further disposition of his property since the death of his wife, who was the sole legatee, and the only person who would have derived any benefit under the will. Owing to this circumstance, the estate has to be divided in pursuance of the statute of Distributions.

Lady Macdonald, formerly of Arlington-street, Piccadilly, who died at Dolesconner, France, on the 16th of October last, had made her will on the 6th of September, 1856. She appointed her sister, Lady Malcolm, sole executrix, who proved the will, with a codicil, in the London court on the 25th of last month. Beginning at the root, every one of these creatures would round by the thin rim of a creeping plant, giving it the appearance of a piece of twine. The curls are left exposed for about two inches, and curled and curled. This curious collection of six hundred locks of hair is thrown back over the forehead, and hangs down the back, every one of these curls is a separate and round a semi-circle of curls from ear to ear, or from shoulder to shoulder. Viewed at a distance you imagine that the man has got some strange sort on, made of whip-cord. It reminds one of the Egyptian galleys in the British Museum, and strikingly comes with the illustrations in the "Arabian Nights." Lady Macdonald, also, hanging down in lots of little curls, two or three inches below the chin, which are to be seen in engravings from the Assyrian sculptures, are precisely what is to be seen at the present day at Tanna. Dr. Livingstone has found something like it in South Africa, and in the South Sea Islands.

HAIR-DRESSING IN POLYNESIA.—CURIOUS CONCOINCE.—"There is," observes the Rev. Mr. Turner, in his work on Polynesia, "something quite unusual in the way the men do up their hair. They wear it twelve and eighteen inches long, and have it divided into nine six or seven hundred little locks, or tresses. Beginning at the root, every one of these curls is a separate and round by the thin rim of a creeping plant, giving it the appearance of a piece of twine. The curls are left exposed for about two inches, and curled and curled. This curious collection of six hundred locks of hair is thrown back over the forehead, and hangs down the back, every one of these curls is a separate and round a semi-circle of curls from ear to ear, or from shoulder to shoulder. Viewed at a distance you imagine that the man has got some strange sort on, made of whip-cord. It reminds one of the Egyptian galleys in the British Museum, and strikingly comes with the illustrations in the "Arabian Nights." Lady Macdonald, also, hanging down in lots of little curls, two or three inches below the chin, which are to be seen in engravings from the Assyrian sculptures, are precisely what is to be seen at the present day at Tanna. Dr. Livingstone has found something like it in South Africa, and in the South Sea Islands.

ATROCIOUS NOTICES IN TAVNA.—The savages of Tanna, we are informed by the missionary clergyman, the Rev. George Turner, have the heavens portended into constellations. They have the canoe with its outrigger; the duck; and a man near it with his bow drawn, and taking his aim; the cooking-house together with the company of little children all sitting out, and many other objects. These constellations form their astronomical clock; and by looking up they can tell you whether it is near morning or midnight. Then they have their traditions as to how these canoes, and ducks, and children got up to the heavens."

LABOUR is not always rewarded by the results, to gain which the toil was commenced and undergone. This is often discouraging; but there is consolation in the fact that no good efforts are entirely unproductive, and they leave no doubt even if the result is not always what we expected. Of no kind of labour can this be more frequently recorded than that of the missionary in foreign, imperfectly civilized, or wholly barbarous, lands. Those to whom he is sent, may not receive so readily, or extensively, as could be wished, the good news of the Gospel; and he is often obliged to leave the field of his mission, and to seek for other opportunities of doing good. The missionary in foreign lands, however, has not only received our knowledge of the waste places of the world. To such knowledge this volume is a remarkable contribution. It is the result of the observation and research of a clergyman who spent many years among the nomadic tribes of Syria, associating constantly with a section of the inhabitants who have for many ages preserved a peculiar creed. It is neither Christian nor Mahometan, yet includes some of the tenets and practices of both, strangely blended with something of a Paganism more ancient than either. It includes a Persian origin of the race or tribe, and contains distinct traces of Buddhism in a belief in the transmigration of souls. It cannot be imputed as blame to the author that the seed falls on a stony soil, where, "having no root, it withereth." And we gather by inference, for it is not distinctly stated, that Mr. Lyde's labour of many years, was not a thankless one. A faint hope for the future is all he ventures to express. But the opportunity of tracing the history of such a race, and investigating so singular a creed, has been well employed.

The work is especially interesting at the present time; it was written before the outbreak of religious fanaticism in Syria started Europe with a tale of sanguinary horrors. The author, we regret to learn, died at Cairo, in the spring of the present year, and his work could not be coloured by the dreadful events that have since occurred. Yet without predicting it, few events so important as the very thing which is the widest of the widest of the world, the Christians and Mahometans; and the hatred of each sect for all the others, is fierce and unextinguishable, or to be quenched only in blood. The feeble Turkish Government has now been roused, by England and France, and has sent an expedition to Syria, but before this expedition its authority was either nominal, or so apathetic, as to furnish no restraint to the wars of tribe with tribe. Its contempt for the "dages" of every creed differing from that of Islam, was complete. Like Iago, it was quite indifferent which of the opponents was exterminated, and it cared not for the result, but for the power beyond the control of its official selectors; the Druses appeared to have the decided advantage, and pashas and governors, almost disposed to indulge that hatred of the Christian name, which is the most active form of Moslem zeal, joined the winning side. But Syria, startled at the sight of the Oriental sword, and the Christian name, has intervened, and the central government has been compelled to act in repression and punishment of what it had long viewed with criminal indifference. We notice here later events, in connection with Mr. Lyde's work; for those who do not read the book, may be interested to know that the Syrian Maronites cannot be clearly understood without the information the "Asian Mystery" abundantly supplies.

In the century from whence Christianity spread over the civilized world it began early to be corrupted by mixture with strange doctrines, gathered from the Egyptians, the Arabian idolaters, even from the Persians and Hindoos. Sects arose, and the people of the East, who were still Christian in name, but in fact, were no longer so. The Greek Church, which was the most active form of Moslem zeal, joined the winning side. But Syria, startled at the sight of the Oriental sword, and the Christian name, has intervened, and the central government has been compelled to act in repression and punishment of what it had long viewed with criminal indifference. We notice here later events, in connection with Mr. Lyde's work; for those who do not read the book, may be interested to know that the Syrian Maronites cannot be clearly understood without the information the "Asian Mystery" abundantly supplies.

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* The Asian Mystery. Illustrated in the History, Religion, and Present State of the Assassins and Fumars of Syria. By the Rev. Samuel Lyde, M.A. Longman & Co.

posed some hymns, and attempted to establish schools. But, as they had an almost insuperable aversion to deal with *Fe*, could be induced to attend the schools, and none would come and live with them as servants. At first, it was still more difficult to manage the girls than the boys; although Mrs. Turner and Mrs. Nisbett did eventually succeed in teaching some of the young women needlework. Before the novelty of the first Sabbath or two there was no getting a congregation; and there was no mode of inducing the people to refrain from labouring on the Sunday. Here is the way in which the natives argued on the matter—

"They thought, that as their own gods (the *dai*l's spirits of their ancestors) only required the offering of a few things once a week as a *pu*, they might venture to make less than a whole *day* out of every seven days as their own *pu*."

There were two main impediments in the way of the new missionaries. The first, that every two or three villages formed a distinct community—a petty nation in itself—exercising the rights of war and peace with its adjoining neighbors. Consequently it was difficult to work with them. Next, that these small villages, though not more than five or six miles from the base of the mountains, were so far quite a different district from that which they had acquired at Tanna. Thus to travel from one tribe to another was to expose a Christian missionary to instant death; and thus, when the danger had been incurred and escaped from, his presence was of no avail, for neither he nor the savages could understand one another—they spoke different languages.

On more than one occasion both Mr. Turner and Mr. Nisbett escaped, as by a miracle, from the attempts made by the savages of hostile tribes to assassinate them. No peril terrified these English clergymen, and no difficulty daunted them; and yet they had eventually to fly from Tanna. The cause of their overthrow was this—they had interfered with the livelihood of certain charlatans, who were known by the name of "disease-makers."

The operations and practices of these wretches is so like what we read respecting the practices of wizards, necromancers, and magicians in the dark ages of Europe, that the following account given of them by Mr. Turner cannot fail to be read with interest:—

[illegible]

The spread of Christianity threatened the annihilation of this unholy traffic between the West and the wilderness. Those who profited by the destruction of the Indians' lives and property were determined that they would not be persuaded the various tribes of savages and the missionaries that they were the only way had spread amongst them, was the doing of the Christians, and the only way of freeing themselves from pestilence and death was by killing the strangers.

The perils of the missionaries, their wives, and attendants, were great, and their sufferings terrible. Happily they were saved from martyrdom by the providential arrival of a Holston Town whaler, which conveyed them from Tanna to Saevaka.

What was done at Samoa is to be learned from this volume. We have but quoted so much of the adventures of the missionaries as an inducement to our readers to procure the work for themselves. They will find it a delightful book whether they take it up from curiosity, or from a higher feeling.

THE MONKS OF THE WEST.*

ROME, the Pope, his cardinals, and his court, have been so continually assailed lately in all modern publications that it is rather a remarkable fact to find one of the greatest and most celebrated literary men in France writing a work of considerable extent (6 vols. 8vo.) of which the object is the re-habilitation of the monks and the Papal authority.

If Count de Maillebois were only known as a staunch adherent to the Roman Catholic faith, his book would probably excite less attention; but as he is at the same time an eloquent and learned author, and a great political champion, the two first volumes of his history have created much room in Paris. In the first volume, he has shown the monks to have been the authors of the French revolution; he has shown how they have been the cause of the destruction of the liberties which they themselves have served rendered by the monks to Christianity and to the civilization of Europe by their charity, laborious industry, and their merciful intervention towards the oppressed serfs and the owners of the soil. On the other hand, as a faithful historian, he frankly relates the vices and even crimes of which the monastic order has been accused, and which he has endeavored to prove to be of a similar nature. In support of this assertion the author quotes a remarkable concession from the pen of Voltaire, that inveterate enemy of the monastic order. In one of his great historical works, "Essai sur l'Esprit et les Mœurs de la Nation Française," Voltaire writes, "On ne peut nier que par suite de la dévotion, les hommes ne fussent devenus plus réguliers, plus sages, plus industrieux, et que par conséquent les mœurs ne fussent devenues plus vertueuses." It is, nevertheless, certain that vice abounds to a far greater extent in secular life, and the greatest crimes have not been committed in convents, but immunities appear in an exaggerated light when placed in contrast with the strictness of the monastic life. The crimes of the monks are, therefore, not the worst ever existed but have been entirely free from reproach."

Count de Montalembert commences his history in the year 312, at the period when the Emperor Constantine proclaimed Christianity throughout the Roman empire, and he establishes a curious parallel between the invasion of the barbarians and the establishment of the monastic orders. "The Roman empire without the barbarians," says he, "was an abyss of slavery and corruption. The barbarians without the monks would have been a chaos. The barbarians and the monks, combined, constituted a new world, a universe of Christianity."

Then follows a vivid and interesting sketch of the monastic institutions, from

the *Thébaïs*, or residence of the Fathers of the Desert (*les Pères du Desert*) to the end of the sixth century, when St. Benedict appeared.

The various dramatic episodes contained in this work, the beautiful delineation of manners and customs, and the graphic descriptions of the lives of St. Paul, St. Gregorius of Nazianzen, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustin, St. Martin, and of the first noble Roman ladies who embraced monastic life, present a picture scarcely excelled in pathos and interest by the first writers of romance and fiction.

The author narrows in interview of the monk Severinus, who lived on the borders of the Danube with Odacoe, king of the Héruli. When the borders of the empire were so narrow, the emperor Valentinian III. was obliged to frequently limit on their way to ask the blessing of those men renowned for their piety, whose lives spent in solitude and prayer made them objects of universal veneration. One of the Héruli, a young man clad in a wolf's skin, but of noble birth, was called Severinus. He was a hermit, who dwelt in a cave near the cell of the anchorite, came to ask the advice of Severinus with regard to his future course. "Go," said the monk—"Go towards Italy; thou wilt never see me again." "Why should I go?" said the young man. "I have no other wish than to be liberally to all." This young man was Odacoe. At the head of the Héruli he took and sacked Rome, sent Romulus Augustulus, the last Emperor of the Western Empire, to die in exile; and disclaiming the title of emperor for himself, was satisfied with the title of king. He was afterwards slain by the emperor Justinian. The advice of the poor monk on the Danube, and wrote to desire him to make any request he chose. Severinus, in reply, merely asked for the pardon and restitution of his cave.

The second volume opens with the life and labours of St. Benedict, born in 480, of the illustrious Roman family of the Anicii. At fourteen years of age he left his home and retired to the wild mountains, where flows the river Anio, about fifty miles west of Rome. There he spent three years in such complete solitude that some shepherds who accidentally discovered his retreat, took him at first for some wild animal.

In order to appreciate the descriptive talent displayed by Collo de Montseniadre, one should read, among other amazing episodes of the life of St. Benedict, his interview, in 542, with Totila, King of the Ostrogoths, who defeated Belisarius, and conquered Italy and Sardinia. For the benefit of those who take delight in the story of the life of the great monk, I will give a brief summary of the interview and his sister. He and Scolastica were born on the same day, and loved each other with a devotion for which twins are often remarkable. When Benedict retired to the monastery of Monte Cassino, Scolastica followed him, and founded with him a convent of twelve nuns. She lived with him for more than thirty years, and one year, and prayed together in a shepherd's hut in the valley between the two convents. One day the sister, having a secret foreboding that she should see her brother no more, begged him, after the evening meal, to spend the night with her. He refused, saying that he must go to bed, and that he would be obliged to be out of the convent after dark." Scolastica, full of sorrow, laid down her head on her clasped hands, which rested on the table, and wept and prayed with fervour. The weather had been calm and bright; but suddenly a violent tempest arose, and the wind howled so furiously that the convent was shaken. Benedict now his companion could by any means leave the shelter of the hut. Seeing this, Benedict said to his sister, "What hast thou done? May God forgive thee!" "Yes, even so," she answered; "I prayed to Him; He knew my heart, and He has heard me." She then turned to her brother and said, "I am forsaken, Benedict and Scolastica separated at sunrise, and the two sisters never met again in this world. Three days afterwards, while standing at the window of my cell, Benedict had a vision wherein he beheld the face of his sister, seeming to call to him, and saying, 'Come, my dear brother, I am waiting for thee.' I went to Monte Cassino, where they were laid in a tomb prepared by the brother for himself and his sister, in order that death should not divide the bodies of those whose souls had been so long united in the love of God. Forty days later

It is to St. Gregory we owe this touching little episode, and he adds that doubtless for the sake of Scholastica's great sisterly love, which occasioned her grief, was her prayer so visibly answered. For is not love the ladder to heaven whose base God has placed in the human affections?

The author proceeds to give a history of the monastic orders in Italy and in Spain during the sixth and seventh centuries; he describes the conquest of Gaul by the Franks, and the civilising influence of the monks on these barbarians. From the depths of their wild forests were heard pious voices chanting the beautiful canticle of Isaiah, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the fields shall clap their hands." &c.

The end of the second volume contains the romantic lives of St. Patrick and of St. Columbanus. The first, stolen by pirates, was sold in Ireland as a slave, and underwent every sort of hardship as a cattle-driver, before he returned to the country as a bishop, to preach Christianity. The second, St. Columbanus, abandoned the luxuries in the midst of which he was born, and undertook through Europe an *Odyssey* of his own, but almost as interesting and as varied as the

Although the subject chosen by Count de Montalembert may not at first sight seem a popular one, we have not for many years met with so readable and pleasant a work from the French press.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

THERE is nothing more indicative of the great changes that has taken place in the manners of this country, than the mode in which the festival of Christmas is now observed. The spirit of merriment and the feelings of good fellowship have not abated one jot. There is still the old Scandinavian fervour which disported itself in the Yule-tide season, before the presiding of the Gospel had been proclaimed; but the love of the poor, which was then the chief aim, is still the old hospitable, bountiful, and generous spirit which sent round the wassail-bowl, and threw open the door of the beehive hall at Christmas-tide to rich and poor; there is still the same martial, innocent, cheerful ardour which confers a high privilege upon the midwife, and the same hearty and generous spirit which has enshrined with the dark leaves of the ivy, and glistering with the red berries of the holly. The spirit of "Old Father Christmas" is stout and strong as ever, but the manner of observing his festival has changed. Instead of good cheer and high spirits, the merriment is now a pale, cold, and unbecoming mimicry of the drama and the novel; there is a communion in the Row;—the publishers are busy with authors and artists, and the result is the issuing forth, day by day, of such gorgeous "Christmas Books," that the splendours of medieval Christmas are completely dimmed, its noisy mirth quelled, and its religious spirit, by a more than a hundred fold, more of extermination.

Christmas books are decidedly a modern invention. Why have our makers

* Les Moines d'Occident, depuis St. Benoît jusqu'à St. Bernard. Par le Comte de Montalembert, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris: Lecoffre. London: P. Nutt. 1860.

have most recently appeared are not unworthy of her name. "The Hungarian Love-Song," a tender leave-taking between a young soldier going to the wars and his sweetheart, is simple and expressive. The words are a dialogue between the pair, but it is meant to be sung by a single voice, not as a duet. "The Brook" is a graceful setting of Tennyson's well-known verse. The air, like the words, is quaint, and the murmur of the brook is well imitated by the accompaniment. "Janet's Bridal," the simple tale of a village girl, is pretty, but its simplicity is marred by the formidable inharmonious change from four flats to four sharps in the middle of it—a little bit of pedantry wholly uncalled for. "The Mother's Farewell" is full of melody and feeling.

THE IVY AND THE BELL.

A LEGEND OF CLYDELL TOWER.

In days when Alfred ruled the land,
As ancient legends tell,
The Ivy was a gardener's lad,
And loved a lady well;
And the Bell that hangs in the turret high
Was the lady pure as snow,
The only daughter of an Earl,
A thousand years ago.

That lady fair, so bright and rare,
Had suitors many a one,
Both knights and carls, and knaves and churls;
But she loved the gardener's son.
They pledged their faith, in life or death,
In happiness or woe,
And seal'd the promise with a ring,
A thousand years ago.

The grim earl read his magic book,
And lo! he bared his sight,
The deeds they did, the love they laid,
Were clear as morning light.
He swore an oath to slay them both,—
The maid for looking low,
The gardener's lad for looking high,—
A thousand years ago.

By magic might he changed the lad
Into an Ivy flower,
And the lady bright to the booming Bell
That swings in the doxy-tower.
"Be this," quoth he, "the doom they drew,
Who guiled a father so!"
And the grim earl burned his magic books,
A thousand years ago.

But every time the Bell was rung
The Ivy spread and grew,
"Climb to me, climb!" said every chime,
"O Ivy! ever true!"
And the Ivy clomb an inch a day,
As never did Ivy grow,
And rock'd the Bell and cover'd it o'er,
A thousand years ago.

A mortal hand ne'er rang the Bell,
But up in its turret high
It peal'd sweet tones, like Nornland runes,
To the breeze that wander'd by;
And every year at Christmas Eve,
As winds begin to blow,
You may hear it ring—as oft it rang
A thousand years ago.

Sometimes merry, and sometimes sad,
But always sweet and clear,
And all who listen dream of Love,
And the hearts they hold most dear,
For Love's the name, and ever the name,
Though ages ebb and flow!—
O Love, be happier than thou wert
A thousand years ago!

WAR THE RULE OF SAVAGE LIFE.—"All the men go about armed. When at work in their plantations their arms are never out sight, and at night they sleep within reach of their clubs. Even the little boys must have their tiny clubs and spears, and bows and arrows, and always go about ready for a quarrel." Such is the Rev. Mr. Turner's description of the savage inhabitants of Tonina. "War," he says, "is the rule, peace the exception. They were fighting during five out of the seven months we lived among them. There is ample proof that war is the enemy of civilization, and the element of savage life. We were never able to extend our journeys above four miles from our dwelling. At such distances you come to boundaries, which are never passed, and beyond which the people speak a different dialect. At one of these boundaries actual war will be going on; at another, kidnapping and cooking each other; and at another, all may be peace, but, by mutual consent, they have no dealings with each other."

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LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Judge Hiltbren is said to be engaged on a new work, containing an apology for the conduct of the Orangemen during the Canadian travels of the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Croxson, author of the "Field Book of the Revolution," is preparing for the American press a work on the war of 1812, based, in a great measure, on oral information.

It is reported that Nathaniel Hawthorne is writing a new story, the subject being our English Life.

"Fire-side Travel" is the subject of a new work from John Russell Lowell, author of "The Biglow Papers."

Mr. Booth announces "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," by the Rev. J. Pyeard; a new and cheaper edition of "Twenty Years in the Church," by a new novel by Miss Cayley, called "Chance," and "Pickering's," and such other Provincial Tales, from the Russian of Soltkov, translated by Frederick Astor.

In the January number of "Temple Bar," Mr. Sala will commence a new serial story, entitled, "The Seven Sons of Mammon."

Meers. Longman will publish immediately "Molania," a new Arabian Night Entertainment.

In addition to the six lectures "on the Chemical History of a Candle," adapted to a juvenile audience," by Professor Faraday, which are about to be delivered at the Royal Institution, Professor Owen will deliver twelve lectures on Fables; Professor Twiss, twelve lectures on Electricity; and Dr. Edward Frankland, ten lectures on Inorganic chemistry.

Mr. W. Collins, of Glasgow, will publish this month, "Palestine in 1860," a series of twenty-four photographic views, with descriptive letter-press, by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan; also, "Jerusalem in 1860," a series of twelve photographic views of Jerusalem, &c.

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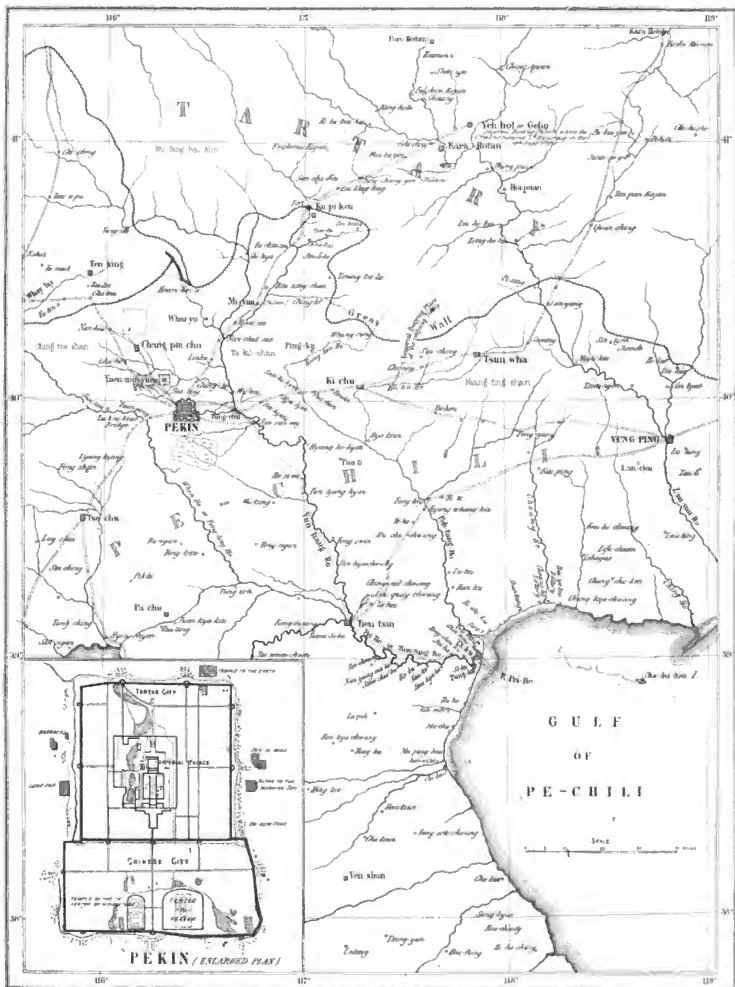
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Of Politics, Literature, Art, & Society.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No. 25.]

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1860.

[PRICE 3d.]

HOW TO MAKE THE CHINESE KEEP TREATIES.

THE telegram which formed the text of our article on China affairs last week, announced it to be the intention of the allies to winter in Peking. We pointed out the difficulties which opposed themselves to this scheme, and questioned the propriety of its adoption. The telegram received on Saturday, reports that the evacuation of Peking by the allied armies commenced on the 5th of November. As we anticipated, that evacuation formed the basis of negotiation. In order to get us out of Peking, the Chinese have signed anything. They did the same at Tien-tsin in 1858. The only objection to treaties signed under this system of compulsion is, that they are not considered binding by the Government from which they have been wrung. Unfortunately, we have no choice in China between treaties thus extorted and no international relations at all. Our duty is now to force the Government to keep it, just as we have forced them to make it. Chinese morality is as elastic as Indian-rubber, and will fly back if the tension is withdrawn. The sword of Damocles must be kept constantly suspended above the Imperial head, even when His Majesty is refreshing himself by "hunting according to law."

If we do not now indulge in quite so loud a crow of self-gratulation as some of our contemporaries, it is because we have never shared their anxieties or doubts, and do not now rush into the opposite extreme, and predict a halcyon period of intercourse with the Celestials. We have always believed that the same sagacity and firmness which carried Lord Elgin triumphantly through the negotiations of 1858, would carry him through those of 1860; and we as certainly predict that if he is thwarted again as he was thwarted then in the measures to be adopted for enforcing the maintenance of their obligations upon the Chinese, the treaty of Peking will be of as little value as the treaty of Tien-tsin. Had he been allowed to exchange the ratifications of that treaty himself, and keep a naval force watching the mouth of the Peiho, the disaster of the following year and the present war never would have occurred, and now his efforts will be valueless, if his policy is changed with his departure.

We have every reason to hope that both the Government at home, and the naval and military authorities with whom he is acting, have learnt wisdom. He has, at least, had the satisfaction of carrying out his original wish, of exchanging himself the ratification of his own treaty, for the treaty now concluded is, in fact, almost identical with that signed at Tien-tsin, and we have observed on this occasion that there has been every desire manifested both by the naval and military commanders-in-chief to aid and not to thwart his policy. For the energetic manner in which Sir Hope Grant supported diplomatic pressure by military tactics, he deserves the highest credit. When the operations of war and diplomacy are so intimately connected as they always must be in China, it is of the utmost importance that a good understanding should subsist between the chiefs of the two branches. To this we attribute the success of the present negotiations, to the absence of it the failure of those which were concluded by Lord Elgin during his previous mission. The difficulties which that nobleman had to encounter in 1858 were incomparably greater than those which he has overcome in 1860, and his courage in facing a second time the trials and responsibilities of a post he knew so well entitles him to a higher meed of praise than any exhibition of diplomatic skill. To risk a reputation hardly earned in other fields, and

health already injured by the same climate, to incur perils incidental to a most hazardous enterprise in an enemy's country, and the hostile criticism of a large political section at home, who will not be satisfied with success, and would have triumphed in failure, demands an amount of patriotism not often found among the public men of the present day, which they will, therefore, probably be the last to appreciate. Did we meet with it oftener, we should not have thought it necessary to allude thus fully to the services rendered by Lord Elgin to his country.

Turning once more to the state of matters in China, as indicated by the last telegram, we think it probable that Lord Elgin has waived the point of the personal interview with the Emperor, who, we are informed, was to return to Peking after the evacuation had taken place. As he has carefully caused this question to be considered one of courtesy and not of right, we do not attach any importance to this concession. So long as our troops remained in possession of Peking, it was scarcely possible to expect the Emperor to return to his capital, as he would doubtless suppose that by doing so, he would incur the risk of being taken prisoner. It will be left for Mr. Bruce to overcome the scruples of the Chinese court upon this point, and we doubt not, that in process of time the formidable question of the "Kotow" will be satisfactorily settled. Meantime it was evidently the intention of Lord Elgin to establish his brother in Peking before leaving the capital, and we may presume that, for the present, a strong guard will be left with him there as a protection. The rest of the army will be withdrawn to Tien-tsin, which it will occupy during the winter. So long as it remains there, we have little doubt of the treaty being kept; but the question the public asks itself is, are we to occupy Tien-tsin for ever? If not, when we withdraw our troops, what guarantee have we that the treaty will still be kept? We maintain that we have it now in our power to create one.

If, when the army leaves Tien-tsin, it leaves behind it a railway in full operation between Peking and Taku, we shall have no fear of Mandarin treachery. The scheme sounds startling—all new ideas are; but let us begin with laying down a line over the thirty-six miles of flat steppe country between Taku and Tien-tsin, ostensibly for the benefit of our own troops, and we shall soon make the Chinese feel the advantages we have conferred upon them, and interest them in its maintenance. The whole grain-supply of Peking passes between these two points; it amounts to upwards of 100,000 tons annually, and between 4,000 and 5,000 river junks are employed in its transport. This is only one item which might be conveyed along the line; but when it is remembered that all those inland products of China which formerly passed along the Grand Canal now come by the way of Taku, some idea may be formed of the traffic which converges on Tien-tsin. That city, containing 500,000 inhabitants, would soon appreciate the advantages of safe and speedy transport to the coast, while an extension of the line to Peking would offer no engineering difficulties. Popular pressure, an important element in China, would overcome the opposition of the Mandarins, when the masses discovered the benefit of the invention. We should enlist the people on our side, as indeed they always have been to some extent, and wage a moral war upon the proud exclusiveness and dogged obstinacy of Chinese officials, more difficult to resist than King's Dragoon Guards and Armstrong guns.

When once the advantages of a railway have been appreciated by so

intelligent a people as the Chinese, the Government will not be able to prevent their construction in other parts of China, where the roads and canals are now crowded by a restless and teeming population engaged upon a gigantic system of internal traffic. It is possible that we shall find some difficulty in getting our indemnity paid on the spot. There are many ways by which we might coerce the Government into assisting us instead of paying hard cash, while we shall never have such another opportunity of constructing a railway in China as under the auspices of an army on the spot to insure official acquiescence. The country swarms with a ragged population who would be too happy to work in gangs of thousands at twenty cash, or rather less than a penny, a day each. Many of the internal provinces of China produce excellent coal, while we have already described the facilities afforded by the natural features of the country to a work of this description.

We would earnestly press these considerations, not only upon the public, but upon the Government. Politically as well as commercially we are convinced that the scheme would answer. Our Minister at Peking would no longer feel at the mercy of Chinese mandarins if he had a railway at his door. The merchants would no longer be dependent upon Chinese traders, but could enter the country, and make their own purchases of tea and silk in the provinces which produce them. We may safely assert that, in no country in the world would railways pay better than in China. In no country would their civilizing effects be more rapidly felt. They would bind treaties, ensure peace, and demolish for ever those barriers which neither war nor diplomacy have yet been able to break down.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

THREATENED men live long—and so may threatened confederations. To understand how fervently Americans of every shade of political opinion are attached to theirs, let but an Englishman or a Frenchman presume to express his belief that the slavery question will cause a disruption of the Union; and it will be found that Democrats will join with Republicans and Republicans with Democrats, forgetful of their mutual recriminations and animosities, to fall upon the foolhardy stranger who has dared to utter the treason. The foreign critic in such a case finds himself in the position of the benevolent bystander, who interfered in a quarrel between a cotermerger and his wife. Besides receiving a torrent of abuse from both parties, he will be fortunate if he escape being pummelled by the man, and scratched by the woman, for not minding his own business.

The fact is, that notwithstanding the bitterness of their quarrels, the North and the South know themselves to be absolutely necessary to each other. Every American statesman and man of note, from Maine to Texas, and from New Jersey to California, looks upon the Federal Union as essential to the prosperity and dignity of all the States. Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Cam, General Scott, General Houston, Mr. Douglas, Mr. Bell, Mr. Breckenridge, and scores of others equally noteworthy, however much they may differ on the slavery question, agree in their love of the Union, and in their determination to uphold it should the worst come to the worst, and muttered rebellion ever assume the proportions of overt and successful treason.

For those reason American citizens and the world in general look to Mr. Buchanan's annual Message to Congress to discover, amid the mass of what he says, whether he means to do anything with the rebellious South. It is gratifying to find that, although he uses harsh and unjust language to the North, and rather puts the South patronizingly on the head than otherwise, he has determined not to interfere. Mr. Buchanan is right. Wisely to do nothing, to be masterly inactive, to watch and wait, to let the sulky child sulk in a corner until it thinks better of itself and of circumstances, to let it vent its petulance in angry declamation, or even in playing at soldiers, is the true policy to pursue with regard to South Carolina, or any other State that threatens secession; and would be equally the best policy of the existing President were he in his first instead of his last year of office.

Europeans, and Englishmen more particularly, are apt to imagine, in their own philanthropic dislike and horror of slavery, that the American abolitionists, who denounce it so lustily, are animated by the same feelings of humanity and religion with which men look on the matter in the Old World. But the case is not so. There are, doubtless, many men like the Hon. Charles Sumner, Mr. Wendell Phillips, and Mr. Lloyd Garrison, or like the late Theodore Parker and the unfortunate John Brown, who entertain British notions on the subject, and who consider slavery to be a moral, a social, and a religious wrong; which should be as unsperringly and vehemently denounced as murder, or robbery, or any crime forbidden in the Decalogue. But we think we do the Americans, as a nation, no injustice, when we assert that it is not so much the moral and social guilt of slavery which has embittered the antagonism of Democrats and Republicans, Slave States and Free States, as the purely political and party bearings of the question. An Englishman unaffectedly and sincerely believes

a negro to be "a man and a brother." With rare exceptions, the Americans do not practically so regard him; and less so perhaps in the North, where he is free, despised, and left to starve, than in the South, where he is enslaved, taken care of, and not unfrequently admitted to the affectionate intimacy of the family circle.

The two great parties who are continually struggling for place and power, and for all the leaves and fishes at the disposal of a very free and a very corrupt Government must have something to fight about. In constitutional countries there must be a battle cry; and as the enlightened citizens of a "model republic" cannot with any decency agree that self is their sole object, the most logical party sets up the philanthropic and moral make-believe of anti-slavery. We must remember however, that this make-believe becomes a living reality by the fact that in a country where all white men are nominally equal, the white slaveholder counts for more at the polling-booth than the white abolitionist, inasmuch as the white voters of the slave-holding States vote for a population in which five black men are reckoned equal to three white men, in the apportionment of representatives to Congress, but in which the black men do not vote at all. The political grievance, though not exactly on a par with what it would be in a close contest in an English county if the lord of many acres or the tenant farmer, in addition to his single vote as a freeholder or occupier, had a vote for every five bevers, horses, or other cattle on his estate or his farm, resembles it to some extent, as making the Southern possessor of slaves a more valuable political unit than a Northern man without slaves. We can imagine what a clamour for reform a similar state of things would create in this country, and should therefore make allowances for the hostility of the Republicans against the long dominant Democrats, even when they take the high moral and religious ground of pure anti-slavery principle.

Mr. Buchanan, in his Message, does injustice to the North, when he declares that the existing agitation and alarm in the South, have been caused "by the long-continued and intemperate interference of the Northern people with the question of slavery in the Southern States." How Mr. Buchanan can make such an asseveration, almost surpasses belief. It certainly required a very considerable amount of political "brass" to utter it. If the Southern people would have kept their peculiar institution within their own boundaries—if they had not made "political capital" out of it, in order to monopolize the government of the Federation—if they had not extended it southwards into Texas—if they had not agitated the seizure or the purchase of Cuba for the same reason—if they had not broken the Missouri compact, and extended slavery into the Far West—if they had not, by the Dred Scott decision in the Supreme Court, rendered every citizen of a non-slave-holding community, like Connecticut or Massachusetts, a participant in the guilt of slavery, by forcing his State, its government and officials, to aid in the capture and restoration of any runaway human chattel, the North would have taken very easily the existence of slavery in South Carolina or Louisiana, as easily perhaps, and with as little interference, as we in England.

But the slave-holders were aggressive. Three or four millions of Southern citizens claimed first equality with, and afterwards superiority to, eighteen or twenty millions of Western and Northern citizens—not by virtue of their intelligence, or even of their wealth, but simply by right of what they euphuistically call their "domestic institution." If the South had not been the aggressor in the dispute, and had not sought to add new territories to the Union for the sake of extending slavery, the election of a Republican President like Mr. Lincoln would have excited neither exasperation nor alarm. The Southern people, and they only, are to blame for the apparent unpleasantness of their present position. Their own consciences make cowards of them; and Mr. Buchanan, if he spoke in any other capacity than that of the head of his party, would probably be ready to own it, and to take back the imputation which he has flung against the North. But, after all, the imputation will do no harm. Both parties know the real state of the case, and the victorious North will make gracious allowance for the severity of the defeated South, until time shall have softened it into better humour.

The Constitution has not provided for the secession of any State from the Union; but if South Carolina, or any other rebellious sovereignty, should for that reason declare her independence, South Carolina and her compeers will find in due course that a law will be made to reach them. The ancient legislator of Sparta omitted to decree any punishment against parricide, because he did not consider such a crime to be possible. For a reason somewhat similar the framers of American independence may have omitted to provide for disruption. If South Carolina should commit the crime, let her be assured that her punishment will follow as assuredly as that of the Spartan parricide.

ABOLITION OF PASSPORTS IN FRANCE.

NEARLY four months ago (August 25), in discussing the question of the French Treaty, negotiated by Mr. Cobden, we took occasion to point out to that gentleman, by a means which he might add very greatly to the growth of that good understanding between the British and the French people, which he had so much at heart, and

which he had done so much to encourage. We asked, as customs duties—protective or prohibitory—between the two countries had been found so prejudicial, not only to trade, but to social intercourse and natural affinity, if impediments to free locomotion were not equally bad? We asked, as hostile custom houses were a nuisance to the merchant—why a hostile *gendarmarie* stopping the inoffensive traveller, as if he were a thief or a fraudulent bankrupt, should not be considered a nuisance still more aggravating?

On that occasion we recommended the whole subject to the earnest attention of Mr. Cobden; and urged that if he could procure from the Emperor the boon of free locomotion in France for the inhabitants of the British Isles, he would add another stone to the pyramid of his fame, complete a great work of conciliation, and entitle himself, in a higher degree than before, to the respect and gratitude of every lover of peace, and every friend of the civilization of Europe. We rejoice to find that Mr. Cobden, acting upon the well-known predictions of the Emperor, has secured this boon to the British public, and through them to the Americans and the whole travelling world. The spirit of the age and the passport system are at variance. Passports were not invented in, but are an encumbrance upon an era of railways and electric telegraphs, and are no more in accordance with civilized habits and customs than suits of chain-armour for the body, or portcullises for the dwelling place. The day will doubtless come when people, finding such antiquated documents as Foreign-office or consular Passports among the old papers and letters of their fathers and grandfathers, will have them framed and glazed as curiosities, or sent to the Manuscript Room of the British Museum to be preserved as mementoes of the semi-barbarism of past ages.

Among the many wise things which the Emperor of the French has lately been doing, this will take the highest rank; and will assuredly be so beneficial to the French trading class, as to enable all the English who have been in the habit of travelling, as well as to those who have not hitherto travelled on the Continent, on account of the delays, obstructions, vexations, and nuisances of their "ticket of leave"—the Passport. Small as the matter may appear, it has long been a cause of estrangement between the French and the English; and, as has often been proved to the world's sorrow, estrangement may beget ill-feeling, and ill-feeling hostility. No one can calculate what wars might have been prevented between the two nations, if Englishmen, for the last hundred and fifty years had been as free to travel in France as in Cumberland or the Highlands. We thank the Emperor for the boon—and trust that it may be the precursor of a better and more cordial understanding between the nations than history has yet recorded.

DETERIORATION OF SEAMEN.

THE well-known shipowner of Liverpool, Mr. T. M. Mackay, has asserted, in a letter to the *Times*, that "our merchant sailors have been deteriorating for many years." Other gentlemen, of equal authority, both in the Royal Navy and merchant service, have made the same assertion; and few persons acquainted with the mercantile marine have any doubt of its accuracy. The great number of desertions which take place both from the merchant marine and the Royal Navy is proof that the assertion is well founded. For the nation the fact is extremely unfortunate. No more organization can impart vigour to the Royal Navy, if the materials of which it is composed be sapless and rotten. Any other nation can organize. The French generally have the reputation of being superior to us in organization; and if, therefore, it be true that our seamen have deteriorated, and are deteriorating, and that the deterioration cannot be stopped, we may look forward to the cessation, at no distant day, of our naval supremacy and of the national security. The prospect is not pleasing.

The authorities say that the deterioration has been going on for many years, but that it has lately become more than usually conspicuous. We shall endeavour to explain why. Subsequent to the repeal of the Corn and Navigation Laws, our trade and our shipping increased very rapidly. So did those of the United States and other countries. "In the four years 1853-1856 (we stated on Sept. 8th), the Americans built 488,000 tons of shipping annually, while the average quantity annually built in the four previous years was only 280,000 tons. Our own shipping was also, in the same interval, rapidly but not quite equally augmented. The consequence was a great additional demand for seamen.

All other nations were, at that time, equally flourishing. The gold-discoveries excited the whole world, and thousands of seamen deserted their ships for the gold-regions of the Pacific. In every department of industry there was a demand for hands. Shipowners were obliged to take such as they could get; and as seagoing is not a favourite occupation for the bulk of the population, as the general treatment of them by the Government has added many artificial hardships to those natural to a sea life, the best part of the population avoided our ships. Ships had to compete with railways, with mines, &c., for daring hands, and did not obtain the best. As the demand for seamen extended, it embraced those of foreign vessels

entering our harbours, and the worst portions of their crews would be the first to desert. Of all men sailors belong the least to any one country, and as our demand increased beyond our own maritime population, which, in the main, supplies the United States with sailors, our sailors became, in part, manned by the riff-raff from all nations. The escaped negroes, Portuguese, Italians, Greeks, men of the lowest civilization, made up their crews; and in comparison with the hardy sailors of Shields, Bridport, Yarmouth, Shetland, &c., whom old shipowners remembered, these were very inferior. This is the explanation of the deterioration which has lately become conspicuous.

There is another ground for the unfavourable comparison. It is a general and, we believe, not an unfounded opinion, that the bulk of our labouring classes is comparatively deteriorated. If so, the deterioration will be shared by the seamen. Certainly, of our population a greater proportional number has become capitalists; and in relation to them more day-labourers possessing little or no capital, and subsisting exclusively on wages, are in a worse condition than formerly. Little farmers and little manufacturers have made way for great farmers and great manufacturers, and the community has become more distinctly divided into capitalists and day-labourers. The two classes are less blended with one another than formerly. The rich, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer once said, have become richer, and the poor poorer. The latter may be better fed, better clothed, better housed than their forefathers; nevertheless, the distinction between them and the former has become greater. In relation, then, to capitalists, whether shipowners, farmers, or manufacturers, the labouring classes have deteriorated. They may be positively improved, but relatively they have not improved so much as the classes above them. Between the house, clothing, furniture, and mode of living of the peasant and those of the tenant farmer, there is now much greater difference than there was a century ago. A similar difference is traceable between the present race of seamen and the present race of shipowners. As the little farmers have disappeared so have the little shipowner-sailors themselves; and the great shipowners who have supplied their place are so much in advance of the present race of seamen, that in their eyes the latter have deteriorated.

Mr. Mackay gives us undesignedly a striking illustration of the fact. The seamen are "lodged," he says, "in a top-gallant forecabin open in front, having the chains worked through its centre, and it is, in every sense, a habitation for no human being, who is supposed to have the smallest self-respect"—"a place worse than most dog-kennels." This is the exact counterpart of the complaint made of the lodgings of the agricultural labourer. Are they not often worse than dog-kennels, and destructive of self-respect? The lodging of seamen formerly was not so bad as now, and the same argument is employed by farmers and shipowners for the wretched accommodation of their labourers. "I," Mr. Mackay admits, "am quite as guilty as my neighbours; and the argument we all use is, that even after turning every inch of space to account, we can scarcely live in the competition which now exists with all the world." So the farmers and landlords cannot live under competition unless they turn to account every foot of their land. The competition, however, which all these capitalists find so burdensome, is, with one another, to escape as much as possible the pressure of taxation on profit, and throw it as much as possible on wages. The deterioration of the seaman and the agricultural labourer, shows that both shipowners and landowners are but too successful; and both would benefit their labourers, even if they did not benefit themselves, were they to resist extravagant expenditure, instead of exerting all their faculties, as is shown by the "dog-kennels" to which the multitude are reduced, to throw the burden of taxation on wages.

Another fact bearing on this subject is, that sea-going life, like cultivating the land, is an old, and therefore a familiar and comparatively easily-learned business. A youth begins either in the fields frightening birds, or watching cattle, or on board ship as a cabin-boy, to earn wages as soon as he can labour. No apprenticeship to either business is necessary; no premium is given. The old regulation, compelling merchant captains to take apprentices, which some people now desire to have renewed, compelled them to employ boys to do the work of men, that they in time might become expert. Now, as a rule, every sailor, farmer, or craftsman, has been brought up to his work from his infancy, and has been paid, as he has been, for the improvement of improving the condition of the multitude. Engineers, millwrights, printers, mule-spinners, &c., are much better paid than agricultural labourers and sailors. Hence, as these new arts have lately increased in number, while their domain has extended, and a great competition for skilful hands has taken place, our merchant-ships have obtained only inferior men. When we look at the workers on our railways and the *étite* of our towns, we must deny that any deterioration has taken place in our whole people. We deny, too, from our present experience, that the increase of population, per se, has the least tendency to dwarf individuals physically; but we have no doubt whatever that seamen, both in the merchant marine and in Her Majesty's navy, have deteriorated, comparatively, very much,

both physically and morally; and that if the deterioration be not stopped, our naval supremacy will be endangered.

Can the deterioration be stopped? We believe it can, by the universal panacea—justice, restore freedom. If our laws and institutions have unduly favoured the upper classes, and have contributed to stop the improvement, if not actually to deteriorate the agricultural labourer, they have for ages been unjust to the seamen, and have prevented their improvement, have kept superior men out of our ships, and are the chief causes of the deterioration which everybody is now beginning to deplore. We must not follow Mr. Lindsay's recommendation, and multiply penal enactments and police regulations. The shipowners, like all men who have done wrong, are now bewildered. Mr. Lindsay would have the shipping of mercantile seamen placed under a Government board, and have them punished for desertion as they are punished on board men of war. Mr. Mackay would have all seamen educated in the Navy, making it the nursery for the mercantile marine, instead of the mercantile marine being the nursery for it. These gentlemen, then, would maintain and extend all that remain of the consequences of the old system of impressment, which the shipowners, to their own disgrace and injury, never effectually opposed. We must not adopt their new nostrums; we must do justice to the seamen. No mere increase of pay, on which so many persons now justly insist, no petty notions of clasp and stripes, and crosses, will ever reconcile our improving population to the unnecessary and degrading restraints to which the Government, and capitalist shipowners following its bad example, have subjected all seafaring men.

HOW THE BRITISH LEGION HELPED GARIBALDI.

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—In my remarks on the subject of the conduct of the British Legion at Naples, I carefully abstained from naming any member of it, or of imputing the unfortunate results which have attended the expedition to certain individuals. My object was to warn the British public against similar manifestations of sympathy, which, whether undertaken by Englishmen in a good, or by Irishmen in a bad cause, are equally certain to lead to the same unhappy consequences. I endeavoured to show why this must always be the case. I meant to attack not so much the Legion, as the principle; and Mr. Praed's letter confirms my view. I maintain that the composition and organization of a legion of "volunteer excursionists" must invariably be such as to insure failure. Mr. Praed proves that it was so in this case, by throwing all the blame on the colonel and his military secretary. I don't pretend to say where the blame lay. Perhaps, were it worth while to enter into the personal question, I could point it out more clearly than Mr. Praed, who pretends, because he lives at Liverpool, to know more of the matter than I who have simply visited Naples. I simply assert that, in consequence of the conduct of certain of those who composed the Legion, it failed; and if there is ever another similar attempt, made, I prophesy that it will, for the same reasons, fail again. I pass over the monstrous mistatement of Mr. Praed, that "English arms turned the fortunes of the day at Melazzo." The old Occidentist would hardly admit that the thirty-seven Englishmen who happened to be in Danne's brigade saved Italy on that occasion. Does Mr. Praed know that all those heroes were disarmed and disbanded for insubordination, at the request of their officers, at San Giovanni, in Calabria; and that none of them (I do not refer to Danne and Wylliam) remained with the army throughout the campaign?

That the Italians do not entertain so high an opinion of the British Legion as Mr. Praed may be gathered from the fact that they have been glad to give them six months' pay in advance, and send them about their business. This is the last instalment drawn on Italy in favour of British sympathizers. Let this be contrasted with the treatment of the Hungarian Legion, who have now been taken into the service of Piedmont, and draw their regular pay from that Government.

If Mr. Praed wishes to serve his countrymen he had better not display his ignorance by eliciting these admissions to them, and to which I had not otherwise meant to allude. Let him confine himself to the pecuniary questions connected with the Legion; here I admit he has shown himself completely master of the situation; and by means of lengthy and ambiguous epistles in the newspapers has contrived, with singular dexterity, to keep the public in ignorance as to how the funds of the Legion have been spent. At present, therefore, Mr. Praed is at perfect liberty to make any statement he pleases with reference to these interesting details without fear of contradiction.

ONE WHO HAS RECENTLY RETURNED FROM ITALY.

POST-OFFICE "CRIMINALS."

To the Editor of "The London Review."

SIR,—No daily receiver of friendly letters but must feel, as no such sterner men as France, the poor the Penny Postage really is; but there can be no one, whose heart is in the right place, but would prefer to see the vast revenue derived from this source reduced by the few thousands necessary to pay our letter-carriers adequately. These men are now transferred in numbers to jail for taking the golden bribe to dishonesty, with which, gleaming through a too transparent envelope, their masters first tempt, and then punish them for stealing. And this is done, too, by a Christian government composed of Christian men, whom we believe daily to repeat that beautiful sentence of a sacred prayer,—"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

In common with many others, sir, I hope you will continue to wield your powerful pen in aid of these poor, oppressed servants of a Government that is doing its utmost to supply Newgate with criminals of their own making, from a

class of men who would be honest if they were properly paid and not "led into temptation" by those whose proper duty it is to prevent, and not to create crime.

Since I read your observations on this subject, and have learnt that one-fifth of the prisoners in that dreadful jail are derived from the Post-office alone, I have not only taken more interest than before in "our Postman," but I have taken also some pains to inquire into his condition and circumstances. Our postman is nearly seventy years of age, and his welcome hand has familiarly tapped at our door so long as I can remember—for more, I am told, than two-and-twenty years. For many years he walked upwards of twenty miles a day, receiving sixteen shillings a week as his pay; and when he became too infirm for this daily journey, his distance was reduced to sixteen miles, and, alas! his wages were reduced also, but in greater degree. He was once of four miles per day, but his weekly shillings were diminished by six, and the poor old man still trudges through his long sixteen miles per day, and receives his paltry ten shillings per week for the service.

Even on this miserable pittance he had still last week to support a sickly wife and an aged and infirm father, both of whom would have perished months ago from starvation but for the charity of "our postman's" neighbours. Death, more kind than "our postman's" master, has taken these aged burthens to himself, and their funerals have been paid for by subscription. This aged and lonely man is now left to his full ten shillings (!) for all his earthly needs and wants.

AN ADMIRER OF "THE LONDON REVIEW."

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

PARIS, 19th December.

If ever a man was born to be the tormentor of another, I should say Count d'Haussonville was sent upon earth expressly to fill that office for the Emperor Napoleon. Do what he will, M. d'Haussonville is always coming athwart his attempts. M. d'Haussonville is of Lorraine extraction, and parsons as are all the sons of that province; and add to which, he was married into the Broglie family, where obstinacy, quietly practiced, is an hereditary virtue; and add to all that, he is deaf as a post, does not hear the noise he makes, and "tape comme un sourd," as his intimate friends say.

One thing is quite certain, and that is that more than half His Majesty's reasons for his recent illiberal concessions bear engraven on them the name of d'Haussonville. The following is the list of what this one single individual has achieved:—In the autumn of 1859, while the Treaty of Zurich was in process of signature, he composed a letter from Count d'Haussonville to the *Comité des Français*, warning parliamentary institutions, and saying that, if France had had the Treaty of Zurich not have had the war! A few days after, it is officially announced that the French press is about to be more gently treated. "Immediately," says M. d'Haussonville, "now's our time!" and to work he sets, and a "Letter to the Senate" appears, in which he declares to that venerable body that upon it depends the salvation of the Empire and the future liberties of French citizens! The document being in anything more a pleasant tone, the Government found it had enough of the joke, and declared in the *Moniteur* that, as it was evident that freedom was fully likely to be missed, it was wise to free them from the give. The Daily News remained where it was before. But not so M. d'Haussonville. The mischievous idea struck him to have a journal of his own! This, however, the Emperor and his Ministers were resolved should not be, and M. Billault swore that, so long as he, Billault, was Billault, no paper should M. d'Haussonville have!

But the innumerable Count was not to be got rid of in this way. Like Lord Plunket's tenants he has to be "burnt out," or "palled down," and you can't settle him till you've strewn salt over the ground whereon he stood. "If I can't have a paper, say he, 'I'll have a press!' and, sure enough of press, he has had close upon half a dozen already. Why! every *proche* there has been for the last twelve months hangs directly or indirectly to this d'Haussonville procession, *opposed* to a journal that was to be "moderate," but that it was felt would be sedition, and that the Government would not hear of, on account of its "moderation"! It is not done yet,—a last discussion is going on now before some tribunal or other, in which the whole affair is called up anew before the public. But, not satisfied with this, M. d'Haussonville, towards the month of May or June last, calls together all the members of the opposition parties—Legitimist, Orléanist, and Republican,—and draws them into a coalition of pamphlets to be published monthly. The first thus published was the *Prince de Broglie's* "Algeria," the second Mr. Fétis, *Paradoxe* of "Ancien Paris"; but here, as we remember, they were brought to a sudden stop.

The Government could stand it no longer, and Frérot-Paradoxe was made the victim; but the repeated blows of the incorrigible assailant had told; in the *Liberal* set they say, "Cet ennemi de sourd a tant tapé qu'il n'est plus entendre"; and some of M. d'Haussonville's ends have been gained. Not all of them, however. His aim is liberty of the press with legal guarantees; and his mode of action is to bully the senate. He maliciously takes for his text the too famous "Letter to the Senators," written by the Emperor to those "Reverend Bishops" in 1859; and he says he finds therein that the Senate is bound to exercise an "initiative." To this the innumerable pamphleteer will hold them. He is inevitable; he is in wait for them at every corner, catches them at every turn, and, covering them with compliments, condemns them to be wise! and they shall not only be "wise," he says, but they shall be brave, and statesmanlike, and patriotic! He begins by telling them the French press must be "legally free," that they must make it so; and that they must "act"! He holds up to them the recent conduct of the State Councillors of Austria, saying: "Those men were honest advisers! try to follow their example. The Austrian Government listened to them with hopeful surprise. Their master had not insisted beforehand on the Moldavians establishing ministerial responsibility, nor did he forbid his ambassador to take any power to be put in danger of a sound thrashing by imposing constitutional government.

upon a sovereign in a mess. Their master had done nothing of all this, and yet these men ventured to speak and utter liberal thoughts, and the descendant of the Hapsburgs thought it right to march with the times. One more," says M. d'Haussoville, "go and read what was said in Vienna; then study your *Mémorial* of January 1860, and try to understand your mission." We promise you we will not fail in fulfilling ours."

This extract will suffice to prove to you that nothing can be more impatient than the tone of M. d'Haussoville's brochure. It is sold by thousands; yet just at this moment, it would be impossible for the Government, with its expressed desire for freedom, to take any rough measures against it. I think, however, I was justified in calling M. d'Haussoville Louis Napoleon's tormentor-in-chief.

In small things as well as great, His Imperial Majesty is just now made uncomfortable. His own words are taken out of his mouth, and used to his own senators, to stir them up to a frigid desire for free speech, and his own pet piece for the Boulevard is made impossible, by the money-grubbing propensities of his own seneschal riches. As you are perhaps aware, His Majesty does not yet write Pamphlets and leaders in his own newspapers, he also works actively at the formation of public opinion through the medium of the stage. His principle is that nothing is so easy to "work" as public opinion, and he accordingly "works" it with a vengeance. Last winter he gave M. Moquet the idea of the Mortara case; M. Moquet called in a clever collaborator, and "La Tireuse de Cartes" was brought out. He then said it would be well to stimulate "imperialistic sentiment," as embodied in an increase of territory. M. Moquet produced "L'Histoire du Drapeau," and showed how pleasantly the Bismarckian flag waved on the banks of the Rhine.

This year the Emperor was convinced the Eastern question must be made popular, under the form of the "sick man's" dissolution in general; and, in particular, under that of Adh-el-Kader, king of Syria. M. Moquet was all aflame with vainglorious zeal; the "Massacres of Syria" were sketched out, the Emperor reviving some by scene; camels were brought from Cairo at no matter what cost, all the French consuls in the East were busy sending costumes to Paris, every capital in Europe was ransacked for an actor who should "look" Adh-el-Kader, when it began to be evident that the "sick man" was, at all events, conscious still, for he protested against the Emir's historic royalty. Adh-el-Kader was transformed into a lesser personage, and the "Massacres of Syria" were to be given at the Cirque last month with extraordinary splendour. At the last hour, however, rose up M. Miré, and his weapon of attack was a sheet of paper, on which was written "Turkish Loan!" The "Massacres" would have injured the loan, so, for the moment, at all events, Plutus has vanquished Thorpe, and Louis Napoleon may, like Racine's Athalia,

"Dire des Juifs, to l'empire!"

The Emperor has been done by the orange-boy of Bordeaux, and all his cherished dreams of dramatic success have, for the present, vanished into thin air.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Fall Hall Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

Although the news from China is dropping in day by day, and the excitement is considerably lessened by the knowledge of the great fact that France is content, yet there is enough left for the inquiry of the caterer for news, and the impatience of the gossip of the clubs, and the speculators of the Stock Exchange.

It is lamentable to be compelled at last to give up our hopes for Mr. Bowley, who is now numbered, with Mr. De Norman and Captain Anderson, amongst the victims of Chinese cruelty. The account of the Sikh soldier (published with the despatches on Saturday evening) turns out to be too true. This soldier was one of those who escaped, and he deserved Mr. Bowley as one of those tied up for three hot days and cold nights without food. The actual deaths amount to nineteen,—three Frenchmen of distinction, in addition to those three of ours, and the rest being soldiers of the respective escorts.

There is still hope that Captain Brabant may be amongst the remaining captives lodged at a distance, and not brought in. The Government is not yet in possession of the nature or amount of the retribution exacted from the Chinese, but there can be little doubt that it will be of a serious and exemplary character. The survivors on the spot are not likely to feel less acutely than we do, the perfidy and cruelty of the Chinese, to captives who were surrounded whilst *leaving a flag of truce*. The French have had some of their indemnity out in the celebration of a High Mass and *Te Deum*, amidst the ringing of bells, and lighting of candles, &c.; and they have given the proceeds of the intelligence to the French public without any delay. The English mode of retribution will, no doubt, be of a more stern and practical kind.

The French, too, have ascertained the amount of their indemnity in money, which they place at 60 millions of francs, or two million four hundred thousand pounds sterling. As this exceeds the amount appropriated to them at Tien-tsin, it is fair to assume that ours will be greater than the amount stipulated for, when the negotiations were broken off at Tien-tsin by the shuffling of the Chinese, which rendered necessary the march of the allies on Peking. Knowing the anxiety felt upon this part of the subject, I have made inquiries, and find that the Government have not received any notification of the precise amount agreed upon as our share of indemnity money under the treaty just concluded. It is supposed, however, that it will not be less than four millions sterling.

Lord Elgin has a margin allowed him in his instructions as to this substantial part of the arrangements. At Tien-tsin we were to have had 8 millions of taels, or £2,700,000—a tael being about a third of a pound. Four millions sterling will be very acceptable to Mr. Gladstone, and will assist him materially over the Income-tax difficulty, which will not always be patiently borne by the struggling men of small incomes, under £200 a year, who are hardly pressed by local and imperial taxation beyond their fair share.

People are already speculating upon the gift of the Garter, vacant by the death of Lord Aberdeen to Lord Elgin, as the blue ribbon of the Duke of Richmond was transferred to the Duke of Newcastle on his return from a successful mission.

Sir Hope Grant, too, will receive his full reward; and the civil servants who escaped will not be forgotten in the distribution of honours and rewards.

The vast gain to the country will be the opening of six more ports for Trade in the northern division of China, and the breaking-down for ever of the great sham, that Peking was not to be approached by "barbarians' feet. The fiction of the inviolability of the mighty capital is destroyed for ever, and with it much of the domineering insolence of the rulers, and the stories with which they imposed upon the credulity of soft-hearted and soft-hearted Europeans.

The abolition of passports in France is a great step. It is not only a vast good in itself, but will be the cause of much good otherwise. Although the press and the Assemblies are not so free as hitherto, still the late improvement in the Government of France are most valuable, and all in the right direction. This is the true way for the Emperor to consolidate his dynasty, and to increase the prosperity of France; and M. de Persigny is a sagacious man to find it out, and an honest man to set upon it.

It is not to be inferred from Lord John Russell's visit to Wolmar that the danger to the Duke of Bedford is imminent. He has long been accustomed to make a visit at this season. The two brothers have been always greatly attached. But in politics the duke had always an opinion of his own, and his sagacity was prized by his friends and his party, although his habits and feelings withheld him from taking a prominent part in public life. The Duke is an admirable landholder, and has improved the condition of his property and of his tenants in town and country, as much as he has increased the income of his estates. He gave £15,000 to assist the new communication from St. Martin's lane to Covent-garden; and he bequeathed his estates in Bedfordshire (of 35,000 acres) with hundreds of new farm-buildings, and thousands of cottages for the labourers.

Mr. Medie opened his new hall on Monday evening last with a grand concert, to which most of the literary and artistic celebrities of the day were invited. The gradual expansion of the great Bismarck's business has rendered an enlargement of the premises in New Oxford-street absolutely necessary; and Mr. Medie has supplied this want, by building a magnificent receptacle for books on the site of certain courts and alleys leading out of Museum-street. His new hall is large enough to contain all the literary failures and successes of the next twenty years, and the dry vaults underneath would afford decent burial for half the existing generation of authors. The architect has wisely eschewed colour in the Ionic columns that support the roof, and the only relief to the snow-white masonry, is obtained from the variegated bindings of the books.

The company collected by Mr. Medie to view this splendid addition to his ordinary shop, represented all degrees in literature and art, and every shade of the opinions of the day. Journalists rushed in from London, writing and editing; poets and painters took charge of actresses or "strange-minded women"; and circled round, or divided between blocks of intellectual characters, whose conversation was strictly professional. The appearance of eminent publishers, in agreeable conference with eminent authors, gave a tone of business to the place, and made it look like one of those exchanges where "merchants meet to congregate." Several literary visitors were doubtless gratified by seeing a long shelf devoted to one of their books, but every step led to the light of the happiness, by pointing out how many were "ancient," unused volumes. The daily and weekly press, with the magazines and reviews, were represented by their leading members, and when one literary foe met another on this neutral ground, his feelings were softened by the distant sound of music. In a few days the hall will be covered with boxes and packing-cases, and will present no other aspect than that of a large and elegant book warehouse.

The canal proprietors of England are waking up at last, and are trying to obtain the aid of steam to improve their dividends and their prospects. The forty millions sterling invested in this class of property has sunk enormously in value during the last twenty years, notwithstanding the fact that canal goods traffic has increased by about 25,000 tons per annum since the opening of railways. The problem has been to find an engine that will occupy a very small space, increase the speed of the "fly-bush" continually gliding up and right over one or five thousand miles of canal, and yet not produce sufficient "wash," or lateral wave, to destroy the valuable banks of these narrow channels. This problem has, at last, been solved by Mr. Hirsch, an eminent mechanic, acting for the Grand Junction Canal Company; and while the speed of the ordinary canal boats may be doubled under the neat and simple engines of this inventor, the working expenses will probably be reduced at least forty per cent. The canals already built the railways by about five per cent. in the carriage of heavy goods requiring nothing but slow transit, and this improvement will give them an ample margin for further competition. The Grand Junction Canal Company inaugurated the introduction of steam on canals this week, and in a few years the whole features of this enormous inland traffic will be changed. "Bargees" will be turned into stokers and engineers; and men like "Captain Randle," who figure in "Old Journeys," will become, like stage coachmen, an extinct race.

The young folks from school, and the holiday-makers in general, will have a wide range of choice in their visits to the theatre this Christmas. Pantomime and extravaganza are already announced at all the West-end theatres. The old familiar names of the nursery and fairy tales already figure extensively on the bills.

Even Her Majesty's Theatre consents to pantomime on Boxing Night. After a new English opera, called "Queen Topaze," we are to have the grand pantomime of "Tom Thumb." Covent Garden takes forward the attractive title of "Blue Beard," and Drury Lane relies upon "Peter Wilkins," or, the Flying Dutchman, to exhibit the pantomime strength of the company; and the pictorial talent of Mr. W. Beverley. The opening is, as usual, by Mr. E. L. Blanchard, who has been the successful inventor of several successive extravaganzas of that

class. At the Haymarket, Mr. Buckstone promises us one of his own best productions, after the manner of "The Sleeping Beauty," "Little Bo-Peep," &c. It is to be called "Queen Ladybird and her Children," or, Hackney, and a House on Fire," which will introduce the dancing and agility of the Leckerp, and the extravagance best rendered at this little theatre.

At the Adelphi we have another edition of "Blue Beard," of a different hue from that of Covent Garden, and with all the appliances of the Adelphi stage. The Princess's figure the friend of young and old children. Robinson Crusoe is called up to assume us once again. At the Lyceum, Madame Celeste has selected the striking title of "Christabelle," or "The Rose without a Thorn," which is a flower, we fear, seldom found out of the inhospitable scenes of Mr. Calcut, and which Madame Celeste will no doubt "put upon the stage with her usual taste. The Strand relies upon Choderlos and the charming little slipper, which Miss Fremantle promises to fit upon her pretty little foot. We are to have a true Robson burlesque at the Olympic; and I believe that Mr. Wigan will give us a Planché Romance at the St. James's, although it is not yet announced.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXIV.

MR. WAGSTAFFE ALLUWS A FRIEND TO SAY A GOOD WORD FOR TOBACCO.

A VERY particular friend, of whom I desire to speak with the utmost respect, and more than the utmost, if such a stretch of word or thought be possible, is the brother of the Earl of Throgmorton, the Honourable John Trench. The respect is due to him, not because he calls himself or is called "The Honourable," for we are all honourable men; not because he is rich, and witty, and wise, and generous, but because (the confusion is large enough, but truth is truth, and ought to prevail much oftener than it does), he gives better dinners, and better wine, and keeps his company in better humour while dinner lasts, than any man in Europe. England only possesses him for brief seasons; for a genius such as his requires France, Germany, and Italy, as well as England, for its full development and activity. But we who honour him, can follow to London or to Paris either, if need be, to get into the Excelsior or the Excelsiastimus of human life, and dine with Trench. His dinner parties never exceed ten. He says it is folly, if not worse, to have a greater number at table; and for these favoured ten he provides a repast, without extravagance, which satisfies the eye, the palate, the nose, the ear, and the touch, and which ministers alike to physical and to intellectual gratification; which renders eating one of the fine arts, and presses into the service of the appetite, science and literature, the pleasures of sense and the pleasures of soul; and in the indulgence of which the whole nature is not only strengthened, but purified and exalted. And admirable as is his cookery, his choice of wine transcends it. No fiery port, or execrable sherry, or availing champagne—in fact, no Port, and no Sherry, is ever to be found at Mr. Trench's table; but Bordeaux, of the choicest vintage; Burgundy, from Beaune, to go down to Beaune, tenderly handled as becomes its delicacy; Rhensish, both red and white; Johannisberg, and Asmanhausen, such as Apicius never dreamed of; Vaucluse, potent and grave, from Hungary; with Catawba and Isabella from Cincinnati, that glitter and sparkle, and "cheer but not inebriate"—these, the very finest of their kind, are the drinks that are taken at, and not after dinner, when Mr. Trench receives his friends.

There are fools who have been invited once, and only once, to these symposia, who have betrayed their preference of common Port to his choice Burgundy, and of common beef, roast or boiled, to his scientific *extremes*; but Mr. Trench knows such "common fellows," as he calls them, by their look, attitude, and gesture, at table. They have no necessity to speak. He sees at a glance that they are not of the Sèvres or Dresden ware, of which he is made, but of common delft, of the willow pattern. They never have a second chance of showing their ignorance at his table; and we who are of the inner circle, and know the mysteries, rejoice at their exclusion. The ideas of Mr. Trench upon English cookery have never yet been given to the world; but perhaps they will be, through me. Let the reader look for them to study them, if he would know the idiosyncrasies of a man who was as much born to give dinners as Napoleon I. to gain victories, or an Old Bailey barrister to bully a witness—who has the means as well as the knowledge involved in the vocation to which Providence and a good fortune have called him, and who has managed to press all the senses into the service of the palate, and to dignify not only the palate, but every other sense in the process. Would that man had ten senses instead of five! And for that unutter why not a thousand! Who shall limit the illimitable! And may not the beatitudes of superior beings, and of Heaven, consist in an increase of the number of those senses, doors, by which the limitless soul communicates with nature? We have eyes now that can see a stone wall; why should we not have eyes hereafter that can see through one!

Dining with Mr. Trench last week, he took me to task for my hatred of tobacco. I defended my opinions, and he defended his. The result was, after a few preliminary skirmishes, that he did battle with me in the following fashion, for his favourite indulgence:—

"It is not curious," he said, "that the more civilization has increased in the world, the more tobacco has been consumed! The growth of the one keeps pace with the love of the other, and vice versa. The discoveries of science are made by men who blow clouds of tobacco-smoke. When Homer lived there was no smoking, but there were also no steam-engines. When Plato taught there were no cigars, but at the same time there were no railroads. Let us inquire,

not only what are the fascinations of tobacco, but its effect upon the mind and body of those who use it. By the general consent of all who smoke, it is conceded that tobacco has a soothing influence upon the brain and nerves. It calms irritability. No man can be angry with a pipe or cigar in his mouth. It disposes the mind to peace, charity, and good-will. The Indian phrase, 'the calumet of peace,' has passed into our English idiom. The smoke of gunpowder is warlike; that of tobacco is *reconciler of negotiation, truce, peace, and reconciliation*. If a man will do an ill-natured thing he must put down his pipe to do it. Then again, the pipe or cigar is a companion. He who smokes is not alone, even in the extreme of solitude. He has a friend in his mouth, who administers consolation to him for the hard rubs he may have received from the world. Smoke disposes the mind to meditation and self-communion. To know one's self has always been held the greatest proof of wisdom; and how much self-knowledge is acquired in those long-drawn whiffs of the solitary smoker, when, heedless of the world without, his thoughts are entirely concentrated upon that wonderful microcosm—himself! What is it that cheers the hard life of a sailor? Tobacco. What is it that enables the soldier to march over bog and brake, to ford rivers, to penetrate through wildernesses of snow, to endure the ice of the frigid and the scorching heat of the torrid zone? Tobacco. What is it that reconciles the man to the world who has a large bill due to-morrow and not a stiver to meet it? Tobacco. Did any man ever meditate suicide with a pipe or cigar in his mouth? Never! and no man ever will. The influence of the plant is so genial, that when any thought of the kind shoots across the brain of the dejected and the forlorn, they have but to light a pipe or cigar, and be reconciled to their miserable existence. All tinea of the rope or the razor, of prismatic acid or a leap from Waterloo Bridge, vanish before the fumes of a choice Havannah. The troubles of the mind yield to the delicious influence of the blessed weed. And great as these benefits and fascinations, all derivable from tobacco, I hold that there are many others which should make men in a high state of civilization grateful to Providence for so splendid and beneficent a gift.

"Worn with the undue pressure upon the brain consequent upon the fierce competition of the present day—debilitated as well as depressed—overwrought in the struggle to sustain, or to maintain a respectable position in the world, the man of shattered nerves has a friend that lies gentle as sleep, soft as down, luxurious as sunshine, upon his senses. That friend is tobacco. Even when the nerves are not shattered, when the man is sound of mind and limb, and unmanly by the cares and sorrows of the world; when the mind is, as it were, fallow, and waiting to bring forth a crop of ideas, the balmy influence of tobacco predisposes it to fructification. None but those who have smoked know the heavenly luxury of a cigar after dinner. It is then that, reclining in an easy chair, or stretched at full length upon a sofa, we are aware of certain half-formed thoughts and fancies, which go flitting across the camera-lucida of the inner life—it is then that the soul itself seems to float lazily, peacefully, beautifully, and beatifically, like a light cloud upon the evening sky, looking down complacently upon the clay above which it soars, yet from which it springs, and to which it belongs. Supposing the cynic to be reclining on a sofa at his own fire-side, under the light of his own resplendent chandelier, comfortable as all cynics are, are there not countless illustrations of the vanity of the world to be afforded him by the clouds of this blue smoke which he discharges from his mouth and nostrils? The love of woman? Alas! in what is it better or more substantial than the vapours of his Havannah? Possession of gold? Alas! and doubly and trebly alas! what signifies it? What is it worth after it has been acquired? Will it repay the grey and aching head, or the sear'd and aching heart? Will it soothe the troubled conscience? Will it bring healing to the sick? No; but tobacco will; and therefore are the fumes of pipe or cigar, in producing this effect, more valuable by far than the possession of treasure. Is fame more worthy? Not a whit. It is but a breath, and is even more unsubstantial than the whiff of a meerschaum. Oftentimes, indeed, it is far more evanescent.

"Equally apt for its illustration of another phase of human life and character, is the smoke which the smoker exhales. Should he be an epicurean, easy and good-natured, at ease with himself and with all the world, determined to extract from the world, while he lives in it, all the harmless enjoyment that he can, on every side of no man, but simply the enemy of care, vexation, annoyance, and all the rude and strong passions that might disturb the careless serenity of his soul, the light fumes of his hook or his Havannah afford him abundant opportunities to moralize upon earthly vanity. What, for instance, is grief, that it should weigh upon his immortal mind? 'Tis nothing—it is but as a puff of smoke and it is gone. What is anger that it should lodge in his breast, and what is there in the world worth being angry about? Nothing!—unless the thin fleecy cloud that hovers above his face as he puffs his cigar, be worthy of entering into the large list of respectable entities. Spite, jealousy, malice, envy—all the other little mean paltry passions—are infinitely less than smoke in the estimation of such a man as this is. As for the big grandiose tragic passions, they are no better than the little ones. They are like the smoke out of an evil and malevolent furnace, not to be compared to the smoke of his pipe, which is altogether benevolent and beneficent. But, after all, the principal virtue of tobacco is that it is friendly of itself, and is the cause of friendliness in others. If two men have ever been in the habit of smoking together, there is peace between them. To smoke with a man in modern times, is tanta-

mount to the practice among the ancients of breaking bread with him. It is a sign of hospitality and good will. It may not always make people friends, but it prevents them from becoming enemies while the smoking lasts. We are told that many a friendship which adorned a life, and only concluded with its, arose, in the early days of the world, over a crust of bread. I have no doubt that many a friendship, equally pure, disinterested, and constant, owes its origin, in the present age, to a proffered crumb, to the demand for and concession of a light, or to the graceful and common courtesy of a pinch out of a neighbour's snuff-box."

In reply to this rhapsody, to which I listened, I hope, with all the patience becoming the guest of such an Amphitryon—and of which I did not previously believe myself capable under the circumstances of such a calm premeditated outrage on one of my most cherished convictions—I simply asked Mr. Trench if he had ever heard "The Lady's Vow"? Of course I knew he had not; and on his replying in the negative, I repeated it to him thus,—

"There is the word of death:
It breaks the truth,—it tears the breath.
By all that's good,—by all that's fair,
This is the oath we women swear.
No more to ours his lips shall press
Who loves the purity, more or less.
Let those who stuff it sigh and groan
For ever lordless and alone.
Let those who draw it breathe with ease,
With cleaner jaws and bared to these,
And those who smother it live their lives
Without the joy of wrens and wives.
Wise men are wiser than great men,
Does with smother one and all!"

"Such doggerel proves nothing," said Mr. Trench. "But doggerel or no doggerel," said I, "it may express an honest wish—and quite agreeing with the ladies, I beg, in their names, to close the discussion."

MEN OF MARK.—No. XII.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G., K.T., ETC.

THE ministerial career and public services of the late Earl of Aberdeen have been copiously described by our contemporaries, and it would be wearisome and unprofitable to travel over the same ground. A few personal characteristics which have not appeared elsewhere may, however, be acceptable, as enabling the public to fill up the warm hues of flesh and blood the outline, drawn by our brother journalists, of the statesman and the senator.

If the visitor to the House of Lords was asked on some night of great debate to look round and select the most judicious-looking peer, he would have stopped none without hesitation at the Earl of Aberdeen. An indefinable something in his expression and features pointed him out as pre-eminently a judicious statesman. There would be many peers whose faces and heads indicated intelligence, sharpness, cleverness, while the expression of others might be said to be astute, thoughtful, and reflective. But there was a mildness, a moderation, an amiability, an evenness of temper beaming in Lord Aberdeen's features, which could not be found in the same proportions in any other physiognomy in either House of Parliament. This evenly-balanced and highly-trained judgment Lavater would have traced in largest measure in the lines about the mouth, which was large, and manifested great firmness of purpose as well as evenness of disposition. The venerable peer's movements were slow and measured, his gestures sparing and simple. Every trait indicated a statesman not easily thrown off his balance, not rash in deciding, intelligent without impulsiveness, and firm without obstinacy.

Up to 1811 the Earl of Aberdeen was a party politician, and nothing more. When Sir Robert Peel, being restored to office in that year, showed signs of an intention to emancipate himself from the trammels of party, his Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs shared in his wider views, and began also to live for posterity. Lord Palmerston's foreign policy had often been haughty and irritating to foreign Powers. It was not without that, the interference of the English Cabinet in the internal affairs of foreign States compromised ourselves without adding the objects of our sympathy. Lord Aberdeen was, on the contrary, peculiarly qualified by taste and temper to become a moderator and peace-maker. He took part in adjusting the dispute between the Sublime Porte and the Shah of Persia, which menaced the tranquillity of the East. He successfully endeavoured, in concert with the Government of Louis Philippe, to put an end to civil war and intestine convulsion on the banks of the River Plata. When the Oregon question threatened a war between England and the United States, Lord Aberdeen never doubted his ability to bring the dispute to an amicable settlement. He was charged with conceding too much—with showing his cards to his adversary.

He was told he had permitted Lord Ashburton to shake all his equivalents out of a bag upon the floor, instead of exacting the *quid pro quo* from the United States, and driving a hard diplomatic bargain. Lord Palmerston exerted this vein with great dexterity and success. Sir Robert Peel, however, exerted all his pliancy in defence of his Foreign Secretary, and the moneyed and commercial interests were not sorry to see a dispute about a comparatively worthless tract of territory settled out of hand. Like Rembrandt, Vandyke, Hogarth, and other masters of the art of painting, who have not thought it undignified to paint their own portraits, the Earl of Aberdeen on this occasion drew, with a modest and unobtrusive hand, the characteristics by which it was his ambition to be known to succeeding times. After saying that "believing, as he did, that war was the greatest calamity that could befall a nation, and also, generally, the greatest crime that a nation could commit, their lordships might rely that every effort consistent with honour would be made to avert it," the noble earl added, "My lords, if I might without presumption speak on a subject which is perhaps personal to myself, I would say your lordships may believe that the conduct of these great transactions would be *forbearing, conciliating, moderate, and just.*"

Here we have the portrait of the "Athenian Aberdeen," painted by himself; nor can it be said that in the judgment of his contemporaries the likeness is factured.

One of Lord John's best hits in debate, was aimed at Sir R. Peel's Foreign Secretary. "Shall my noble friend (Palmerston) be the Minister—ah!—of Austria—he is not the Minister—ah!—of Russia—he is the Minister—ah!—of ENGLAND." The Whigs and Radicals shouted themselves hoarse. The "cheer" lasted five minutes. But a Nemesis waited upon epigrams, and we are sure to wish unsaid all the *bon mots* we make at other people's expense. Emerson, in his "Conduct of Life," says, the politician must "hold his hatreds at arm's length, and not remember spite. He has neither friends nor enemies, but valiant men only as channels of power." There came a time when he who was, by implication, the Minister of Austria and of Russia, but not of England, was the head of a Cabinet in which his incompetency rivaled his wisdom: the Foreign Secretary. Lord Aberdeen had been not a whit more complimentary upon the foreign policy of Lord John Russell's Government, and especially upon Lord Palmerston's conduct in the affair of Don Pacifico. The proceedings in the Greek waters, sanctioned by the Whig Government, had, he said, "excited one universal cry of indignation throughout Europe." "When I look," said the noble earl, "at our relations with Europe generally, I find them in an unprecedented condition. There is, however, my lords, this consolation, that the nations of the continent fortissimely separate the conduct of her Majesty's Government from the feelings of the English people."

The death of Sir R. Peel left the Earl of Aberdeen the recognized leader of the Peelite party, and on the defeat of Lord Derby's Government in December, 1852, he was sent for by her Majesty, and commissioned to form a Government. The result was the Coalition Cabinet. Strong in debate, and having the confidence of the House of Commons, Lord Aberdeen's administration was marked by many legislative and administrative improvements. But the excessive devotion of the Premier to peace principles, and the abhorrence of war which characterised his Oregon speeches and negotiations, unfitted him for dealing with the haughty, arbitrary, and self-willed Czar. This was a nettle that required bolder handling. The nation "drifted into war." As the leader of a party, the Premier had been obliged to give assent in the Cabinet and high ministerial office to his friends. The men who had the highest claims upon him were the Duke of Newcastle and Sidney Herbert—very good "fair-weather" politicians. An ill fortune, and perhaps an ambition that overleapt itself, led the one, however, to claim the seals of the Colonies, and the other the post of Secretary at War, in which capacities they jointly exercised functions of military administration, since blended in the Secretary of State for War. Our military system broke down. Mr. Roebuck arraigned the incompetent Ministers at the bar of public opinion, and Lord John Russell, unable to defend his two colleagues, resigned. The Earl of Aberdeen knew that he must stand or fall by the pebbles party in the Cabinet, and when Mr. Roebuck carried the Select Committee, he gave in his resignation, and virtually retired into private life. He has not unwisely since taken his seat upon the cross-benches of the Upper House, but has seldom addressed their lordships.

Lord Aberdeen made no pretensions to rhetoric, but his speeches were marked by brevity, clearness, simplicity and propriety. The desire to fill a space in the public eye, to be talked of in the newspapers, which inspires so many orators in both Houses, never brought him to his feet. No Premier since the Reform Bill has spoken so little. His speeches were models of terseness. Never did he claim their lordships' attention, even when First Lord of the Treasury, except an absolute necessity drove him to explain or defend the measures or views of his administration. If all statements were equally modest, equally reticent, and equally considerate, there would be time for needful legislation, and every Session would not leave the bulk of its business as a remnant. His speeches were always marked by good sense—by that quality of judiciousness, in fact, which distinguished him above his contemporaries. His Government will be favourably known to posterity by the accession duties on real property, by the amelioration of the exclusive system of admission to the Universities; by a system of examination for employment in the Civil Service, involving a sacrifice of Parliamentary patronage and influence which was in advance of the age; by several measures for the extension of free-trade; and by the inauguration of a new Government for India.

Finally, the Earl of Aberdeen has left the impress of his moderation upon the foreign policy of this country. Peace, non-interference, conciliation, justice—the principles, in fact, of Lord Aberdeen's foreign policy are now the acknowledged rule of action of a British Government. Recent events in Italy have shown the wisdom of the new course of policy. "Judicious bottle-holders" may as always be able to restrain their sympathies, and may be tempted now and then to "egg on" their intelligent friends. But it will not be denied that since Lord Palmerston came under the personal influence of the deceased statesman, his foreign policy has become assimilated in a remarkable degree to that of his former rival and political antagonist. Mildness, dignified forbearance, a sincere respect for the feelings and independence of other powers, an absence of Master in our dealings with weaker states, a calm and conciliatory tone befitting our strength, and an indisposition to interfere in the internal affairs of other countries, are principles of foreign policy eminently favorable to peace, prosperity, and civilization. Nor has the Minister lived in vain who has been seen, year after year, these distinctive merits of his foreign administration adopted by his political opponents whether Conservative or Liberal, with the full approbation of the British people.

PITHICRANS IN CHINA.—It is wise to learn from our enemies, says the proverb; and at any rate it can do no harm to learn how the Chinese pay their doctors. In the celestial empire the rule is "No cure, no pay;" but as the court physicians are paid by salaries, the arrangement is to pay so long as the royal health continues, and cut off during indisposition till quite convalescent.

ANIMAL-IMPROVERS.

SIMPLE as the economy of the great farming-stock world may seem to those who merely care to look at Herring's pretty canvas pasturals, and order the weekly ribbon or leg of pork, it is a truth made up of countless weighty thoughts and interests, and plenty of sharp practice to boot. It has a Debetit of its own, which traces its "Canterbury Pilgrims" (of which *Punch* sang in July), eighty years back, among the "yellow-rede, and whites," with Huteback and Belvidere as its Cecil and Goldolphin, and the "white heifer which travelled," as a peevish in her own right. These pastures

— Where Greta trips with twinkling feet,
To the Cuckoo and the Two.

are still the same Goshen of cream and beef; but the ancient flock-master has to look in vain for the Teeswaters of his youth. The history of Short-horns, especially, has been a strange shifting drama, since their lovings were first heard in the land. Very few who ushered in the new era at the Ketton sale, and saw the hammer fall for a thousand guineas for the first "Basset," remain to tell the tale. An engraving of 1815 that day the sure effect, in creating boundless jealousy. Alphy pamphlets grew rife; and then it needed all the philosophy that Lord Althorp, the Rev. H. Berry, Mr. Whitaker, and a few others, could muster, to keep up heart at all, during many a weary year of agricultural distress. Americans gradually sought the valley of the Wharfe, and carried wondrous tales across the Atlantic of the cows of the Whitaker herd; and "a quiet afternoon at Killarney" began to suggest pleasant memories of "Young Albion," with his wondrous ribs, "Leonard" of the loin, and "Necklace" and "Bracelet," the most invincible of twins. "Warley" then rose into sight, with its "Lodians," its "Hops," its "Gems," and its "Blossoms," four lines of royal winners, without need of a defeat till Colonel Townley entered the lists, and showed them pretty decisively that a herd, to be successful in the long run, must not be a close borough in blood. The history of the Townley herd is the most unrequered and brilliant on record. Upwards of six thousand pounds' worth of stock were sold out of it in one lot, and it was no diminution, as "Beauty's" Buttery," who sterner every Phœnix heart at Southfield last December, might have made a model for Philias or Chantrey.

It is only of late years that substantial justice has been done to the clear searching brain, and marvellous philosophy of Mr. Bates. Sir Fowell Buxton thought there was nothing worth living for but negroes and partridges; Mr. Justice Buller made the same observation in favour of *Nin Prins* and wheat; Mr. Pugin bracketed architecture and boating as his chief joys; and missionaries and Short-horns were all Mr. Bates's desire. His beasts would come to him and lick his hand, while he talked to them, hour after hour, in his Kirkcubrighten meadows, and he would take his walks, without leaving his darlings, when he was too weak to walk, and hardly quitted it by day till the death-throes were on him. Such enthusiasm could scarcely fail of producing some great results. Breeders still speak of his "Fourth Duke of Northumberland," as the grandest animal that ever filled the eye; and the "Duchess" tribe, which he fostered in family, brought up the late Lord of Dufferin's male sire to £150 odd. Like many originalists, he was too bigoted, and his breed has thriven far better by dispersion into the Duke of Devonshire's, Mr. Bolden's, and Captain Gwynne's hands. Already has the former made a thousand guineas, twice over, from the Americans, for bulls; while the latter has taken just the sum for any of his own cow or heifer, and then with a guarantee that she was to go abroad forthwith.

The wild cattle of Chillingham still roam their park, with a coat as white, and an eye as tawny as ever; but while the Herefords and Devons are very stationary, in one locality in quality and the other in size, man has gradually moulded the Short-horn at his will. Fancy colours are very tenacious of yielding; and to this day the little white beauty spot above the muzzle, and the marks on the thigh and flank invariably come out in the red Duchesses. From some fancy or other, roan became gradually to be considered as orthodox for a Short-horn, as bay for a horse; and by a judicious use of red and white parents, it is almost to the dignity of a primitive colour. There is no doubt that certain great cattle-breeders, the Maynard family for instance, had quite as good bullocks half a century ago, as we can breed now; but it is through the untold thought and efforts of different improvers, that the general standard of excellence has become so much higher. Mr. Bates laboured in his day to combine the best of the fine mellow handling and milking properties. Sir Charles Knightly declared war against open shoulders, till the neatness of the Fawley fore-quarter became a proverb. The Booths prided themselves on a fine breast, deep flesh, and a pure level for the hindquarters. Colonel Townley has proved that, with an Admirable Creation of a herdsmaster, it is possible to force cows and heifers to the highest pitch of size, and yet dot your pastures abundantly with calves as well; and breeders and show judges universally set their faces against "fool's fat" and patchiness, and love to see their candidates fed as level as a horse.

To grow meat in the right place, is the greatest achievement. It is not in the forequarter, but in the ninetieth regions, that a judge cares to see it laid on, and therefore a breast so big that it takes a couple of hands to handle, counts for very little with him. He takes care to breed so as to remove that scapiness on the backstreak region which is so fatal to a juicy cut. The thin-skinned tenderness of the back has to be set right; a fine spring of the ribs has to be acquired for the sirloin's sake; and thick "Marmaduke crops" have to be substituted for a mere razor-edged hillock at the union of the shoulders. As with a horse so with a Short-horn—the soundest constitution is to be found in a long well-ribbed-up carcass on a short leg; and when that leg is as light in the bone as possible, the back ribs closely knit together, the quarter and twist well let down, the shoulders neatly laid back, the flank deep, the neck-vein close, and a placid eye in a small head, the problem of the best beef-machine is pretty nearly solved.

Human ingenuity, except perhaps in the strictly agricultural districts, where they were tried to breed in more light and active, has done very little for the horse. The thorough-bred of 1800 is pretty much what it was when George Guelph sported his fat and foolish person at Newmarket. We have nothing stouter than Sir Peter Tazewell, and nothing handier than Whisker; but, with the peace of Lord Redefield be it spoken, Teddington or Alice Hawthorne could doubtless stir and race with the best of them, in spite of

our light-weight and short-course propensities. At all sales the mare and foalings with the most bone and size invariably command the highest prices, and, to use the words of the *Sporting Magazine*, in reference to his lordships' means of locomotion, in railways, omnibuses, and cabs, have progressed so wonderfully that therefore the tables of the last thirty years have been born with worse legs and feet? Still, as we have seen, to come to our blood and cart horses show no decline, there is a decided retrogression as far as coach and riding horses are concerned. The combined carelessness and wantonness of the farmers is the source of this mischief. They do not care what they breed from as long as they see something in the shape of a foal, and they patronize such rips of the blood as they can get, and their services for free-and-easy or light shillings, then the owners of good ones, who do not care to conform to such a wretched tariff, sell the foreigners in sheer self-defence. As with cattle so with horses,—length on a short stout leg is what is always wanted, but is rarely ever got.

On sheep-structure the improvers have practised with remarkable success, as the Shropshire Downs can abundantly testify. It is not for us to set the moot question, whether Southdown mutton, washed down with sherry, or Leicester with port, is least productive of gout; but when we look at the "Webbs" and the "Sandays," in their long fleecy plateaus in the Royal showyard, or the Cotswolds, which Garne and Hewer fore, we are almost tempted to say with a modern shepherd, when he examines the stunted representatives of a flock of the old-fashioned uncrossed Bakewells, "Boun't there a touch of the goat about them?" Under the influence of modern thought, the back has been expanded till it would seem that there must be a rood of mutton-chops beneath. The long lean worthless scrap has been got rid of, and the better first-class sheep, with knees well up to the shoulders, that a plumb line would almost rest level from the crown to the rump. By cure in getting the twist well down, three or four pounds have been added to the leg of mutton; and to assist its development the hocks are brought so completely under the sheep that it appears to be supported on two pairs of fore-legs. Wool, as has been said, is the crown jewel of the shepherd's standard. A good flockmaster is as anxious that such a propensity should not become hereditary, through her lambs, as the Saxony shepherd is to collect his golden-fleeced merinos into a barn when he sees a threatening cloud. Lincolnshire rams are the great corrective when the fibres become too short, and to turn the most devoted disciples of Bakewell have turned periodically, not only for wool but for that size which all farmers covet. What they can attain to, in both respects, may be judged from the fact, that one of Mr. Dudding's rams this year clipped to 22 lbs., and the shepherd has been so accustomed to 22 lbs. fleeces that he has never been able to ascertain which sheep it came from.

Pig-improvers have not been laggards in the farm-yard march. They have learnt that cleanliness has much to do with growth, but the ingenious doctrine that pigs should be on spar floors, so that locomotion may become impossible, has never been engrained into the breed. Every year the interest of the farmer in taking care of his pigs has increased, and the smaller one "make up to nothing when they are fed." Hence to get a cross between the two, with hams as big as possible, and "bacon on to the very top of their heads," and gradually wending its way over the face, till all the language of the eye is fed out of it, and the animal is merely left as a feeding or breeding tub, is the very essence of pork-improvement.

The guinea-wives have not, been behind their husbands in their own peculiar sphere. Taking the Birmingham show as the test, Dorsetings can be reared 2½ lbs. heavier than they were before medals and winning rosettes in prospective exercised such a thrilling influence. Once a year a true farmer would pull up to his pig, to gaze at a 15 lb. gross, whereas now he may be seen in one pen averaging, as nearly as possible, 25 lbs. apiece. Even the Rev. J. Robinson's two-stone gander had to resign its apple-sauce supremacy when a grey one 1½ lbs. heavier visited Bingley Hall. Aylesbury ducks have also been improved into nearly double their old 4 lbs. standard; and turkey fanciers have learned to regard 16 lbs. as the nothing out of the way, and to produce 22-pounders for the prize at Christmas-tide. With such figures and results before us, who can say that genius is confined to the town, or that enthusiasm has waxed cold in the homestead and the grange?

WILD SPORT IN GERMANY.

[From our Travelling Correspondent.]

It is pleasant, when the gaiety and dissipation of continental watering-places lead us, to retire to a village, to witness the most reasonable promises of the wild valleys of a certain principality, and under the auspices of "Our Royal Highness," devote ourselves to the slaughter of the "antlered monarchs" with which his forests are abundantly stocked. The crack of the rifle is a more healthy sound than the rill of the pea at *roulette*; it is more profitable to bag snags than to lose napoleons, and hunt deer rather than fortune. Physically and morally, we feel the bracing effect of the change of life, and speedily discover that the clear mountain air produces more satisfactory results than all the brumens of Germany, polluted with so much social poison. It is a cheering sight to see these well-appointed four-in-hand drags driven by a party of four or five gentry, and "Our Royal Highness's" chateau, waiting for their complement of sportsmen. Here we have no bows or ribbons, or grooms in pen-wiper liveries, preading over the screws which the fast men at "our watering-place" love to display; the horses are too well bred to require the assistance of gaudy trappings to show them off, and the whole turn-out is unexceptionable in point of taste. As we creep up such a rocky road, the picturesque angle of the old castle, and down the broad avenue into the dark pine woods the blood drenches in our veins, the horses feel the exhilarating influence, and our near leader—a thoroughbred chestnut—shows constant symptoms of a desire to accelerate the pace. Whenever we come to the slightest descent, the *schützen* of the principality, in German, are consequently that it is to hold back a carriage going down hill. There is more up than down-hill in the road we are taking to-day, however. Gradually the valleys narrow; huge masses of granite rock impend over the road, projecting above us in fantastic shapes, sometimes, to all appearance, holding their precarious perches by a very uncertain tenure. Gloomy narrow

chasms, down which dash mountain torrents, open up from the road; the edge of the precipices are fringed with pine-trees (wherever there is hiding-ground pine-trees cling), and throw a still darker shade over these sombre recesses. We wind through the forest, sometimes zigzag, sometimes following the bed of a stream along a good road—for "Our Royal Highness" is experienced in the art of finding a good road, and is not in the ruts. Here there is an open green space, where a *châlet*, or hunting-lodge, has been built. It is a picturesque wooden structure, with overhanging eaves, and is surrounded by a wild-looking crowd of men, armed with sticks, who are drawn up in array, as though in anticipation of a "row." These are the beaters, unarmoured and without any distinctive officers, or under-keepers, while the commander-in-chief, in the person of head keeper, advances to report progress, and consult with "Our Royal Highness" as to the tactics to be pursued. They are both old sportsmen, deeply skilled in the art of venery, and we feel every confidence in the result of their consultation.

There is a profound hush in the air about the arguments which we English, with our prejudiced notions upon the subject of foreign sport, are not prepared for. The costumes of the sportsmen are almost precisely the same as they are in England, except that some of the shooting-coats are of leather instead of velvet, and knickerbockers are replaced by jack-boots, reaching to the thighs. The sporting colour throughout Germany is green; cuffs and collars, and wide-awake hats are often, therefore, of that hue. The keepers are all in a uniform of grey, with green facings, and look as if they belonged to one of the metropolitan Volunteer corps. Half a dozen bloodhounds, with pedigrees rivaling that of "Our Royal Highness," and ancestral traditions of being performed in the chase of the harts and stags, are standing in leash, watching with intelligent eye the progress of events. Two waggoners are at the door, one loaded with goose-quills, another with fagots, pointed sticks, and bundles of rags and string. We are at a loss to conceive the object they are designed to serve; but the first beat enlightens us. A sternly pointed stick, complete in the shape of a lance, is thrust into our inventory of it; we are ready to start "Forwards," says the commander-in-chief; and we plunge into the woods. Half an hour's scramble through them brings us to the side of a steep hill, running along the edge of which we observe a line, apparently of many-coloured towels, fluttering in the wind. We then discover that the towels, which the whole of the hill-side is enclosed by a girdle of quills and towels, the thin pointed sticks are the supports for miles of clothes-lines, on which are twisted quills instead of socks, and bright-coloured rags instead of shirts, the object being to frighten the deer and prevent their escaping from the area which is being beaten. The hill-side is covered with this line and young pine-trees, and at the bottom runs a stream along a narrow meadow, behind which the opposite side of the valley rises abruptly, covered with heavy forest. The sportsmen are now placed at favourable spots within the lines. "Our Royal Highness" encloses himself in a sort of stand, covered with boughs of trees, so as to form a screen, while the commander-in-chief, and a good deal of company, take up open ground. We are posted separately, in glades and passes, where we must make up our minds to be contented with a snap shot. We hear the signal given at last: the cries of the beaters, the words of command, and the yelp now and then of a dog, are the first sounds; then comes the crack of a rifle; then another, and another.

They are having all the fun at the other end, evidently. No! there is a rush and a crackle in the bushes near us, then a dead silence—breathless expectation! *b-r-r-r-r*, rap, rap, rap, goes a distant buster; click goes the hammer of our rifle; then crash comes a fine young stag, bounding down ten feet of slope into the bed of the stream, just where we are posted. We turn, so that he is only visible for a moment; then he shows again fifty yards off; the fluttering rags will lead him back; no they don't—they are an imposition; bang goes our rifle; a spring starting into the air, a contemptuous but somewhat sponkonic kick of the hind legs, and our friend vanishes; we are naturally certain we hit him,—must have done so. Now, if we had only been standing ten yards lower down, we should have been certain of him; what a pity. Load again, grumbling, and thinking what we shall say when we are asked how we came to miss. What! just as we are ramming home, a roe-buck darts out almost over our legs; we won't say anything about having seen him. Silence again, then a series of sharp reports like fire-works. Either the game is plentiful on the opposite side of the cover, or the shooting is bad. There goes a large stag bounding along the ridge, out of shot, and apparently unharmed; as we watch him gracefully carving over the ground, with head thrown back, and antlers almost touching his withers, we observe a movement on the steep hill-side, and roe-bucks coming in a single file, one after another, standing on a crag in evident doubt what to do. "Our Royal Highness" appears at the same moment, and points to the game; it is a long shot, and we put up the three hundred yard sight. Shall we sit on our heels and show him what we do at Hyde? Our friend the buck kindly obliges us by standing close; another second, and he is out of the rock;—a single snipe, and he is the result of the report as we are, he shows it by vainly attempting to get upon his legs again; we by loading as if nothing unusual had occurred,—quite the sort of thing we are in the habit of doing. "A good shot," says "Our Royal Highness," who joins us. "There are 130,000 men in England who could do what he is doing, but only one of them would do it as well as he." We are really modestly devoted to our neighbour, and we are not a little surprised to be put to the test. Rule-of-three-men, which "Our Royal Highness" proceeds manly to solve: If an Englishman can hit a roe-buck at 300 yards, at how many yards could he hit a Frenchman? So absorbed is he in the calculation that he misses a stag which is crossing the stream a long way down, but only shows for a second. He can afford to be a little tells us, for he has already killed one stag this morning, and wounded another.

Meanwhile the beaters show one after the other, and the party collects to recount their various experiences. Result: two stags killed, two supposed to be wounded, three roe-bucks killed, one wounded. We take the dogs up to the scene of our first shot, and there, after much search, find, sure enough, a plentiful sprinkling of blood. The discovery is made known to the most experienced hound; he sniffs it eagerly, examines minutely with his nose the scent for some yards, returns, looks wistfully into the face of the keeper, and lies down; by which course of procedure he means to intimate that the wound may be slight, or may be mortal, but that he is not sure. "Dog," says "Our Royal Highness," "Dog's verdict decisive: let us go and see what is to be the fate of the one wounded by 'Our Royal Highness'." It is with some difficulty that we discover a drop of blood here. Same dog consulted: he sniffs

about, comes back, jumps upon the keeper, and is off again on the scent like a shot. Keeper says, "Dog says we can get this stag." Dog accordingly called in: the scent is too hot; the stag must be allowed a little repose—left to think over his miseries, or he may have strength enough to get out of the woods of "Our Royal Highness" if too hardly pressed. So he goes to another beat. We have not been posted three minutes when out jumps a hind, and, apparently aware that she is an unprotected female, and, as such, entitled to respect, stands and looks at us not fifty yards off. We return the stare, take off our hat, and she trots majestically away. The result of the beat is another stag, and then we return to our wounded friend, two hours having elapsed. The dog works wonderfully, never out of his mind, even at a double back; crosses the stream, and picks up the scent on the other side with a marvellous instinct. "Our Royal Highness" follows close, and we all come out on a piece of open land at the same time, to see a magnificent stag limp across it. In a few moments he is down, one dog at his nose, another at his ear; he has been wounded through the side of the neck, but still lives. "Royal Highness" is exhausted, and a well-directed thrust with a hunting-knife ends his mortal career. Then commander-in-chief presents each of us with a sprig of pine,—for we are entitled to this trophy when a royal stag has fallen to the gun of any of the party, and the antlers of the one before us count sixteen points, not including a ninth cervicene which cannot legitimately be considered one.

We are contented by our success for a pelting shower of rain, which wets us to the skin, and drives the game out of the lower cover into the tall woods. Thither we follow them. We are striding towards the drive, when another buck glances like a meteor through the trees, a hundred yards off. We make a rush for it, but it is out of no use; the vital energy is almost wiped out; "I am not quite ready for the French yet, I'm afraid."

"Not if they are going to dodge through the bushes like rabbits," we growl, and load suitably.

The beech-woods are pleasant to walk through, but they give us no sport, and we are very well satisfied with our bag, nevertheless.

Our drags are waiting for us at a picturesque little village embosomed in the mountains, and we march through it triumphantly, our sprigs of pine producing their proper effect. We drive back by another but equally beautiful road, and on the way a heron soars above us, and lights in a tarn to the west. We are the last of the day, and the "Royal Highness" descends his rifle in hand; before he gets within a hundred yards of the tarn, the heron perceives him, and with a great splash and flutter takes wing again,—not to go far, however; and as the majestic bird comes topping headlong down, we are consoled for the last episode of the buck. It is no disgrace to be beaten by such a shot, of course, and we lament that it is not in our power to give "Our Royal Highness" a company in the 100th Middlesex Volunteers.

A mild balmy evening succeeds the rain, and we arrive in time to dine as usual in the summer garden, beneath tall old trees, close to a fountain where the water-jets fall into wreaths of floating flowers, and make soft music to us as we sit on the terrace with our cigars, and listen to the thrushes playing. For we live in the open air when the weather permits it; but this summer, in Germany, as elsewhere, the rain has been incessant, and has spoiled both our *ad hoc* existence and our sport.

Sometimes we sleep all night at *châlets* in the woods, and have a jocular picking and a good deal of fun. Sometimes we disrobe with bearded dogstoppers, and stroll through the forest with our rifle, stalking our game; or, during the rutting season, calling them by blowing on leaves of grass held lightly between the two thumbs. Then innocent roe-bucks come trotting confidently up to the supposed fair one, and only discover the base advantage which has been gained by their gallantry on receiving a ounce of lead in their too susceptible hearts.

It is with a heavy heart that we turn our backs upon the woods of "Our Royal Highness," and all the amenities of his hospitable court, and watch with a longing gaze the last turret of the castle, stocked with his trophies of a century's sport, disappear in the dark shadows of the waving pine-trees.

SPIRITUALISM UNVEILED.

A LECTURE was delivered on Wednesday night, at St. James's Hall, by Mr. Henry Norm, in which he gave an account of inquiries recently made by him into the phenomena of "Spiritualism." Mr. Norm stated his opinion that those best able to expose the knavery of spiritualists have been those who have no motive or opportunity to investigate the subject, and have been able to do so on their own terms, before the public. When any flagrant case in state administration is to be inquired into, it is the custom, he said, for the Government of this country to appoint Scotch commissioners to point out what is wrong, and set matters to right. Cagliostro, the most eminent spiritist in Europe, the general, succeeded in his career, and he learned his trade in Europe. He came from Rome to Paris, from Paris to Vienna; in every new capital gaining fresh notoriety, and swindling his dupes out of larger and larger sums of money. But at St. Petersburg, according to Mr. Thomas Carlyle, he came in contact, for the first time, with a native of these islands. A Scotch doctor was then in the service of the Czar, who picked the blunders of Cagliostro, and never allowed him to be blown up again.

Now spiritualism, continued the lecturer, has undergone the ordeal of a Scotch committee, and has passed through it unscathed. Lord Brougham, the Chancellor of the University of Edinburgh, the most acute lawyer of the age, and Sir David Brewster, the principal authority on the laws of the eye, and a question of the subject, the editor of an encyclopædia, and the author of a work on magic, have sat in committee on the subject, and have not only failed to detect any fraud, but have been obliged to own that they saw and heard things which they could not account for. But lawyers and professors, continued Mr. Norm, are not the persons to be trusted in such matters. Many a man, who is a person who can go to a railway-crossing, see the express train pass at full speed, and yet be able to tell, when it has disappeared, the number of passengers it contained, how many were male and how many female, how many were spectacles, how many were light, and how many were dark, and how many were of the red hair, many read the newspapers, how many could be engaged in converse with a dog. Neither an acute ex-chancellor, nor a profound optician, is a match for a Red Indian, in any act which implies cultivation of the senses, and neither can, in this respect, cope with the professors of legendman.

Louis Napoleon, with that agility which characterizes him, first discovered that spiritualists should be dealt with by the orthodox professors of natural magic, just as the wisdom of opening a new colic-should be tested by a veterinarian or military engineer, and not by a magister of the desert. Here is the way in which the modern science of magic was brought under the notice of the French emperor. Algeria, it appears, is kept in constant hot water by Arab prophets,—a class of fanatics who, imposing upon their countrymen by conjuring tricks, lead them to believe in absurd predictions and prophecies. A recent court case tells us that the presence of the sceptic disposed the emperor to weakness to the French Government than the Arab soothsayers. The evil was increasing; something had to be done; and in a brief moment it occurred to the Emperor to send Robert Houdin into the country to study the subject and draw up a blue-book. The professor had no difficulty in understanding all the necessities of the Arab and in repeating what they did, with tricks of his own worth two of theirs. He dispelled the delusion, as the African sun scatters the clouds wafted over the Atlas to the desert. When Mr. Houdin, the spiritualist, repaired recently to the Court of the Tuileries, the Emperor, mindful of old favours, invited Houdin to be present at the *seance*. He came, but the oracles were dumb. The presence of the sceptic dispelled the spirits, who, under such circumstances, are always shy, and they would not answer.

Mr. Novra, an English conjuror, told his audience that he determined to investigate the wonderful phenomena which had staggered Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. In the spring of 1859 he was living at Dr. Wilson's hydropathic establishment at Malvern, and met there with several gentlemen who expressed a wish to join him in his inquiries. The fame of Mrs. Marshall and her niece was then at its zenith, their wonderful performances having found an able exponent in Mr. William Howitt. The services of these ladies were then in vogue, and it was not surprising that they were nothing remarkable, he says, in their appearance. Mrs. Marshall was an elderly and butom widow, who, to quote the poet,—

When in angry honour stalking,
Was like a dyspeptic set walking.

The niece was less plump, but also displayed a more than average development of muscle and sinew—Mr. Novra noted the fact. There was something peculiar in the appearance of both ladies which for a moment baffled the conjuror. But he soon discovered what it was. There was a want of circumspection. This was another fact. The first *seance* commenced. Twelve spirits were summoned from the deep, and proved to be in perfect working order. They made a great variety of raps—raps on the table, raps on a tea-tray, raps on the walls, and raps on the floor. A gentleman, who accompanied the ladies in a professional capacity, remarked, moreover, that the spirits were weak that evening. Then a Mr. and his wife knelt in prayer, and the process was going. That is the "cooper's knock," said one of the party—the deceased husband of Mrs. Marshall having been a cooper—whose spirit exhibits the interest it takes in one once so near and dear to it by dropping in unbidden to all the *seances* in which she takes part. The spirits lifted books, and folded two, and threw their pages. They raised the table, every now and then grasping and pinching unmercifully the legs and ankles of the observers, by what are said to be claws and hands, but letting go their hold the moment the sufferers looked down to the spot. The crowning feat came: the party sat down to a table, and put their hands upon it, when, to the amusement of many present, the influence of some mysterious force no less than two feet from the ground, at which height it remained for a time, and then gracefully subsided.

Mr. Novra, on getting home, carefully thought over all he had seen. He had noted the pitch of the imitated sounds made by the spirits, and he found that he could produce them all. He repeated the table, every now and then rubbing the tip of the middle finger in leech-wax, and letting it rest forward in short unobtrusive jerks on the smooth mahogany. The raps from the tea-tray could be produced in a similar way by the nail of the fore-finger bent under the hand. The "cooper's knock" could be imitated with the heel of the foot on the floor. The lesser sounds which proceeded from distant parts of the room could be produced by rubbing the toe-nails against the soles of the boot inside, in a way explained by Wizard Anderson. But why, it may be asked, did these sounds proceed from the chimney, the windows, the cupboard, and the roof? Conjurors have no difficulty, says Mr. Novra, in answering that question. It is a hard matter, in a room, to tell whence any sound comes; and if the direction from which it is expected is mistaken, those who hear it will not believe that it proceeds from any other spot. This the lecturer illustrated. With a knife he appeared to strike a tumbler which stood on his desk, and to make it ring loud and clear throughout the hall. No one in that vast audience could tell the spot from which the sound came, but he called out an assistant from behind a screen at the other end of the room, who showed the instrument which had really made the sound,—a glass vessel of a totally different kind, and yielding a different sound from that used by the lecturer.

In the same manner Mr. Novra showed how the spirits might be made to write on the floor, pinch and gripe, and fold down the leaves of books. The experience he has had as a conjuror had familiarized him with the vast importance in his profession of flexible feet and ankles in all tricks of hyperleamism. To divert the attention from the spot where the work is done, and to do what the feet do, is generally done with the hands. Indeed, he says, the great secret of the success of jugglers, and, above all, of conjurors, by placing the sole of one foot on the top of another, are able to hold and snatch away slates and books, and much heavier articles, and, in short, to perform all the tricks performed by Mrs. Marshall and her niece. They would have no difficulty in picking and grasping the legs of persons at a *seance*, by clapping their hands between the soles of the feet and over each other, when a pinch is meant, and between the upper leathers when a gripe is given. Mr. Novra concluded, from the fact that grips and pinches were only felt near the undisturbed petticoat of the ladies, and close to the floor, that they had been produced by the conjuror. He, therefore, felt anxious to see the upper leathers of Mrs. Marshall's boots—the wear and tear of which he felt certain would exhibit traces of what they had undergone.

The table trick, too, he thought he could account for. Placing his right leg over his left knee, and using the latter as a fulcrum, he found that he could, seated on a chair, without great muscular effort raise an ordinary

cheap and light round table with a centre column and three feet. He felt convinced, too, that the sinewy limbs of the younger performer had a share in this phenomenon. At another *seance* his surmises were to be tested. The spirits were not at all shy; the first *seance* gave them confidence. The table rose to the former level. No sooner was it poised, than the Hercules of the party, as arranged, quickly threw out his foot, and held it tight against the lower surface of the pillar. Another limb he caught there, a limb of flesh and blood, active and muscular,—which, despite its frantic efforts to escape, was firmly clutched, and the person being thrown into holes and shreds, like a pair of housemaid's gloves, by the long habit of pinching and grasping to which they had been used.

A performer in female attire, with a black veil, and without crinolines, illustrated all the phenomena as they were referred to by the lecturer. The spirits were not at all shy; the first *seance* gave them confidence. The lecturer, as she raised the table, read the description given of the process by the author of the famous article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, and proved its accuracy by showing that the jerks it makes in starting from the floor, the curves it forms in its ascent, the slope of the top towards the medium when it is fairly poised, and the graceful motion with which it subsides to its old place, are all the necessary conditions of the process he has had the quickness to detect. In conclusion, Mr. Novra said that he had explained all the spiritual manifestations he had been permitted to witness; and that if means of observation were afforded him he would undertake to explain all others. Taking up the gauntlet, a young girl, in spiritualistic raiment, as the "infant magister," but now turned fifteen, ascended the platform, and raising a heavy talisman's goose from its long to its narrow end by touching it with her little finger, defied the sceptical lecturer to follow her example. But Mr. Novra knew the trick, and successfully performed it.

An old professor, who had been a member of the Society for Spiritualism being received as accounting for the phenomena of spiritualism. Seated in his arm-chair, he had floated about under the ceiling of his own room, as in a balloon, suspended and poised in that position by jets of magnetic fluid, projected at him from the finger-tips of a wonder-stricken circle of friends on the floor. The remainder of the old gentleman's tale was drowned in the laughter of the audience; and so ended the first lecture of a series which we trust to see continued.

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. III.

THE SCHOOLGIRL.

SCHOOLING is of two kinds: the ladylike and the rough; one where the polishing is so incoherent it cuts away the very substance of the silver—the other, where it is so sparing, that the rust and tarnish come up through the channelling, and prevent the metal from being fit for use. The ladylike is the one to be preferred; nature being pretty sure to supply to the woman what is wanting to the girl if nature may be left to herself, and not stifled out of being by quacks and their deadly nostrums. A school where a stricter attention is paid to deportment than to morals; where how to keep one's carriage—how to carry one's self—how to be a partner for the next dance, are matters more carefully insisted on than truth and honesty, and courage and unselfishness, is about the worst place of training that can be found; but there are many such for the higher classes, to whom this outside polish is a species of badge or shibboleth which marks the order, and rules it out from the vulgar herd. Such a school as this stands at one end of the list; at the other is the vulgar, rude, mangling establishment, where the girls are calculated at just so much a head, and worth just so much margin of profit; where they are fed in herds, and taught in droves; where no individual attention of any kind is given to them, not even to the letter-paying boarders, and no attempt made at refinement of manner or taste at all; where they are scolded taught by mechanical routine, and not educated at all, and where they are treated as so many articles of merchandise, like a set of young calves, for instance, taken in to be reared upon economical principles. Terribly hazardous diseases are these, full of dangers and unexpected chances, where there is neither care nor pity, but from end to end for who is there to watch how the young souls are growing, or where the erudite thoughts turn—schools where often habits of deceit, and ideas illicitly evil are formed, to the sullying and destruction of a whole after-life.

Of two kinds, also, is the course of instruction laid down for our unprinted women. There is the higher, which crams the young mind with learning of a shallow scientific kind, of no useful or practical utility whatever; with "history which is not to degenerate into factology;" with botany which has nothing of the fields and woodlands in it, but is only a dry, dull, class-room anatomization; with composition where there is neither power nor poetry, but the highest prose sacred to "précis-writing," where there is no occasion, and where there are twenty classes in the week, which means an occasional hour or two for studies, any one of which needs a lifetime to master. Twenty classes a week, and no time left for thought, for exercise, or girlish freedom; no time left for the womanly work which has to come; no time left for youthful sciences, where there is as much of mental growth and development—but all the precious hours devoted to the great Moloch of sham science, which not one-third of those young heads can understand, even to that superficial degree allowed, and which not one-tenth will keep up after they leave the walls of that gloomy "college." And there is the lower kind, which gives a still more shallow and unprofitable "accomplishment," and does not do more than of more than the outside layer, where French is acquired which no Parisian could understand, and of which not a rule is thoroughly learnt nor an exercise intelligently framed; where music is required of vulgar execution, never exact, and not a passage rightly rendered, because never understood; and

portly presence approaches and addresses the genuine visitor, "in the Lancashire dialect," on the subject of sculpture generally. The choice of the provincial dialect is only one of the many fine strokes of art with which the case abounds. Then the parties "get into conversation"—fatal error; from that moment the cleaning-out of the second person in the dialogue was only a question of time. The next move of the respectable-looking man who spoke the Lancashire dialect was to ask his companion the hour. Drawing "a valuable gold watch from his waistcoat pocket," the victim gives the information. Would he have seen a twinkle in the eye of the portly one, as he valued it to a fraction, and said, mentally, "It is mine?"

Scene the second, in the bar of the Museum Tavern, where the "respectable appearance" is treating his new friend to a glass of ale, and talking in the Lancashire dialect of the important business that has brought him to London. At this point they are joined by "a tall man of consumptive appearance." Note the contrast of the consumptive one with the "portly" figure of the first actor; what an eye for effect your knife possesses! The tall and pale party introduces himself as just up from Manchester; and all three resolve to visit the United Service Museum. Not gaining admission (as foreseen) they walk about the Horse Guards; and the third scene begins in another public-house, with an additional character in the action—a "man of florid complexion," just arrived from Douglas, in the Isle of Man, who was the society that they are in a doubtful neighbourhood, for he had been "fleece out of two pounds" there; not that he cared for such a trifle—not he; a relative had just died and left him £7,000; he had plenty of money—look here! And he produces what appear to be a roll of bank-notes and a handful of sovereigns.

Now, all this must have been good acting; "overdone, or come tardy off," as *Hamlet* says, the grossness of the trick would have betrayed itself. Dialogue and "business" were both well studied; so much so, that the real part of the piece begins to feel superior in shrewdness, and advises the sharper to take care of his money, or he may be fleeced out of the whole of it, since he did not know what society he was in. The "florid-complexioned man" with the deceased relative and the £7,000, "laughed at this idea," as well he might; and offers to "stand a bottle of wine," like the *millionaire* as he is. The drama then progresses more rapidly. There is a challenge to the victim to test his skill in rifle-shooting and an adjournment to a rifle-gallery, which turns out to be a skittle-ground. It is no matter; the three gentlemen are accommodating; the florid man, the consumptive one, and the portly party, will play skittles. But the latter thinks the skittle-ball is of iron; bets the victim a shilling it is, and victim cuts it with his knife, and has a shilling handed him. Nicely calculated all this; three fools, one with plenty of money, all ready to lose, and pay; it may prove a good day's work to a sharp Londoner, whippersnapper.

The florid man plays skittles so very clumsily, that he loses game after game to the portly one, to the amount of several pounds. A safe party to play with, thinks the victim—he is sure to lose. So victim plays him; but, change to say, that time the victim plays very badly, and, to the contrary, victim loses three shillings in a trice; the sequel it will be observed, is not made at once. Suddenly, the party of very respectable appearance offers to play victim for £10; not having it in coin, he hesitates, but is reminded he has a watch—the watch pulled out in the Museum. It is again proposed, and consummated, and proposed to be only pinhead by the florid person, who bets the Londoner £3 it is nothing else. Victim then thought the florid man a "fat" indeed, as the watch was a "family relic"; and, tempted by the certainty of winning £3 so easily, actually goes out and pawn the "family relic" for £6, thus gaining the bet. Then the final coup is made. The consumptive one on the watch, and the proceeds of the wager, are staked on a game of skittles, and lost to the consumptive man, and greediness is left without a shilling.

Then "a thought struck him" that he "had been done,"—and so he had been—thoroughly. But during the whole process he never suspected his danger; to the last moment he believed "all three to be respectable," and "considered the florid man a flat"; and out of a flat with a roll of bank-notes in his pocket something might be made; so in seeking a little wool the victim was shorn!

It is a very old trick all this, nearly as old as ring-dropping. The details vary, but the main incidents are always the same; and the success of this class of sharpers is something amazing. It could only be done by first-rate acting; so good is it that a canny Yorkshireman, who was thus cheated of £150 the other day, was blinded by it, and when giving evidence of his loss actually enjoyed the affair as a joke, and laughed immensely, though it was his own property. The success of the affair, the money, seemed, to him, "a thing" was so cleverly done." No professional actor ever received such a tribute to his powers. Truly, this perpetually-repeated drama of the streets is a proof how much misapplied talent is floating loose upon the world!

THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

AUSTRALIA.

Most interesting despatches have just been forwarded to the Geographical Society from Adelaide. The possibility of traversing the continent has hitherto been a matter of doubt, but the problem has, by one daring venture, been almost solved, and a communication from north to south established. To Mr. Macdonald Stuart must be awarded the praise, assisted, as he has been, by his warm supporters, Messrs. Chambers and Finke. Mr. Stuart accompanied Captain Sturt, in 1836, on his remarkable expedition to the centre of the continent, and has since that time performed several hardy explorations into the interior. In March last, with only two companions, he left Adelaide,—to which place, after an absence of many months, he has lately returned in safety.

During this almost unexplored country, the party has experienced great hardships, from want of water, and from the hostility of the natives, by whom he was obliged at last to retrace his steps towards the south. These

In 1839, Mr. Stuart returned to Adelaide, after having reached longitude 135°, latitude 27°—a distance 90 miles beyond the point reached by Leach, in 1837. The country improved as he proceeded, being free of alluvial soil, intersected by numerous ridges from 100 to 120 feet in height, from the summits of which copious streams of clear water issued, and which were covered with alluvial pasture.

natives are described as resembling, to a certain extent, the Malays, who are in the habit of frequenting the northern coast of Australia in search of "trepan." The party reached latitude 18° 47', and longitude 134°, their farthest north being within 300 miles of the Gulf of Carpentaria on the north-east, and Cambridge Gulf on the north-west, after having traversed above 1,500 miles of route. Mr. Stuart had consequently arrived at a point about parallel with, but to the eastward of the farthest point reached by Mr. C. Gregory, in 1856, in his ascent to the sources of "Stoke's" Victoria River, from the north coast.

Instead of the arid desert we have hitherto been led to believe, and as has been asserted by a able geologist as Professor Stokes, in opposition to Colonel Gawler, the portion traversed by Mr. Stuart, was in many parts covered with fine pastures, with palms and gum-trees. The dip of the land appeared to be towards the north-east. Assisted this time by the Colonial Government with £2,500, Mr. Stuart has again started for the interior, determined to traverse the land to the north coast of the continent. The full accounts of the above expedition, with the various maps and tracings, have been despatched to Sir Roderick L. Murchison, for presentation to the Geographical Society.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN, K.G.

On Friday, the 14th inst., at Argyll-house, London, aged 76, the Right Hon. George Hamilton Gordon, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, K.G., K.T., &c. Lord-Lieutenant of the County of Argyll, &c. &c. &c. of the House of Commons. Referring our readers to another column for a general account of the policy and public life of the statesman so recently deceased, we shall content ourselves here with placing on record the leading facts of his life. The eldest son of the late George Lord Haldy (who was eldest son of the first Earl of Aberdeen, but died in his father's lifetime), by Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Baird, Esq., of Newbyth, he was born Dec. 28, 1784, and educated at Harrow, where he was the contemporary of Lord Byron, and of Lord Palmerston and Ripon, and the late Sir Robert Peel—all three in succession Premiers. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1802, and graduated M.A. in 1804. Having gone the "grand tour," which he extended by travelling into the Peninsula, he was in 1806 one of the Scotch Representative Peers. In 1813 he was appointed ambassador at Vienna, and was one of the Plenipotentiaries who signed the Treaty of Paris in 1814. On the conclusion of peace he was created a British Peer, under the title of Viscount Gordon of Aberdeen, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom. In January, 1828, he accepted office, under the Duke of Wellington, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, a post which he exchanged a few months later for that of Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but retired with his party in 1830. He held the seals of the Colonial Office from 1831 to 1834, and was again in 1834-5. On the return of Peel and his party to power in 1841, Lord Aberdeen resumed his former post at the Foreign Office, which he held till the break-up of the administration in 1846. On Sir Robert Peel's death in 1851, he became the acknowledged head of the Peelite party, and in 1852 he was requested by Queen Victoria to form a Ministry, on the defeat of Lord Derby and his party in December, 1852. He then formed the "Coalition Ministry," which lasted until February, 1855, when Lord Aberdeen resigned, owing to dissensions in the Cabinet, and the popular discontent of the nation, which was expressed by the Crises, since which time he had lived in retirement. Lord Aberdeen was twice married: first, in 1805, to Catharine Elizabeth, eldest surviving daughter of John James, first Marquis of Abercorn, who died in 1812; and secondly, in 1815, to Harriet, daughter of the Hon. John Douglas, and widow of his brother-in-law, (who died in 1833), he has four sons, all surviving—Lord Haldy, M.P. for Aberdeenshire, who succeeds to the title; the Hon. Col. Alexander Gordon, C.B., Deputy Quartermaster-General, and extra Equerry to H.R.H. the Prince Consort; the Hon. and Rev. Douglas Gordon, Canon of Salisbury, formerly Rector of St. Anne, Middlesex, and of Earlsfort, co. Tyrone; and the Hon. Arthur Gordon, who was, for a short time, M.P. for Beverley. There are two points in the public career of Lord Aberdeen, which we shall place on record here, as they seem to have occupied the notice of all the British press in their recent obituary notices.

In the first place, though at the head of a "Coalition" Government, the unity of which might have been immensely increased by a judicious distribution of political prizes in the shape of coronets, Lord Aberdeen did not create a single peer during his tenure of office; and secondly, we have the best authority for asserting, that in 1846, when Sir Robert Peel had failed, it was Lord Aberdeen, who, by his personal influence and authority, succeeded in obtaining Her Majesty's most gracious consent to the proposed repeal of the existing Corn Laws.

SIR T. D. LEGARD, BART.

On Monday, the 10th inst., aged 67, Sir Thomas Digby Legard, Bart., of Ganton, near Malton, co. York. The deceased baronet was the elder of the two sons of the late Thomas Legard, Esq., of Ganton, by his wife, Sarah, daughter of — Bishop, Esq., and was born May 30, 1803. He was educated at a Gentleman's College, St. Margaret, Oxford, where he graduated B.A. in 1824. He succeeded to the title on his father's death in July, 1846, and was a Justice of the Peace for the County of York, and a Magistrate and Deputy-Lieutenant for Yorkshire, married, in 1832, the Hon. Frances Drumcay, daughter of Charles, late Lord Faversham (by Lady Charlotte Legge, only daughter of William, second Earl of Dartmouth), and sister of the present peer, by whom he has six living sons, three sons and a daughter, besides five daughters who died young. The title, which was created in 1660, devolved on his eldest son, Francis Digby, ninth baronet, who was born in 1833. The first baronet was John Legard, Esq., the representative of an ancient Norman family, who resided at Scarborough, and was a friend and ally of the friends of those gentlemen who, on General Lambert's Republican intentions being openly



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narrowed, embodied themselves under the command of Lord Fairfax, and surprised York, in order to facilitate the march of General Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle) out of Scotland. The Legard family are widely connected among the "County Families" of the North of England, including the Crevkes of Marton, the Grimstons of Grimston Garth, the Willoughbys of Birdsall, &c.

SIR H. DAVISON

On Sunday, Nov. 2, at Oatland, Va. Indies, from an attack of dyspepsia, aged 52, Sir Henry Davison, Chief Justice of Bombay. He was a son of Mr. J. Davison, formerly one of the proprietors of the *John Bull* newspaper, and was born in 1808. The deceased judge entered Trinity College, Oxford, at the usual age, and graduated in 1830. He was called to the bar in 1834, and in the same year was called to the bar at the Inner Temple, and for several years went the Welsh and Chester circuits. In November, 1850, he was appointed a puisne judge at the High Court of Justice, and in February, 1858, to the exalted position, which he held at the time of his decease.

SIR G. CARROLL

Suddenly, on Tuesday, December 18th, at his residence, Loughton, Essex, Alderman Sir George Carroll, Knt., aged 76. The deceased gentleman was originally a stockbroker in London, and served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex conjointly with Mr. Morhouse, in 1837, the year of His Majesty's accession to the throne, when he received the honour of knighthood. On the 23rd of December, 1839, on the death of Mr. Alderman Birch, he was elected Alderman for the ward of Candlewick, an office which he held till his death. He filled the post of Lord Mayor of London in 1846-7, and for many years took a leading part in the affairs of the corporation of London. Sir George Carroll was married and has left issue.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS

Walter Coulson Esq., Q.C., the eminent Parliamentary Counsel and Draughtman to the House of Commons, died at his residence, North-bank, St. John's Wood, on the 21st of November last, aged 65. He will leave date the 1st of September last, and was proved in the London Court of Probate, on the 14th of this month. The testator was married to Miss Mary Ann Coulson, daughter of the late Mr. William Coulson Esq., (the testator's brother), of Chester-le-Street, Regent's Park, and Keneage, Cornwall, and with his two nephews, the Rev. Thomas Burling Coulson, M.A., and Walter John Coulson, Esq., Surgeon. Probate was granted to Mr. Walter John Coulson, Esq., on the 14th inst. The testator's will was proved, and was sworn under £12,000. The testator has disposed of his estate both real and personal, as follows. He bequeaths his landed estates situated in the counties of Kent and Norfolk, and elsewhere, to his brother for life, and he also takes a life interest in the residue of his real estate, and the residue of his real estate will devolve to the testator's two nephews, to whom he has left annuities of £150; also a very liberal annuity to his housekeeper, for whom he has bequeathed £100 per annum. He also leaves £1000 to his wife, and £1000 to his daughter, and the whole of his personal property. The will is brief, well given, and clearly expressed. The attesting witnesses are James Pooley, Esq., and William Reynolds, Esq., both of Lincoln's-inn-Fields, Solicitors. [We beg to refer our readers to the *Standard* of the 22nd inst. for a full and detailed account of the will, and the title "Men of Mark."]

The Right Rev. Henry Peppé, D.D., Lord Bishop of Worcester, who died at his episcopal residence, Hartlebury Castle, Stratford-upon-Avon, on the 13th of November last, at the age of 78, had executed his will in 1852, and to which he added two codicils, dated respectively in 1853 and 1859. He appointed as executors his nephew, the Rev. Herbert George Peppé, M.A., Vicar of Grimsley. Probate of the will was granted by the London court on the 11th of the present month, to his eldest son, Philip, the acting executor, who has sworn to the personal property as under stated:—*Real Estate*,—the Bishop's Palace, Worcester, and the Bishop's Palace and Rectory in the Lew, Clergy, Mutual, and University Life Assurance Offices, and advances in railways and canal companies. The bishop has bequeathed to his relict, who is a daughter of the Right Hon. John Sullivan, and grand-daughter of the Earl of Devon, a life interest in his personal property, which, on her decease, is to be divided among his four children. To his younger son he has bequeathed his works on divinity, together with his sermons and manuscripts. The bishop's two daughters were married to clergymen; the eldest is the wife of the Rev. Edward Widdowson, Rector of St. Andrew's, Worcester, and the youngest is married to the Rev. W. H. Lyttelton, M.A., Honorary Canon of Worcester and Rector of Hagley, the brother of Lord Lyttelton. This venerable prelate held the see of Worcester from the year 1841, and is succeeded in the see by the Rev. John Henry Peppé, M.A., who was educated at St. John's College, Cambridge, and who is Chaplain to H.R.H. the Prince Consort.

The Right Hon. Louisa, Countess Dowager of Craven, who died at the family seat, Hamstead Lodge, Hamstead-Marshall, Berks, on the 27th of August last, at the age of 78, made her will several years ago, appointing her son, the present earl, sole executor, who proved the same in the Provincial Registry on the 17th of this month, the personal property being worth under £8,000. As the will was made several years ago, it was not surprising that the testatrix should give R. entire. "This is the last will of me, Louisa, Dowager Countess of Craven. I give to my youngest son, Frederick Keppel Craven, the sum of £500, and I give the remainder of my property and effects whatsoever to my eldest son, the Earl of Craven, and appoint him sole executor. In witness, &c. Dated the 10th day of August 1867. Louisa Dowager Countess of Craven. James S. Wickens." This lady, in early life, dedicated her talents to the stage; she was a performer in light comedies and drama, and by her pleasing manner and truthful delineation, she became a very popular favorite at that period. In 1807 she married the Earl of Craven, and by the refinements and ease of her conversation, she became a favorite of the most variable disposition, who eminently prized that sphere to which she was elevated.

The Hon. Sir Henry Davison, Knt., late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature at Madras, and who died at Cotonmound, in the East-Indies, on the 4th of November last, had made his will in the year 1853, which is entirely in his own handwriting, and is comprised in a very few words, giving the whole of the property to his daughter. It is in words to this effect:—"Bombay, 30 June.

1858. I hereby bequeath all my property to my friend James Clay, Esq., M.P. for Hants, in trust to pay my debts, and apply any surplus in such manner as they may think best for the benefit of my daughter Emily now at Mad. Telford's school at Kington." The attesting witnesses are Edward Ward, barrister, of Bream's, and Henry Gamble (Sir Henry's clerk). Probate was granted by the London Court, on the 15th of this month, to James Clay, Esq., M.P., the executor, according to the tenor of the will, there being personal property in England of the value of £1000. The executor so appointed was a learned Judge, who was formerly a barrister of the Welsh and Chester circuits, should have enjoyed his election but for so very short a period, as we find that he sank into the grave at the premature age of 60y.

Vice-Admiral Isaac Hawkins Morrison, one of the Island of Jersey, who died at St. Helier, in that island, on the 16th of August, 1856, at an advanced age, made his will in July, 1855, wherein he appointed his relict, his two sons, and his son-in-law executors. The widow has alone administered thereto, both in the Island of Jersey and in England, to whom the gallant Admiral has bequeathed his entire property. The instrument is witnessed by the Rev. Edward Yevill, Incumbent of St. Luke's, Jersey, and Captain Richard Stuart, R.N. The latter, in recent years, administered a long period in the service of the Government, and has been distinguished by several important appointments with the enemy, and, on some occasions, had to contend with fearful odds. He was created Vice-Admiral on the 21st of October, 1856.

Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Josiah Wedgwood, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, died at his residence at Enniskerry, in Peninsularshire, on the 7th November last, at the age of 62, having left a will bearing date in the year 1847, which was very short, and in the colonel's own handwriting; in which he had bequeathed the bulk of his property to his wife, and to his two daughters, and to his only son, having died previously to the testator, and there being no issue of the marriage, letters of administration, with the will annexed, were granted by the London Probate Court, to the Rev. Robert Wedgwood, Rector of Dunnington, Gloucestershire, as the sole executor, and the Rev. Robert Wedgwood, as sole administrator. This gallant officer shared in the dangers of the battle of Waterloo, at the early age of seventeen. The colonel was attached to that noble and distinguished regiment, the Scots Fusilier Guards, and was one of the list of retired officers. He styled himself "General Rank" in 1830.

Reviews of Books.

ENGLISH DICTIONARIES.

[First Article.]

"CAN you recommend me a good English Dictionary?" is a question constantly put to people who are supposed to be authorities on such subjects. The vagueness of the question and implicitly shows how good the querist stands in the estimation of his questioner. The questioner is presumed to be ignorant of just as definite a task as for a recommendation of good books without ascertaining any clue to the desiderated size or limitation, or dropping it all about rent. What is meant by a good English dictionary? You will probably be told that it means a dictionary that is complete, that it contains all the words in the English language, and that it is a dictionary of the kind required, that "good." All dictionaries are useful in their kind and the question here is, what kind of dictionary is implied under the mild terms "good." If you say of a man that he wore a good hat, the only thing that you mean is that he wore a hat. If you say of a man that he was helped by the description, it might be any fashion of hat under the sun—from a Norfolk to a Mousmouth cap. Strict definitions are essential to a right understanding of a word. No man can speak accurately who does not take pains to fix the meaning of his words.

diagnose, it that it was an article with which we are ill supplied. The contrary is the fact. We have before us a Catalogue of Dictionaries, which displays an amount of industry and research in this department of literature which we suspect, no other country has ever exhibited. It contains, in all, 1,000 titles, of which 1,000 are compilations and miniature compendiums for the satchels of school-boys, the pockets of adults, and the carpet-bags of travellers, there are here no less than a hundred and twenty-four English dictionaries of words, exclusive of the three whose titles are given in the title-page, thirty-two French dictionaries, and thirty-two Latin, thirty-fourteen English glossaries; seven Scottish dictionaries and glossaries; twenty etymological dictionaries; four Saxon and Anglo-Saxon dictionaries; eight synonyms; twenty-two thesauruses and bibliad; nine law; eleven military and naval; and twenty-five miscellaneous dictionaries, having reference to the various arts and sciences, besides a large collection of encyclopaedias and general dictionaries. The number of volumes is 1,200, and the number of pages 1,200,000. The reality, and that our resources in this way, good, bad, and indifferent, are much more extensive than the industrious collector of these formidable details has been able to trace. Yet, notwithstanding our wealth in dictionaries, which we have no means of estimating, we are not more than a few steps removed from the time, nobody seems to know where to look for a dictionary suited to current purposes. Not that people are enamoured in their choice by a knowledge of the riches they possess, for the popular acquaintance with dictionaries is mainly confined to the few who are conversant with them, and the vast number of dictionaries has yet to be discovered. The fault is less in the seekers of dictionaries, who go about looking for what they can't find, than in the dictionaries which have failed to supply the want. There is doubtless little excuse for the ignorance of the individual who is ignorant of the existence of the instrument with which that ignorance has been treated by the lexicographers.

It is obvious that, in proportion as our acquisitions in all branches of inquiry enlarge their bounds, the necessity for a corresponding expansion of our works of reference increases, while the difficulty of compiling them becomes more onerous and responsible. We need not go far back for an example of the rapidity with which words outstrip dictionaries. Take Walker, who published his famous critical dictionary only just before the close of the last century, and compare him with Richardson, and some notion, by no means an adequate one, may be formed

* A New Universal Etymological, Technical, and Pronouncing Dictionary of the English Language, embracing all the Terms used in Science, Literature, and Art. 2 vols. By John Craig, Esq., F.G.S., Lecturer on Geology in Anderson's University, Glasgow. London: Routledge, Warren, and Routledge. 1920.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Joseph E. Worcester, LL.D. London: Sampson, Low, & Company, Boston: Hicking, Swan, & Brewer.

the author, in his introductory remarks, is to "take away the reproach of meanness from the handbooks to Stratford, and throw some little light on the heart of Shakespeare, by giving the reader a better idea of the land where the poet lived." The object of the author is efficiently supported by Mr. Linton, who has supplied the work with twenty-five illustrations, admirably executed. The book is printed on tinted paper, and splendidly bound. It ought to find its place by the side of the most valuable of Shakespeare's works. No more welcome gift could be made to an admirer of Shakespeare.

Adeline and Elphie's; Drama. By Frederick Wm. Wynd. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., 25, Cornhill.—The scenes of this drama are laid at the period when our fair island was constantly exposed to the incursions of the Northern seafarers. There is too much of dialogue, and too little of incident to make it suitable for performance on the stage. The story, however, is so well told, as to render its personal aggression.

Studies of Christian Character. By Bitha Fox, author of "Pictures of Heroes," "The Yew," &c. London: James Hogg & Son.—This is the romance of a young man, who, in the course of his life, has been the witness of many such scenes, such as "The Leap in the Hall," "Signal Fires," "Watchers for the Dawn," "The Friendships of the Reformation," "The Artists of the Reform," "The Captivity of Nuremberg," "The Tenth Muse," "The Red-Silk Banner," "The Fair Priestess," and the principal personages in these chapters are the Venerable Bole, John Huss and Jerome of Prague, John of Weel and John Wessel, Urie von Hutten and Erna von Sickingen, Albert Durer and Lucas Cranach, the Cobler-Port of Nuremberg, Olympia Morana, Rodrigo de Valera, Juan de Valdes, and Madame Guyon, a shifting panorama, from the seventh to the seventeenth century, in which several stirring scenes and energetic characters are portrayed.

The Book and its Mission. Past and Present. Edited by L. N. R., author of "The Book and its Story." Vol. V. 1860. London: W. Kent & Co., 51 & 52, Paternoster-row; Thomas Hatchard, Piccadilly.—This volume is dedicated to "The British and Foreign Bible Society, and to the friends of Bible circulation throughout the world." It is a fine and useful volume, and the progress made by missionaries in circulating copies of the Bible in various languages. Reports, too, are given of what is doing in the British Islands. There are several interesting facts to be found in this interesting volume, and none will probably elude more attention than the fact, that the Bible is being translated into Chinese amongst the Armenians in Turkey, in France, and finally in Italy, where it is incorrectly said, "Garibaldi, the wisest of generals, has saluted King of that country the Charles Albert who gave liberty to the Vaudois—the Bible-readers of the Alps."

The Corsica. A Tale of the Civil War. By Mary Gillies, author of "The Voyage of Constance." With twenty-four illustrations by Birket Foster. London: W. Kent & Co., 51 & 52, Paternoster-row; Thomas Hatchard, Piccadilly.—One of the best books published this season. It displays a careful study of the manners and customs of the period, and an accurate knowledge both of Corsica and Bonaparte. The brutal conduct ascribed to Prince Rupert, and which leads to the catastrophe of the story, is a gross error. The Corsicans deserve to be a popular book, and we trust its circulation may be commensurate with its intrinsic merits.

The Adventures of Mr. Anselmus; an Artful Clerk. By Carr Blackie Gent., one, &c. London: James Blackwood, Paternoster-row.—There are 270 pages in this volume. We read 160 of them without being able to discover wherefore the book had been published. The nearest approach we can make to a definition of its contents is to describe it as a story without either plot or characters.

On Charity in Conversion. From the French of R. Pire Haguet Marist. By a Missionary Apostolic. London: C. Dolman, Bond-street and Paternoster-row. A good translation of a Roman Catholic work, treating mainly on the evils of destruction.

The Leisure Hour. 1860. London: Paternoster-row, and 164, Piccadilly. The Sunday of Home: a Family Magazine for Sabbath-reading. 1860. London: The Religious Tract Society, 55, Paternoster-row; 164, Piccadilly.—Both these publications are profusely illustrated with well-executed wood-engravings, both emanate from the same source—"the Religious Tract Society"—the main difference between them being that the first is intended for amusement during the week, and the other to supply edifying and instructive reading for the hours of the Sabbath, not devoted exclusively to the service of the temple. The latter is one that is too frequently made of cheap literature, and how the skill of the engraver is employed to attract the young to publications certain to corrupt their minds, and debase their hearts, it is a matter of no small importance to be able to point to a penny publication, "the Leisure Hour," a penny weekly periodical that can be perused with advantage. Some of the tales in "the Leisure Hour" are of first-rate character; and other papers contributed are amusing and instructive. We would wish to see "the Leisure Hour" received in every family. It is not necessary to receive with "the Sunday at Home," as its title should be its passport through all parts of England.

Library Catalogue. London: Lettis, Son, & Co., Royal Exchange. All persons desirous of arranging and preserving whatever collection of books they may possess, should peruse this volume. It is a very useful work, and the compiler has well arranged) shows at a glance the title of the book, the place it occupies in the library, the name of the author, size, date of publication, the place where, and the person by whom published. At the end of the Catalogue is an index of subjects, there is an easy mode of registering books, kept together, the compiler observes, "it is an unhappy propensity with many to forget the duty of returning what they have borrowed, and thus, in many cases, had a valuable set of books been destroyed," which such a record as is here provided for the possessor of a library, "might easily have prevented."

The Library and Scientific Register and Almanack for 1861. By J. W. G. Gutch, M.R.C.S.L. London: W. Kent & Co., Paternoster-row.—This work is dedicated, by special permission, to Prince Albert, and published under his immediate patronage. In addition to the usual intelligence to be found in such works, there is in this volume a list of subjects upon which a variety of subjects not to be procured in such publications. For instance, in the present volume the article on "Geography" is considerably extended—the various heights of the mountains are correctly stated. Professor Demoulin has contributed much valuable matter under the head of "Architecture." Captain Noble has

given an article on "Astronomy," and the article on "Geology" has been rewritten. There are articles on aerial phenomena, agriculture, anatomy, astronomy, building, chemistry, gardening, hotel, human physiology, law, mathematics, mechanics, meteorology, natural history, orthography, painting, photography, physiology, statistics, therapeutics, &c. &c. &c.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

Those who have read with pleasure, and they are many, the "Life of Frederick the Great," by Carlyle, will be delighted with the "Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin,"* just published. The author, professor of the Royal Academy at the Prussian capital, admitted at Court and patronised by the King, spent twenty years of his life in daily observation of the events occurring around him. He enjoyed the friendship of all the great men who were the co-workers of Frederick's social circle at that period.—D'Alembert, Cuvier, Vellaire, Muperins, La Mettrie, Le Marquis d'Argens, Algarotti, and others, and was an eye-witness of some, sometimes an actor in, the numerous scenes which he relates. The memoirs of M. Thielack, written from the year 1765 to 1784, when he retired to Paris. Many characteristic details, hitherto unknown, are here given of the private life of the King, of Prince Henry his brother, of the Queen of Sweden their sister, and of the mysterious Princess Anselme. These two volumes form a pleasant picture wherein a series of views are presented to the reader, portraying many of the celebrated men and women of that remarkable time.

The Duc de St. Simon and his Mémoires are well known to the English public, but it is not so well known that he possessed in his library a copy of the Mémoires of the Marquis de Dangeau, covered with the greatest annotations in 7,000,000 of his own handwriting, and which are now published for the first time. Dangeau's memoirs, from 1684 to 1720, give a very faithful and complete picture of the court of Louis XIV. and of the royal family. They contain general information which is found nowhere else, and the annotations of St. Simon, so true and so unsparring, complete the value of the book. If Dangeau were to be said to be the echo of the bed-chamber of Louis XIV. St. Simon is the echo of what is called l'air de cour, or the scandalous chit-chat of the court. The combined narration of M. Thielack and the present an historical record unequalled by any other memoirs of the history of France.

We are glad that M. Firmin Didot, the renowned French publisher, has issued this Journal of Dangeau, which will probably soon be translated into English. It is a most interesting position which the Marquis de Dangeau occupied during the last few years in almost all the states of Europe, and even in some parts of Asia, has naturally attracted the attention of historians. No complete history of that nation, from the time of its dispersion up to the present day has yet been written, although according to our classification, the people of this nation are the Jews, but also of other progress in the arts and sciences from the fourth century to the present time. Valuable information drawn from sources little known is here furnished, and the social habits and public life of the Jews during the middle ages, the schools they attended, their religious and scientific progress, and their political life, are all given. Justinian, the Kings of the Goths, and Charlemagne, their scientific and literary labours in Italy, Spain, and France, details on their best authors and their works, the improvements they introduced in different branches of manufacture and commerce are all described in an excellent and simple style. No serious reader will throw aside this book until he has read it through.

Few persons are, perhaps, aware that the idea of the unity and independence of Italy originated with Count Joseph de Maistre, the famous author of "Les Soirées de Vevey," and that it was during the time he was in the service of the Duke de Maistre, then Sardinian Ambassador at the court of Alexander I. of Russia, planned the new line of politics by which the House of Savoy was to deliver Italy from a foreign yoke. This project was at the time fully received by the court, and has since been almost forgotten. Furtini alone, in a few despatch pages in his "Storia d'Italia dall'anno 1814 sino a nostri giorni," has recalled the circumstance. Albert Blanc, a barrister of Turin, published in 1858 the political memoirs and correspondence of Joseph de Maistre (from 1803 to 1810), and therein he is proved to have been in the first definitions of Italian independence. The remainder of these highly-interesting memoirs (from 1811 to 1817) has just been edited by the same author, M. Albert Blanc. One of the remarkable facts they elicit, is that the writer was by no means such an advocate of absolute government and absolute monarchy as he was generally supposed to be. This was known in Russia, and Madame Swetchine, long before the correspondence of de Maistre appeared, and of her celebrated friend,—"People do not know him; he is not the fanatic nor the absolutist he is believed to be." His diplomatic genius and his intimacy with his intimacy were the result of his long and varied life (1811-1817) give full scope for revolutions and anecdotes of every kind, and the result is a very amusing book.

The great undertaking of François Hugo, son of the celebrated poet, goes steadily on, and the great amount of French volume of French literature has been issued. There are two new features in this work, the word-for-word translation, and the division of the Plays into certain categories imagined by the author. Each volume consists of one of these categories—Les Femmes, Malheur, Night, Dreams, and "The Tempest," Les Femmes, "Macbeth," "The Jew," "Richard the Third," Les Femmes, "Othello," "Cymbeline," "Troilus and Cressida," "Much Ado about Nothing," and the "Winter's Tale"; Les Femmes tropiques, "Anthony and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet," Les Femmes, "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Taming of the Shrew," and so on. This peculiar arrangement, but the endeavour to render, word for word, English into French, two languages so thoroughly opposed in character, seems to us an attempt which will hardly be approved of by Frenchmen, for the faithful translation of French into English is a task which is almost impossible, if simple reason that it is almost impossible that the languages of France and England should be so different, and the necessity of using words which have no equivalents in French, or which will fail to convey to the mind the same idea if literally translated.

Notwithstanding this objection, this laborious work, which will add to fifteen volumes octavo, has this advantage, that it gives in reference, for the first

* Souvenirs de Vingt Ans de Séjour à Berlin. Par Dominique Thielack. Paris: Firmin Didot. 2 vols. 8vo. 1860.

Journal de Marquis de Dangeau, avec les Commentaires inédits du Duc de St. Simon. Paris: Firmin Didot. 2 vols. 8vo. 1860.

Les Soirées de Vevey. Par Joseph de Maistre. Paris: Michel Levy. 1860.

Journal de Dangeau. Par Joseph de Maistre. Paris: Michel Levy. 1860.

Œuvres complètes de M. de Maistre. Par M. de Maistre. Paris: Michel Levy. 1860.

The second volume of Professor Cornelia's "History of the Rebellion at Münster"—the "Analspater" Rising—has appeared at Leipzig. The first volume appeared in 1855, and the third is announced for 1863.

M. Charpentier has issued the prospectus of his *Revue Nationale*; and announces articles by MM. Edouard Laboulaye, Louis de Lomfaine, and Louis Ulbach.

Dr. G. J. Agassiz, of Auburn, is in preparation a "Handbook of Surgery and Anatomy."

M. A. Nettemont's "History of the Restoration" is to occupy six or seven volumes.

E. Féclet's "Treatise on Hist." has reached a third edition.

Amoy is about to publish the prospectus of the "Diplomatic Archives of Europe," in monthly parts and quarterly volumes.

✂ In consequence of the pressure of Advertisements upon our space, we are again compelled to enlarge our paper by a Supplementary Issue of Four Pages, making 56 columns, instead of our usual number of 48.

THE BACK NUMBERS OF THE LONDON REVIEW.—The Numbers out of print are now reprinting, and will be ready for issue on December 29, when all the Numbers can be had complete to the present time. A single back Number sent free by post on receipt of four postage stamps. Cases for binding THE LONDON REVIEW, with an Index to the Volume, will be ready early in January.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR WEEK ENDING

GREAT CHRISTMAS REVELS, JUVENILE FESTIVAL, and GIANTIC FANCY FAIR, to commence on MONDAY, December 24th, and continue on WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY, FRIDAY, and SATURDAY.

On TUESDAY (CHRISTMAS DAY) ORCHESTRAL BAND and Great Festival Organ Performance.—The Revels and Fancy Fair will be closed on that day.

The Palace will open, MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, at Nine; other Days at Ten. Admission each Day, One Shilling; Children, Sixpence. SATURDAY, Half-a-Crown; Children, One Shilling; Season Tickets, Five.

SUNDAY. Open, at 11 o'clock, to Shareholders gratuitously, by tickets.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT CHRISTMAS REVELS, JUVENILE

FESTIVAL, and GIANTIC FANCY FAIR.—On MONDAY, DECEMBER 24th, and daily during the holidays (except on Christmas Day), a continued round of amusements from morning till night, the entire building being lighted and warmed and presenting the gayest and most animated appearance. Mr. NELSON LEE will superintend the amusements.

The Entertainment will commence at half-past Eleven o'clock on Monday, the opening day, with the Royal Fane and Jolly, and the astonishing Marionettes, followed by the marvellous Wizard from Rome, Signor Falcetti, whose public performance at the Gallery of Illustration have excited the greatest wonder. Mr. J. H. Rival, well known in London as "Winton's Cure," will appear in his most extraordinary character; and the Brothers Talbot, probably the most talented "graciers" in the country, will exhibit their surprising feats; the Ohio Minstrels, whose success in London is proverbial, and whose comic versatility never fails to be rewarded by the most illustrious applause, will sing their drolliest songs, and tell their funniest stories; and in addition, those famous French Clowns, Brian and Owsley, will appear, &c. the first time, at the Palace.

The laughable shadows of last year caused so much movement, that it has been determined to have a SHADOW FANTASMIE at night, on the great stage in the Centre Transsept.

The sufficient effects must be seen to be appreciated.

Some amusing novelties in juvenile recreations will be introduced, and new features in Illumination and Decoration will be exhibited. The Entertainment will comprise Selections by the celebrated Orchestral Band of the Company, arranged in summer for the Palace, and Performances by the celebrated Orchestral Band of the Palace.

The shows of the Palace will be opened at Nine on Monday 24th, Tuesday 25th, and Wednesday 26th, and ample time will be allowed for Visitors promenade in the Palace in the evening that the accommodation by Railway may not be so convenient.

Admission as usual. One Shilling; Children under Twelve, Sixpence.

N.B.—On TUESDAY, CHRISTMAS DAY, ORCHESTRAL BAND and GREAT ORGAN PERFORMANCE instead of the FESTIVITIES.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—WET OR DRY.—FROST OR SNOW.

THE ONLY WINTER RESORT FOR ALL.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—THE GREAT CHRISTMAS TREE, in the

Centre Transsept, is now furnished with every requirement for family Christmas Trees, and juvenile presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—NOW OPEN, FANCY FAIR, with the

length of the Palace.—An immense collection of articles suitable for Christmas Presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—GREAT IMPORTATION OF FOREIGN

ARTICLES of all descriptions, suitable for Presents.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Largest Collection of every production in

Europe may be selected from.

THEATRE ROYAL OLYMPIC.—LONDON, MEANS, F. ROBSON & W.

A. RIDGEN.—On WEDNESDAY, December 20th, and during the week, to commence

with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, December 21st, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, December 22nd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, December 23rd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, December 24th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, December 25th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, December 26th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COVENT GARDEN.—Under the

Management of Miss LOUISE FINE and Mr. W. HARRISON, Bole Lessee.

On MONDAY, December 18th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, December 19th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, December 20th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, December 21st, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, December 22nd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, December 23rd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, December 24th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, December 25th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, December 26th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, December 27th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, December 28th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, December 29th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, December 30th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, January 1st, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, January 2nd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, January 3rd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, January 4th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, January 5th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, January 6th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, January 7th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, January 8th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, January 9th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, January 10th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, January 11th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, January 12th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, January 13th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, January 14th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, January 15th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, January 16th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, January 17th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, January 18th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, January 19th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, January 20th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, January 21st, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, January 22nd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, January 23rd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, January 24th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, January 25th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, January 26th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, January 27th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, January 28th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, January 29th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, January 30th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, February 1st, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On WEDNESDAY, February 2nd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On THURSDAY, February 3rd, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On FRIDAY, February 4th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SATURDAY, February 5th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On SUNDAY, February 6th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On MONDAY, February 7th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

On TUESDAY, February 8th, to commence with new comedietta from the French, by W. Gordon, Esq., called HOME FOR A

HOLIDAY. Characters by Messrs. F. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, J. H. Rogers, and J. H. Rogers.

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and during the Week to commence at Seven with THE ROYAL COQUET, in

which Miss QUENY HILDY will make her first appearance here in the character of Miss Har-

dendale; Tony Lomax, Mr. Buckstone. After which a new Entomological Christmas Pantomime, entitled QUENY HILDY-REID AND HER CHILDREN, or, Harlequin and a House

on Fire, and entitled to Musical Tragedy, the new Entomological Christmas Pantomime, entitled QUENY HILDY-REID AND HER CHILDREN, or, Harlequin and a House

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on Fire, and entitled to Musical Tragedy, the new Entomological Christmas Pantomime, entitled QUENY HILDY-REID AND HER CHILDREN, or, Harlequin and a House

on Fire, and entitled to Musical Tragedy, the new Entomological Christmas Pantomime, entitled QUEN

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Its extensive circulation is, therefore, the result of a large expenditure of capital—which has been continually increased, year after year, so as to augment the value of the Journal, and secure its hold on public favour: its Proprietors and Conductors being fully impressed with the important fact, that there is more difficulty in upholding than in obtaining popularity for any publication.

The ART-JOURNAL consequently continues to be the only Journal in Europe, or in America, by which the Arts are adequately represented.

It is addressed—first to the ARTIST, next to the AMATEUR and STUDENT, next to the MANUFACTURERS and ARTIST, and next to the GENERAL PUBLIC; endeavouring to interest all by the varied nature of its contents, but striving also regularly, to issue matters specially directed to each class.

Since its original establishment, so far back as the year 1830, the position and condition of the Arts in Great Britain have undergone large and beneficial changes: the higher Arts now receiving large patronage, while, twenty years ago, few Painters or Sculptors were "commissioned," and it was a rare event to find ten per cent. of the pictures of members of the Royal Academy "sold" at their Annual Exhibitions. Manufacturers, with a few honourable exceptions, hardly made pretence of reference to Art for instruction; content with the chances that occasionally procured good results, and satisfied, for the most part, to follow in the steps of predecessors, without inquiry and without advance.

Various circumstances have combined to produce the gratifying and beneficial improvements of which the present epoch supplies abundant evidence: it cannot be presumptuous to state that the ART-JOURNAL has contributed largely to that progress on which the country—and, indeed, civilisation, may be congratulated.

Our Subscribers and the Public may rest assured that in no degree will the efforts of the Conductors of this Journal be relaxed. The Editor, and his many valued coadjutors, will continue to labour, with heart and energy, to render it in all respects commensurate with the growing intelligence of the age; to supply information upon every subject interesting to the Artist, the Amateur, the Manufacturer, and the Artisan; making it not only a record of all "news" concerning the Arts and their various ramifications,—a reporter of every incident it may be

desirable to communicate,—but, by drawing on the resources of experienced and enlightened men, affording such information and instruction as may advance the great cause of Art—teaching, while gratifying, its professors and those who pursue Art as a source of pleasure and enjoyment.

The ART-JOURNAL for the year 1861 will, therefore, be commenced with an earnest resolve to improve it by every available means, and with all the advantages that result from long experience of the wants and wishes of its Subscribers, as well as with a grateful sense of the support by which it has obtained the high position it occupies.

Although it may not be necessary to explain, generally, the arrangements in progress for conducting the ART-JOURNAL during the year 1861, we are free to announce the following as some of the subjects that will be contained in the January (or early) Number:—

I.—AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE EARLY PORTRAITS OF OUR LORD. By THOMAS HEADLY.

The artist has made several journeys to Rome for the special purpose of this "Inquiry;" has had access to collections and documents hitherto inaccessible; has been aided in his task by the Cardinal-Minister; and has been permitted to make drawings from objects heretofore scrupulously withheld from the public eye. His papers, therefore, will be largely illustrated.

II.—RUBBINGS OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST AMONG OLD BOOKS AND IN OLD PLACES. By F. W. FAIRBOLT, F.S.A. Illustrated.

III.—ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS. By G. W. THORNBURY.

IV.—THE HERMITS AND RECLUSES. By the Rev. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A. Illustrated.

V.—FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAPER-STAINING. By JOHN STEWART.

VI.—A TOUR THROUGH ALL ENGLAND. By THOMAS FURNELL.

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are not disposed to complain of this partial change; and it is more to be regretted that quantity, quality, and variety are judiciously and satisfactorily combined in the current number." —*Illustrated London News*.

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EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY.

WHEN a great man dies, it is the custom in some countries for a brother in greatness to pronounce a funeral oration over his grave. In this country the eulogium of the mighty dead is uttered to a larger audience, by a greater power than spoken oratory. The pen of the ready writer discourses the eloquence, and the public journals print and disseminate it over the land, carrying to remotest corners the history of the departed, with the befitting tribute of the gratitude and admiration of his contemporaries. The name of the dead worthy takes its place thenceforth on the roll of Fame, that posterity may be able to find and use it for the emulation of the living. And the function which the press thus performs towards individuals, it performs towards TIME itself. Every man who dies is not worthy of its tribute; but every year that takes its place in the long dim roll of departed ages, becomes an *ANNUS MIRABILIS* as soon as it has ceased to be. The lot of this generation has been cast in so stirring an epoch that every successive year seems, while it lasts, as if it were more eventful than its predecessor. The minds of men engaged in the great vortex of circumstance, either as busy actors or as philosophic spectators, exaggerate the Present at the expense of the Past. Their perceptions are dulled by remoteness, but are acute and vivid to the things that are near. And thus it follows that in pronouncing the funeral oration of 1860, public writers will inevitably attach more importance to it than it will be found to have deserved, when the same pens, or others, shall perform the same duty for the year that is to follow. The years are but links in a mighty chain, and no one link is much greater or stronger than another if seen from the right point of view. The chain of the years in our time is a chain of Revolutions. An old Civilization is breaking up to give place to a new; and Governments that are founded upon a state of society that knew not liberty of conscience or of trade, or printing-presses, or railroads, or steam-ships, or electric telegraphs, or any other of the marvellous and democratic discoveries of modern science, all of which are incompatible with arbitrary and oppressive rule, are making the last desperate struggle for existence. In this struggle they are doomed to succumb, although the struggle may be protracted for generations, and the world be apparently thrown back to semi-barbarism ere the final victory be achieved.

So slow is the progress of liberty in Europe, as measured by the lifetime of individuals, that on looking back twelve years we find that the words spoken of the revolutionary year 1848, are equally suitable to the memorable year that is now within two days of its close. It was said in 1848, that men's minds, bewildered amid the whirl, might not be able to form very clear notions of the scope and tendency of the various revolutions which every day brought forth; but that they could see and understand distinctly that the world was marching in a right direction. In that year it was declared that "the timid feared, that the partisans of the old system despaired, but that the wise and the good hoped; and endeavoured to pierce through the gloom that enveloped the present, to behold the glory of a brighter future." May not the very same words be applied to 1860? Is there not the same apparent onward march? the same hopes and fears? the same heaving of Europe in the throes of a long-winded and fast-approaching change?

In fact, it would seem, despite of all the wars and reactions which have taken place in the interval, that the European world has gone

back again to its last great starting point, and that it stands in something like the same position which it occupied when France, in 1848, took its revenge for 1815. It seems as if but one wave had broken upon the shore, and that nothing but another wave of equal impetus was rushing into its place, leaving the landscape and the sea-view the same as before. It was then said:—

"The world cannot always be in the pangs of change. If great ideas ferment as they do now, they must ferment to some end. What is that end? The parcelment of Europe, made by Castlereagh, Metternich, and the rest, in 1815, has been broken up, in spite of solemnly attested parchments, and in the teeth of the standing armies of the despotic powers. The treaty of Vienna is defunct. The several European States have to settle among themselves their mutual relations. Small States show a tendency to aggregation; large States to segregation. The petty principalities and powers of Germany, strong in the identity of speech, literature, and ideas, yearn towards each other. The Teutonic race wishes for unity; the Slavonic raises its voice and insists upon independence. Hungary demands to be Italy, full of generous thought, insists upon being self-ruled; and whatever may be the form of Government which all or any of them may adopt, whether a monarchy hereditary or elective, or pure republicanism, untiers not;—they demand a free existence; and they will obtain it."

There is not a sentence in this description which might not have been written to-day, so accurately does it define the existing condition of Continental Europe. Twelve or twenty years hence the same words may be equally appropriate; but, ultimately, and at the duly-appointed time, there will, we cannot doubt, be such a regeneration of States among themselves, and such a re-adjustment of the European system as will prevent the continental governments from being anachronisms as well as despotisms, and inaugurate a new and better era for our hemisphere. It may be long to wait, and living men may not behold the consummation; but it requires no gift of prophecy to be able to predict its certainty, if not its speediness.

But considering this fast expiring year on its own merits, and not merely as a small link in the chain of destiny, it must be confessed that both for us and for our neighbours it has been one of no ordinary importance. It was in this year that the barriers of estrangement, if not of jealousy and ill-will, caused by stupid and illiberal prohibitions or restrictions upon commerce, were first broken down between Great Britain and France; and when the first great step was taken to encourage, for mutual benefit, that free and cordial intercourse between them, which will in future render war impracticable and perhaps impossible. A steady alliance between the two nations, not founded upon individual caprice or the ulterior policy of a moment on either side, but upon a rapidly increasing and ramifying commerce, and upon the mutual respect which will grow out of better knowledge and more intimate communication, is not only the best thing that can happen to France and to Great Britain individually and conjointly, but the best thing that can happen to the whole civilized world. While these two are united by interest as well as reason, war in Europe can only take place by their permission; and readiness for war has been, is, and will be so costly, if not so ruinous, to both of them, that necessity and policy, if no higher motives exist, will alike compel them to act as mediators in every dispute that may threaten to embroil the European commonwealth.

And fortunately, although these Great Powers have been allied this year, as they were in 1854 and 1855 in a warlike enterprise at a

remote part of the world, the year has not been allowed to go down upon their wrath. They have invaded together a civilization far older than their own; and have, by force of arms, taught the Chinese Government, that in this age of the world no state or empire can be permitted to shut itself up in isolation and refuse to perform the duties of good fellowship and good neighbourship to other members of the great family of mankind. The short, sharp, and, as we hope, decisive war, which they have waged against the treacherous and cowardly Government of China, has been brought to a close amid the unfeigned rejoicing of Christendom; and if the stipulations of the Peace concluded in the conquered and hitherto invulnerable city of Peking be kept in good faith by the Chinese, the conquered will derive far more benefit than the conquerors. Asia will be brought into the healthy circle of European ideas, and will participate in the kindly growth of European progress. The Chinese mind, no longer a stunted shrub, shut out from light and air, will put forth leaves and fruit, and ultimately expand into far goodlier proportions than it has ever experienced in the stagnant fens of its ancient traditions.

If the events of the year shall really lead to the establishment of thoroughly free intercourse between China and the states of Europe and America, it will deserve to all future time the title of "memorable," and stand as broadly and distinctly in the great calendar of history as those other remarkable years from which men are content to date the growth of new ideas, and to reckon the progress of civilization.

As regards the rest of Europe, Italy deserves the first place. Were it for nothing else than the spectacle which that country has exhibited under the prompting of the daring genius of Garibaldi, EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY might claim no slight distinction in the annals of the world. The dream of ages has been all but realized by the exertions of one man, strong in the strength of all his countrymen, and permeated with the spirit and the aspirations of thousands of nameless patriots, who have lived, and hoped, and died without a glimpse of the glory they imagined, and which he achieved. Whatever may be the future of Italy, whether the Pope shall remain its incubus as heretofore, whether its dispossessed and dethroned Dukes and Sovereigns shall be restored to misgovernment, or whether Austria, herself in the pangs of dissolution, shall retain for any length of time her hold upon its north-eastern angle, the events of the closing year, themselves the fruit of 1848 and of the years preceding, will be fruitful in their turn. Italy never has been free and united. Perhaps it never will be so, though Cavour may scheme and Garibaldi may act to that end. But whatever form or forms it may hereafter assume, a shaking has been administered to it, which will infallibly prevent its relapse into the chaotic darkness wherein all its foes, and some of its pretended friends, would like to see it enveloped.

The old warning cry of "TOO LATE," which sealed the downfall of the dynasty of Orleans on the day of the abdication of King Louis Philippe, has been raised in the closing year with all its ancient effect. It was rung in the ears of the Dukes and Grand-Dukes of Italy, and sent them into hopeless exile for not knowing how to yield to reason, in the days of their prosperity, the just demands of their people. It was rung in the ears of Francis II. of Naples, when offering, in terror of the approach of Garibaldi, the reforms which he contemptuously denied when no Garibaldi, and no other avenger of blood was dreamed of. And it is at this moment ringing, loud and clear, from the plains of Hungary in the ears of the Emperor of Austria, bidding him look well to the safety of the crown of St. Stephen, and to the fairest portion of his cruelly misgoverned dominions. And if the "TOO LATE" that has proved fatal to so many small sovereigns during the year, do not prove equally fatal to the greater potentate who rules in Vienna, the result will be due to other agencies than his own, and to a wisdom among his councillors of which he himself has never yet exhibited a scintilla.

And while the disintegration of once powerful states and kingdoms is threatened in the Old World, in the instances of Austria and Turkey, a similar disintegration threatens in the New the youngest member of the great family of nations. Old empires have no worse disease in the body politic than the disease of slavery which the United States inherited from Europe and Asia. There is a drop of bitterness in every human cup, and the United States, with all their juve-

nile vigour and hopefulness, have to taste of it, as well as other kingdoms and empires, that have gone before them. But if there be more wisdom in an ultra-democracy, than in any other form of government, as the Americans are in the habit of boasting, such wisdom will be best shown in making the best of the bitterness, and in the preservation of the Union. The events of 1860 have given the Federation a severer shock than it has ever yet experienced; and proved, even to the Americans themselves, that Republics, governed by the will of the people, are just as liable to go wrong as monarchies and despotisms.

And looking round upon the general condition of the civilized world, it must be confessed that the people of Great Britain have abundant cause for thankfulness in the happy position which they occupy. Always complaining of the defects of their Government, but always mending them without social convulsion; working and prospering; free to speak, to write, and to print; yielding implicit obedience to the laws which they and their fathers have framed, and which the Sovereign obeys as cheerfully and as strictly as the humblest citizen; they may see many evils around them, which they desire to remedy; but they have the consolation of knowing that none of them are of such magnitude or violence as to imperil the safety of the State in the attempt to remove them. The wheels of the political machine move smoothly; and the progress of the nation, if not extraordinarily rapid, is real and satisfactory. Our young men, who armed themselves at the whisper of a danger that has passed away, continue armed because they enjoy the exercise and the amusement of drill and rifle practice; and because they know that among nations as among individuals, the strong, self-reliant man is the least likely to be molested.

Though we know what the Old Year has been, none of us can safely speculate upon the fortunes of the New. But all of us can indulge in the hope that, for ourselves, our families, our kindred, our country, and the world, it may be happier than its predecessor. And with the cordial expression of this hope, we conclude our sketch of the lights and shades, the glories and the glooms, of 1860.

WHY AUSTRIA WILL NOT SELL VENETIA.

THE fate of Europe, in the present critical juncture of foreign politics, may be said to hang upon the fate of Venice. It is seldom that we find ourselves thus able to resolve to a single issue the questions which involve the destinies of a continent. Yet, when we consider the interests that now depend upon the policy of Austria with reference to that portion of her Italian possessions still remaining to her, and the various countries which will be either directly or indirectly affected by the views of her statesmen upon this subject, we do not think that we hazard too much in the statement. Venice is the knot of the situation, whether all Europe will be in a blaze in the spring of the year which is about to open, or whether we may look forward to a decade of comparative tranquillity, it rests with Austria to decide. If this be the case, and it is not very difficult to show that it is so, there can assuredly be no more important subject of speculation than her intentions with regard to this province. Those who know her well have little doubt about them. Unfortunately there are many in this country who have not watched the traditional policy of the empire, and are not sufficiently familiar with the sentiments of her leading statesmen upon the subject, to believe that they never have wavered, and never will upon this vital point. We are too apt to regard questions of this nature from our own point of view; and because Englishmen think they see clearly that the sale of Venetia would ensure the peace of Europe, they forget that Austrians may not be equally convinced that the best interests of their country would be served by the same act.

Whatever may be our own opinions on the subject, and we are not disposed to dissent from the popular feeling in favour of a diplomatic transfer of Venice for "a consideration," it is only fair to weigh the arguments by which those who are opposed to such a transfer, support their case. The Austrian Government maintains that, as the largest state of the German Confederation, she is the guardian not only of her own interests, but of those of Germany, and she is urged to stand by this principle by all those minor states which have been accustomed to consider the empire as their most powerful protector. However general the feeling may be in England in favour of the sale of Venice, it is impossible not to admit that in Germany the largest proportion of public opinion is strongly opposed to such a sale. Not only are Bavaria, Wurtemberg, and Saxony, united in this view of the case, but a strong political section in Prussia and the neighbouring states, who may feel no sympathy with Austria in her internal system of government, believe that in a strategical sense the safety of Germany would be endangered by the abandonment of the Quadrilateral. They

contented that it would be impossible to substitute, by any line of fortifications on the Tagliamento or in the Tyrol, a military frontier which should protect satisfactorily the southern flank of Germany.

They do not look forward to the formation of a united Italy strong enough to resist external influence with the sanguine faith of the British sympathizer, but anticipate with dread the day when the whole peninsula dominated by France, and lying defenceless at the foot of the Alps shall be little more than a French province. They point to the passes recently ceded to Louis Napoleon in Savoy and Nice, and which afford free ingress to his legions into Italy; they refer you to the subservience of the Piedmontese cabinet to French pressure hitherto, and they lay stress upon the internal discussions already manifesting themselves in the antagonism of the republican and monarchist principles and on the reactionary movements in the southern part of Italy. These elements of discord they maintain may be made available by an ambitious and powerful neighbour for its own purposes; and they hold that the result of French interference under such favourable circumstances would be to destroy that independence which can alone exist when a country can rely on the stability of its institutions, and the political union of its population. They consider then that the sale of the quadrilateral would have practically the effect of leaving the passes of the Tyrol open to the armies of France, as entirely as the passes of Savoy are at the present moment, while it is evident that the way would be clear into Croatia, Dalmatia, and the western provinces of Turkey.

We do not mean to maintain that this view is the correct one; we are only accounting for the fact of the preponderating feeling even throughout the most liberal part of Germany being against the sale of Venetia, and for the obstinacy of the Austrian Government in maintaining that her honour is involved in adhering to this possession, not only because it has been guaranteed to her by treaty, but because she is under certain engagements to the rest of Germany, which she considers it would be cowardly to abandon, did she yield to the pressure that has recently been applied to induce her to compromise this important question. In return for her pledge to stand by Venice to the last, she has received the no less solemn promise from Prussia and the rest of Germany, of co-operation in the event of France interfering in favour of Italy, should that power declare war. It will be seen, from a consideration of these facts, how small the chances are of the Cabinet at Vienna deserting Germany, sacrificing their cherished policy of dogged pertinacity, and consenting to an act by which they would not only forfeit the position now held by Austria in the Confederation, but, in their view, cover that empire with disgrace. On the other hand, by adhering to their resolution to defend the Quadrilateral, they are playing a game on which the very existence of the empire itself is staked, and which must involve, as players, most of the great European Powers. Nothing can justify such a policy except the certainty of success. We confess we do not share the sanguine view of Austrian statesmen, still less of Austrian generals.

The declaration of war between Italy and Austria, which, in spite of the opposition of the cabinet at Turin, will be forced upon the Piedmontese Government by the national party in spring, will be the signal for a rising in Hungary, for we must not delude ourselves into supposing that the recent concessions will have the effect of retarding this movement. One of its consequences will be a defection from the Austrian ranks of upwards of 100,000 Hungarian soldiers. Croatia, with its 80,000 disaffected frontier militia, or Grenzers as they are called, will rise in rear of Venice, and Austria will be in a blaze from the Minio to the Carpathians. We may assume, from the note of preparation recently sounded by the French Emperor, who has added a fourth battalion to every regiment, put an extra force of 11,000 men into his dockyards, and ordered all the "craque renouable" men to hold themselves in readiness, that he proposes to depart from the policy of non-interference, which will involve Prussia in the struggle, and draw the French army to the Rhine.

The sides, in the first instance, will then, in all probability, be France, Italy, Hungary, and some of the other nationalities, against Austria and Prussia. Later we may anticipate Russian interference, a rising in the Slavonic Provinces of Turkey, and the agitation of the Eastern question generally. How this imbroglio may ultimately clear itself, it is beyond the foresight of the wisest statesman to predict; but we think we have said enough to show "why Austria will not sell Venetia," and why, in our opinion, it would be much better if she did.

THE SECESSION MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

THERE is no question but the State of South Carolina and her confederates have taken strong and decisive action against the Republican North. Her population are unanimous in the desire for secession, and the four other States are nearly as ardent seceders. The legislatures both of South Carolina and Georgia have already declared for secession; and the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Florida, and Texas, have joined in the movement. Virginia is also excited, but her movements are comparatively cautious.

South Carolina and her four seceding sisters have, it appears, resolved to send an envoy to the Emperor of the French to solicit the recognition of their independence, and offering his Majesty of France, as an equivalent, two free ports of entry—Charleston and Mobile. The instructions to this agent are published, and are rather amusing than commendable. The draft of the general Declaration of Independence is also printed, but has, as yet, had no formal proclamation. When the formal declaration is made, then—what? The constitutional lawyers say, there can be no secessions without the consent of the Federal Government. But how, if the seceders are wifid! Will there be any attempt at coercion? Will the north venture upon armed force? At all events there is preparation to meet it if attempted. The banks in Charleston have volunteered to take one-fourth of a loan for arming the State; and the neighbouring States have made offers of men and equipments in case of emergency.

The Georgian legislature has passed bills calling a convention, and appropriating a million dollars to arm the State for resistance, should the Federal government attempt an armed subjugation. The representatives from the South are expected either to resign their seats, or to absent themselves from Congress. Agents have been appointed for the purchase of munitions of war. Eighteen hundred rifles, and forty thousand cartridges with conical balls have been shipped for Georgia; and one thousand carbines have been sent to Alabama. It is said that a New York firm has ordered for five thousand muskets, and that another establishment has supplied a large number of Colt's revolvers. What will be the upshot of the quarrel remains to be seen; most certain it is that the excitement is at this early day not without its consequences; and, however indifferent the North may choose to appear, the central government regards the movement with anxiety.

The fifteen Southern States have a common interest and a white population exceeding nine millions, which, whether right or wrong, believe in the irreconcilable antagonism of Northern and Southern interests, and whom a very slight provocation, in their present temper, might drive to serious extremes. This is well understood, and has already had its effect in Wall-street. The brokers know, moreover, that the high prices of cotton and gold crops, for some years, has induced among a class, at no time over-provident, an expenditure which even good years could not long maintain; and that partial failure of this year's crop in the Gulf States from drought are, without the qualifying effect of great providence, the precise elements of a Southern crisis. It is argued that civil troubles will be accompanied by repudiation; and hence not only are Southern securities avoided, but the reason is also found why the Chicago banks have concluded to refuse the notes of some six or eight banks whose stability rests on their connection with the Southern States. The whole affair is one of great embarrassment, as well commercially as politically. What will be the result time alone can tell. The peculiar institution is simply causing one of the many reasons to which the body politic will from time to time be subject until the curse is fairly eradicated.

RAGGED SCHOOLS AND GOVERNMENT GRANTS.

A SHORT time ago there was a large and influential meeting in Edinburgh, to assert the claims of ragged and industrial schools to public benevolence. The principal topic enlarged on was the duty of the State to assist the funds of such schools, if only to save the future expense of providing the more costly discipline of prisons. In this connection it was deplored that Sir John Pakington's motion to that effect during the last session of Parliament had been lost; and this being attributed to the lateness of the period at which it was introduced, there was great confidence expressed that a similar resolution, earlier propounded next year, would be more successful. It was plainly expressed, that the Privy Council officials ought not to be allowed to do just as they think proper with the educational grants; but should be made to feel that they are servants, not masters, in this administration.

It is doubtless true that the feeling in favour of supporting schools of the class in question is rapidly increasing throughout the country; and it is undeniable that the Government ought to be guided in the distribution of public money by the feeling of the country, as expressed through Parliament. But if the Privy Council officials thought proper to tell their own difficulties somewhat more fully and explicitly than Mr. Lowe did last session, in answer to Sir John Pakington, they would convince any candid assembly that it is better not to entangle themselves further in this course of aiding private benevolence, unless there is provided a machinery to prevent its abuse. Their present plan is to assist schools of a certain quality for a certain class of children. They have inspectors, each of whom traverses an extensive district to look after the quality of the schooling; but they have no adequate means of securing this schooling to that class of children which they chiefly desire to benefit. Though they have multiplied their forms of inquiry and guarantee till the process of forming a connection with them has become tedious and vexatious almost beyond endurance, yet it has been found impossible

to confine their assistance to its proper objects. Some years ago, after a keenly contested parliamentary election in a town where party politics were wont to run high, the successful candidate redeemed the promise of his canvass by procuring several hundred pounds from the Privy Council to assist in building an academy for young gentlemen—perhaps we should rather say for the sons of the electors, from the gentry downwards—but we use the words of the prospectus in designating them generally as “young gentlemen.” The inspector was afterwards made aware of the evasions that had been used; and, according to our information, he visited the spot, and reported all; but his statement was never published. It was not without reason that there was an agitation some time ago against garbling the inspectors’ reports. Perhaps the present system of distributing the parliamentary grants would not have been continued so long if the public had distinctly understood all the abuses which the officials have striven, we believe conscientiously, but not always successfully, to prevent.

A glance at the history of educational benevolence in this country may convince us that this covetousness, which clings to the rich what was designed for the poor, has been at work for ages, and is extremely difficult to control. In days when there were no printed books, and few manuscripts exist, almost all the education of the country was centred in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. As very little preparation was or could be demanded, the pupils were mere boys, often taking their first degree before they entered their teens. They were for the most part poor boys, too, in the ordinary sense, that is, drawn from the lower classes of society; for learning was little in request among the higher. In those days the richer benefices of the Church were bestowed according to favour on the learned or unlearned, as it happened, while the places of the working clergy, which were those that required education, conferred neither the income nor the *status* of a gentleman. At first the boys lodged as they could afford with the townspeople, who were under no restrictions as to the prices both of rooms and provisions; but charity by-and-by stepped in to provide houses and board for the poorer lads, with masters to keep them in order, while other establishments were organized for those who could pay for their own maintenance. The former were the Colleges, the latter were the Halls of Oxford and Cambridge. We know the sequel. As the Colleges increased in wealth, they did not educate a proportionally larger number of poor little boys, but they gradually raised the standard of education, till their funds have become prizes for the reward of those who have already attained such knowledge as generally only gentlemen can afford time and money to acquire. When books were multiplied by printing, and the third school wanted was ability to read them, public and private charity founded free grammar-schools throughout the country. The name sufficiently indicates the design—grammar, not Latin schools; that is, schools for teaching the language of literature, which was either Latin, or a latinized English quite unlike the vernacular of common life. We know what has happened to the grammar-school endowments; they have gone chiefly to provide a classical education for the higher and middle ranks, the instruction they supply having become unsuitable for the poor, strictly speaking. A number of endowments have also been established for mere elementary schools; but alas for the selfishness of those who manage charitable funds! The larger endowments are in many, if not most cases, used to provide snug berths for relatives or friends of the trustees, with little regard to qualification, while the smaller ones are given to the halt, the maimed, the drunken, and even the idiotic, as a means of keeping them off the parish, by making them school-masters. Such has been the general fate of permanent educational funds, for want of adequate surveillance.

Early in the present century, an association depending on subscriptions was formed to provide elementary instruction for the poor, under the direction of the established clergy; while another and somewhat older society took charge of those schools for which this ecclesiastical connection was not desired. These were the National Society and the British and Foreign School Society. The Government of the country, with the concurrence of Parliament, aided their benevolent efforts; but, as their funds improved, these schools also have been enabled to supply an education which has become too good for the poor, and is daily growing finer and finer out of their reach. Now, therefore, the cry is, “Help the ragged and industrial schools.” But what security is there that, if favoured with government grants, they would not become too good for the ragged? Such men as Dr. Guthrie would take care to keep them as refuges for the outcast and the helpless—the “Arms of the streets.” But what guarantee would there be that landed proprietors and wealthy capitalists throughout the country would not find them a very suitable and convenient kind of school for the children of their labourers, by taking precautions to exclude those of the vagrant, the idle, and the vicious? There is no existing machinery to prevent this.

Doubtless the class which Dr. Guthrie, Miss Carpenter, and others like-minded, have taken under their patronage, are the children who have the very first claim on the state for an education; to save them from swelling the criminal ranks; and these should be cared for,

whatever becomes of the rest. Perhaps it could be shown that the industrial classes, properly speaking, and their employers, are both able and willing to find the money for their own education. But the children of parents who have no regular employment must be helplessly dependent on the hand of charity to rescue them from a course of vice. For these there ought to be free schools on the industrial or ragged plan; and the funds, from whatever source, ought not to be grudged; only there must be provision on the one hand for securing attendance, and on the other for precluding abuse. The consideration of these points we must for the present defer.

TOWN AND TABLE TALK.

(From our Fall Mail Correspondent.)

THURSDAY EVENING.

Mr. Loch left Marseilles yesterday morning, and is expected to arrive in London this evening. He brings the ratification of the treaty of Tien-tsin which has been exchanged at Peking, and which will, no doubt, be published formally. He will also bring the new treaty of Peking, and the announcement of the peace, with despatches from Lord Elgin. No one will grudge Mr. Loch his £200, which has been usually paid to the private secretary of the ambassador who concludes a treaty of peace. Mr. Loch’s sufferings and services entitle him to any rewards and honours that may be conferred upon him.

There will be plenty of news to-morrow. If anything of importance should transpire to-night, I shall let you have it at a later hour. In the mean time, it is satisfactory to know that the conditions now imposed upon the Chinese exceed, rather than fall short of, our anticipations of last week. Tien-tsin is to be added to the other Chinese northern ports which are to be opened to the trade of the world, and it will be occupied by a sufficient land force, and visited by a sufficient naval armament, until the conditions of the treaty shall be faithfully carried out, and the tranquil trading of our merchants shall be an established habit.

Those who have watched the importance of our trade relations with Shanghai, which even the war and the rebels have not been able to disturb, will know the value of establishing new depôts for commerce in the ports of Northern China, especially those in the neighbourhood of the capital. But the great advance upon the Asiatic mind which we have made by the short and decisive campaign just over, is that we have showed the Chinese that we know the road to Peking, and can at any time force our way thither. But the very ability to do all this, and more, in spite of the whole force of the Celestial Empire, will be sufficient to deter the Chinese of any party from breaking their engagements in the reckless way they have hitherto done.

The movements in the direction of well-regulated freedom are extending themselves satisfactorily in Europe. The progress in France is most gratifying; and we are still more gratified to find that Austria has really entered upon a system of government in relation to the soundest principles of civil and religious liberty, that the most sanguine could not have expected two short years ago. Whether all these improvements will avert the threatening storms from Venice and Hungary, it is hard to say. Although not given to gloomy forebodings, I cannot help thinking that we shall see the commencement of very serious complications in the spring. This is a pity, for the Italians have much work to do in consolidating their unity and strength, and many open and covert enemies to obstruct them.

The danger, however great, will not proceed from these quarters. It is more than probable that Hungary will not be content with anything less than the full establishment of her ancient monarchy; and it is certain that Italy will never be content without Venice. It is but a question of time, and I believe the time is not far off. I said a fortnight back that the French fleet would not stop much longer at Genoa, and I now fully believe that we shall have an announcement in Paris, in the first of the year, that the Programme of Milan must be carried out, and that the Pope must be handed over to the guardianship of the Italian army if he cannot reconcile his own subjects.

The state of Lord Derby’s health does not improve—*tout au contraire*. This circumstance constitutes a very serious cause of discouragement to the great Conservative party, of which Lord Derby is more than half the strength. There are strange rumours respecting the succession. Mr. Disraeli is out of the question, gifted not indisputable as he is. Sir John Pakington has already gone beyond his small beginnings. He is a clever man, but a very little cleverer man, Lord Stanley is not up to the mark, although an able politician.

The hopes of the “Opposition” are now fixed upon Lord Grey, who is less of a Whig than Lord Derby once was, and who is supposed to be capable of bringing over such men as the Right Hon. E. Horsman, the Right Hon. E. Elliot, Lord Elcho, and others ill-affected to their former friends, who think they have as much right to high places in a Conservative Ministry as Sir E. Bulwer-Lytton himself.

There is a bit of newspaper scandal which ought to be known. In a remarkable and very pious morning paper yesterday a very serious letter appeared, in which a great archaeological curiosity was described—in the shape of a stone, said to have been discovered in the excavation of a tree-garden, at or near Breamsbury, Hereford. The excavation of so many and of the tree-garden—inspired by Act of Parliament—was too much for the very unlearned editor, who gave insertion to a pretended inscription, which is not fit to be exposed to the gaze of families, and which must therefore be left to the exclusive contemplation of learned in such affairs. Perhaps the gentleman, who shrouded in a dead language—Greek—the astounding mysteries of the domestic habits of Nebuchadnezzar, King of the Jews, &c., might unravel this mystery, which is, however, so much worse than the other, that it is not covered up in an unknown tongue, or at least a tongue only known to learned men, who are proof against such jokes. But, seriously, this last one is too bad, even for holiday times.

THE GOUTY PHILOSOPHER.—No. XXV.

MR. MAGROWDER INTRODUCES A FEW MORE OF HIS FRIENDS.

I HAVE not yet informed the reader where Willye Grange is; but it is within a circuit of thirty miles of the mighty city which most people call London, but which I sometimes call Crackethorn. It is in immediate contiguity to the borough of Wrigglesbury, which I once—woe is me!—represented in Parliament before I represented that other and still more rural borough of Great Stumpington. I am on excellent terms with all my neighbours, especially with six of them, who form, with myself, what the editor of the *Wrigglesbury Gazette*—a Radical paper, with a good deal of talent and very little manners—once profanely called “the clique of the seven wise men of Gotham.” Wise or not, we are partial to each other’s society, and it is our rule to dine together once a week—sometimes in a tavern, sometimes at Willye Grange, and sometimes elsewhere—to exchange ideas, and rub off the rust of our rusticity. On these occasions we play what a little, drink a little claret or Burgundy, or, in the winter, whisky or brandy punch, and talk a great deal. We flatter ourselves that we do not talk nonsense, and that if the great world in the city of Crackethorn could hear what we say, it might learn a thing or two that might contribute to its amusement or its instruction, or both.

The gentle reader—and all readers are gentle, and ought to be, if Emerson says truly, “that we are all as superior beings,” even when we read John’s translations or Shakespeare’s plays, or the “Arabian Nights’ Entertainments” or Gibbon’s “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” or a Collection of the Proverbs of all Nations—will salute us, without vulgarity, with the familiar question, “Who are you?” It is right that the gentle reader should know; or how shall he sit in judgment upon us?

I have already described myself sufficiently, and need say no more, my present object being to introduce my friends and not myself. Next to my most esteemed friend, Mr. Trench, whom I have already described, the person I most respect is the excellent General Biggleswade, late of the East-India Company’s service. The General is eighty-two years of age, and is neither shabby on his legs nor in his voice. He has a clear bright eye, a firm step, and a distinct enunciation, and lacks most of the indications of old age, except a snow-white head of hair, and a slight deafness. The General is of opinion that the natural age of a man who has inherited no ailments from his ancestors, or cultivated any for himself, by over-indulgence in his passions or his appetites, is one hundred years. He fully expects to attain that age, unless he be run over by an omnibus, crushed in a railway catastrophe, shot, poisoned, or otherwise violently put to death. The General has but one defect or vice that is obvious and palpable to his friends. He swears at what when his partner makes a mistake, or in argument when a plain proposition is controverted.

The worthy man has a theory and a practice of *hygiene*, his systematic adherence to which he has kept himself hale and hearty, and in full possession of his mental and bodily faculties for much beyond the ordinary term. Summer and winter he rises at six o’clock, throws open his windows, strips himself to the costume of Adam before he is dressed, and takes, for fifteen minutes, what he calls his air-bath. This done, he indulges himself in a shower-bath, and makes vigorous use of his horse-hair gloves for ten minutes longer. Then he takes a brisk walk for half-an-hour, whether it rain or shine, hail or snow. Then he goes to breakfast and reads the newspaper. Then he takes another walk for an hour. Then he repairs to his study for three hours. Then he takes his luncheon. Then he goes to study again for three hours more. Then he takes a third walk, or a ride, for an hour. Then he lies him to his dinner, which concluded, he devotes the rest of the evening to conversation, or whist, or any amusement that may turn up. He drinks one glass of wine at luncheon, two at dinner, and a glass of hot whisky toddy or brandy punch at bed-time.

This routine of life he seldom varies, except to go to church once upon the Sunday. He pays devout attention to, and takes part in all the responses, but invariably falls asleep after five minutes, neither more nor less, of the sermon. The voice of the preacher he declares to have a most soothing effect upon his nervous system; to be, in fact, an anodyne. He attempts to prove the truth of the statement by the allegation, which is perfectly correct, that he never falls asleep during the day at any other part of the week. He asserts, moreover, that the beneficial effect of his Sunday snooze is so great as to form no unimportant part of his system of healthy life. “In fact,” he says, “I should not be so well as I am were it not for Dr. Magrowder’s sermons. Bless the man! he is of more value to me than any physician! Temperance, exercise, bathing, a clear skin, a clear conscience, and the noninterfering ministrations of the Rev. Dr. Magrowder! With these I defy Time, and may, perhaps, reach a hundred and twenty years!”

Mr. Penultimus Jones, another of my friends, is the principal medical practitioner of the town of Wrigglesbury—a widower in the prime of life, with an excellent business, and two small children. Many a fair maid has set her pretty little intrigues in motion against him [or for him], and many a buxom widow has set her cap at him, within the last three years; but as yet without result. And there are both spinsters and widows in Wrigglesbury who, on account of the little children—to whom they would have no objection to act the part of mother—consider that of all the “wretched men” in the town Mr. Jones is the most obstinate. But he has his own ideas upon the subject, and is as rubicund, self-satisfied, and comfortable, as

man can well be. His Christian name is rather a singular one; but Mr. Jones is proud of it, not alone for its ornament, but for its use. He declares that it distinguishes him from all the large army of the Joneses—an army almost as multitudinous as that of the Smiths—and that it gives him a distinct individuality and pre-eminence above them. The name was given to him in this fashion, and for these reasons:—His father had seven sons, on whom he successively bestowed at baptism all the names that were popular in the family, or that had been worn by his fathers and grandfathers—John, James, Thomas, Charles, Robert, and all the rest. When the eighth was born—having no name to give him that had run in the family—he simply called him Octavius. In due course, a ninth son came into the too crowded domestic circle, and old Mr. Jones, at his wife’s end, solemnly declared that “there was something too much of this,” and that the new comer should be called URMUS. This was considered to be a very good name, until it was suggested to Mrs. Jones’s mother—a very excellent lady, and well educated, with a strong mind and a tender heart, and who lived in the house of her son-in-law. “I am afraid,” said she, confidentially to Mr. Jones, the first time that he mooted the point, “that thy daughter, poor soul, would not approve of it. Does it not strike you as something like an interference with Nature and Providence, and a sort of reproach also to Mrs. Jones, that you should take it upon yourself to say that this son should be the very last? Let me suggest a compromise, and call him PENULTIMUS.”

Mr. Jones was so pleased with the idea, that on the very next Sunday the lady became legally entitled to the name of Penultimus Jones.

Dr. Magrowder’s predecessor objected somewhat, and thought it a jest, and an unseemly one.

“The name shall be either Penultimus or Pendragon,” said Mr. Jones.

“Pendragon is a recognized name—a Cornish name,” said the reverend gentleman; “let it be Pendragon.”

“I prefer Penultimus; and unless you can prove from the Law or the Scriptures that Penultimus is not as good as Pendragon, I insist, as the child’s father, on naming it Penultimus. If you object to that, I declare the name shall be Antependuntinus.”

The worthy parson yielded the point. If he had not done so, Mr. Jones, *père*, declared that he would have gone into another parish in search of a more reasonable ecclesiastic; or that if he need were, he would have gone, like Channer or Kidley, to the stake, in support of his right. “An Englishman,” said he, “is but half an Englishman, and not worthy to be one, if he will not die for a principle.”

Mr. Penultimus Jones, who is a general favourite amongst us, has his opinions and his anecdotes, like the rest of us. But his present and leading idiosyncrasy is a hatred of slang, which he considers to be the curse of our age and our country, the sign and forerunner of our national decay, a debasement of the popular intellect, showing alike a moral, a physical, a spiritual, and a religious deterioration of the Anglo-Saxon race. Upon all other subjects Mr. Jones is quiet and passionless, but upon this he is ungovernable.

Another very influential friend of mine is Mr. Anthony Sennox, a learned man, and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquaries. It is not always that our friend has written his name in this aristocratic style, for when he first came to Wrigglesbury he was plain Anthony Snooks. But having grown wiser, or more learned, or more proud, he has proved to his own satisfaction that Serenooks is the ancient and the proper spelling, and that Snooks and Snook sprang from Serenooks by a series of vulgar abbreviations and corruptions; thus—from Serenooks came Senooks or Sennox, and from Sennox, Snooks. The name certainly looks better in its old (or its new) form of Sennox, and priests almost as pleasantly as the patrician and dual Lennox. In moments of expansion, when he ceases to have secrets from his friends, Mr. Sennox admits that his original name of Snooks was, during his youth and early manhood, a source of constant vexation and annoyance to him, especially when wicked wags at school and college, aware of his weakness, called him “the Snooks,”—just as in Scotland there are persons who call themselves “the MacNab” and “the Chisholm,” and in Ireland, “the O’Donoghue” and “the O’Gorman Mahon”—names that sound almost as absurd to the people of the great city of Crackethorn, as “the Tompkins” or “the Pogru” would do if any one were rash enough to call himself so. Mr. Sennox congratulates himself, not only on his escape from this petty misery, but on the service he has rendered to philology, etymology, and orthography, by the correct spelling he has adopted. When Mrs. Sennox was alive, she had an unfulfilling recipe for making her husband uncomfortably red in the face, which was to assert that the name of Snooks was not derived from Serenooks at all, but from the Dutch word Snook—meaning a jack or pike; but no other person ever dared to insinuate such a charge, except the editor of the *Wrigglesbury Gazette* in a violent election contest; and he fared so badly in the literary warfare which he thus commenced, that he never ventured upon the joke a second time. Like all the rest of our confraternity, Mr. Sennox has his pet grievances, among which are to be reckoned the existence of *The Weekly Scourer*, the low state of literary criticism generally, the style of painting and drawing adopted by the pre-Raphaelites, and the monstrous ugliness and hideousness of every public monument, and more especially of the equestrian statues in London. Upon these topics he is never weary of expatiating, although, it must be confessed, he sometimes rides his hobbies

a little too hard. On these occasions General Gridgewise very coolly proceeds to discount him, and seldom fails of success.

Mr. Rann Tanqueray, another star in our Pleiades, is the local solicitor, of the greatest character, connection, and experience in all Marshshire—a worthy man, known for his love of goodfellowship, and of good Burgundy, and for his hatred of comic literature. Funny men, funny books, and funny newspapers are his special abhorrence; and he runs at them as a bull does at a red cloth, when haunted in its face by a skilful pincushion at Bayonne or Madrid. Mr. Tanqueray—who though on the sunny side of fifty, has hair white as the driven snow, and a beard as black as that of the human-headed beasts of the sculptures of Nineveh—is great in genealogies and family histories. He knows more secrets about the Gridgewise people—their loves, their hates, their debts, their vices, their misfortunes, their struggles, and the state of their banking accounts—than is pleasant at times for the Gridgewise people to reflect upon. It cannot be said that Mr. Tanqueray is beloved at Gridgewise. He knows too much. But he is feared. There is not a canting grocer in the town that Mr. Tanqueray could not shame, if he were expostulated. There is not a hypocrite that he could not expose, or a proud man that he could not very easily pull down a peg—or two pegs, or half a dozen pegs—if he had a mind to be severe. Mr. Tanqueray has twice contested the borough in the Conservative interest, and is now the member. He keeps a keen look-out after his register, and chronicles the private deeds of every voter that may be either coaxed, bought, or bullied. To continue member for Gridgewise is the summit of his ambition; and it will fare ill with any candidate who shall be hardy enough to oppose him.

The last and youngest of our members is John Wrangles, otherwise Mr. Sergeant Wrangles, learned in the law, licensed to wear a horse-hair wig (full-bottomed on great occasions), a very excellent person, who may one day be Lord Chancellor, and sit in the seat of Lord Campbell, but who would not refuse a pious judgeship if offered to him to mow, and who would very conscientiously and complacently vegetate upon it to the remainder of his life, and look no higher. Mr. Sergeant has a good practice, not extraordinarily large, for he is not a wide-mouthed, leather-lunged, brazen-faced temerarious, but a gentleman, who can afford to keep a conscience. He prides himself upon the fact, and asserts that if gentleman and barrister ever come to quarrel for possession of his mind, his heart, and his conduct, gentleman shall win the day. He manages to keep the duality in perfect accord and harmony, and if he lose a little—very little—practice thereby, he gains something better than much practice, his self-respect, and that of every one who knows him.

The Sergeant has an amative, if not a philoprogenitive brain, and would long ago have married, had it not been for the hoops, or “ben-coops,” in which the ladies have chosen of late years to hide or disfigure their fair proportions, and for the scarlet fever with which they are afflicted, in the shape of what he calls the immodest red stockings and the impudent red petticoats in which they flaunt and run, to the dismay and discouragement of bedchambers, both rich and poor. “I enu wait,” quoth the Sergeant; “but as long as women wear either ermine or hoops, or sport red boots, red petticoats, or red stockings, and, for the matter of that, brown stockings, instead of pure white, so long shall John Wrangles, Q.C., Sergeant-at-Law, and a peer expectant, live in single misery. Fast men are nuisances, Heaven knows;—but as for that women (and all women are fast that wear such detestable habiliments), may the Lord deliver me from them—now and for ever! Amen!”

Thus—the stern Rhadamanthus—our gentle reader will perceive, is the hobby or the favourite avocation of the Sergeant, than whom a better-heated and clearer-headed man never ate his terms, were horse-hair, or aspired to the woodcock.

Such is our society at Gridgewise and Wilbye Grange.

ERRATUM.—Mr. Wagstaffe requests us to correct an error in his description of the dinners given by his friend Mr. Trinch, in the substitution of the word *extremes* for *catinies*; “two very different things,” he says, “as every man knows who is accustomed to a good dinner.” But Mr. Wagstaffe, being a philosopher, should remember that every man is not accustomed to a good dinner; and make allowance for the not very heinous ignorance of our printers.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON.—A SAMOAN TRADITION.—The moon came down one evening, and picked up a woman called Tiana, or her child. It was during a time of famine. She was working in the evening twilight, bearing out some bark with which to make new cloth. The moon was just rising, and it reminded her of a great bread-fruit. Looking up at it she said, “Why cannot you come down and let my child have a bit of you?” The moon was indignant at the idea of being eaten, came down forthwith, and took her up, child, board, nallet, and all. The popular expression of “the moon in the moon, who gathered sticks on the Sabbath-day,” observes the Rev. G. Turner, who states this tradition in his *Polynesian*, “is not yet forgotten in England; and so, in Samoa, of the women in the moon. ‘Yonder is Biana,’ they say, ‘and her child, and her nallet, and her board.’”

QUEEN CAROLINE, WIFE OF GEORGE IV., AND HER SON FREDERICK.—“My dear lord,” said Queen Caroline, one day to Lord Henry, the writer of her husband’s memoirs, “I will give it to you under my hand, if you are in any fear of my relating, that my dear first-born is the greatest son, and the greatest heir, and the greatest *celebrity*, and the greatest beast, in the whole world, and that I most heartily wish he was out of it.”

MEN OF MARK.—No. XIII.

J. A. ROEBUCK, M.P.

If we should one day select for a place in our Portrait Gallery some flashy pretentious public man—a parliamentary comit without a tail—a *quasi* leader without a single follower—who sometimes excites public expectation only to disappoint it—let us not be blamed therefore. If we selected only those “Men of Mark” who changed the entire administration and enthusiasm of the public, our series would soon come to an end; yet not before our readers had pronounced us deficient in variety and variety. The charlatan, the disappointed place-hunter, even the talkative M.P., who makes three hundred speeches in a session, may hope for a niche propitiated to their claims, if not to their craving for notoriety; and may, at least, help us to a moral, when we seek them in vain for exemplars.

John Arthur Roebuck, son of Mr. E. Roebuck, and grandson of Dr. Roebuck, an eminent physician of Sheffield, was born at Madras, in 1801. His youth was passed in Canada, to which more luring climate he removed at a very early age. Having chosen the profession of the law, young Roebuck was sent to England at the age of three-and-twenty, to take his way to the bar at the Inner Temple. Like many other law-students, he eked out a slender income by contributing to periodical literature, and the happily-significant initials, “J. A. R.,” soon came to be well known to the readers of magazines and reviews. When the Reform Bill had thrown open the avenue to Parliamentary distinction to young men of his social position, Mr. Roebuck challenged the suffrages of the electors of Bath. His pretensions were endorsed, among other Liberals of note, by Mr. Albany Fonblanque, who, as Editor of the *Examiner*, then possessed great influence with the Radical party, and who vouched for the claims and accomplishments of the promising young hero. Mr. Roebuck, who had previously been called to the Bar, and selected the Northern Circuit, succeeded in winning a seat for Bath in 1832, and represented that city until 1837. During this interval he was regarded as a follower and political disciple of the Durham school; nor were there wanting those who predicted that whenever Lord Durham should be called to form a Cabinet—an event which many regarded as certain—Mr. Roebuck would hold the Lower House, and bring in bills for household suffrage, the ballot, and triennial parliaments—the distinguishing creed of the Durhamite politicians.

In 1835, when the Executive Government of Canada and the House of Assembly of Lower Canada were at variance, the latter body appointed Mr. Roebuck their agent in England. The salary attached to this appointment was considered to be very acceptable, but as it involved the necessity of defending all the acts of the Assembly in the House of Commons, and assailing the measures of the Canadian Government, doubts were entertained whether such an agency could be reconciled with the pecuniary independence of a member of Parliament. The newspaper press, having expressed those doubts with full freedom and candour, the irascible little Indo-Canadian, like another Don Quixote, put lance in rest and ran a muck at the political press. In one of his “Pamphlets for the People” he undertook to name the principal editors and writers of leading articles in the London press. His knowledge of the means of newspaper office being, however, of the shallowest description, he was not without occasion blundering, a charge of recalculation from acquiescent and innocent indolence assailed him. To do justice all round would be humiliating in the extreme. It was necessary “to draw the line somewhere,” and Mr. Roebuck drew the line at Mr. Black, editor of the *Morning Chronicle*. An affair of honour followed, but fortunately for all parties the duel was a harmless one. The House of Commons and the country now began to take an accurate measure of Mr. Roebuck’s pretensions as a politician and a statesman. Fearless and unarmoured in attack, not too chaste in his judgments, ever ready to rise in the House of Commons and denounce both Whigs and Tories for the common use of the corrupt influences, fond of personality, and sending his insults home by the means of the upturned arm and the pointed index-finger, Mr. Roebuck was far from popular in the House of Commons. Yet outside the walls of St. Stephen’s he came to be regarded as a stern and incorruptible patriot, who not seldom put his finger on a blot, and whose faults of temper were to be overlooked in consideration of his independence and honesty of purpose.

From 1837, when the Conservatives gained both seats for Bath, until 1841, when he was re-elected with Viscount Duncan (now Earl of Camperdown), Mr. Roebuck was left without a seat in Parliament. He employed the interval partly in the study and practice of his profession, in which he never gained a high place, and partly in contributions to the *Westminster and Edinburgh Review*.

At the general election of 1847, after a hard contest with Lord Ashley, Mr. Roebuck again lost his seat for Bath. In May, 1849, the late Sir H. G. Ward, then M.P. for Sheffield, accepted the post of Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands. He recommended Mr. Roebuck to go down and introduce himself to the electors, who returned him without opposition and free of expense. The hon. member has ever since represented Sheffield, although he satisfied neither the Tories, the Whigs, nor the Bright party in that borough, who return his colleague, Mr. Hatfield. The recollection of past services, of great outspokenness at certain critical times, and the advocacy of a mainly foreign policy in defiance of all implied threats and danger of invasion, have made Mr. Roebuck a favourite with the working men of Sheffield, and will probably secure him in the possession of his seat for the remainder of his political life.

Mr. Roebuck has frequently been the central figure of a parliamentary “scene.” A few years ago, after a general election, characterized by strong party feeling and a lavish expenditure, a plentiful crop of election petitions came to the surface. The Coppocks and Holmes’s were alarmed at the possible scandal of so many exposures, and a series of compromises took place, which attracted Mr. Roebuck’s attention. He accordingly rose in his place, went through the whole list, and denounced this “cross” and that transaction. He indulged in immensely, but dragged names, dates, and places into an atmosphere of publicity, and made out such a case, that, in defiance alike of Whigs and Tories, he obtained a Con-

mitter to inquire into Election Compromises. Roebuck was never more in his element than on this occasion. That terrible figure was pointed at almost every bench in succession, amid the laughter of every member except him, who occupied for the moment the opposite table. Mr. Roebuck's speech was intensely personal throughout, while the fouler insinuations, which are regarded as so much indulgence by M.P.s in their private talk, were spoken of with a lofty scorn, as if the speaker were no "mortal mixture of earth's mould," but a superior being, who sat in judgment upon the follies and crimes of human beings.

His next great speech was on the Sebastopol campaign. The public had been shocked by the disclosures of green coffee, and horses eating off their own tails, of want of food, cholera, dysentery, and death. When Parliament met in January, 1855, Mr. Roebuck gave notice of a motion for an inquiry into the condition of the army before Sebastopol. The house was crowded, and the greatest interest was felt in the result, in consequence of Lord John Russell's escape from the Coalition Cabinet, as soon as the member for Sheffield announced his intention.

The orator entered the House leaning on a stick, and took his place below the gangway. His frame, always feeble and fragile, had not many months before been struck by paralysis. His articulation was slow and measured, but his speech was plain and direct as that of the prophet Nathan before David. It was the shortest and simplest speech made in the House of Commons for years on opening a topic of magnitude and importance. Yet every allusion told. Members listened spell-bound to that clear, succinct, and too true statement of disaster, suffering, and mismanagement. A deep and low running commentary of "how" ran through the speech, like a dæmon in music; nor could patriotism find any error or exaggeration in that awful bill of indictment. Mr. Sidney Herbert and his friends tried to find excuses in the badness of the roads from Balaklava, and the undue extent of our front, and the Aberdeen Government resisted the committee. Mr. Roebuck, however, to the undiminished joy of the nation, carried his motion by an immense majority, the Ministry resigned. The Sebastopol committee was appointed, and Mr. Roebuck sat as its chairman. The Select Committee, which comprised many members connected directly and indirectly with the two services, preferred the report drawn up by Lord Seymour (now Duke of Somerset), to that proposed by Mr. Roebuck himself. But the inquiry exercised a great share in that reorganisation of the War Department and reorganisation of our military, commissariat, and medical systems,—the first fruits of which have been, fortunately for his reputation, reaped by the very minister who was held chargeable with our Crimean disasters.

Mr. Roebuck was now at his apogee of distinction. He entered into a contest for the chairmanship of the Metropolitan Board of Works in 1855, to which was attached a salary of £1,500 a year, but had the mortification to see Mr. Vestryman Thwaites gain the prize, while he was only third on the poll. The failures in Horse Guards, Admiralty, and Civil Service management, led, in 1856, to the formation of the Administrative Reform Association. Mr. Roebuck's chairmanship of this notable body has not, however, saved it from a good deal of ridicule, or prevented it from dying of inanition.

Mr. Roebuck again fell below the occasion in 1858, when the dowry of the Princess Royal was under discussion in the House of Commons. He spoke in his most pretentiously and ostentatiously patriotic strain as the "oldest dweller in England;" but while his speech jarred on the feelings of the vast majority of the House, which desired to make a liberal and ungrudging provision for the young Princess, his flash-in-the-pan exclamation, without moving an amendment, was much resented by those hon. members who wished to capitalise the annual dowry, as well as by those who wished to reduce it.

Mr. Roebuck, like the rest of the world, went to Cherbourg, and his speech about "men in pig-tails," and "old women in red chawks," excited more irritation among our susceptible neighbours than it deserved. In the autumn of 1859, the member for Sheffield prophesied that Parliament would have something else to do than pass a Reform Bill. Mr. Roebuck's loud war of foreign wars and complications at the time; but when the Session arrived and brought with it nothing more disturbing than the annexation of Savoy and Nice, the prophet became discredited. It might have been thought that the whilom disciple of Lord Durham, the Radical politician, who boasted a lofty and unstained political consistency, would have thrown himself into the thickest of the fight as a party Reformer, and distinguished himself by his support of Lord John Russell's fall. Whether the mistake seen was mortified at the failure of his prediction, cannot be accurately determined, but Reformers who had not taken quite so narrow a view of foreign dangers could not help expressing their surprise at the significant silence preserved by the member for Sheffield during the Reform debates of 1860.

If, however, Mr. Roebuck said too little on the question of reform it may be doubted whether he did not run into the contrary error on the question of Savoy and Nice. Nothing could be more insulting than the manner in which, in March last, he spoke of the Emperor Napoleon in the House of Commons. Staid politicians said it was well he was not the organ of a party, and had no following in the House; for, they added, if he had been anything but a political unit—a crochety, not to say shallow and incoherent member of Parliament—the consequences might have been serious. From his place below the gangway, on the Opposition side, the little gentleman rose to utter that language of invective of which he is so great a master—to point that terrible finger of scorn and contempt at the ruler of a great nation. With offensive iteration and emphasis, he spoke of the Emperor again and again as "THAT MAN!" the words being elongated in true tragedy style as "THAT MAN!" This unstatutable desire to be offensive would have been laid waste on any platform, but was something worse than laid waste in such an assembly. Anything more incendiary and irritating, indeed, has seldom been heard in the House of Commons. Mr. Roebuck was frequently interrupted by cries of "oh," and when he was vituperating the Emperor the thrush of his language was more than once broken by a sharp cry of "question!" Even the Conservative Mr. Bantick protested against the personalities and invective of

the member for Sheffield, and deprecated these irritating and dangerous discussions. Still the spectator could not forget that he was in the free Parliament of England, and that Greece and Rome in their best days never enjoyed a milder or more fearless utterance than was claimed by the House of Commons during the debates on Savoy and Nice.

It would be ungenerous to press over a speech delivered one Wednesday afternoon, later in the session, which exercised a profound influence upon the House, and decided the fate of a bill. A measure for reducing the hours of labour in bleaching and dye-works was before the House. Mr. Roebuck was not expected to speak, but, with a pathos that brought tears into eyes long unused to the melting mood, he pleaded the cases of women and children of tender years, and told the story of their sufferings with such moving art that members who had previously hesitated went into the lobby with him in crowds, having first gowned him by a spontaneous and enthusiastic cheer. This speech will be long remembered in the House of Commons, and will rank, for its simplicity, naturalness, and truthfulness, among the highest efforts of rhetorical power.

Mr. Roebuck has written the history of the Whig Ministry of the Reform Bill and following years with much impartiality, and to the entire satisfaction, as is believed, of his friend Lord Brougham. A few years ago he passed from the republic of letters to that of commerce, with indifferent success, the West-end bank of which he accepted the chairmanship having enjoyed a scarcely longer life than the Administrative Reform Association. Mr. Roebuck has since accepted a leading share in the direction of the Galway packet line, and one or two other commercial undertakings.

It is clear that Mr. Roebuck will never be the leader of a great party. There is a certain incompleteness in his character, a want of harmony in his aspirations, an irritability and asperity in his temper, and a somewhat Pharisaic demeanor as a politician, which diminish his influence as a public man, and effectually detach him from Parliamentary leadership. The programme of his youth and the passions of his manhood have melted away, and have left us the Roebuck of 1859. It is of no use quarrelling with him for what he is not, and never can be. We must take him with all his faults, and admit that he is a thorough Englishman, a hater of tyranny and injustice, the self-elected General-General of the House of Commons, and a "Man of Mark" who has, in his time, "done the State some service."

So, upon the whole, vive "TEAM!"

THE MINISTERIAL "WHIPPER-IN."

We have high authorities on both sides of the House in favour of government by party. One of its warmest advocates is Mr. Disraeli, who, at the Liverpool banquet to the Earl of Derby, in 1850, declared himself "thoroughly convinced that with a Parliamentary Government government by party is absolutely necessary." To government by party a Parliamentary Whipper-in is essential. The modern "Whip" may, therefore, be accounted one of the institutions of the country. He has been unaccountably overlooked by modern writers, yet no small insight into our system of Parliamentary representation may be gathered from an examination of his peculiar functions.

The subject, too, has a present interest, for is not the Premier himself about to take the chair and deliver a testimonial to a retired quasi-patriarchal Liberal whig—Sir W. Hayter? Are we not also told that Sir W. H. J. will retire from the post of chief whipper-in to the Conservative party, being succeeded by Colonel Taylor? Mr. Whitmore, we are also informed, who gave considerable help as an amateur whip, succeeds Colonel Taylor as assistant-whip. Nay, so thorough is to be the discipline enforced in the Conservative party, next session—as is natural on the part of men who intend to make a vigorous dash for office—that a third whip, a deputy-assistant-whipper-in, Mr. G. Noel, the member for Rutland, has received his commission to wield the whong and guard the fold next session.

The Whipper-in is the drop of oil in the wheels of parliamentary government. Without him the friction would bring everything to a white heat, and fire the bearings. Without him parliamentary government would come to a dead-lock. Without him parliamentary patriots would be impracticable and intolerable. By his aid they "combine the sweets of rapture with the odour of sanctity," to borrow a phrase from the bishop-hating Sydney Smith. Under our modern system of parliamentary representation we can, on occasion, run along very well with a dead Premier. But a Whipper-in, waving in and out, and presiding, ruling, ruling, dissuades his Government from the use of office, lays an Opposition by the heels. The Treasury Whip exercises somewhat different functions from the Opposition Whip, no they must be separately described.

The Government Whip is always a member of the Government, which gives him a recognised official position, and a small salary; of late years, the post he fills is that of Secretary to the Treasury. There are two Secretaries to the Treasury—the Patronage Secretary and the Financial Secretary. While the latter is chosen for an aptitude for figures, the duties of the Patronage Secretary in connection with his department, are little more than nominal. The Financial Secretary is the *idus Acherus* of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, but still a subordinate functionary; while the Patronage Secretary is a clustered official, who empies his fingers at all Cabinet Ministers, and only takes his orders from the Prime Minister.

The Treasury Whip must know by name every Member of the House of Commons. He must not only be acquainted with their faces, and the benches on which they sit, but must know their friends, their failings, their virtues, *temes, tastes*, and everything that is theirs. He must know how to hurry them to sit for any particular borough, and the nature of the "interest" on which they mainly rely. He is then able, as a political critic, to tell how they will vote, and whether they are likely to "jib." To provide against the latest contingency, he must keep whose influence is likely to keep them in the groove of his party, and, if they turn restive, who will be the best man to send down against them at the next election.

He may, out of pure simplicity, now and then say to a Member on his own side of the House, "Well, now, Skimpole, what is your little game?" but he is no true Whig if Skimpole has not been already weighed, appraised, and ticked, and his price written down in the tablets of his mind to within half a sovereign.

The Whipper-in needs a memory equal to that of the Roman emperor, who could repeat the name of every man in his army. He is the arena, the medium, the channel of Parliamentary patronage. If he had only to remember the places members want for themselves, his task were easy. But M.P.'s want "ships," pure and simple; garrisons, colonies, commissioner-ships, cadet-ships, clerk-ships, county court judge-ships, registrar-ships, and every other kind of compound "ship," for their sons, brothers, and nephews; nominations for the sons of their election constituents; and humble places in the Customs, Excise, and Post-office for committeemen, and the sons, brothers, and dependents of constituents. If he had a place, too, for every applicant, his labour would be comparatively light. But, like the poor Irishman, a smell of the red herring must often content his hungry brood. He supplies the whip of woe at the end of the Parliamentary carriage-pole, which animates the drooping vigour of the steed, and encourages him to further labour, that he may not miss so near and so necessary a reward.

It is needless to say that the relations of the Treasury Whip to his First Lord are of the most confidential character. He often knows more of the Premier's prejudices and partialities, his personal likes and dislikes, than the whole Cabinet put together. "Lie-hard wants something. He sounded me about an Under-Secretaryship. What shall I say?" If, as is probable, the Chief replies, "I won't have him in the Government. Offer him anything you like at Sierra Leone or Timbuctoo." It is the duty of the Whip to tone down the refusal, so as not to drive Lie-hard into opposition, and, if possible, to get rid of him without noise and without scandal; but his greatest armour of defence against a phibition is a previous promise or a prior claim. Mr. Pyke may think he ought to have a Commissionership or a Governorship; but when he is reminded that he has only been one session in Parliament, and that the place has been already promised to Mr. Sharke, who has followed his party steadily into the election-lobby for three Sessions, Pyke must be an unreasonable man if he do not acquiesce and bide his time. At another moment, the chief of the department has a friend to serve. The Secretary to the Colonies wants this or that colonial governorship or treasurer-ship for a friend of his own. The Foreign Secretary won't hear of any one for this embassy or that consularship but So-and-So. The Home Secretary and the other Ministers claim, in turn, the disposal of the patronage incident to their offices, and they often turn a deaf ear to the Whip's, or, at least, he makes plausible, but confidential, complaint to that effect.

The time has gone by when Prime Ministers used to say, "Ireland is my chief difficulty." Whether the Treasury Whip will ever have a different tone, time, with its whirlwinds and revenges, must disclose. For the most part, however, the Irish M.P. is modest in his acceptances, if not in his claims. A Commissionership of Insolvency, an Indian Judgeship, a Registrarship in Dublin, will usually satisfy the ardent Irish M.P. patriot; nor are even these small prizes to be had without either steady voting or very judicious flattery inducing him to do so.

A Treasury Whip behaves as firmly as Sir Robert Walpole, that "every man has his price." But he, no more than the great minister, believes that the "price" is in all cases a share of the leaves and fables. Sometimes, as we know, it is his duty to ask in his most insinuating manner, "Would you like a title?" A bit of rind, an invitation to a state ball at the palace, a word of praise for a recent speech, a confidential whisper of the Prime Minister's views upon some topic of the day, even a little chat upon the commonest events, are among the resources at his disposal and the secrets of his power. Tact and knowledge of the world are the prime qualifications for the Treasury Whip. Without them he would offend the *amour propre* of the contented and consequential members of his party, and compromise his chief a dozen times in a day.

The Whip performs a still more important duty in ascertaining and representing to the First Minister the feelings of the party and the various sections that compose it. When a party question is before the House, the Whip is ubiquitous in the lobbies and smoking-room. "I can't vote with you to-night!" says Whiffle. "Why not?" "I think there ought to be inquiry into the Horribockia business, and the anti-slavery party are strong in my borough," or "that Bar-macle job is too bad, and I won't march through Coventry with you." If any of his men hold the same language, the matter may become serious. It is the especial and particular duty of the Whip to take care that his Government are never out-voted, except with due and distinct warning. He can't help their being beaten sometimes, but he is expected on all occasions to apprise them of the rock ahead, in order that they may have the opportunity of putting the helm about. So, after hearing mutinous sentiments from any considerable number of the dissatisfied, the Whip enters the House and counts noses on the other side. If he then goes up to the Treasury bench and holds two minutes' earnest conversation with the Premier, who will be pretty sure, after the Whip has edged away, to hear the First Minister or some Cabinet colleague, announce that "The Government will not resist what seems to be the general wish of the House." The Ministerial benches cheer because they feel the general wish of the House through the mud, and the Opposition benches cheer ten times louder because they have gained a triumph and would have beaten the Ministry unless they had given way.

Upon important questions, such as the Reform Bill or the Budget, when adjourned debates intervene, it is of great importance for a Minister to learn the effect of particular speeches upon particular parties and individuals in the House. If, for example, we could suppose such a thing possible as that during the last session of Parliament, the Opposition M.P.s were turning Conservative M.P.s in dining-room and tea-room, to oppose the Reform Bill, and tell it over by speeches meant to delay, it is to the last degree unlikely that some rumour of what was going on and the lukewarmness of his supporters did not reach our present First Minister, and dispose him to abandon the bill as soon

as the pall could be decently thrown over it. The "Whips" had last year a more pleasing duty to discharge in regard to the French treaty. They report dissension and dissension in the enemy's camp. Pam makes good use of the secret but trustworthily intelligence. The uninitiated wonder at his buoyant and triumphant tone, which certainly has a good effect, for the House is full and is just going to a division. The "Whip" has sent a slip of paper or a message to his chief. He answers for a majority of eighty, and the Premier scratches at his feet and crows like a Chaucerian. The division that follows smashes the nail that he has driven into the head, and next morning the triumphant speech and "stunning" division seem like cause and effect to the public out of doors.

Sometimes great public interests are perilled by the want of judgment and want of firmness of a Whipper-in. Take an instance that occurred last session. The House of Lords it is conceded would not have been emboldened to throw out the Paper Duty Abolition Bill but for the diminished majority in the Commons on the third reading. No public writer seems aware that the majority of nine was a "scratch" division, obtained under circumstances entirely independent of any change of opinion in the House of Commons, and arising altogether from the bad management of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Treasury Whip. The Paper Abolition Duty Bill was a Government bill, and should only have been brought on upon a Government night. Mr. Gladstone, however, one of members' night, had just put down the bill for a third reading after the notices of motion.

There it stood, as if for fear's sake, at the bottom of all the member's hobbies, and the last thing that entered into the minds of M.P.s who went away to dress for the "reception" of a certain great lady of fashion, was that the Paper Duty would come on for a third reading that night. The House was thin all the evening, and when the Speaker went to take his evening chop at nine o'clock, about twenty members were present. Mr. Collier made a motion of adjournment on the paper, about the report of Sir John Bernard's Act, and when the Speaker left the chair the Treasury Whip snatched up to the learned member and said—"I think I shall count the House." Mr. Collier made a deprecating reply, and promised not to speak more than ten minutes on time-largess. As that hon. and learned member voted steadily with the Government, but, if rumour be true, been disappointed half a dozen times of the Solicitor-Generalship, it seemed cruel in the Treasury Whip to "count him out," when two, he promised to "cut it short," and not to speak more than ten minutes. Fatal mistake and *laissez aller*! The Opposition whip had received private instructions to bring up every available man to vote against the third reading, with a view to pull down the majority, and encourage the upper House to throw out the bill. The Speaker came back, nodded to Mr. Collier, and the mischief was done. It was then too late to count the House.

The Government orders of the day were in due time arrived at. Any odd member could have predicted what actually happened. An important Government bill was taken at ten o'clock on a member's night. Next morning the Liberal M.P.s tore their hair, swore (if M.P.s ever swear) at Gladstone and Liberalism, and exclaimed, "Who would have thought they would have got to the Paper Duty Bill last night?" Gladstone came from the great lady's reception in evening dress, and with his eyes half shut, and his arms were brought down from the same drawing-room table aristocratic men similarly arrayed, for half the House were white-chokers that night. The tall, wing-whiskered men had been summoned, but not by the Treasury house. When the Opposition benches were full they stood at the bar, and fresh cups and bumpers brought them continual reinforcements. The Treasury Whips took the alarm, but it was too late. It needed no slips of paper or whispered messages to inform the Chancellor of the Exchequer of the danger that threatened his pot measure.

The hilarious demagogue of the Opposition leaders, and the tanning cheeks of their rank and file, sufficiently demonstrated how the last day. Gladstone was never so nervous or so irritable. His white cheeks were continually slipping round to his left ear, and from time to time he pulled savagely to bring it back to a sense of neatness and tidiness. He rebuked Dimsdale and Whitbread for exchanging remarks, although in whispers, eluded under every kind of interruption, and drew down upon him some of Dimsdale's most sarcastic rejoinders.

While the debate was going on, the Treasury Whips made desperate attempts to get their men together. Messengers were sent to the haunts of M.P.s, and the telegraph wire between the House and the Clubs was worked like that American bell which somebody pulled so hard that the lap-dog howled with the strain. It was of no use. A few stragglers were caught and brought down in time for the division, but the rest had taken to their beds, for members were never weary of saying, "Who would have expected that Gladstone would bring on such a bill at ten o'clock on a member's night?" When the House divided, the tall, wing-whiskered, white-chokered men set up a cheer that made Gladstone pale with anger and mortification.

It was remarked that Mr. Brad, being new to his business, had made two mistakes that night,—the first, in not counting the House when Mr. Collier rose, and the second, in not getting the debate adjourned. It was said by the old stagers, that if Hayter, the satirist, had been the Whip, he would have reckoned up all the wing-whiskered men to a hair, and then put up some hard member who had "expectations" from him, to move the adjournment of the debate, either with or without the consent of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Getting on with business is all very well; but *fatima lede* is a very good motto in St. Stephen's, as elsewhere, and a Whip's first duty, as we have said, is to avoid defeat, and victories that are, in fact, defeats. When Gladstone next attempts to drag his bills through at the tail of a dozen notices of motion, let Mr. Brad remind him that more time was lost by his rashness and indiscretion in pressing the Paper Duty to a third reading on a Tuesday night than would have been caused by half a dozen adjournments, to say nothing of the mischief occasioned by the loss of a Government bill, and an unprecedented encroachment upon the privileges of the House of Commons.

The Treasury Whip is a personage of so much importance, that he has approx-

printed a whole chapter to himself. Next week we shall have something to say regarding the Opposition whip and his duties, and the aids who assist both the Whippers in chief in the discharge of their onerous and, as we have seen, by no means unimportant duties.

MODERN ENGLISH WOMEN.—No. IV.

THE ENGAGED YOUNG LADY.

VERY proud, for the most part, of her conquest; very eager to parade her prize, and not backward in jingling his chains to the eyes and ears of her less fortunate sisterhood; oftentimes very vain, with a sniping satisfaction in her good luck inexpressibly aggravating to the less fortunate sisterhood—naturally a trifle jealous—and to those others, not in the least jealous, who desire to see grave events met with becoming earnestness—and who believe that the slight of beauty and life and the consequent reverently approached and piously served. To this kind of feeling the engaged young lady of ordinary drawing-room society is an utter stranger. She seldom shows any depth of love, as love need to be translated in years gone by, when it meant the Divine in man; at the best it is but a giggling together in sly corners, well in view of all the world, for the like people; or to see that she may be familiar with a young man, and no one to find fault; or a struggle about a fan or a flower, which generally gives her marked satisfaction; or a combat for a scrap of paper, ending in one of *Cherry Pickers*' peculiar sals, and you "horrid creature!" uttered loud enough for the bystanders to hear. You need to suppose that she is a person of any important admission, or a passionate cry of love: ten to one it was nothing but a comradery, or at the best but her own name, with the young gentleman's surname following after. This is the most usual manner in the modern betrothed betrays the secrets of her heart; about the gravest expression of feeling she is dumb. She is not dumb in general it seems eminently satisfactory to the object of her endearments, who responds in the same tone, and who, perhaps, would be perplexed at anything more deep and earnest, and wonder what on earth the girl meant, and couldn't she be jolly and take things easy? It makes a fellow feel such a snuff, you know, when people pull long faces at you, and you are not a girl, or a girl who hold on that way any end of hours, and no mistake. As this fact of being jolly constitutes the *Waltham* of the modern school, whatever is serious and earnest and thoughtful and of any depth of feeling, is naturally voted a bore by both sides, and thrust out of sight the soonest possible. Indeed, the main attraction of the betrothed is, that it is such a jolly thing altogether, and such capital fun in all its bearings. It is as good as any other kind of fun, and better than a great many; and, after all, binds a man, or woman either, to very little. Engagements are not marriages, and if the thing does not answer, there is no difficulty in making a tolerably sized loop-hole which lets the betrothed get out, and the betrothed before it is too late. It is rare, nowadays, to find a young couple bound in those antique bonds which regard their betrothal as a grave preparation for a grave event, or who throw into it any religious sentiment or anxious thought. It is a kind of superior lack recognized by society, and without the disagreeable consequences of rebellion from the betrothed; but society, and sentiment, and piety, and passionate devotion, and the soul that clings to earth, and life and death, and the constancy that withstands all trials, and loves on unwaveringly no matter at what cost of self or circumstance, the passion which poets have dreamed of, and men and women died for, has no more present existence than the flower of the *Prunella*. The present excitement of this phase of life died out years ago, and its place is taken by a bold unshrinking combat of good fellowship, where the one is a capital fellow, and the other a regular brick of a girl, and where all the love-making is spoken in the choicest slang favoured with *Onia* or *Latakia*. In the betrothal, as in almost all other circumstances of our present young life, there is a pitiable want of real feeling and conviction. This, indeed, is the very core of the ulcer covering modern youth from head to heel.

The engaged young lady has few ideas about her married beyond the wedding-day and the presents, her new clothes, the attention of which she will be the extreme object, and the bridal tour, which is to be such a jolly too they have fair weather and can go the pace! In the responsibilities beyond—the duties and the dangers of the new state into which she is soon to enter, she has about as much thought as the kitten on the grass, to whom that bit of mossy lawn is the wide world, and existence an endless gambol among the flowers. The betrothed is a state of affairs to which she looks forward as the lady; and of this she has generally a tolerably distinct notion; but not always a welcoming one. In some cases she acents the suggestion as personally insulting and offensive, declares that whatever happens to other people she will never have on; or, if she has, she will stifle the little marriage, and the betrothed, and the lady, and the lady hates women who have them; and as for wine, she would die at the idea—and all manner of corresponding rubbish, which might be passed by good-naturedly enough if it were only girlish whimsy veiling itself in an ugly mask; but it is too often such thorough shallow-brained flippancy that no one can resist it, nor any man, or any of the wide-spread indifference, but it is too the disguise of a genuine and lovely feeling. In others she broaches the question broadly; makes no secret of her open-eyed prevision, and provision, too, for the future; on her very bridal day—no blushing bridal day for her!—displays before her wedding-guests a double perambulator, as the most useful gift she has; speaks of the time "when she shall have a lady" without a blush or a tremor; and does her best to convince her lovers that life has no mysteries for her, no depth of silent awe, no holy sacredness, no treasuring secrets of love and nature. Of the two, the flippancy little silliness is the less offensive, though by no means the more encouraging, to the student of modern matrimony.

Marriage is not now the natural inheritance of a woman. The colonies and the army, India and the navy, draft off a large number of bold young bachelors, leaving a surplus population of unwed womanhood, half a million strong; the high tone of general living, the heavy expenses of housekeeping, and the new character of our fine ladies who can neither make money nor save it, frighten many of the remainder. Add to these the allurements of the clubs, and the greater luxuries to be obtained by one than for two,—and is not the whole meaning of our social life luxuriousness?—and there are

causes quite sufficient to render a husband something of a prize to the large concourse of English spinsters left solitary and unwed. It is for this reason that the engaged young lady so frequently manifests her not unreasonable pride when she has taken the first step towards the natural culmination of her life. She knows that the chances were against her—she knew that the sole end and aim of her education, of her exertions, of her ball-going, of her mother's teaching, and of her aunt's advice, meant simply to get her married as soon as possible; and she feels like a soldier who has gone well through his drill, or like a child who has mastered a difficult lesson and distanced his class-mates, when the magic words have been spoken which place her on the plane of her desires, and gladden her mother's heart with the prospect of "getting her off" in good time. Whether there is any real fitness of temper between the pair, any solid harmony of character, is a secondary matter; the object was marriage not union, two quite different things in the human phantasmagoria. That object was attained, and the rest may be reckoned as afterwards, according to the disposition of circumstances and the decree of fate. It is one of the saddest things of all to watch how most marriages are made up, and how little of helpful nature is allowed in a circumstance of all others most sacred and natural. They are better organised where women have a wider range to choose from, and where they may choose according to their inclinations, and not by the law of necessity.

Sometimes the engaged young lady shows a distressing gratitude and complaisance. This is the case when she is one of a family which holds the male sex as so infinitely the superior that the education, and comfort, and well-being of the female is a mere sacrifice of convenience to the convenience of some matters, they are bound to render an almost feudal suit and service, receiving nothing in return save the permission of such self-sacrifice. The daughter of such a house, with its large proportion of dowless girls, is almost sure to be genuinely grateful to the man who chooses her out from the rest to suit his needs. She is not a slave, but she is a slave to his will, and, wisely deserved, and renders him in return the whole devotion of her being, and a sincerity of admiration almost touching from its blindness. She is never weary of echoing his praises, never niggardly of her loving slavery; she gives him up her individuality—body and soul her equal sacrifice—and accepts him as the divine royalty of mankind, the lord of a family as the law of Nature's. Her sisters love him in the same manner, though in lesser degree; the mother, if a widow and sonless, follows the same course; and here is our young clergyman, or fledgling doctor, or rising lawyer, suddenly translated into a kind of emotional heaven, where he reigns like a second Mahomet, and the divine royalty of mankind is his lord, as the family as the law, the spiritual monarch of many a fine nature; for there is perhaps no condition of life so full of danger, so thick beset with snares and temptations as this, where a man has, though only one wife, half a dozen worshippers, and where his practical non-gamy does not extend the widest extent of spiritual Zoroastrianism. More than one, in such circumstances, has been known to say, "which sister he loves best; and at last engaged himself as much by accident as by choice, the scales turned by a hair's breadth of beauty, or by a more than ordinarily suggestive opportunity, but scarcely by deliberate choice and the distinct impulse of a single-minded desire. Very delightful to the senses; very enchanting to the soul; so was the soul; so was the soul; so was the soul; to sleep, and let his armour get rusted in the weeds. The tendency of most women, in the present day, is to spoil the men in one shape or other; either by suffering their vulgarities—their smoking, and their slang, and their lounging club-room respect,—or, in some purer but perhaps weaker nature, by indulging too much solicitude for their physical well-being, and maintaining too little self-respect as the teachers and ultimate arbiters of society. Some women are born slaves—slaves in every sense of the word; contented with their slavery, desiring nothing higher, knowing nothing stronger, and petulantly hostile to those who refuse to wear the same chains as they and demand from men loving companionship rather than the contemptuous protection of the superior. This kind of temper is more characteristic of betrothal than of marriage. When the butterfly is fairly caught, the wings are rubbed, and half their brightness lost in a dull grey mass of soiling left on the hand that held them. This is scarcely fair on some men, whose capture was made by the very force of sublimation; and who find, when too late, that hawk can borrow the feathers of the dove, and ravens make themselves white as swans. The same transformation takes place on the other side; and the young lady, whose betrothal was all smiles and easy-going rollick, too often awakes one morning, to find her hand in the grasp of a jealous lioness, too tyrannical to be satisfied with its fulfilment, and who has another love now respect to take its place.

It seems to me that marriages would be infinitely more successful if engagements were undertaken with more seriousness; that the future life would be better prepared for which was made a matter of religion and careful consideration. The young ladies are engaged to their future husbands, and brooder and more of their future duties, if they would rank their troublesome little a little way below their witchhood, and study to fit themselves for their coming work rather than to arrange their ribbons and laces satisfactorily, marriage would have a brighter outlook than now, and an experiment in this way, and some of our ladies, who are engaged to their future husbands, flourishing for a lifetime in the full sunshine of joy and love. Just what kind of superstructure can be raised on foundations all of dust and rubbish, and loosely put together forby? Can you carve a god out of sea-sand? Can you build out of snow and ice a palace for the generations? As the snow, so the harvest; as the grain, so the crop; if betrothals are full of levity and irreverence, it is in vain to expect that marriages will be solid, strong, and holy; if men and women prefer mere personal ease and liking to purity and love, and self-abnegation, and lofty living, they must not complain when the flowers on which they elected to feed fail to nourish them, when the waxen fawns which they chose to place of the real, melt in the fire of life's burning trials, and are reduced to nothingness beneath the weight of human sorrows. Only truth can endure the ordeal of life's agonies; only love make our pains easy to be borne, and sanctify the afflictions which must surely come, to the peace and rest of our souls. Those whose compact is made in love, in truth, and in singleness of heart, seldom fall into the end; and those whose compact is made in error, and in pride, are ever liable to be reduced to ruin by the bitter disesteem within the home, or stand beside the death-bed of their married happiness.

places generally—there appears to be a material improvement, which indicates not only increased wealth and prosperity, but an increased appreciation of the means for their enjoyment. The present is called a hard-working age, and one bears witness to this by the great race for a livelihood, and the haste to get forth more useful than formerly. Nevertheless, among the classes in question there does seem to exist a greater command of leisure and pleasure than in the days of our fathers, and, probably, than at any former period since "Morne England" ceased to be a misnomer. Men may work as much as in former days, perhaps more, but it is certain that they have better opportunities of making use of their spare time, and that he who runs may not only read, but also amuse himself.

But, of course, the advantage of this increased leisure depends entirely upon the manner in which it is employed. One Sir Richard Phillips, a knight and high sheriff, and several other distinguished things in the city, wrote some "Golden Rules for Young Tradesmen," in which he advised the said young tradesmen never to allow their apprentices and assistants any relaxation whatever from work, as the time so allowed would inevitably be spent in the process forcibly described as "going to the devil." A later generation has more liberal views of such matters than this model man among the Tick, Whittingtons and John Gibbins of the last century; and although nobly suppose that even the most estimable young men spend their entire time, after being released from business, in chattering the tedious hours of an aged aunt, or reading aloud improving books for the benefit of their virtuous families, they yet consider a few hours respite from the stern realities of life a not unseasonable request, and to take their share of the pleasures of privilege being abused occasionally in favour of beer, or even carried to such extreme lengths as a lachry. In these later days, instead of locking a man up, in order to keep him out of harm's way, we prefer to give him his liberty, and to tempt him by most possible means to employ it respectably.

Whatever, then, be the present work done, there is decidedly the days of holidays, and of holidays, on the whole, well spent. Different persons, doubtless, have different ideas of the good that a man does when he is "doing nothing." The spectacle which one popular writer used to call "the people enjoying themselves in the sunshine of heaven," another popular writer declared to mean only "a mob of the lower orders, drunk and disorderly." But we think it will be admitted that even the poor man is better behaved in public than his wont, and the notion of "robbing him of his beer" has fallen into deserved disrepute. As for the middle classes, they are certainly more presentable in the outer world than they used to be, and their tendency towards more civilized recreations may be ascribed mainly to the opportunities afforded them, and, in fact, to their being allowed a choice in the matter. A great deal of good has been effected by literary and scientific institutions, and other means for mental improvement; but these do not supply every requirement, and there are some not unenlightened men who consider that their recreations would be better employed at cricket. At any rate, what was wanted of the present time is the element of leisure in the argument, and it is just this element which has of late years been materially increased.

A certain English king, who is usually described in abridgements of history as "an accomplished but unprincipled man," but who, nevertheless, had some of the most pure qualities in his character, is said to have said, "I might have made virtue as fashionable as he made vice, had he tried the experiment, and that the climate of this country was the best in the world, because it was the climate of all others, in which one might take the greatest amount of exercise every day in the year." Charles the Second had certainly not seen the last summer, but, taken generally, there is much truth in the remark; and it is this facility for recreation—whether active exercise or not—of which we are now beginning to take real advantage. It is not among the least of the recommendations of London, that we have so many opportunities of getting out of it; and of these opportunities it is in the power of most men to partake. It is well to belong to a club that can keep their yachts, and belong to the "Clubbing Club," and have the real power to "go anywhere and do anything," which—as a barren privilege only—all Englishmen are supposed to enjoy. But it is also well—since large numbers of persons cannot command better—to have such things as excursion-trains, and return-tickets, and afternoon trips to pleasant places, with reasonable instead of ruinous accommodation when reached, and, what is more, with time to enjoy all these advantages, and time not surreptitiously snatched, but deliberately given and received, from the daily duties of life,—with the concomitant blessing of increased health for their enjoyment, and a glorious immunity as regards conduct, for the reason that the pleasures pursued within the limits of becoming liberty,—that is to say, on the decorous scale of drunkenness and breaches of the peace.

What a change, too, has taken place in the outward aspect of the Englishman! A continental growth of hair upon the face was almost sufficient, not many years ago, to cause him to be regarded as a foreigner. His departure from the ordinary bat was an offence which even strangers—apart from a man's intimate friends—would not forgive. In these days the privilege once supposed to belong exclusively to charming women has been extended to the male kind, and the most uncharming of men may "dress themselves just as they please," with perfect impunity. It may be a question for difference of opinion how far another change is desirable; but the fact is nevertheless notable that in these days cigars are smoked in public as they never were paraded before; and even such reprehensible things as clay-pipes are openly smoked by some of the first (young) gentlemen in the land. These latter signs may, as we have hinted, be open to condemnation; but the innovation of the pipe must still be accepted as a sign of the daring spirit of the day, and the contempt for conventional prejudice which has succeeded the propriety that made our orthodox countryman as near an approach to a nuisance as an object of ridicule can well be.

The Volunteer movement is another great feature. Who shall say now that England is a nation of slothful men? Who shall say now that the Englishman is phlegmatic, and awkward, and retiring? Phlegmatic! His activity amounts to the mercurial. Awkward! His capacity for drill is something wonderful, and he has learned the use of arms as if he had been born with a rifle in his hands, and his young idea had been taught to shoot from the earliest period of his infancy. He is perfectly bewildering. He will shoulder arms in the presence of Kings and Emperors, and will put a Field-Marshal up to his dirty any day in the week. The difficulty is to keep

him from performing prodigies of valour in the midst of peace. His uniform, too—what a change it has produced in the every-day appearance of our streets and public places!

The present is the age of the highest deviation from the ordinary frock and waistcoat in a place of public resort would have brought upon the deviator so large a degree of attention, that he would have rather preferred to make somebody else a present of his personal appearance. The slightest approach to an uniform was, in particular, most heinous to the wearer. Now we have almost as many uniforms as in any former time. In Paris, and the owners scarcely attract more attention, even at the hands of the grossest and most critical of critics, the small boys. Times have indeed changed, and he must be hard to please who shall say that they have not changed for the better. From Englishmen of the latter class has been taken much of the starch and superciliousness which foreigners found so ungenial and offensive; while the humble man has lost in a considerable degree the grossness and *puerile* for which their manners have been condemned. As a nation we have become decidedly more liberal and enlightened, and our prejudices are clearing away like fog, which are certainly less common than in days of yore. The latter may return to us by a visitation of Nature; but it will be our own fault if we allow the former ever again to obscure us in the eyes of our neighbours. The signs that we have noted are not perhaps important in themselves, but they are notable as indications of changes that are important—changes that tend to the enlargement of our insular character, and to render us better liked and better respected by Europe and the world.

A HORRIBLE MURDER AND A VERY HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

WILSH CRIME IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

In the family archives of the dead house of Beaufort, there is a small deed, dated the 7th of January, 1663 (which means, in our present mode of reckoning, 1664), by which one Thomas Jones, of Monmouth, "gentleman," grants to his son, Henry Jones, for the term of ninety-nine years, "in consideration of the maternal love and affection which he hath for the said Henry, and also for the maintenance and maintenance and support of his estate, in the parish of Langarot-vibonard, a few miles to the north of that town. There is nothing remarkable in the terms of this grant, but a rather later hand has written the following note on the back of it:—"Conveyance from Thomas Jones to Henry his son for 99 years of part of his estate for his maintenance, but seeing his mother live so long, & keeping of her of her estate from Henry, his servant killed his mother, for which murder Henry standing mute was pressed to death, his son was hanged, & his sister burnt." In fact, this document is not only a curious record of a frightful tragedy characteristic of the state of society on the Welsh border in the seventeenth century, but, in a remarkable manner, the barbarous character of our old criminal code.

Thomas Jones, as stated above, resided in Monmouth, and had, by his wife Grace Jones, a son Henry, a daughter, and "other children," who appear, by the sequel of the story, to have been very young, although the parents were not quite so young. Henry, who was named after his father, is stated to have been carefully brought up in his childhood, and, on leaving school, he was articled to an attorney, with whom he remained five years. He was then sent for some time to London, no doubt to gain instruction and practice in his profession, and finally returned, when he must still have been very young, to establish himself as an attorney in his native town of Monmouth. During his absence in London, his father, Thomas Jones, had died, leaving property of his wife producing an income of about a hundred pounds a year, a considerable sum at that time, with which Grace Jones was to support herself and the rest of the family. He had already provided for his son by the deed mentioned above, which was probably made and executed when Thomas Jones was already in a precarious state of health.

For two years after his return to Monmouth, Henry Jones practised there as an attorney, "in good reputation and credit." Two rare pamphlets of the time, from which we are enabled to compile our account of these transactions, and which make no mention of the property he had received from his father, inform us that he married the daughter of a gentleman of Gloucestershire, and received with her "a competent portion," so that altogether Henry Jones must have been very well to do in the world. But it appears that during his residence in London he had fallen among dissipated companions, and that he had contracted dissipated habits, and that it was in this way that Henry Jones resolved upon getting rid of his mother, as it appears that, on her death, her property, or at least the management of it, was to revert to him. For this purpose he took into his confidence his own servant, a lad of fifteen years of age, called, in one of the pamphlets alluded to, George Briggs, and in the other Bridges, who was of the same name, and who was perhaps a more reliable person to him for the tragically which was to follow. Briggs or Bridges, was gained over by the promise of five pounds and a new suit of clothes.

The plan which was now laid for the destruction of Grace Jones was so cunning, that it can only be explained by supposing that deeds of violence were still so common in the island as to cause little excitement. It appears indeed that Mrs. Jones was so apprehensive of ill designs on the part of her son, that she was unwilling to trust herself alone in his company, and that the principal difficulty arose from this circumstance. Her husband seems to have lain chiefly in the immediate neighbourhood of Monmouth, and she had a barn near the town of the Monnow, about a quarter of a mile out of the town, within a short distance of which was a small wood. Late in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 11th of October, 1671, Henry Jones went to his mother's house, told her that he had warned her in vain that people went to steal the corn from her barn, but that he would go to get her corn, and she gave her corn, and he took it, and she was so well founded. In fact, he and his hopeful servant had carried several sheaves of corn away from the barn, scattered portions of them across the field, and

deposited them within the wood just mentioned. Mrs. Grace Jones refused, and it was only with much persuasion and entreaty that she was at length persuaded to accompany her son, in her slippers, to the wood then situated across the fields to the left of the banks of the Monmouth. There, as was supposed, she saw sufficient evidence that her corn had been carried away, and she followed the traces to the hedge which surrounded the wood, but for some time she refused to go in to see where the sheaves had been dropped, alleging that her son and his servant (who appears to have waited for them at the lurn) might bring her to the stile. Her reluctance was, however, at length overcome, and she found the sheaves as they had been described to her, and stooped down to take some of the ears in her hand in order to ascertain if they had been thrashed or not. While she was in this position, Henry Jones suddenly drew out a pistol, which was charged with a single "bullet," and shot her in the head, and she dropped down insensible. What followed is rather differently told in the two printed accounts before us. According to one, Henry Jones now called upon his servant to do his part, and the latter immediately drew forth a knife he had provided for the purpose, and cut Grace Jones' throat. According to the other, this was done two hours after, when they returned to make sure that their victim was dead. Both are of record that so callous were the feelings of this young accomplice in crime, that, instead of showing any distaste for his work, he merely declared, with an exclamation, that the throat of the poor lady "cut as tough as an old ewe's." Henry Jones picked his dead mother's pockets of five pounds in money, and took her rings from her fingers, and then they made an attempt to carry the body from the wood in order to throw it into the river; but for some reason or other they gave up this design, and left it on the spot where the murder had been effected. The murder had been committed in open daylight, but it was now nine o'clock in the evening, and already dark, and the murderers repaired to their little cottage, as they had shown in the commission of the deed. Briggs, or Bridges, went to a neighbouring farm-house which belonged to the murdered lady, while Henry Jones returned to Monmouth, where he arrived in the middle of the night. He had probably made a circuit to escape observation, but the superstitious imagination of the people in the story has his having encountered the Evil One, who, appearing in different shapes, alarmed or frightened him out of his wits. He went to his mother's house in Monmouth, where his sister was sitting up for him, and let him in; and she passed the night in washing the blood from his clothes.

This is only the beginning of the tragedy we have to relate. The murder, as we have said, was planned and carried out without much caution, and could not remain long concealed. Early on the following morning an old woman of Monmouth went into the wood to gather sticks for firewood, found and recognized the body, and immediately carried information to the magistrates, who proceeded at once to Henry Jones's house, and, finding him in bed, told him that his mother had been murdered in the night. Jones, who the words of the printed accounts, "made very strange of it, and seemed to be much troubled;" nevertheless he rose and accompanied the magistrates and some others of the inhabitants of Monmouth to the scene of the murder. He was probably already an object of some interest, and very distinct inquiries of shoes were observed in the ground about the spot, somebody suggested that they should be tried with the feet of those present, and they were found to fit exactly the shoes of Henry Jones, who upon the strength of this discovery was arrested, as well as his servant, and subjected to examination. The lad confessed at once, and his servant, who was a very different character, in regard of his guilt. Reports had now gone abroad in relation to the conduct of his sister, Mary Jones, who was also arrested before the magistrates; but she protested so strongly her entire ignorance of the whole transaction, that bail was accepted for her appearance at the ensuing assizes, and she was set at liberty. Some four or six weeks afterwards, however, she made her escape from Monmouth, and had proceeded some distance on her way towards London, when she was overtaken by her bail, who, hearing of her flight, pursued and captured her, and lodged her safely in Monmouth gaol.

The Assizes were opened at Monmouth on Thursday, the 7th of March, 1872, and Henry Jones was put upon his trial the next day. He had passed the winter in prison, where he had been visited by some pious ministers, had never denied his guilt, but had shown great marks of contrition; but he had formed the resolution, perhaps at the instigation of some of his friends or relatives, not to plead to the indictment. As the law stood at that time, a prisoner who refused to plead could not be convicted, and thus he saved himself from forfeiture to the Crown; but his own punishment was worse than that which would have followed his conviction, for a man refusing to plead when brought to his trial was subjected to what was called in the old law phraseology, the *prince dore de forte*, which meant simply that he was to be pressed to death. When placed at the bar, Henry Jones persisted in retaining mute, and accordingly the judge pronounced upon him the sentence usual in such cases, in the following words:—"That the prisoner shall be remanded to the prison, and laid there in some low and dark house, where he shall lie naked on the bare earth, without any litter, rush, or other clothing, and without any garment above him, and that he shall lie upon his back, his head uncovered and his feet, and one arm shall be drawn to one quarter of the house, and the other arm to another quarter, and in the same manner shall be done with his legs, and there shall be laid upon his body iron and stone as much as he can bear, and more, and the next day following he shall have three barrels of barley [brewed] without any drink, and the second day he shall drink (three of the water that is next to the house of the prison (except running water) without any bread, and this shall be his diet until he be dead." Such was the barbarous punishment in our old criminal code for a prisoner who refused to plead to his indictment. In this case it was carried into execution in a cellar belonging to the jailor, whose name was George Sedler, and its frightful character will be better understood when we inform our readers that Henry Jones was placed under the pressure on the Saturday, the day after his sentence, and that he only expired at mid-day on the following Monday, having been about forty-eight hours dying! He is said to have supported his punishment with the utmost patience, and was unattended by pious ministers who passed the time in prayer. After his death, a case of conscience was put by the ministers, whether a Christian might, *sub conscientia*, refuse to plead on his trial, and it was decided in the negative.

After Henry Jones had been carried from the Court of Assizes, the trials

of his accomplice, Briggs, or Bridges, and of his sister, were proceeded with. As the first of these repeated his confession, he was condemned to be hanged. Mary Jones still asserted her innocence, and was supported by the declaration of her brother, but it was proved in Court that she had not only sat up for her brother on the night of the murder, and washed the blood from his clothes, but that she had been the younger children for inquiring for their mother, and had sought in other ways to conceal any knowledge of the death of the latter, and these circumstances, combined with her attempt to escape, decided the jury in bringing her in guilty as an accomplice, at least after the fact. It is probable that a bad reputation also went against her, for in a letter written by Henry Jones to his wife on the morning on which he was put under pressure, while still asserting his sister's innocence of this crime, he expresses his belief that her fate was a judgment upon her from heaven for her "lewd" and wicked life. By the same barbarous criminal code which pressed a man to death who refused to plead, a woman's crime seems to have been judged much more detestable than the similar crime in a man, and when she was sentenced to death she was condemned to burning instead of hanging. On the Saturday following the death of the principal criminal, the 16th of March, 1872, the last George Briggs was hanged at Monmouth, and Mary Jones was at the same time burnt at a stake by the side of the gallows.

This remarkable case affords the latest instance with which we are acquainted of the application of the *prince dore de forte* for the refusal to plead to an indictment; but the practice of burning female criminals may be traced to a much later period, though only by rare cases. Almost a century after the Monmouth tragedy of 1671 and 1672, in the year 1764, as we learn from the Annual Register for that year, and, singularly enough, in this same town of Monmouth, a girl of eighteen years of age was burnt for the murder of her mistress.

SPIRITUALISM—ELIZABETHAN AND VICTORIAN.

[THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.]

For some time after the arrival of Dr. Dee and his friend in Poland, they seem to have worked away zealously at crucible and show-stone, now making poor Laski believe that they were on the eve of transmuting hoops of old iron into gold, now dazzling his mind with prospects of the coveted Sarmatian diadem. Meanwhile, the entries in the Diary were not neglected. What a mass of babbling is contained in these records of "Angelic Conferences!" It has been our fortune to fight our way through many a pile of literary rubbish; but such mudpots as this we certainly never waded through before. Groping about in this delfish region for very many days, we have collected some curious particulars, and find amongst other bits of information, that Dee was prepared for his new post of king-maker, by having opened to him "the forty-eight gates of understanding, whereby he is enabled to judge perfectly of the world, and of all things which are subject to an end." Dreadful convulsions were, it seems, coming. The earth was sick to death of the unsavoury rogues and rascals, and with which it was peopled, and soon there would be "a hotchpotch of the wicked in the world, and the damned in hell." "Tired of this world," said Antichrist as was to appear presently. "Tired," added the distinguished chieftain of Landrum-guns, "shall we, we dwell among the kings of the earth, for they shall be chosen all anew." Before the end of the third year, all present kings and governors should perish. How Dee was to upset kingdoms, pull down and raise up princes, we explained in the last issue.

On the 28th of June, 1584, it happened that while Edward Kelly was lying awake in bed, an angel, "clothed with feathers strangely wreathed about him all over," came to the bedside, and "patted him [Kelly] on the head gently, to make him the more vigilant." Then was vouchsafed a remarkable vision.

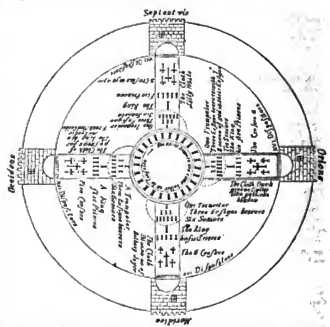


Diagram illustrating of Kelly's Vision. From the engraving in "A True and Faithful Relation of what passed between J. Dee and some spirits, &c." Edited by M. Cresswell, D.D. London, 1660.

The above diagram represents the globe. At each of the four quarters of the compass "a stuporous belligerent custie" was beheld by Kelly. From

within each of these castles a trumpet was thrice sounded; and immediately after, from each castle, a cloth "about the breadth of a table-cloth," was flung or shaken to the ground (probably as a sign that the spirits had done business). Then a grand procession issued from the gates of each castle. First marched a trumpeter, blowing his instrument lustily; next came three "engine-bearers;" and after these, "six ancient men with white beards, and staves in their hands." The four-and-twenty old gentlemen thus simultaneously issuing from the four castles, were no other, we are told, than the four-and-twenty spirits mentioned by St. John in the "Apocalypse." (These seniors, who, like the Irishman's bird, seem to have had the faculty of being in two places at once, are represented at the centre of the diagram as holding a consultation together.) After the seniors strode forward "a comely man with very much apparel on his back, and having a long train." After this gentleman five spiritualist princes (and, doubtless, his train) are supposed to be no less a person than one of the four great angels of the earth, "the four overseers that Providence hath placed against the usurping blasphemy, misuse, and stealth of the wicked and great enemy the Devil." Next were five crosses, moving, not on the earth, but in the air: from each of these crosses looked out ten spirits, being "the angels of all the airs, which presently give obedience to the will of men when they see them." After each cross-marched sixteen angels, "dispositors of the will of those that govern the castles." The tail of each procession was composed of a countless multitude of spirits.

The meaning of this wondrous vision was explained to the Doctor next day by the spirit *Arv*. By the instrumentality of the spirit host who had shown themselves in solemn procession, was Dee to rule the waves and have authority over the land. "*Herby*," said the interpreting spirit, "*you may subvert whole countries without armies, which you must and shall do for the glory of God. By these you shall put the forces of all the princes under the empire of our will, and shall bring to the subjection of Dee, who was thus constituted king-maker and kingdom-upsetter in general.*"

Such were the magnificent promises of the spirits. Now for a few hurried glances at the performances, both of spirits and mediums, in the latter part of the grand spiritualist drama played out with such skill and boldness by the Elizabethan conjurers. In the first place, the brows of the "Noble Polishman" were never encircled by kingly crown, and having eaten the credulous Count almost out of house and home, Dee and Kelly, and their wives and families, left him and his impoverished eschequer to try their chances with the Emperor of Germany. But Rudolph was the reverse of a gullible person, and after repeated but fruitless efforts to inculcate him with a belief in their possession of the philosopher's stone, the worthy pair were one morning ordered to quit Prague within twenty-four hours. Had they tarried six hours longer, they would have obtained the dungeon or the stake at the beck of the Pope's nuncio. They now returned to Poland, sought an interview with Stephen, King of that country, predicted to him by the spirits in the "crystal globe" that the Emperor was about to be assassinated, and that Stephen (if he behaved well to the mediums) should reign in Rudolph's stead. Stephen was befooled by the conjurers, and advanced large sums of money, from time to time, in order that they might follow their alchemical pursuits. Eventually, however, he got disgusted at their impostures, and the services of the two impostors suddenly turned up in the person of Count Rosenberg, a nobleman of large estates in Bohemia. Him they assured of the crown of Poland, and a term of life extending to 500 years. After remaining in Rosenberg's domains, however, for four years, during amply and provided with money in a marvellous amount, the conjurers, on the second of the autumn of 1602, the five years following Kelly roved throughout Germany, gaining a livelihood by telling fortunes and pretending to transmute the base metals into gold. At length he was thrown into prison on a charge of sorcery, and, attempting to escape, broke both his legs, and died of the injuries. He returned to England, and obtained a small appointment from the Government. This appointment old age compelled him to resign in 1602. During the last six years of his life he supported himself by telling fortunes, and died in extreme poverty at Mortlake, in 1608.

That these notorious mediums worked upon the minds of their dupes by means of ventriloquism, optical delusions, &c. &c., we firmly believe; but at this time of day we have, of course, no means of verifying these opinions. To such as wish for further information respecting their career, we strongly recommend that book to which we have been indebted for so much of our information on Elizabethan spiritualism, and from which we are quoted more than once. The second volume of the "Memoirs of John Dee and Edward Kelly in 'Memoirs of Extraordinary Popular Delusions,' will be found one of the most curious chapters in one of the most interesting and instructive histories of human error and credulity that ever was penned.

We have now indicated, in so far as the limited space at our disposal permitted, the main points of resemblance and difference between Spiritualism Elizabethan and Spiritualism Victorian. For closing this series of papers, we shall give attention to a few reflections which have suggested themselves during our progress.

Now, as in the sixteenth century, so we note those people of imaginative temperaments, who are ready to believe anything, if it only belongs to the wild and the wonderful, who, in the words of the illustrious Faraday, "leave the faculties which relate to judgment almost entirely undirected, and their decisions at the mercy of ignorance, prejudice, and passion, or even accident." But not and not in the time of Elizabeth, do we observe a large class of minds who, informed and armed with a knowledge of the principles of natural philosophy, steadily refuse their assent to the arrogant assumptions of spiritualism so-called, and decline to believe in a new revelation, which, paraded before them in all the pomp of scientific formulae, will not descend to the level of the applications and the verifications of ordinary scientific tests. While firm opponents of empiricism, these men possess that humility which belongs pre-eminently to the true votary of science. They will not undertake to render a reason for all phenomena which may be brought under their notice; but they believe that Nature never conceals her secrets, that, like her great Author, she is ever ready to-day, and for ever. They remember, moreover, how many things which are now clear as sunlight to the mass of men would have been set down to supernatural interposition not a great while since.

As one illustration of this superstitious out of multitudes pressing upon

our memory, let us suppose that before balloons had been heard of, or the laws of pneumatics generally known, two persons were in dispute as to the gravitating principle. Suppose that one of these disbelievers in it altogether, and that he was invited by the other to witness the experiment. Being no less than the ascent from the earth in broad daylight of at least half a ton of iron and other matter through the agency of a balloon. Unacquainted with the laws of pneumatics, would not the doubter, if made of ordinary stuff, be inclined to ascribe these strange phenomena to supernatural influences, and patiently investigate them? At present, however, we have a question of the relative weight of gases. When thoroughly understood, it is no more wonderful than that a cork, when pressed to the bottom of a vessel filled with water, should rise to the surface. The skyward flight of the balloon is, indeed, but another evidence to the truth of the principle of gravitation.

Amongst the honest believers in spiritualism are many highly-gifted individuals. In fact it is mainly owing to the countenance offered to this doctrine by estimable but imaginative men, whose minds, as we believe, have never been accustomed to weigh evidence impartially, or trained to be aware of "the tendency to deviousness" regarding all we wish for, and the necessity of resistance to these deviousness,—"it is owing, we believe, to this patronage, that spiritualism has attained to its present dimensions. We may be wrong in our intellectual estimate of these remarkable persons. If proved to be so, we shall make a full retraction. Meanwhile, it is clearly of importance that we should have the co-operation of these honest and gifted spiritualists in the settlement of the question. We earnestly appeal to them to step forward, and to take the place in putting spiritualism upon its fair trial. At the same time we must frankly avow our thorough distrust in experiments conducted in darkened chambers. We shall not believe, indeed, without the simplest, plainest proof that the spirits of the illustrious dead, or of those whom we have lost in life, are summoned for the purpose of answering the most important questions and spell out vulgar names. Nor shall we believe, without the strongest corroborative evidence, that a fat lady or a stout gentleman can, by supernatural means, be suspended between a West End carpet and a West End ceiling. This last fact, indeed, involving as it does the upsetting of the greatest physical law, reminds us that this principle of gravitation is the only point upon which the spiritualists have fairly joined battle with the unbelievers. "What truth beneath that of Revelation can have an assurance stronger than this!" exclaimed he upon whose shoulders has mantle of Newton has descended. With two hits of pasteboard, four thin rods, two India-rubber rings, a slip of foolscap, a yardstick, and a pin, Professor Faraday constructed an anti-spiritualist machine, in the shape of a lever and index; and speedily put to the rout the whole host of enthusiastic believers in the supernatural character of table-turning; showing, as he clearly did, the unscientific movements of the hands upon the tables, so that either before the table, or rather before the table, or rather before the table, while in many cases all moving power was annihilated. No wonder they still chafe at the recollection of their sad overthrow and dire defeat, and hurl maledictions at the glorious head of their conqueror.

We cannot better conclude than by reproducing the suggestions offered to the spiritualists some years since, we are sorry to say without being turned to account. This spoke the greatest natural philosopher alive, in his lecture on "Mental Education," delivered at the Royal Institution in 1864.

"Why not consent to apply the knowledge we have to that which is under education? Shall we educate ourselves in what is known, and then, casting away all we have acquired, turn to our ignorance for aid to guide us in the unknown? If so, we instruct a man to write, but he is never acquainted with letters to read that which is written; the end will be just as unavailing, though not so injurious, for the book of nature which we have to read is written by the finger of God. Why should not one who can lift a table into the air, and simply lay it flat, and bring it into relation with the law of Newton. Why should he not take the top of his table (it may be a small one), and placing it in a balance, or on a lever, proceed to ascertain how much weight he can raise by the draught of his finger upwards; and of this weight, so ascertained, how much is represented by his own system of the finger downwards? He will then be able to investigate the further question, whether electricity or any new force of matter is made manifest in his operations, or whether action and reaction being unequal, he has at his command the source of perpetual motion. Such a man, furnished with a nicely-constructed carriage on a railway, ought to travel by the mere draught of his own fingers. A far less price than this would gain him the attention of the whole scientific and commercial world, and he may rest assured, that if he can make the most delicate balance indifferently by such a method, he will be able to force the force of nature to his gain, he will not fail to gain universal respect and most honorable reward."

S. L.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A SPECIES.

It is perfectly obvious that the history of nature is the work of man. It is his description of what has been and what is. Though his acts have great influence over much that exists, for he modifies several characteristics of animals to suit his purposes, and, by his industry, he has multiplied the number of his species, and brought them to the verge of the horse and swiftness to the mace. He was against beasts of prey, and extirpating them makes room for the sustenance and life of animals more suitable to his wants. Sheep with large crosses, small bones, and heavy fleeces, and oxen which bite quickly, bear a vast amount of flesh, and differ as much as horses or elephants from their pristine parents, are the produce of his skill. Nevertheless, when he writes or speaks of these and other portions of the material world, he only describes, and can only describe, what is and has been. In order to accomplish this purpose conveniently, and convey knowledge from one person to another, he classifies objects together, and they usually receive the name of species as they differ from each other. Thus we have in common life from noticing obvious similarities and differences, dogs, horses, men, sheep, cats, snails, monkeys, apple-trees, oak trees, &c. &c., each of which is called a species.

This rough kind of classification, though useful and essential, does not satisfy the scientific inquirer. He notices the differences of the species, and he seeks to ascertain what he wishes to convey to others, a much more extended

* Professor Faraday.

† See *Albion*, July 3, 1860.

and elaborate classification and nomenclature. He separates objects according as they belong to the animal, mineral and vegetable kingdoms, into classes, genera, orders, groups, species, &c.; and he does not leave his description on outward appearances and obvious functions. He dissects animals and plants; he ascertains the forms in which minerals crystallize; he watches growth and formation, and he classifies objects by what he discovers or supposes to be their fixed forms and the principles of their structure. From first to last, however, from the most general and common classification by the rudest savage, of objects into animals, minerals, and plants, he leads us to the more recondite researches of a Cuvier or an Owen ascertaining the invariable form of a tooth or a cranium, the whole of natural history is merely description. It is worthy of notice that only from the minute researches of the learned do any differences of opinion or dispute arise as to species. Whatever may be the scientific differences of schools, the multitude will never contend man with an ape, nor a pigeon with an eagle. Genera, species, and varieties are all, therefore, human inventions for human convenience. They are dictated by certain differences and certain resemblances in the objects classified; but the most complete classification is altogether a work of art—the creation of man, not the creation of nature.

A species, accordingly, although of late so many and such heated disputes have been generated amongst naturalists (some contending that one species may be transmitted by the influence of circumstances into others, like Mr. Darwin; other naturalists, like the author before us,* contending that species are not transmissible), is merely a group or number of individuals classified together by man, and is transmissible from one to another or not as man pleases. Under this aspect the question of the transmutation of species merely concerns classification. It is a dispute about the use of words. Whatever science may propound the people will continue to speak of men and dogs and horses as distinct species, and will not be troubled by the differences of opinion.

But the things classified are not the classification; and about them—about what some observers notice and others do not; about what some active men effect and others do not; about what some poetically-minded men imagine or conclude and others do not, there are virtual and important differences. The use at present of the word species so much interested in the learned world is not really whether one species or group of beings, artificially arranged apart from others, can be run into another—for this the definition, as long as it is preserved, forbids,—but the purely speculative and far more important difference whether animals, plants, &c., were originally created as we see them, or were created, in the first instance, differently, and modified, by the influence of some other forces, the work of the same Creator. Did all objects come as they now appear to us from the hand of the Creator, or have they undergone, and are they still undergoing, successive modifications by and from causes controlled and ordained by Him? Was creation wholly and fully completed at once, or is it for ever undergoing changes. The latter view is preferred. This is obviously a very wide and very important difference, which requires the whole knowledge of our race, and almost infinitely patient investigation to ascertain. We presume not to decide such a matter in a few paragraphs. We can only indicate the principle at issue.

The whole science of geology rests on the assumption, the result of many observations, that the whole surface of the globe has undergone several successive changes, and is not now as it formerly was. However closely the men and animals of this age resemble the men and animals of a former age, nobody denies that many successive differences in individuals are observed and traced. History is a succession of changes. The man who is the ancestor of a monarch to the extent which the Europeans command them, the services of electricity, gravity, and affinity, is very different from the man or the people who had only their mere muscular untried force to rely on for subsistence and safety. His form may be the same, but his mind is different. With these and many similar evidences of change ever present to us, which have given rise to the supposition that the whole visible, tangible, and measurable universe is for ever undergoing some kind of change, the degree in time being the only question at issue, it is impossible to avoid concluding that similar changes have always been going on. There is, in fact, a coincidence of opinion on this subject amongst the warring naturalists, and all agree that change, *within certain limits*, is universal.

But the limits are not defined. Why or how shall man, when change is admitted, not knowing and being incapable of knowing the whole, presume to define those limits? This, however, is exactly what both classes of disputants do. The gentlemen on the one side say the species transmitted into another, and the gentlemen who say that transmutation is provided for, and creation is limited to one primordial material type, or a few types, equally set bounds to Almighty Power. Both imply that some one line of conduct is imposed on the Creator, or that some law flows from His own arbitrary and logical necessities of their own minds, which flow from their organization, imply equally stringent necessities on His actions. Professor Agassiz and others suppose that they found a proof of His existence in a design which implies that He is a Being thinking like man himself. But thought in us is subject to limits and laws; all our designs are formed with a view to motion or force, and in subsequence to it, which is very different from creation. At present, when the limitations imagined of Divine power are for ever receding, and the further we push our inquiries the more we are filled with wonder at what we cannot comprehend, it seems very extraordinary that *ad-ventitious* philosophers should plume themselves on their exalted view to motion or force, and convenient definitions to the Almighty Power. From defining a species for their own advantage they fix a limit to the limitless.

The science which loses itself in contradictions ceases to command the public confidence. A slight retrospect of modern progress teaches us that learned men, rather than their reason, have been the great source of knowledge, which tends to equalize mankind, and destroys any hope of forming a class apart, commanding homage and securing power by a peculiar wisdom, have fled for refuge into a mysterious nomenclature, and endeavored rather to make their pursuits incomprehensible, than adapt their knowledge to the level of the vulgar. What is the meaning of the following words, quoted by our author as a model and an authority on "species," and resembling much writing on this subject?—

*"In endeavouring to form a conception of what constitutes species, our ideas of Species and Transmutation, nor the Result of Secondary Causes. Being a Critical Examination of Mr. Darwin's work, entitled 'Origin and Variation of Species.' By C. B. Rees, Esq., M.D., F.R.S., Physician to the Exeter and Colchester Hospitals. Gloucester & Son."

must be separated from the *individual*, which is merely the representative of species in some one of its special cases or conditions. Every nature or perfected being has had an anterior organic history, included in the history of its structural progression, from a collection of simple cells to a natural body possessing individual and distinctive characteristics. No one of its states or conditions constitutes species; neither the perfect insect, nor the pupa, nor the larva, nor the ovum, fulfil in themselves the conception involved in this term, but simply represent the various relations the individual maintains to physical and animated nature, and during the continuance of which its structural and peculiar biography is written.

"The perfect being is the temporary expression of a thought, or conception involved in the series of actions which constitute in their entity a *special and definite creation*, and in this state has reached the acme of its perfectibility, a point beyond which it cannot pass; but after a variable period its organic part is broken up, and resolved again into the simple or primary elements of matter. The species, or the thought, however, does not cease to exist during the process of organic disintegration of the individual, and previously to its disappearance or death it represents its special organism, or rather its species, by means of an ovum, in which the organic action destroyed in the previous representation, are recombined, and again carried through a series of change states to the point of its previous organic perfection; commencing in the simplest organic state, and continually returning to renew a *series of predetermined special development*."

This, with all its emphasized words (so in the book), may be correct natural history; regeneration may be, as the same "elegant writer" also says, a "manifestation of continuous growth in species in their respective cycles of organic evolution around which the structural processes revolve and repeat themselves;" but all this is not common sense; and if it is not common sense, it is not correct and recommendable knowledge, and is better calculated to hide than show it. That our author quotes such passages with approval, is an all-sufficient proof that he is quite inadequate to discuss the great phenomena in question. His book, in fact, is a collection of small and captious objections in detail, sneeringly expressed, to Mr. Darwin's opinions, and is quite unworthy of the great subject on which this gentleman is writing, and much extending his father's doctrine, has interested the public.

THE COLD ON CHRISTMAS-DAY.

THE temperature of the air in the neighbourhood of London on Christmas-day, at eight o'clock in the morning, was as low as 5° of Fahrenheit, that is 24° below the freezing point of water; at 9h. A.M. it rose to 12°; at 10h., to 13°; at noon, to 16°; and it gradually increased to 30° by 11h. P.M., which was the highest temperature during the day; at midnight it began to fall, and fell to 25° by 7h. A.M. of December 26. In my account of the weather at the end of the month, I shall speak of the cold weather of this week in connection with previous cold seasons.

JAMES GLAISHER.

NECROLOGY OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MARQUIS OF DALHOUSIE.

On Wednesday, the 19th, at Dalhousie Castle, Middleton, aged 48, the Most Noble the Marquis of Dalhousie, K.T. James Graham, Marquis of Dalhousie, was the youngest of the three sons of George, 9th Earl (who was a General in the army and G.C.B.), by Christiana, only child and heir of Charles Brown, Esq. of Colchester, co. Huntingdon, and was born in April, 1812. He was educated at Harrow School, and at Eton, where he graduated in 1833, taking fourth-class honours in classics. He contested, but without success, the representation of Edinburgh, on Conservative principles, in 1835, with Mr. Abercromby, subsequently Speaker of the House of Commons (afterwards Lord Dunfermline), and with Sir John Campbell, the present Lord Glenelg. By his frankness and manly straightforwardness, however, he won golden opinions, and was more successful than from his own partisans. In 1837 he was returned to the House of Commons for the county of Huntingdon, and on the death of his father, in 1838, he succeeded to the earldom of Dalhousie. In 1842 he was appointed Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and in 1845 President, with rest in the Cabinet, resigning with the Ministry in 1846. In 1847, on the return of Lord Hardinge from India, he was offered, and accepted, the Governor-Generalship, being the youngest man ever appointed to that responsible office. Shortly after he landed in India, the Sikhs broke out a second time into war, but they were defeated everywhere. He then "annexed" the Punjab to the British dominions, and it was in the reduction of this important territory that he first employed the administrative energy and ability of Sir John Lawrence and the late lamented Sir James Hudson. Sir John Lawrence, K.C.B., Lord Dalhousie subsequently followed out the same line of policy by annexing Pooné and Nagpore, and finally the vast and wealthy Kingdom of Oudh. The opinions of statesmen may vary, but it is not of time as to the justice and expediency of the course of Indian administration, in which Lord Dalhousie's name will be for ever identified; but, while exonerating and annexing, he did not forget to develop the resources of the country. Railways, canals, and telegraphs were established; his eye was directed strenuously to reform the administration of the civil and legal departments, his extended education and public works, more especially promoted railways, canals, and electric telegraphs. In 1849 he was elevated to the dignity of a marquis, receiving at the same time the thanks of both Houses of Parliament. About the same time he was made a K.T., and, on the death of Wellington's death, in 1852, Lord Derby conferred on him the Lord Wardenship of the Cinque Ports and the Governorship of the Castle at Walmer. The marquis returned to England, in October, 1856. His marriage, with the Lady Susan G. Hay, daughter of the Marquis of Tweeddale, to whom he was married in 1838, was on her way home from India, when just within sight of the Land's End, in 1853. As by her he had issue only two daughters, his marquinate in the peerage of the United Kingdom expires; as does also the English Marquis of Dalhousie, conferred on his father in 1813, after the battle of Waterloo. The Scottish titles devolve on



the deceased nobleman's cousin, Lord Panmure, now 11th Earl of Dalhousie, but who will continue to sit and vote in the House of Lords by the title *under which* he has been so long known to the public. His lordship is a widower without issue; and in case of his death without contracting a second marriage, the barony of Panmure would become extinct, while the Scottish titles *would* devolve upon a son. It is not, however, as if the Scotch peerage were *not* to be *transmitted* to a son said to be of German or Danish extraction, and they have been of some in Scotland since the reign of David I. Two centuries later, viz., in A.D. 1380, we find Alexander Ramsay, Warden of the Middle Marches and Constable of the Castle of Roxburgh, a formidable opponent of the English arms. A cadet of this house was Allan Ramsay, the Scottish poet, who thus apostrophised the head of the house:

"Dalhousie of an acid descent,
My pride, my stoupe, my ornament."

Dalhousie Castle is a modernized building in the castellated form, and situated on the South Esk, two or three miles up the river above Dalkeith Palace and Newbattle Abbey, the noble seats of the Duke of Buccleuch and the Marquis of Lothian respectively. The original castle is recorded to have been of vast antiquity, and of great strength. The other remains of the same magnitude are the ruins of the castle of Dalkeith, and the tower of the castle of Dalkeith, the latter of which was built by the Duke of Buccleuch, the heiress of the Brouns. One of that noble family, some 300 years ago, married a daughter of John, 8th Lord Yester, with whom he obtained, by way of dowry, a peer, with an assurance that as long as the peer should be preserved, the family would be assured of unshaking prosperity. If we may believe O' Black's *Black & White Tourist in Scotland*, "the peer is still preserved at Colinton, in a silver box."

THE EARL OF MEXBOROUGH.

On Tuesday, the 31st inst., at the house of his son-in-law, the Hon. Captain Lindsay, M.P., in Portman-square, aged 77, the Right Hon. John Savile, Earl of Mexborough, of Lifford, county Donegal, Viscount Poughlington, of Ferns, and Baron Poughlington, of Londonderry, in the peerage of Ireland. His lordship was the only son of John, second earl, by Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of John Stephenson, Esq., of East Burnham, Bucks. He was born the 3rd of July, 1783, and succeeded to the family honours in February, 1820. He represented Portman in the Parliament of 1831-2. He married the 29th of August, 1807, Lady Anne Yorke, eldest daughter of Philip, the third Earl of Hardwicke, by whom, and before he left her, he had surviving issue three sons and a daughter, namely, Viscount Poughlington (now deceased), the Hon. Charles Starke Savile, and Lady Sarah, married to Colonel the Hon. James Lindsay, M.P., of the Grenadier Guards. The deceased earl was succeeded in the family honours by his eldest son, John Charles Savile, who died on the 4th of June, 1850, and married the 24th of February, 1842, to Lady Rachel Walpole, eldest daughter of the late Earl of Orford, who died the 21st of June, 1854, and by whom he has an only son, John Horace Viscount Poughlington, born in 1848. The present peer was educated at Eton, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, where he graduated in 1810. In 1831, he was returned to Parliament for Gtaton, and represented Pontefract in the House of Commons from 1835 to 1837, and from 1841 to 1847. The Earl and Countess of Warwick, the Dowager Countess of Caledon, the Marchioness of Salisbury, Lady Sarah Lennox, and other families of rank are placed in mourning by the decease of his lordship.



SIR R. PILESTON, BART.

On Wednesday, the 19th instant, aged 71, Sir Richard Pulteney Bart., of Kew, Flintshire. The deceased Baronet, who was the only son of the late Sir Richard Pulteney Bart., by Ellen, daughter of William Royst, Esq., was born in 1748, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he was a true and Deputy-Lieutenant for Flintshire, of which county he served as High Sheriff in 1844. He formerly held the rank of Captain in the Royal Salford Militia, and was a Justice of the Peace for Flintshire. He was twice married, first, in 1812, Anne, daughter of Lieut.-General England, and secondly a daughter of — Shaw, Esq., but was again left a widower in 1847. He is survived by his only son, Richard Pulteney, Esq., who was born in 1815, and by his daughter, Anne Pulteney, Esq., now third Baroness de Grey. He was also the father of a Captain's commission in the 77th Foot. He married, in 1853, Katharine Judith, youngest daughter of the late Richard Fountaine Wilson, Esq., of Malton Park.

QUEEN OF SWEDEN.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst. aged 79, Her Majesty Eugénie Bernadine Désirée, Dowager Queen of Sweden. She was mother of the late, and grandmother of the present King of Sweden. According to the Almanack of Gotha, she was born November 9th, 1781, and married on the 10th of August, 1798, to Jean Bernadotte, by whom she had five sons and a daughter, but was left a widow in March, 1844.

WILLS AND REQUESTS

[illegible]

books and curiosities. On the decease of his son and daughter, he gives to their children the curiosities, books, drawings, &c., amongst them. Mr. Parker seems to have been enthusiastically attached to the locality in which he resided, and has been regarded with peculiar—if we may so use the term—love and admiration, the Manor-house, in which he resided, upon which, and the picturesque grounds and scenery surrounding it, he had spared neither labour nor expense to embellish. It is under this feeling that the testator has particularly expressed in his will the most ardent desire that this domain may never pass out of the possession of his family.

His Excellency Sir Henry George Ward, G.C.M.G., the Governor of Madras, formerly Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon, who died suddenly on the 2nd of October last, had executed his will in January, 1898, at his seat, Glendon Park, Hertford, which was attested by his housekeeper, Jane Humphreys, and his steward, William Peet, but which will was not discovered until after the administration had been taken out, it being proved that the testator had been seized of the property in fee simple, and the will administered to by Swinburns Ward, Esq., the testator's son; the surviving executors nominated therein, namely, Emily Lady Ward, his relict, and Rear Admiral C. H. Swinburns, her brother, having renounced. The will is very short, and the disposition as follows:—“I give all my monies, goods, chattels, and real estate, wheresoever situate, unto my only son, Henry George Ward, in England was sworn under £5,000. Lady Ward was married to the late Edward Swinburns, Bart., to whom the testator was married in 1824, and by whom he leaves a family. Sir Henry was actively employed in various departments under the Government, at home, abroad, and in our colonies. In 1816 he was Attaché at Stockholm, in 1818 at the Hague, in 1819 at Madrid, from 1825 to 1827 Minister of the Legation at Copenhagen, and in 1830 at Copenhagen. He was at Sheffield successfully in Parliament, and from 1840 to 1849 was Secretary to the Admiralty, and in that year received the honour of Knighthood, and was appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Isles. In 1855 became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Ceylon, and afterwards Governor of Madras. It will be seen that the testator was a man of high position, and it is much to be regretted that he should have situated his testamentary disposition in a will so short.”

Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., M.P., late of Merchant's Hall, near Horseand, Southampton, and of 18, Albemarle-street, Piccadilly, died on the 6th of November last, aged 74. Sir Charles had executed his will in 1849, and appointed Lord Napier, together with his daughter and her husband, the Rev. Henry Jodrell, M.A., chaplain to the Duke of Leeds, and rector of Gillingham, Kent, executors. The will was proved on the 12th of December 1850, and granted by the London court on the 12th of the present month. Sir Charles has willed his property in the following manner. He bequeaths his estate, real and personal, to his daughter, Elvira Fanny Harriet, for her life, then to her husband, the Rev. Henry Jodrell, for his life, and on their respective decease to their eldest son, Charles Napier, Esq., for his life, and on his decease to their eldest grandchild, Sir Charles had executed a codicil entirely in his own handwriting, bearing date the 27th of September, 1855, bequeathing to the widow of Mr. Charles Wilkins an annuity of £100, and leaving to her the house and furniture in Albemarle-street, and for her children, the annuity also at her decease to be continued to her children, and to the children of her children, in equal shares, until the death of W. J. Oswald, Plymouth, B.N. We cannot say everything that is glib and warlike with the very name of Napier, so many persons bearing this appellation have devoted themselves to the military or naval service of their country. Of this distinguished race, Admiral Sir Charles Napier stands forth most prominent, and his name is a household word, like those of Nelson and our other naval heroes, will run down to posterity.

The Most Noble Charles Duke of Richmond and Lennox, K.G., P.C., of Gordon Castle, Scotland, Goodwood Park, Sussex, and Portland-place, London, died at his town residence on the 21st of October, aged 70. His will bears date the 10th of July, 1860, which was proved in Her Majesty's Court of Probate on the 12th of August, 1860, by the Duke of Richmond and Lennox (hereafter the Earl of March). The personality was sworn under £120,000. The will is contained in a small compass, being mostly written on three sides of folio-leaf, giving directions with the disposition of his real and personal estate, and family pictures, animals, and moderns, that may be in Gordon Castle shall be held in trust as heirship movables, according to the law of Scotland; and those in Goodwood and London together with the plate to descend as heir-looms. His Grace desires and bequeaths all his property, real and personal, to his eldest son, the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, and his issue, in full and sole possession, and to his second son, the Duke of Devonshire, and his issue, in full and sole possession, and to his third son, the Duke of Marlborough, and his issue, in full and sole possession, and to his fourth son, the Duke of Devonshire, and his issue, in full and sole possession. The attesting witnesses are M. S. Davidson and F. O. Davidson, Solicitors, Bloomsbury-square. The Duke had distinguished himself very prominently as the patron of agriculture, and has been very justly designated "the Farmer's Friend."

Shadwell Morte, Boulton, Boulton, Esq., formerly of Exeter, Castle, Inverness, N.B., but late of Clifton Place, Hyack, had executed his will on the 24th of January, 1850, then residing at Gloucester-square, Hyack Park. There are three codicils appended thereto, dated respectively in 1856, 1859, and 1860. The testator was a bachelor, and had no issue. He was a member of the Samuel Boulton, Esq., the personality was sworn to under £45,000. Probate was granted on the 12th of December. This gentleman disposes of his property in the following terms:—He bequeaths to his widow an annuity of £500 beyond all other income, with an immediate legacy of £250; he also bequeaths to his daughter, Miss Boulton, £1000, and the residue of his estate to the furniture, plate, carriages, &c. To his eldest son he leaves two shares more in the residue of his entire property than he has bequeathed to his other children; he also directs to be transferred into his eldest son a name certain Indian securities, and as the testator appears to have been a disciple of our famous old Isaac Newton, he bequeaths to his eldest son the sum of £1000, and the residue of his estate to the furniture, plate, carriages, &c. Mr. Boulton was formerly of the Bengal Civil Service, where he acquired a competency, and has passed the remainder of his days in his native country, his death "fatherland," in the possession of those comforts which a life of early toil has procured to a child of his country. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and a member of the Society of Friends, and a member of the Society of Friends.

Henry Richard Temple, Esq., of Leamington, Warwickshire, and late of Blackheath, Kent. This gentleman, who is very respectably connected, met his death under very appalling circumstances: he was journeying from London to Blackheath, in a carriage of the North Kent Railway Company, on the 30th of November last, when, on the arrival of the train at its place of destination, he was found lifeless. Mr. Temple had made his will in 1863, whilst on a visit at his friend Mr. Whitaker's residence at Blackheath. The executors therein nominated are—

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